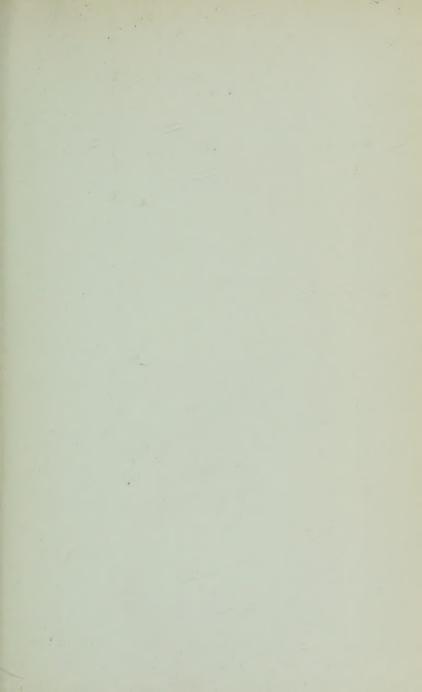


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CHIEF CONTEMPORARY DRAMATISTS

TWENTY PLAYS FROM THE RECENT DRAMA OF ENGLAND, IRELAND, AMERICA, GERMANY, FRANCE, BELGIUM, NORWAY, SWEDEN, AND RUSSIA

SELECTED AND EDITED BY
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INTRODUCTION



INTRODUCTION

This volume contains complete plays by Wilde, Pinero, Jones, Galsworthy, Barker, Yeats, nge, Lady Gregory, Fitch, Moody, Thomas, MacKaye, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Brieux, rivieu, Maeterlinck, Björnson, Strindberg, and Tchekhov. It has not been found possible include plays by Barrie and Shaw, but as, in the opinion of the editor, they cannot be igred in making a list of the chief contemporary dramatists, materials for the study of these iters have been included in the notes.

The term "Contemporary" as used in the title of this volume requires definition. The imary intention in the issuing of "Chief Contemporary Dramatists" has been to provide thin reasonable compass a series of plays which would as nearly as possible represent the iding achievements of the present dramatic era. Naturally there was required, if this reprentative character was to be secured, a better basis of choice than that provided by the acciental collocation of plays that may have got themselves written within a certain arbitrary riod. Diligent study enforces the conviction that there is to be found in the drama of the st generation a unity that is little dependent upon the accidents of time, and finds expreson in the living formula of the play itself. In other words, a dramatic movement of recent mes has now so nearly reached a culmination that it provides its own basis for discriminaon. This movement, roughly speaking, may be said to find its source in the work of Ibsen, nd to be connected with him, either directly through the stress of his particular technique nd interests, or indirectly through his renovating influence on the theater as a social and art strument. There is here a unity that transcends that of dates. It remains to apply the rinciples of this unity to the selection of plays, and to find an acceptable term by which this nity may be denominated.

The term "Contemporary" is chosen to represent the unit underlying this era in the same way nat the term "Elizabethan" is made to do service for the large mass of plays written during ne reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles. This usage is to-day so well accepted that when ne speaks of Elizabethan, he is known to refer not only to the years comprised in the reign of lizabeth, but to the solid mass of historical connotation that attaches to that name. In the ame way it is thought that the term "Contemporary" may serve as a convenient handle to enominate an era, not yet complete, though in all probability nearing maturity, in which here may be found all the signs of an inherent solidity. In the choice of plays there is a posiive advantage in laying dependence upon the salient characteristics of a clearly defined movement rather than upon the chances of the output of a certain period. The characteristics by which the era of Ibsen is identified are mainly two: its adherence to the naturalistic tendency nellowed to the motives of the humanities; and, on the side of production and organization, a endency toward the reorganization of the theater to a nearer alignment to the social terms of he age. These provide bases of inclusion and exclusion which make it possible to overlook nany of the dilemmas of date. How serious these dilemmas are is seen in the fact that there are still being written excellent plays which belong to the time of Scribe; on the other hand, hat there were written a generation ago plays which for subject-matter and technique attach hemselves to the present period. That against the claims of chronology logic may be brought to bear to exclude the former, whereas the latter are admitted, will perhaps be granted. And this same logic may compel us to omit plays, now being written, which will be properly under stood only in the light of the coming technique. Considerations of this kind would exclude Dumas fils and Angier, while they would admit Björnson and Strindberg who lived and wrote about the same time. They would admit Yeats and Synge, while excluding some very interesting newer playwrights of England and the Continent. In the work of Yeats, of Maeterlinck of MacKaye, and of Tchekhov, is to be seen the tendency toward the newer movements of the theater that have followed and are opposed to naturalism. By considerations that have beer suggested it has seemed best merely to suggest the dawn of these movements rather than to attempt prematurely to represent them.

Perhaps little complaint will be raised against the decision to omit Ibsen from the book Ibsen has paid the price of the pioneer in aging more rapidly than some of his fellows. For this reason he is not, strictly speaking, a contemporary even in the broad sense in which that word is used in this book. Furthermore, though himself the source and exemplar of the movement, he cannot be represented by a single play. No fair view of Ibsen's place in the era would be presented in a collection which made Ibsen one of many. It is the editor's purpose, in omitting Ibsen from the book, only the more to emphasize his outstanding position in the drama of the age. Some will charge that there is an excess of serious plays in this book. It would, of course, have been possible to include many romantic and fanciful plays, but only at the expense of the surrender of principles. The way was closed to the inclusion of many plays of the lighter sort through the strongly marked characteristics of the era itself, which on the side of absolute achievement has been so fixed in type that few noteworthy plays have been written outside the type. These considerations, as well as the natural limitations upon the translation of verse plays, have made it necessary to exclude even those few verse dramatists who might justly claim a leading place among the playwrights of the time.

This is not the place for a discussion of the relative claims of writers and plays for inclusion in a book of Chief Contemporary Dramatists. Such a discussion can more appropriately follow rather than accompany an essay in choice such as the present. Though there are in this list many names which would receive almost unanimous approval, the editor is well aware that it is unlikely that his list would secure the unqualified assent of any expert. For support he can only refer back to the principles he has outlined and the known limitations upon perfection in matters of contemporary judgment. It is safe to say that no two lists made by different experts would ever be identical. With all the counsel that may be secured, and the editor has been free in requisition for advice and guidance, final responsibility comes back to an individual judgment, exercised within the limitations set by the compass of the book, the mandates of authors, and the terms of holders of copyrights. Some of these conditions it seems fair to indicate. In spite of the liberality of the conception from the publishers' point of view, the number of plays to be included was severely restricted. It is still the editor's belief that the state of dramatic art of the era under consideration can be substantially represented by twenty plays, though he is aware that on this point there are many who will take issue with him. Aside from the limitation of size, which is really a matter of principle rather than one of policy, there has been one respect in which the constitution of the book has somewhat bowed to expediency. Upon the presumption that the book is to serve English-speaking readers, the larger representation has been given to plays written in the English tongue. It may be noted that it has been found impracticable to include works of at least two playwrights who in other circumstances might have been represented; also that in a large number of cases, always indicated he notes, the authors themselves selected the play to be included, and in some instances this ction amounted to a stipulation.

The editor has received assistance from so many men and women in America and abroad to it would be impossible to mention all. To the authors and their representatives, with the correspondence has been held, acknowledgments are due for the uniform sympathy he which the project has been viewed from the first. To those who have generously given it assistance in the creation of this book the best courtesy he can render is to offer an onymous gratitude that he may not seem to be seeking to share with others the burden of lts that belong only to the editor.



LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN By OSCAR WILDE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LORD WINDERMERE LORD DARLINGTON LORD AUGUSTUS LORTON MR. CECIL GRAHAM Mr. Dimby Mr. HOPPER Parker, butler LADY WINDERMERE THE DUCHESS OF BERWICK LADY AGATHA CARLISLE LADY PLYMDALE LADY JEDBURGH LADY STUTFIELD Mrs. Cowper-Cowper Mrs. Erlynne ROSALIE, maid

THE SCENES OF THE PLAY

ACT I. MORNING-ROOM IN LORD WINDERMERE'S HOUSE

ACT II. DRAWING-ROOM IN LORD WINDERMERE'S HOUSE

ACT III. LORD DARLINGTON'S ROOMS

ACT IV. SAME AS ACT I

Time — The Present
Place — London

The action of the play takes place within twenty-four hours, beginning on a Tuesday afternoon at five o'clock, and ending the next day at 1.30 P.M.

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN

ACT I

Scene - Morning-room of Lord Winder-MERE's house in Carlton House Terrace. Doors c. and R. Bureau with books and papers R. Sofa with small tea-table L. Window opening on to terrace L. Table R.

LADY WINDERMERE is at table R. Arranging roses in a blue bowl.

[Enter PARKER.]

PARKER. Is your ladyship at home this afternoon?

LADY W. Yes — who has called?

PARKER. Lord Darlington, my lady. LADY W. [Hesitates for a moment.] Show him up — and I 'm at home to any one who calls.

 $\lceil Exit \ C. \rceil$ PARKER. Yes, my lady. LADY W. It's best for me to see him be-

fore to-night. I'm glad he 's come.

[Enter PARKER C.]

PARKER. Lord Darlington.

[Enter LORD D. C. Exit PARKER.]

LORD D. How do you do, Lady Winder-

mere?

morning.

LADY W. How do you do, Lord Darlington? No, I can't shake hands with you. My hands are all wet with these roses. Are n't they lovely? They came up from Selby this

LORD D. They are quite perfect. [Sees a fan lying on the table. And what a wonder-

ful fan! May I look at it?

LADY W. Do. Pretty, is n't it! It's got my name on it, and everything. I have only just seen it myself. It 's my husband's birthday present to me. You know to-day is my birthday?

LORD D. No? Is it really?

LADY W. Yes; I'm of age to-day. Quite an important day in my life, is n't it? That is why I am giving this party to-night. Do [Still arranging flowers.] sit down.

LORD D. [sitting down]. I wish I had known it was your birthday, Lady Windermere. I would have covered the whole street in front of your house with flowers to walk on. They are made for you.

[A short pause.]

LADY W. Lord Darlington, you annoyed me last night at the Foreign Office. I am afraid you are going to annoy me again. LORD D. I, Lady Windermere?

[Enter PARKER and FOOTMAN C. with tray and

tea-things.

LADY W. Put it there, Parker. That will do. Wipes her hands with her pocket-handkerchief, goes to tea-table L. and sits down.] Won't you come over, Lord Darlington?

[Exit PARKER C.] LORD D. [Takes chair and goes across L. C.] I am quite miserable, Lady Windermere. You must tell me what I did.

Sits down at table L.]

LADY W. Well, you kept paying me elaborate compliments the whole evening.

LORD D. [smiling]. Ah, nowadays we are all of us so hard up, that the only pleasant things to pay are compliments. They 're

the only thing we can pay.

LADY W. [shaking her head]. No, I am talking very seriously. You must n't laugh, I am quite serious. I don't like compliments, and I don't see why a man should think he is pleasing a woman enormously when he says to her a whole heap of things that he does n't mean.

LORD D. Ah, but I did mean them. Takes tea which she offers him.]

LADY W. [gravely]. I hope not. I should be sorry to have to quarrel with you, Lord Darlington. I like you very much, you know that. But I should n't like you at all if I thought you were what most other men are. Believe me, you are better than most other men, and I sometimes think you pretend to be worse.

LORD D. We all have our little vanities,

Lady Windermere.

LADY W. Why do you make that your special one? [Still seated at table L.]

LORD D. [still seated L. C.]. Qh, nowadays so many conceited people go about Society pretending to be good, that I think it shows rather a sweet and modest disposition to pretend to be bad. Besides, there is this to be said. If you pretend to be good, the world takes you very seriously. If you pretend to be bad, it does n't. Such is the astounding stupidity of optimism.

LADY W. Don't you want the world to take you seriously then, Lord Darlington?

LORD D. No, not the world. Who are the people the world takes seriously? All the dull people one can think of, from the bishops down to the bores. I should like you to take me very seriously, Lady Windermere. you more than any one else in life.

LADY W. Why - why me?

LORD D. [after a slight hesitation]. Because I think we might be great friends. Let us be great friends. You may want a friend some day.

LADY W. Why do you say that?

LORD D. Oh! - we all want friends at times.

LADY W. I think we're very good friends already, Lord Darlington. We can always remain so as long as you don't -

LORD D. Don't what?

LADY W. Don't spoil it by saying extravagant, silly things to me. You think I am a Puritan, I suppose? Well, I have something of the Puritan in me. I was brought up like that. I am glad of it. My mother died when I was a mere child. I lived always with Lady Julia, my father's eldest sister, you know. She was stern to me, but she taught me, what the world is forgetting, the difference that there is between what is right and what is wrong. She allowed of no compromise. I allow of none.

LORD D. My dear Lady Windermere! LADY W. [leaning back on the sofa]. You look on me as being behind the age. - Well, I am! I should be sorry to be on

the same level as an age like this.

LORD D. You think the age very bad? LADY W. Yes. Nowadays people seem to look on life as a speculation. It is not a speculation. It is a sacrament. Its ideal is Love. Its purification is sacrifice.

LORD D. [smiling]. Oh, anything is bet-

ter than being sacrificed!

LADY W. [leaning forward]. Don't say

LORD D. I do say it. I feel it - I know

[Enter PARKER C.]

PARKER. The men want to know if they are to put the carpets on the terrace for tonight, my lady?

LADY W. You don't think it will rain,

Lord Darlington, do you?

LORD D. I won't hear of its raining on your birthday!

LADY W. Tell them to do it at once, Parker.

Exit PARKER C. LORD D. [still_seated]. Do you think then - of course I am only putting an imaginary instance - do you think, that in the case of a young married couple, say about two years married, if the husband suddenly becomes the intimate friend of a woman of - well, more than doubtful character, is always calling upon her, lunching with her, and probably paying her bills - do you think that the wife should not console herself?

LADY W. [frowning]. Console herself? LORD D. Yes, I think she should—I think she has the right.

LADY W. Because the husband is vile

should the wife be vile also?

LORD D. Vileness is a terrible word, Lady Windermere.

LADY W. It is a terrible thing, Lord

Darlington.

LORD D. Do you know I am afraid that good people do a great deal of harm in this world. Certainly the greatest harm they do is that they make badness of such extraordinary importance. It is absurd to divide people into good and bad. People are either charming or tedious. I take the side of the charming, and you, Lady Windermere, can't help belonging to them.

LADY W. Now, Lord Darlington. [Rising and crossing R., front of him.] Don't stir, I am merely going to finish my flowers.

Goes to table R. C. LORD D. [rising and moving chair]. And I must say I think you are very hard on modern life, Lady Windermere. Of course there is much against it, I admit. Most women, for instance, nowadays, are rather mercenary.

LADY W. Don't talk about such people

LORD D. Well, then, setting mercenary ple aside, who, of course, are dreadful, you think seriously that women who re committed what the world calls a fault uld never be forgiven?

LADY W. [standing at table]. I think

y should never be forgiven.

ORD D. And me? Do you think that re should be the same laws for men as re are for women?

LADY W. Certainly

LORD D. I think life too complex a thing be settled by these hard and fast rules. LADY W. If we had "these hard and st rules," we should find life much more nple.

LORD D. You allow of no exceptions?

LADY W. None!

LORD D. Ah, what a fascinating Puritan u are, Lady Windermere!

LADY W. The adjective was unnecessary,

ord Darlington.

LORD D. I could n't help it. I can resist

erything except temptation. LADY W. You have the modern affecta-

on of weakness. LORD D. [looking at her]. It's only an fectation, Lady Windermere.

[Enter PARKER C.]

PARKER. The Duchess of Berwick and [Exit PARKER C.] ady Agatha Carlisle.

Inter the Duchess of B. and Lady A. C. c.] DUCHESS OF B. [coming down C. and aking hands]. Dear Margaret, I am so eased to see you. You remember Agatha, on't you? [Crossing L. C.] How do you , Lord Darlington? I won't let you know y daughter, you are far too wicked.

LORD D. Don't say that, Duchess. As wicked man I am a complete failure. Thy, there are lots of people who say I we never really done anything wrong in e whole course of my life. Of course they

nly say it behind my back.

DUCHESS OF B. Is n't he dreadful? Agaa, this is Lord Darlington. Mind you on't believe a word he says. [LORD DAR-NGTON crosses R. C.] No, no tea, thank ou, dear. [Crosses and sits on sofa.] We we just had tea at Lady Markby's. Such d tea, too. It was quite undrinkable. I as n't at all surprised. Her own son-in-law pplies it. Agatha is looking forward so uch to your ball to-night, dear Margaret.

LADY W. [seated L. C.] Oh, you must n't think it is going to be a ball, Duchess. It is only a dance in honor of my birthday. A small and early.

LORD D. [standing L. C.]. Very small,

very early, and very select, Duchess.

DUCHESS OF B. [On sofa L.] Of course it's going to be select. But we know that, dear Margaret, about your house. It is really one of the few houses in London where I can take Agatha, and where I feel perfectly secure about poor Berwick. I don't know what Society is coming to. The most dreadful people seem to go everywhere. They certainly come to my parties - the men get quite furious if one does n'task them. Really, some one should make a stand against it.

LADY W. I will, Duchess. I will have no one in my house about whom there is

any scandal.

LORD D. [R. C.] Oh, don't say that, Lady Windermere. I should never be admitted!

[Sitting.]

Duchess of B. Oh, men don't matter. With women it is different. We're good. Some of us are, at least. But we are positively getting elbowed into the corner. Our husbands would really forget our existence if we did n't nag at them from time to time, just to remind them that we have a perfect legal right to do so.

LORD D. It's a curious thing, Duchess, about the game of marriage - a game, by the way, that is going out of fashion - the wives hold all the honors, and invariably

lose the odd trick.

DUCHESS OF B. The odd trick? Is that the husband, Lord Darlington?

LORD D. It would be rather a good name

for the modern husband.

Duchess of B. Dear Lord Darlington, how thoroughly depraved you are!

LADY W. Lord Darlington is trivial. LORD D. Ah, don't say that, Lady Win-

dermere.

LADY W. Why do you talk so trivially about life, then?

LORD D. Because I think that life is far too important a thing ever to talk seriously Moves up C. about it.

DUCHESS OF B. What does he mean? Do, as a concession to my poor wits, Lord Darlington, just explain to me what you really mean?

LORD D. [coming down back of table]. I think I had better not, Duchess. Nowadays to be intelligible is to be found out. Good-bye! [Shakes hands with DUCHESS.] And now [goes up stage], Lady Windermere, good-bye. I may come to-night, may n't I? Do let me come.

LADY W. [standing up stage with LORD D.]. Yes, certainly. But you are not to say

foolish, insincere things to people.

LORD D. [smiling]. Ah, you are beginning to reform me. It is a dangerous thing to reform any one, Lady Windermere.

Bows, and exit c.]
Duchess of B. [who has risen, goes c.].
What a charming, wicked creature! I like him so much. I'm quite delighted he's gone! How sweet you're looking! Where do you get your gowns? And now I must tell you how sorry I am for you, dear Margaret. [Crosses to sofa and sits with Lady W.] Agatha, darling!

LADY A. Yes, mamma. [Rises.]
DUCHESS OF B. Will you go and look
over the photograph album that I see there?

LADY A. Yes, mamma. [Goes to table L.]
DUCHESS OF B. Dear girl! She is so fond
of photographs of Switzerland. Such a pure
taste, I think. But I really am so sorry for

you, Margaret.

LADY W. [smiling]. Why, Duchess?

Duchess of B. Oh, on account of that horrid woman. She dresses so well, too, which makes it much worse, sets such a dreadful example. Augustus — you know my disreputable brother — such a trial to us all — well, Augustus is completely infatuated about her. It is quite scandalous, for she is absolutely inadmissible into society. Many a woman has a past, but I am told that she has at least a dozen, and that they all fit.

LADY W. Whom are you talking about,

Duchess?

Duchess of B. About Mrs. Erlynne.

LADY W. Mrs. Erlynne? I never heard of her, Duchess. And what has she to do with me?

Duchess of B. My poor child! Agatha, darling!

LADY A. Yes, mamma.

DUCHESS OF B. Will you go out on the terrace and look at the sunset?

LADY A. Yes, mamma.

[Exit through window L.]

DUCHESS OF B. Sweet girl! So devote to sunsets! Shows such refinement of fee ing, does it not? After all, there is nothin like nature, is there?

LADY W. But what is it, Duchess? Wh do you talk to me about this person?

Duchess of B. Don't you really know I assure you we're all so distressed about it. Only last night at dear Lady Fansen' every one was saying how extraordinary is was that, of all men in Loudon, Winder mere should behave in such a way.

LADY W. My husband — what has he to

do with any woman of that kind?

DUCHESS OF B. Ah, what indeed, dear That is the point. He goes to see her con tinually, and stops for hours at a time, and while he is there she is not at home to any one. Not that many ladies call on her, dear but she has a great many disreputable men friends - my own brother in particular, a I told you - and that is what makes it so dreadful about Windermere. We looked upon him as being such a model husband but I am afraid there is no doubt about it My dear nieces - you know the Saville girls, don't you? - such nice domestic creatures - plain, dreadfully plain, but so good - well, they're always at the window doing fancy work, and making ugly things for the poor, which I think so useful of them in these dreadful socialistic days and this terrible woman has taken a house in Curzon Street, right opposite them such a respectable street, too. I don't know what we're coming to! And they tell me that Windermere goes there four and five times a week - they see him. They can't help it - and although they never talk scandal, they - well, of course - they remark on it to every one. And the worst of it all is, that I have been told that this woman has got a great deal of money out of somebody, for it seems that she came to London six months ago without anything at all to speak of, and now she has this charming house in Mayfair, drives her pony ir the Park every afternoon, and all - well all - since she has known poor dear Windermere.

LADY W. Oh, I can't believe it!

Duchess of B. But it's quite true, my dear. The whole of London knows it. That is why I felt it was better to come and talk to you, and advise you to take Windermere

by at once to Homburg or to Aix where ill have something to amuse him, and are you can watch him all day long. I have you, my dear, that on several occass after I was first married I had to predict to be very ill, and was obliged to drink most unpleasant mineral waters, merely get Berwick out of town. He was so exmely susceptible. Though I am bound to he never gave away any large sums of ney to anybody. He is far too high-printed for that.

ADY W. [interrupting]. Duchess, Duch, it's impossible! [Rising and crossing of c.] We are only married two years.

r child is but six months old.

[Sits in chair R. of L. table.] DUCHESS OF B. Ah, the dear, pretty by! How is the little darling? Is it ay or a girl? I hope a girl—Ah, no, I member it's a boy! I'm so sorry. Boys is so wicked. My boy is excessively imparal. You would n't believe at what hours comes home. And he's only left Oxford lew months—I really don't know what by teach them there.

LADY W. Are all men bad?

DUCHESS OF B. Oh, all of them, my dear, of them, without any exception. And by never grow any better. Men become but they never become good.

LADY W. Windermere and I married for

DUCHESS OF B. Yes, we begin like that. was only Berwick's brutal and incessant eats of suicide that made me accept him all, and before the year was out he was nning after all kinds of petticoats, every or, every shape, every material. In fact, fore the honeymoon was over, I caught n winking at my maid, a most pretty, reectable girl. I dismissed her at once witht a character. — No, I remember I passed r on to my sister; poor dear Sir George so short-sighted, I thought it would n't atter. But it did, though it was most unrtunate. [Rises.] And now, my dear child, nust go, as we are dining out. And mind u don't take this little aberration of Winrmere's too much to heart. Just take n abroad, and he'll come back to you all ht.

LADY W. Come back to me? [C.] DUCHESS OF B. [L. C.] Yes, dear, these oked women get our husbands away from us, but they always come back, slightly damaged, of course. And don't make scenes, men hate them!

LADY W. It is very kind of you, Duchess, to come and tell me all this. But I can't believe that my husband is untrue to me.

DUCHESS OF B. Pretty child! I was like that once. Now I know that all men are monsters. [LADY W. rings bell.] The only thing to do is to feed the wretches well. A good cook does wonders, and that I know you have. My dear Margaret, you are not going to cry?

LADY W. You need n't be afraid, Duch-

ess, I never cry.

DUCHESS OF B. That's quite right, dear. Crying is the refuge of plain women, but the ruin of pretty ones. Agatha, darling!

LADY A. [entering L.]. Yes, mamma. [Stands back of table L. C.]

DUCHESS OF B. Come and bid good-bye to Lady Windermere, and thank her for your charming visit. [Coming down again.] And by the way, I must thank you for sending a card to Mr. Hopper - he's that rich young Australian people are taking such notice of just at present. His father made a great fortune by selling some kind of food in circular tins — most palatable, I believe, — I fancy it is the thing the servants always refuse to eat. But the son is quite interesting. I think he's attracted by dear Agatha's clever talk. Of course, we should be very sorry to lose her, but I think that a mother who doesn't part with a daughter every season has no real affection. We 're coming to-night, dear. [PARKER opens C. doors.] And remember my advice, take the poor fellow out of town at once, it is the only thing to do. Good-bye, once more; come, Agatha. Exeunt Duchess and LADY A. C.]

Lady W. How horrible! I understand now what Lord Darlington meant by the imaginary instance of the couple not two years married. Oh! it can't be true — she spoke of enormous sums of money paid to this woman. I know where Arthur keeps his bank-book — in one of the drawers of that desk. I might find out by that. I will find out. [Opens drawer.] No, it is some hideous mistake. [Rises and goes c.] Some silly scandal! He loves me! He loves me! But why should I not look? I am his wife, I have a right to look! [Returns to bureau, takes out book and examines it, page by page.

smiles and gives a sigh of relief. I knew it, there is not a word of truth in this stupid story. [Puts book back in drawer. As she does so, starts and takes out another book. A second book - private - locked! Tries to open it, but fails. Sees paper knife on bureau, and with it cuts cover from book. Begins to start at the first page. Mrs. Erlynne — £600 — Mrs. Erlynne — £700 — Mrs. Erlynne — £400. Oh! it is true! it is true! How horrible! [Throws book on floor.]

[Enter LORD W. C.]

LORD W. Well, dear, has the fan been sent home yet?, [Going R. C. sees book.] Margaret, you have cut open my bank book. You have no right to do such a thing!

LADY W. You think it wrong that you

are found out, don't you?

LORD W. I think it wrong that a wife

should spy on her husband.

LADY W. I did not spy on you. I never knew of this woman's existence till half an hour ago. Some one who pitied me was kind enough to tell me what every one in London knows already - your daily visits to Curzon Street, your mad infatuation, the monstrous sums of money you squander on this infamous woman! $\lceil \bar{C}rossing L. \rceil$

LORD W. Margaret, don't talk like that of Mrs. Erlynne, you don't know how un-

just it is !

LADY W. [turning to him]. You are very jealous of Mrs. Erlynne's honor. I wish you had been as jealous of mine.

LORD W. Your honor is untouched, Mar-

garet. You don't think for a moment that -

[Puts book back into desk.] LADY W. I think that you spend your money strangely. That is all. Oh, don't imagine I mind about the money. As far as I am concerned, you may squander everything we have. But what I do mind is that you who have loved me, you who have taught me to love you, should pass from the love that is given to the love that is bought. Oh, it's horrible! [Sits on sofa.] And it is I who feel degraded. You don't feel anything. I feel stained, utterly stained. You can't realize how hideous the last six months seem to me now -- every kiss you have given me is tainted in my memory.

LORD W. [crossing to her]. Don't say that, Margaret, I never loved any one in

the whole world but you.

LADY W. [Rises.] Who is this woman then? Why do you take a house for her?

LORD W. I did not take a house for he LADY W. You gave her the money to d it, which is the same thing.

LORD W. Margaret, as far as I hav

known Mrs. Erlynne -

LADY W. Is there a Mr. Erlynne — o is he a myth? LORD W. Her husband died many year

ago. She is alone in the world. [A pause.

LADY W. No relations? LORD W. None.

LADY W. Rather curious, is n't it? [L.

LORD W. [L. C.] Margaret, I was saying to you — and I beg you to listen to m that as far as I have known Mrs. Er lynne, she has conducted herself well. I years ago -

LADY W. Oh! [Crossing R. C.] I don'

want details about her life.

LORD W. I am not going to give you any details about her life. I tell you simpl this -- Mrs. Erlynne was once honored loved, respected. She was well born, sh had a position - she lost everything threw it away, if you like. That makes i all the more bitter. Misfortunes one can endure - they come from outside, they ar accidents. But to suffer for one's own faults - ah! there is the sting of life. I was twenty years ago, too. She was littl more than a girl then. She had been a wif for even less time than you have.

LADY W. I am not interested in her and - you should not mention this woman and me in the same breath. It is an erro of taste. Sitting R. at desk.

LORD W. Margaret, you could save thi woman. She wants to get back into society and she wants you to help her.

[Crossing to her.

LADY W. Me! LORD W. Yes, you.

LADY W. How impertinent of her!

[A pause. LORD W. Margaret, I came to ask you great favor, and I still ask it of you, though you have discovered what I had intended you should never have known, that I hav given Mrs. Erlynne a large sum of money I want you to send her an invitation for ou party to-night. [Standing L. of her.

LADY W. You are mad. [Rises LORD W. I entreat you. People may char about her, do chatter about her, of course, t they don't know anything definite against : She has been to several houses - not to uses where you would go, I admit, but ll to houses where women who are in what called Society nowadays do go. That does content her. She wants you to receive r once.

LADY W. As a triumph for her, I sup-

se. LORD W. No; but because she knows that u are a good woman — and that if she mes here once she will have a chance of a ppier, a surer life, than she has had. She ll make no further effort to know you. on't you help a woman who is trying to t back?

LADY W. No! If a woman really repents, e never wishes to return to the society

at has made or seen her ruin.

LORD W. I beg of you.

LADY W. [crossing to door R.]. I am going dress for dinner, and don't mention the bject again this evening. Arthur [going to n c.], you fancy because I have no father mer that I am alone in the world and u can treat me as you choose. You are ong, I have friends, many friends.

LORD W. [L. C.] Margaret, you are talkfoolishly, recklessly. I won't argue with u, but I insist upon your asking Mrs. Er-

nne to-night.

LADY W. [R. C.] I shall do nothing of the [Crossing L. C.] nd. LORD W. You refuse? [C.]

LADY W. Absolutely!

LORD W. Ah, Margaret, do this for my

ke; it is her last chance.

LADY W. What has that to do with me? LORD W. How hard good women are!

LADY W. How weak bad men are! LORD W. Margaret, none of us men may good enough for the women we marry that is quite true - but you don't image I would ever - oh, the suggestion is

onstrous! LADY W. Why should you be different om other men? I am told that there is rdly a husband in London who does not

aste his life over some shameful passion. LORD W. I am not one of them.

LADY W. I am not sure of that. LORD W. You are sure in your heart. it don't make chasm after chasm between . God knows the last few minutes have

thrust us wide enough apart. Sit down and write the card.

LADY W. Nothing in the whole world

would induce me.

LORD W. [crossing to the bureau]. Then I will.

[Rings electric bell, sits down and writes card.

LADY W. You are going to invite this woman? [Crossing to him.] LORD W. Yes. [Pause.]

[Enter Parker]

LORD W. Parker!

PARKER. Yes, my lord. [Comes down L.C.] LORD W. Have this note sent to Mrs. Erlynne at No. 84A Curzon Street. [Crossing to L. C. and giving note to PARKER.] There [Exit Parker c.] is no answer.

LADY W. Arthur, if that woman comes

here, I shall insult her.

LORD W. Margaret, don't say that.

LADY W. I mean it.

LORD W. Child, if you did such a thing, there's not a woman in London who

would n't pity you.

LADY W. There is not a good woman in London who would not applaud me. We have been too lax. We must make an example. I propose to begin to-night. [Picking up fan.] Yes, you gave me this fan to-day; it was your birthday present. If that woman crosses my threshold, I shall strike her across the face with it.

LORD W. Margaret, you could n't do

such a thing.

LADY W. You don't know me!

Moves R. [Enter Parker.]

LADY W. Parker!

PARKER. Yes, my lady. LADY W. I shall dine in my own room. I don't want dinner, in fact. See that everything is ready by half-past ten. And, Parker, be sure you pronounce the names of the guests very distinctly to-night. Sometimes you speak so fast that I miss them. I am particularly anxious to hear the names quite clearly, so as to make no mistake. You understand, Parker?

PARKER. Yes, my lady.

LADY W. That will do! [Exit PARKER C.] [Speaking to LORD W.] Arthur, if that

woman comes here - I warn you -

LORD W. Margaret, you'll ruin us!

LADY W. Us! From this moment my life is separate from yours. But if you wish to avoid a public scandal, write at once to this woman, and tell her that I forbid her to come here!

LORD W. I will not - I cannot - she

LADY W. Then I shall do exactly as I have said. [Goes R.] You leave me no choice. $\lceil Exit \ R. \rceil$

LORD W. [calling after her]. Margaret ! Margaret! [A pause.] My God! What shall I do! I dare not tell her who this woman really is. The shame would kill her.

Sinks down into a chair and buries

his face in his hands.]

ACT II

Scene - Drawing-room in Lord W.'s house. Door R. U. opening into ballroom, where band is playing. Door L. through which quests are entering. Door L. U. opens on an illuminated terrace. Palms, flowers, and brilliant lights. Room crowded with guests. LADY W. is receiving them.

Duchess of B. [up c.]. So strange Lord Windermere is n't here. Mr. Hopper is very late, too. You have kept those five dances for him, Agatha! [Comes down.]

LADY A. Yes, mamma.

Duchess of B. [sitting on sofa]. Just let me see your card. I'm so glad Lady Windermere has revived cards.—They're a mother's only safeguard. You dear simple little thing ! [Scratches out two names.] No nice girl should ever waltz with such particularly younger sons! It looks so fast! The last two dances you must pass on the terrace with Mr. Hopper.

[Enter Mr. Dumby and Lady Plymdale from the ballroom.

LADY A. Yes, mamma.

DUCHESS OF B. [fanning herself]. The

air is so pleasant there.

PARKER. Mrs. Cowper-Cowper. Lady Stutfield. Sir James Royston. Mr. Guy Berkeley.

[These people enter as announced.]

DUMBY. Good-evening, Lady Stutfield. I suppose this will be the last ball of the season?

LADY S. I suppose so, Mr. Dumby. It' been a delightful season, has n't it?

DUMBY. Quite delightful! Good-even ing, Duchess. I suppose this will be the las ball of the season?

Duchess of B. I suppose so, Mr. Dumby

It has been a very dull season, has n'

DUMBY. Dreadfully dull! Dreadfully

Mrs. C.-C. Good-evening, Mr. Dumby I suppose this will be the last ball of the

DUMBY. Oh, I think not. There'll prob-

ably be two more.

Wanders back to LADY P. PARKER. Mr. Rufford. Lady Jedburgh and Miss Graham. Mr. Hopper.

[These people enter as announced.]

HOPPER. How do you do, Lady Windermere? How do you do, Duchess?

[Bows to LADY A.]

DUCHESS OF B. Dear Mr. Hopper, how nice of you to come so early. We all know how you are run after in London.

HOPPER. Capital place, London! They are not nearly so exclusive in London as

they are in Sydney.

Duchess of B. Ah! we know your value, Mr. Hopper. We wish there were more like you. It would make life so much easier. Do you know, Mr. Hopper, dear Agatha and I are so much interested in Australia. It must be so pretty with all the dear little kangaroos flying about. Agatha has found it on the map. What a curious shape it is! Just like a large packing-case. However, it is a very young country, is n't

HOPPER. Was n't it made at the same

time as the others, Duchess?

DUCHESS OF B. How clever you are, Mr. Hopper. You have a cleverness quite of your own. Now I must n't keep you.

HOPPER. But I should like to dance with

Lady Agatha, Duchess.

DUCHESS OF B. Well, I hope she has a dance left. Have you got a dance left, Agatha?

LADY A. Yes, mamma.

DUCHESS OF B. The next one?

LADY A. Yes, mamma.

HOPPER. May I have the pleasure?

[LADY AGATHA bows.]

DUCHESS OF B. Mind you take great e of my little chatter-box, Mr. Hopper. [LADY A. and Mr. H. pass into ball-

[Enter LORD W. C.]

LORD W. Margaret, I want to speak to

LADY W. In a moment.

[The music stops.]

PARKER. Lord Augustus Lorton.

[Enter LORD A.]

LORD A. Good-evening, Lady Winder-

DUCHESS OF B. Sir James, will you take e into the ballroom? Augustus has been ning with us to-night. I really have had ite enough of dear Augustus for the moent.

[SIR JAMES R. gives the DUCHESS his arm and escorts her into the ballroom.

PARKER. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bowden. ord and Lady Paisley. Lord Darlington.

[These people enter as announced.]

LORD A. [coming up to LORD W.]. ant to speak to you particularly, dear y. I'm worn to a shadow. Know I don't ok it. None of us men do look what we ally are. Demmed good thing, too. What want to know is this. Who is she? Where see she come from? Why has n't she got ny demmed relations? Demmed nuisance, lations! But they make one so demmed spectable.

LORD W. You are talking of Mrs. Ernne, I suppose? I only met her six months go. Till then I never knew of her exist-

ice.

LORD A. You have seen a good deal of er since then. LORD W. [coldly]. Yes, I have seen a

ood deal of her since then. I have just en her.

LORD A. Egad! the women are very own on her. I have been dining with Araella this evening! By Jove! you should ave heard what she said about Mrs. Ernne. She did n't leave a rag on her. . . . Aside.] Berwick and I told her that did 't matter much, as the lady in question just have an extremely fine figure. You nould have seen Arabella's expression! . . . ut, look here, dear boy. I don't know what to do about Mrs. Erlynne. Egad! I might be married to her; she treats me with such demmed indifference. She's deuced clever, too! She explains everything. Egad! She explains you. She has got any amount of explanation for you - and all of them different.

LORD W. No explanations are necessary

about my friendship with Mrs. Erlynne. LORD A. Hem! Well, look here, dear old fellow. Do you think she will ever get into this demmed thing called Society? Would you introduce her to your wife? No use beating about the confounded bush. Would you do that?

LORD W. Mrs. Erlynne is coming here

to-night.

LORD A. Your wife has sent her a card? LORD W. Mrs. Erlynne has received a card.

LORD A. Then she's all right, dear boy. But why didn't you tell me that before. It would have saved me a heap of worry and demmed misunderstandings!

[LADY A. and MR. H. cross and exit on terrace L. U. E.]

PARKER. Mr. Cecil Graham!

[Enter Mr. Cecil G.]

CECIL G. Bows to LADY W., passes over and shakes hands with LORD W.] Good-evening, Arthur. Why don't you ask me how I am? I like people to ask me how I am. It shows a widespread interest in my health. Now to-night I am not at all well. Been dining with my people. Wonder why it is one's people are always so tedious? My father would talk morality after dinner. I told him he was old enough to know better. But my experience is that as soon as people are old enough to know better, they don't know anything at all. Hullo, Tuppy! Hear you're going to be married again; thought you were tired of that game.

LORD A. You're excessively trivial, my

dear boy, excessively trivial!

CECIL G. By the way, Tuppy, which is it? Have you been twice married and once divorced, or twice divorced and once married? I say, you've been twice divorced and once married. It seems so much more probable.

LORD A. I have a very bad memory. I

really don't remember which.

[Moves away R.]

LADY P. Lord Windermere, I've something most particular to ask you.

LORD W. I am afraid - if you will ex-

cuse me — I must join my wife.

LADY P. Oh, you must n't dream of such a thing. It 's most dangerous nowadays for a husband to pay any attention to his wife in public. It always makes people think that he beats her when they 're alone. The world has grown so suspicious of anything that looks like a happy married life. But I'll tell you what it is at supper.

[Moves towards door of ballroom.] LORD W. [C.] Margaret, I must speak

to you.

LADY W. Will you hold my fan for me,

Lord Darlington? Thanks.

[Comes down to him.]
LORD W. [crossing to her]. Margaret,
what you said before dinner was, of course,
impossible?

LADY W. That woman is not coming here

to-night!

LORD W. [R. C.] Mrs. Erlynne is coming here, and if you in any way annoy or wound her, you will bring shame and sorrow on us both. Remember that! Ah, Margaret! only trust me! A wife should trust her husband!

Lady W. [c.] London is full of women who trust their husbands. One can always recognize them. They look so thoroughly unhappy. I am not going to be one of them. [Moves up.] Lord Darlington, will you give me back my fan, please? Thanks . . . A useful thing, a fan, is n't it? . . . I want a friend to-night, Lord Darlington. I did n't know I would want one so soon.

LORD D. Lady Windermere! I knew the time would come some day; but why

to-night!

LORD W. I will tell her. I must. It would be terrible if there were any scene.

Margaret —

PARKER. Mrs. Erlynne.

[Lord W. starts. Mrs. E. enters, very beautifully dressed and very dignified. Lady W. clutches at her fan, then lets it drop on the floor. She bows coldly to Mrs. E., who bows to her sweetly in turn, and sails into the room.]

LORD D. You have dropped your fan, Lady Windermere.

[Picks it up and hands it to her.]

Mrs. E. [c.] How do you do again, Lor Windermere? How charming your swe wife looks! Quite a picture!

LORD W. [in a low voice]. It was terrible

rash of you to come!

Mrs. E. [smiling]. The wisest thing ever did in my life. And, by the way, yo must pay me a good deal of attention the evening. I am afraid of the women. Yo must introduce me to some of them. The men I can always manage. How do you do Lord Augustus? You have quite neglecte me lately. I have not seen you since yester day. I am afraid you're faithless. Ever one told me so.

LORD A. [R.] Now really, Mrs. Erlynne

allow me to explain.

MRS. E. [R. c.] No, dear Lord Augustus you can't explain anything. It is your chie charm.

LORD A. Ah! if you find charms in me Mrs. Erlynne—[They converse together LORD W. moves uneasily about the room watching Mrs. E.]

LORD D. [To LADY W.] How pale you

are

LADY W. Cowards are always pale.

LORD D. You look faint. Come out of
the terrace.

LADY W. Yes. [To PARKER.] Parker

send my cloak out.

MRS. E. [crossing to her]. Lady Windermere, how beautifully your terrace it illuminated. Reminds me of Prince Doria' at Rome. [LADY W. bows coldly, and goe off with LORD D.] Oh, how do you do, Mr Graham? Is n't that your aunt, Lady Jed burgh? I should so much like to know her

CECIL G. [after a moment's hesitation and embarrassment]. Oh, certainly, if you wish it. Aunt Caroline, allow me to intro

duce Mrs. Erlynne.

MRS. E. So pleased to meet you, Lady Jedburgh. [Sits beside her on the sofa.] Your nephew and I are great friends.] am so much interested in his political career. I think he's sure to be a wonderful success. He thinks like a Tory, and talks like a Radical, and that's so important nowadays. He's such a brilliant talker too. But we all know from whom he in herits that. Lord Allendale was saying to me only yesterday in the Park, that Mr Graham talks almost as well as his aunt.

LADY J. [R.] Most kind of you to say

se charming things to me! [Mrs. E. es and continues conversation.]

DUMBY. [To CECIL G.] Did you intro-

e Mrs. Erlynne to Lady Jedburgh. ECIL G. Had to, my dear fellow. aldn't help it. That woman can make one anything she wants. How, I don't know. JUMBY. Hope to goodness she won't ak to me! [Saunters towards LADY P.] MRS. E. [C. To LADY J.] On Thurs-7? With great pleasure. [Rises and aks to LORD W. laughing.] What a bore s to have to be civil to these old dowers. But they always insist on it.

LADY P. [To MR. D.] Who is that wellessed woman talking to Windermere? DUMBY. Have n't got the slightest idea. oks like an edition de luxe of a wicked ench novel, meant specially for the Eng-

n market.

MRS. E. So that is poor Dumby with dy Plymdale? I hear she is frightfully lous of him. He does n't seem anxious speak to me to-night. I suppose he is raid of her. Those straw-colored women ve dreadful tempers. Do you know, I ink I'll dance with you first, Winderere. [LORD W. bites his lip and frowns.] will make Lord Augustus so jealous! ord Augustus! [LORD A. comes down.] ord Windermere insists on my dancing th him first, and, as it's his own house, can't well refuse. You know I would uch sooner dance with you.

LORD A. [with a low bow]. I wish I

uld think so, Mrs. Erlynne.

Mrs. E. You know it far too well. I n fancy a person dancing through life th you and finding it charming.

LORD A. [placing his hand on his white nistcoat]. Oh, thank you, thank you. You e the most adorable of all ladies!

MRS. E. What a nice speech! So simple d so sincere! Just the sort of speech I ce. Well, you shall hold my bouquet. [Goes wards ballroom on LORD W.'s arm. Ah, r. Dumby, how are you? I am so sorry have been out the last three times you we called. Come and lunch on Friday. DUMBY [with perfect nonchalance]. De-

ted.

[LADY P. glares with indignation at Mr. D. Lord A. follows Mrs. E. and LORD W. into the ballroom holding bouquet.

LADY P. [To MR. D.] What an absolute brute you are! I never can believe a word you say! Why did you tell me you did n't know her? What do you mean by calling on her three times running? You are not to go to lunch there; of course you understand that?

Dumby. My dear Laura, I would n't

dream of going!

LADY P. You have n't told me her name yet. Who is she?

DUMBY. [Coughs slightly and smooths his hair.] She's a Mrs. Erlynne. LADY P. That woman!

DUMBY. Yes, that is what every one calls

LADY P. How very interesting? How intensely interesting! I really must have a good stare at her. [Goes to door of ballroom and looks in.] I have heard the most shocking things about her. They say she is ruining poor Windermere. And Lady Windermere, who goes in for being so proper, invites her! How extremely amusing! It takes a thoroughly good woman to do a thoroughly stupid thing. You are to lunch there on Friday.

DUMBY. Why?

LADY P. Because I want you to take my husband with you. He has been so attentive lately, that he has become a perfect nuisance. Now, this woman is just the thing for him. He'll dance attendance upon her as long as she lets him, and won't bother me. I assure you, women of that kind are most useful. They form the basis of other people's marriages.

DUMBY. What a mystery you are ! LADY P. [looking at him]. I wish you

were!

DUMBY. I am — to myself. I am the only person in the world I should like to know thoroughly; but I don't see any chance of it just at present.

They pass into the ballroom, and LADY W. and LORD D. enter from

the terrace.

LADY W. Yes. Her coming here is monstrous, unbearable. I know now what you meant to-day at tea time. Why did n't you tell me right out? You should have!

LORD D. I could n't! A man can't tell these things about another man! But if I had known he was going to make you ask her here to-night, I think I would have told you. That insult, at any rate, you would

have been spared.

LADY W. I did not ask her. He insisted on her coming—against my entreaties—against my commands. Oh! the house is tainted for me! I feel that every woman here sneers at me as she dances by with my husband. What have I done to deserve this? I gave him all my life. He took it—used it—spoiled it! I am degraded in my own eyes; and I lack courage—I am a coward!

[Sits down on sofa.]

LORD D. If I know you at all, I know that you can't live with a man who treats you like this! What sort of life would you have with him? You would feel that he was lying to you every moment of the day. You would feel that the look in his eyes was false, his voice false, his touch false, his passion false. He would come to you when he was weary of others; you would have to comfort him. He would come to you when he was devoted to others; you would have to charm him. You would have to be to him the mask of his real life, the cloak to hide his secret.

LADY W. You are right—you are terribly right. But where am I to turn? You said you would be my friend, Lord Darlington.—Tell me, what am I to do? Be my friend now.

LORD D. Between men and women there is no friendship possible. There is passion, enmity, worship, love, but no friendship.

I love you —

Lady W. No, no! [Rises.] LORD D. Yes, I love you! You are more to me than anything in the whole world. What does your husband give you? Nothing. Whatever is in him he gives to this wretched woman, whom he has thrust into your society, into your home, to shame you before every one. I offer you my life —

LADY W. Lord Darlington!

LORD D. My life — my whole life. Take it, and do with it what you will. . . . I love you — love you as I have never loved any living thing. From the moment I met you I loved you, loved you blindly, adoringly, madly! You did not know it then — you know it now! Leave this house to-night. I won't tell you that the world matters nothing, or the world's voice, or the voice of Society. They matter a good deal. They matter far too much. But there are mo-

ments when one has to choose betwee living one's own life, fully, entirely, copletely—or dragging out some false, she low, degrading existence that the world its hypocrisy demands. You have that ment now. Choose! Oh, my love, choose

LADY W. [moving slowly away from hi and looking at him with startled eyes].

have not the courage.

LORD D. [following her]. Yes; you ha the courage. There may be six months pain, of disgrace even, but when you longer bear his name, when you bear mir all will be well. Margaret, my love, my wi that shall be some day - yes, my wife You know it! What are you now? Th woman has the place that belongs by rig to you. Oh! go - go out of this house, wi head erect, with a smile upon your lip with courage in your eyes. All London w know why you did it; and who will blan you? No one. If they do, what matter Wrong? What is wrong? It's wrong f a man to abandon his wife for a shamele woman. It is wrong for a wife to rema with a man who so dishonors her. You sa once you would make no compromise with things. Make none now. Be brave! I vourself!

Lady W. I am afraid of being mysel Let me think! Let me wait! My husban may return to me. [Sits down on sofa

LORD D. And you would take him back You are not what I thought you were. Yo are just the same as every other woman. Yo would stand anything rather than face the censure of a world whose praise you would despise. In a week you will be driving with this woman in the Park. She will be you constant guest—your dearest friend. Yo would endure anything rather than brea with one blow this monstrous tie. You are right. You have no courage; none.

LADY W. Ah, give me time to think.

cannot answer you now.

[Passes her hand nervously over her brow Lord D. It must be now or not at all. LADY W. [rising from the sofa]. The not at all!

LORD D. You break my heart!

LADY W. Mine is already broken.

LORD D. To-morrow I leave England This is the last time I shall ever look o you. You will never see me again. For on ent our lives met - our souls touched. must never meet or touch again. 1-bye, Margaret. Exit. ADY W. How alone I am in life! How bly alone!

The music stops. Enter the Duchess OF B. and LORD P. laughing and talking. Other guests come on from

ballroom.

UCHESS OF B. Dear Margaret, I've just having such a delightful chat with Mrs. onne. I am so sorry for what I said to this afternoon about her. Of course, she t be all right if you invite her. A most active woman, and has such sensible vs on life. Told me she entirely disapved of people marrying more than once, feel quite safe about poor Augustus. 't imagine why people speak against It's those horrid nieces of mine - the ille girls — they 're always talking scan-Still, I should go to Homburg, dear, I ly should. She is just a little too attrac-. But where is Agatha? Oh, there she LADY A. and MR. H. enter from the ter-L. U. E.] Mr. Hopper, I am very angry h you. You have taken Agatha out on terrace, and she is so delicate.

HOPPER. [L. C.] Awfully sorry, Duchess. went out for a moment and then got

tting together.

DUCHESS OF B. [C.] Ah, about dear Aus-

ia, I suppose? HOPPER. Yes.

OUCHESS OF B. Agatha, darling! [Beckons her over.]

ADY A. Yes, mamma! DUCHESS OF B. [aside]. Did Mr. Hop-

definitely -

ADY A. Yes, mamma.

DUCHESS OF B. And what answer did give him, dear child?

ADY A. Yes, mamma.

DUCHESS OF B. [affectionately]. My dear ! You always say the right thing. Hopper! James! Agatha has told me rything. How cleverly you have both t your secret.

HOPPER. You don't mind my taking atha off to Australia, then, Duchess?

DUCHESS OF B. [indignantly]. To Ausia? Oh, don't mention that dreadful gar place.

HOPPER. But she said she 'd like to come

h me.

Duchess of B. [severely]. Did you say that, Agatha?

Lady A. Yes, mamma.

DUCHESS OF B. Agatha, you say the most silly things possible. I think on the whole that Grosvenor Square would be a more healthy place to reside in. There are lots of vulgar people live in Grosvenor Square, but at any rate there are no horrid kangaroos crawling about. But we'll talk about that to-morrow. James, you can take Agatha down. You'll come to lunch, of course, James. At half past one instead of two. The Duke will wish to say a few words to you, I am sure.

HOPPER. I should like to have a chat with the Duke, Duchess. He has not said

a single word to me yet.

DUCHESS OF B. I think you'll find he will have a great deal to say to you tomorrow. [Exit LADY A. with MR. H.] And now good-night, Margaret. I'm afraid it's the old, old story, dear. Love - well, not love at first sight, but love at the end of the season, which is so much more satisfactory.

LADY W. Good-night, Duchess.

Exit the Duchess of B. on Lord P.'s arm.]

LADY P. My dear Margaret, what a handsome woman your husband has been dancing with! I should be quite jealous if I were you! Is she a great friend of yours?

LADY W. No!

LADY P. Really? Good-night, dear. [Looks at Mr. D. and exit.]

DUMBY. Awful manners young Hopper

CECIL G. Ah! Hopper is one of Nature's gentlemen, the worst type of gentlemen I

DUMBY. Sensible woman, Lady Windermere. Lots of wives would have objected to Mrs. Erlynne coming. But Lady Windermere has that uncommon thing called common sense.

CECIL G. And Windermere knows that nothing looks so like innocence as an indis-

cretion.

Dumby. Yes; dear Windermere is becoming almost modern. Never thought he [Bows to LADY W. and exit.] would.

LADY J. Good-night, Lady Windermere. What a fascinating woman Mrs. Erlynne is! She is coming to lunch on Thursday,

won't you come too? I expect the Bishop and dear Lady Merton.

LADY W. I am afraid I am engaged,

Lady Jedburgh.

LADY J. So sorry. Come, dear.

[Exeunt LADY J. and MISS G.]

[Enter Mrs. E. and Lord W.]

Mrs. E. Charming ball it has been! Quite reminds me of old days. \[\int Sits on the \] sofa. And I see that there are just as many fools in society as there used to be. So pleased to find that nothing has altered! Except Margaret. She's grown quite pretty. The last time I saw her - twenty years ago, she was a fright in flannel. Positive fright, I assure you. The dear Duchess! and that sweet Lady Agatha! Just the type of girl I like! Well, really, Windermere, if I am to be the Duchess's sister-in-law -

LORD W. [sitting L. of her]. But are

you-?

[Exit Mr. Cecil G. with rest of guests. Lady W. watches with a look of scorn and pain, Mrs. E. and her husband. They are uncon-

scious of her presence.]

Mrs. E. Oh yes! He's to call to-morrow at twelve o'clock. He wanted to propose to-night. In fact he did. He kept on proposing. Poor Augustus, you know how he repeats himself. Such a bad habit! But I told him I would n't give him an answer till to-morrow. Of course I am going to take him. And I dare say I'll make him an admirable wife, as wives go. And there is a great deal of good in Lord Augustus. Fortunately it is all on the surface. Just where good qualities should be. Of course you must help me in this matter.

LORD W. I am not called on to encour-

age Lord Augustus, I suppose?

MRS. E. Oh, no! I do the encouraging. But you will make me a handsome settlement, Windermere, won't you?

LORD W. [frowning]. Is that what you want to talk to me about to-night?

Mrs. E. Yes.

LORD W. [with a gesture of impatience].

I will not talk of it here.

MRS. E. [laughing]. Then we will talk of it on the terrace. Even business should have a picturesque background. Should it not, Windermere? With a proper background women can do anything.

LORD W. Won't to-morrow do as well Mrs. E. No; you see, to-morrow I a going to accept him. And I think it would be a good thing if I was able to tell hi that — well, what shall I say — £2000 year left me by a third cousin - or a secon husband - or some distant relative of the kind. It would be an additional attraction would n't it? You have a delightful oppor tunity now of paying me a complimen Windermere. But you are not very cleve at paying compliments. I am afraid Mar garet does n't encourage you in that exce lent habit. It 's a great mistake on her par When men give up saying what is charm ing, they give up thinking what is charming But seriously, what do you say to £2000 £2500, I think. In modern life margin i everything. Windermere, don't you thin the world an intensely amusing place? do!

> Exit on terrace with LORD W. Musi strikes up in ballroom.]

LADY W. To stay in this house an longer is impossible. To-night a man wh loves me offered me his whole life. I re fused it. It was foolish of me. I will offe him mine now. I will give him mine. I wil go to him! [Puts on cloak and goes to door then turns back. Sits down at table and write a letter, puts it into an envelope, and leaves i on table. Arthur has never understood me When he reads this, he will. He may do a he chooses now with his life. I have done with mine as I think best, as I think right It is he who has broken the bond of mar riage - not I. I only break its bondage. Exit.

[Parker enters L. and crosses towards the ball room R. Enter MRS. E.]

MRS. E. Is Lady Windermere in the ball room?

PARKER. Her ladyship has just gone

MRS. E. Gone out? She's not on the terrace?

PARKER. No, madam. Her ladyship has just gone out of the house.

MRS. E. Starts and looks at the servan with a puzzled expression on her face.] Ou of the house?

PARKER. Yes, madam — her ladyship tole me she had left a letter for his lordship or

the table.

Mrs. E. A letter for Lord Windermere?

PARKER. Yes, madam.

Mrs. E. Thank you. [Exit PARKER. The sic in the ballroom stops. Gone out of her ase! A letter addressed to her husband! oes over to table and looks at letter. Takes ip and lays it down again with a shudder fear. No, no! It would be impossible! e doesn't repeat its tragedies like that! why does this horrible fancy come coss me? Why do I remember now the moment of my life I most wish to get? Does life repeat its tragedies? 'ears letter open and reads it, then sinks wn into a chair with a gesture of anguish.] , how terrible! the same words that enty years ago I wrote to her father! d how bitterly I have been punished for No; my punishment, my real punishent is to-night, is now! [Still seated R.]

[Enter LORD W. L. U. E.]

LORD W. Have you said good-night to [Comes C.] y wife? MRS. E. [crushing letter in her hand].

LORD W. Where is she?

Mrs. E. She is very tired. She has gone bed. She said she had a headache. LORD W. I must go to her. You'll ex-

se me?

Mrs. E. [rising hurriedly]. Oh, no! It's thing serious. She 's only very tired, that all. Besides, there are people still in the pper-room. She wants you to make her ologies to them. She said she did n't wish be disturbed. [Drops letter.] She asked

e to tell you. LORD W. [Picks up letter.] You have

opped something.

MRS. E. Oh, yes, thank you, that is mine. Puts out her hand to take it. LORD W. [still looking at letter]. But it's

y wife's handwriting, is n't it?

MRS. E. [Takes the letter quickly.] Yes, 's—an address. Will you ask them to ll my carriage, please?

LORD W. Certainly. [Goes L. and exit.] Mrs. E. Thanks. What can I do? What n I do? I feel a passion awakening within e that I never felt before. What can it ean? The daughter must not be like the other — that would be terrible. How can save her? How can I save my child? A oment may ruin a life. Who knows that

better than I? Windermere must be got out of the house; that is absolutely necessary. [Goes L.] But how shall I do it? It must be done somehow. Ah!

[Enter Lord A. R. U. E. carrying bouquet.]

LORD A. Dear lady, I am in such suspense! May I not have an answer to my request?

MRS. E. Lord Augustus, listen to me. You are to take Lord Windermere down to your club at once, and keep him there as long as possible. You understand?

LORD A. But you said you wished me to

keep early hours!

MRS. E. [nervously]. Do what I tell you. Do what I tell you.

LORD A. And my reward?

MRS. E. Your reward? Your reward? Oh! ask me that to-morrow. But don't let Windermere out of your sight to-night. If you do I will never forgive you. I will never speak to you again. I'll have nothing to do with you. Remember you are to keep Windermere at your club, and don't let him come back to-night.

LORD A. Well, really, I might be her husband already. Positively I might.

[Follows her in a bewildered manner.]

ACT III

Scene — Lord Darlington's rooms. A large sofa is in front of fireplace R. At the back of the stage a curtain is drawn across the window. Doors L. and R. Table R. with writing materials. Table c. with syphons, glasses, and Tantalus frame. Table L. with cigar and cigar. ette box. Lamps lit.

LADY W. [standing by the fireplace]. Why does n't he come? This waiting is horrible. He should be here. Why is he not here, to wake by passionate words some fire within me? I am cold - cold as a loveless thing. Arthur must have read my letter by this time. If he cared for me, he would have come after me, would have taken me back by force. But he does n't care. He's entrammeled by this woman fascinated by her - dominated by her. If a woman wants to hold a man, she has merely to appeal to what is worst in him. We make gods of men, and they leave us. Others make brutes of them and they fawn and are faithful. How hideous life is! . . .

Oh! it was mad of me to come here, horribly mad. And yet which is the worst, I wonder, to be at the mercy of a man who loves one, or the wife of a man who in one's own house dishonors one? What woman knows? What woman in the whole world? But will he love me always, this man to whom I am giving my life? What do I bring him? Lips that have lost the note of joy, eyes that are blighted by tears, chill hands and icy heart. I bring him nothing. I must go back - no; I can't go back, my letter has put me in their power - Arthur would not take me back! That fatal letter! No! Lord Darlington leaves England to-morrow. I will go with him - I have no choice. Sits down for a few moments. Then starts up and puts on her cloak. No, no! I will go back, let Arthur do with me what he pleases. I can't wait here. It has been madness my coming. I must go at once. As for Lord Darlington — Oh! here he is! What shall I do? What can I say to him? Will he let me go away at all? I have heard that men are brutal, horrible. . . . Oh! [Hides her face in her hands.]

[Enter Mrs. E. L.]

Mrs. E. Lady Windermere! [LADY W. starts and looks up. Then recoils in contempt.] Thank Heaven I am in time. You must go back to your husband's house immediately.

LADY W. Must?

MRS. E. [authoritatively]. Yes, you must! There is not a second to be lost. Lord Darlington may return at any moment.

LADY W. Don't come near me!

MRS. E. Oh! you are on the brink of ruin; you are on the brink of a hideous precipice. You must leave this place at once, my carriage is waiting at the corner of the street. You must come with me and drive straight home. [LADY W. throws off her cloak and flings it on the sofa.] What are you doing?

LADY W. Mrs. Erlynne - if you had not come here, I would have gone back. But now that I see you, I feel that nothing in the whole world would induce me to live under the same roof as Lord Windermere. You fill me with horror. There is something about you that stirs the wildest rage within me. And I know why you are here. My husband sent you to lure me back that

I might serve as a blind to whatever relactions exist between you and him.

Mrs. E. Oh! You don't think that-

you can't.

LADY W. Go back to my husband, Mrs. Erlynne. He belongs to you and not to me. I suppose he is afraid of a scandal. Men are such cowards. They outrage every law of the world, and are afraid of the world's tongue. But he had better prepare himself. He shall have a scandal. He shall have the worst scandal there has been in London for years. He shall see his name in every vile paper, mine on every hideous placard.

Mrs. E. No-no-

LADY W. Yes! he shall. Had he come himself, I admit I would have gone back to the life of degradation you and he had prepared for me - I was going back - but to stay himself at home, and to send you as his messenger - oh! it was infamous - infamous.

MRS. E. [C.] Lady Windermere, you wrong me horribly - you wrong your husband horribly. He does n't know you are here - he thinks you are safe in your own house. He thinks you are asleep in your own room. He never read the mad letter you wrote to him!

LADY W. [R.] Never read it!

MRS. E. No - he knows nothing about

LADY W. How simple you think me! [Going to her.] You are lying to me!

MRS. E. [restraining herself]. I am not.

I am telling you the truth.

LADY W. If my husband did n't read my letter, how is it that you are here? Who told you I had left the house you were shameless enough to enter? Who told you where I had gone to? My husband told you, and sent you to decoy me [Crosses L.]

MRS. E. [R. C.] Your husband has never seen the letter. I — saw it, I opened it. I —

read it.

LADY W. [turning to her]. You opened a letter of mine to my husband? You

would n't dare!

MRS. E. Dare! Oh! to save you from the abyss into which you are falling, there is nothing in the world I would not dare, nothing in the whole world. Here is the letter. Your husband has never read it. He never shall read it. [Going to firecel. It should never have been writ-[Tears it and throws it into the fire.] [Tears it and throws it into the fire.]

ADY W. [with infinite contempt in her ce and look]. How do I know that was letter after all? You seem to think the nmonest device can take me in!

Mrs. E. Oh! why do you disbelieve rything I tell you! What object do you nk I have in coming here, except to save I from utter ruin, to save you from the sequence of a hideous mistake? That ter that is burning now was your letter.

wear it to you!

LADY W. [slowly]. You took good care burn it before I had examined it. I cant trust you. You, whose whole life is a , how could you speak the truth about [Sits down.] ything?

MRS. E. [hurriedly]. Think as you like out me - say what you choose against , but go back, go back to the husband

u love.

LADY W. [sullenly]. I do not love him! Mrs. E. You do, and you know that he

res you.

LADY W. He does not understand what ve is. He understands it as little as you - but I see what you want. It would be great advantage for you to get me back. ear Heaven! what a life I would have en! Living at the mercy of a woman who s neither mercy nor pity in her, a woman nom it is an infamy to meet, a degradation know, a vile woman, a woman who comes tween husband and wife!

Mrs. E. [with a gesture of despair]. Lady indermere, Lady Windermere, don't say ch terrible things. You don't know how rrible they are, how terrible and how unst. Listen, you must listen! Only go back your husband, and I promise you never communicate with him again on any prext — never to see him — never to have aything to do with his life or yours. The oney that he gave me, he gave me not rough love, but through hatred, not in orship, but in contempt. The hold I have er him

LADY W. [rising]. Ah! you admit you

ave a hold!

MRS. E. Yes, and I will tell you what it . It is his love for you, Lady Windermere. LADY W. You expect me to believe that? MRS. E. You must believe it! It is true. is his love for you that has made him

submit to - oh! call it what you like, tyranny, threats, anything you choose. But it is his love for you. His desire to spare you - shame, yes, shame and disgrace.

LADY W. What do you mean? You are insolent! What have I to do with you?

MRS. E. [humbly]. Nothing. I know it - but I tell you that your husband loves you — that you may never meet with such love again in your whole life - that such love you will never meet — and that if you throw it away, the day may come when you will starve for love and it will not be given to you, beg for love and it will be denied you — Oh! Arthur loves you!

LADY W. Arthur? And you tell me

there is nothing between you?

Mrs. E. Lady Windermere, before Heaven your husband is guiltless of all offense towards you! And I - I tell you that had it ever occurred to me that such a monstrous suspicion would have entered your mind, I would have died rather than have crossed your life or his - oh! died, gladly [Moves away to sofa R.]

LADY W. You talk as if you had a heart. Women like you have no hearts. Heart is not in you. You are bought and sold.

Sits L. C.

MRS. E. Starts, with a gesture of pain. Then restrains herself, and comes over to where LADY W. is sitting. As she speaks, she stretches out her hands towards her, but does not dare to touch her.] Believe what you choose about me. I am not worth a moment's sorrow. But don't spoil your beautiful young life on my account! You don't know what may be in store for you, unless you leave this house at once. You don't know what it is to fall into the pit, to be despised, mocked, abandoned, sneered at - to be an outcast! to find the door shut against one, to have to creep in by hideous byways, afraid every moment lest the mask should be stripped from one's face, and all the while to hear the laughter, the horrible laughter of the world, a thing more tragic than all the tears the world has ever shed. You don't know what it is. One pays for one's sin, and then one pays again, and all one's life one pays. You must never know that. - As for me, if suffering be an expiation, then at this moment I have expiated all my faults, whatever they have been; for to-night you have made a heart in one

who had it not, made it and broken it. -But let that pass. I may have wrecked my own life, but I will not let you wreck yours. You - why, you are a mere girl, you would be lost. You have n't got the kind of brains that enables a woman to get back. You have neither the wit nor the courage. You could n't stand dishonor. No! Go back, Lady Windermere, to the husband who loves you, whom you love. You have a child, Lady Windermere. Go back to that child who even now, in pain or in joy, may be calling to you. [LADY W. rises.] God gave you that child. He will require from you that you make his life fine, that you watch over him. What answer will you make to God if his life is ruined through you? Back to your house, Lady Windermere - your husband loves you. He has never swerved for a moment from the love he bears you. But even if he had a thousand loves, you must stay with your child. If he was harsh to you, you must stay with your child. If he illtreated you, you must stay with your child. If he abandoned you, your place is with your child.

> [LADY W. bursts into tears and buries her face in her hands.]

[Rushing to her.] Lady Windermere!

LADY W. [holding out her hands to her, helplessly, as a child might do]. Take me home. Take me home.

Mrs. E. [Is about to embrace her. Then restrains herself. There is a look of wonderful joy in her face.] Come! Where is your cloak? [Getting it from sofa.] Here. Put it on. Come at once! [They go to the door.]

LADY W. Stop! Don't you hear voices?

Mrs. E. No, no! There is no one! LADY W. Yes, there is! Listen! Oh! that is my husband's voice! He is coming in! Save me! Oh, it's some plot! You have sent for him! [Voices outside.]

MRS. E. Silence! I am here to save you if I can. But I fear it is too late! There! [Points to the curtain across the window.] The first chance you have, slip out, if you ever get a chance!

LADY W. But you!

Mrs. E. Oh! never mind me. I'll face them.

[LADY W. hides herself behind the curtain.]

LORD A. [outside]. Nonsense, dear Windermere, you must not leave me!

Mrs. E. Lord Augustus! Then it is who am lost!

> Hesitates for a moment, then look round and sees door R., and exit through it.]

[Enter LORD D., MR. A., LORD W., LORD A. L., and CECIL G.1

DUMBY. What a nuisance their turning us out of the club at this hour! It's only two o'clock. [Sinks into a chair.] The lively part of the evening is only just beginning.

[Yawns and closes his eyes.]

LORD W. It is very good of you, Lord Darlington, allowing Augustus to force our company on you, but I 'm afraid I can't stay long.

LORD D. Really! I am so sorry! You'll

take a cigar, won't you?

LORD W. Thanks! [Sits down.] LORD A. [To LORD W.] My dear boy. you must not dream of going. I have a great deal to talk to you about, of demmed importance, too.

Sits down with him at L. table.] CECIL G. Oh! we all know what that is! Tuppy can't talk about anything but Mrs. Erlynne!

LORD W. Well, that is no business of yours, is it, Cecil?

CECIL G. None! That is why it interests me. My own business always bores me to death. I prefer other people's.

LORD D. Have something to drink, you fellows. Cecil, you'll have a whiskey and

CECIL G. Thanks. [Goes to the table with LORD D.] Mrs. Erlynne looked very handsome to-night, did n't she?

LORD D. I am not one of her admirers. CECIL G. I use n't to be, but I am now. Why! she actually made me introduce her to poor dear Aunt Caroline. I believe she is

going to lunch there. LORD D. [in surprise]. No?

CECIL G. She is, really.

LORD D. Excuse me, you fellows. I'm going away to-morrow. And I have to write a few letters.

Goes to writing table and sits down.] Dumby. Clever woman, Mrs. Erlynne. CECIL G. Hallo, Dumby! I thought you were asleep.

DUMBY. I am, I usually am!

LORD A. A very clever woman. Knows

fectly well what a demmed fool I am -ws it as well as I do myself. [Cecil G. es towards him laughing.] Ah! you may gh, my boy, but it is a great thing to ne across a woman who thoroughly un-

stands one.

DUMBY G. It is an awfully dangerous ng. They always end by marrying one. CECIL G. But I thought, Tuppy, you re never going to see her again. Yes! told me so yesterday evening at the b. You said you'd heard -

[Whispering to him.] ORD A. Oh, she 's explained that.

CECIL G. And the Wiesbaden affair? LORD A. She 's explained that, too.

Dumby. And her income, Tuppy? Has

explained that?

LORD A. [in a very serious voice]. She 's

ng to explain that to-morrow.

[Cecil G. goes back to c. table.] DUMBY. Awfully commercial, women wadays. Our grandmothers threw their os over the mills, of course, but, by Jove, eir granddaughters only throw their caps er mills that can raise the wind for them. LORD A. You want to make her out a eked woman. She is not!

CECIL G. Oh! Wicked women bother e. Good women bore one. That is the

ly difference between them. LORD D. [puffing a cigar]. Mrs. Erlynne

s a future before her.

DUMBY. Mrs. Erlynne has a past before

LORD A. I prefer women with a past. ney're always so demmed amusing to k to.

CECIL G. Well, you 'll have lots of topics

conversation with her, Tuppy.

[Rising and going to him.] LORD A. You're getting annoying, dear

y; you're getting demmed annoying. CECIL G. [Puts his hands on his shoul-rs.] Now, Tuppy, you've lost your figure d you've lost your character. Don't lose ur temper; you have only got one.

LORD A. My dear boy, if I was n't the ost good-natured man in London —

CECIL G. We'd treat you with more reect would n't we, Tuppy? [Strolls away.] DUMBY. The youth of the present day e quite monstrous. They have absolutely respect for dyed hair.

[LORD A. looks round angrily.]

CECIL G. Mrs. Erlynne has a very great

respect for dear Tuppy.

DUMBY. Then Mrs. Erlynne sets an admirable example to the rest of her sex. It is perfectly brutal the way most women nowadays behave to men who are not their husbands.

LORD W. Dumby, you are ridiculous, and Cecil, you let your tongue run away with you. You must leave Mrs. Erlynne alone. You don't really know anything about her, and you're always talking scandal against

CECIL G. [coming towards him L. C.]. My dear Arthur, I never talk scandal. I only

talk gossip.

LORD W. What is the difference between

scandal and gossip?

CECIL G. Oh! gossip is charming! History is merely gossip. But scandal is gossip made tedious by morality. Now I never moralize. A man who moralizes is usually a hypocrite, and a woman who moralizes is invariably plain. There is nothing in the whole world so unbecoming to a woman as a Non-conformist conscience. And most women know it, I'm glad to say.

LORD A. Just my sentiments, dear boy

just my sentiments.

CECIL G. Sorry to hear it, Tuppy; whenever people agree with me, I always feel 1 must be wrong.

LORD A. My dear boy, when I was your

CECIL G. But you never were, Tuppy, and you never will be. [Goes up c.] I say, Darlington, let us have some cards. You'll play, Arthur, won't you?

LORD W. No, thanks, Cecil.

DUMBY [with a sigh]. Good heavens! how marriage ruins a man! It's as demoralizing as eigarettes, and far more expensive.

CECIL G. You'll play, of course, Tuppy? LORD A. [pouring himself out a brandy and soda at table]. Can't, dear boy. Promised Mrs. Erlynne never to play or drink

again.

CECIL G. Now, my dear Tuppy, don't be led astray into the paths of virtue. Reformed, you would be perfectly tedious. That is the worst of women. They always want one to be good. And if we are good, when they meet us, they don't love us at all. They like to find us quite irretrievably bad, and to leave us quite unattractively good.

LORD D. [rising from R. table, where he has been writing letters]. They always do find us bad!

DUMBY. I don't think we are bad. I

think we are all good except Tuppy.

LORD D. No, we are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars.

[Sits down at c. table.]

DUMBY. We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars? Upon my word, you are very romantic to-night, Darlington.

CECIL G. Too romantic! You must be

in love. Who is the girl?

LORD D. The woman I love is not free, or thinks she is n't. [Glances instinctively at

LORD W. while he speaks.

CECIL G. A married woman, then! Well, there's nothing in the world like the devotion of a married woman. It's a thing no married man knows anything about.

LORD D. Oh! she does n't love me. She is a good woman. She is the only good wo-

man I have ever met in my life.

CECIL G. The only good woman you have ever met in your life?

LORD D. Yes!

CECIL G. [lightiny a cigarette]. Well, you are a lucky fellow! Why, I have met hundreds of good women. I never seem to meet any but good women. The world is perfectly packed with good women. To know them is a middle-class education.

LORD D. This woman has purity and innocence. She has everything we men have

lost

CECIL G. My dear fellow, what on earth should we men do going about with purity and innocence? A carefully thought-out buttonhole is much more effective.

Dumby. She doesn't really love you then?

LORD D. No, she does not!

Dumby. I congratulate you, my dear fellow. In this world there are only two tragedies. One is not getting what one wants, and the other is getting it. The last is much the worst, the last is a real tragedy! But I am interested to hear she does not love you. How long could you love a woman who did n't love you, Cecil?

CECIL G. A woman who did n't love me?

Oh, all my life!

DUMBY. So could I. But it's so difficito meet one.

LORD D. How can you be so conceite

Dumby?

DUMBY. I didn't say it as a matter conceit. I said it as a matter of regret. have been wildly, madly adored. I am sor I have. It has been an immense nuisance. should like to be allowed a little time myself, now and then.

LORD A. [looking round]. Time to ed

cate yourself, I suppose.

DUMBY. No, time to forget all I have learned. That is much more important dear Tuppy.

[LORD A. moves uneasily in his chair LORD D. What cynics you fellows are

CECIL G. What is a cynic?

[Sitting on the back of the sofa LORD D. A man who knows the price of everything, and the value of nothing.

CECIL G. And a sentimentalist, my der Darlington, is a man who sees an absurvalue in everything, and does n't know the market price of any single thing.

LORD D. You always amuse me, Ceci You talk as if you were a man of experience

CECIL G. I am.

[Moves up to front of fireplace

LORD D. You are far too young !

CECIL G. That is a great error. Experence is a question of instinct about life. have got it. Tuppy has n't. Experience the name Tuppy gives to his mistake That is all.

[Lord A. looks round indignantly Dumby. Experience is the name ever one gives to their mistakes.

CECIL G. [standing with his back to fire

place]. One should n't commit any.

[Sees LADY W.'s fan on sofa.

DUMBY. Life would be very dull with out them.

CECIL G. Of course you are quite faithful to this woman you are in love with Darlington, to this good woman?

LORD D. Cecil, if one really loves woman, all other women in the world be come absolutely meaningless to one. Low changes one — I am changed.

CECIL G. Dear me! How very interest

ing. Tuppy, I want to talk to you.

DUMBY. It's no use talking to Tuppy You might as well talk to a brick wall. CECIL G. But I like talking to a brick all — it's the only thing in the world that

ver contradicts me! Tuppy! LORD A. Well, what is it? What is it?

[Rising and going over to Cecil G.] CECIL G. Come over here. I want you rticularly. [Aside.] Darlington has been oralizing and talking about the purity of ve, and that sort of thing, and he has got me woman in his rooms all the time.

LORD A. No, really! really!

CECIL G. [in a low voice]. Yes, here is [Points to the fan.] r fan. LORD A. [chuckling]. By Jove! By

ove!

LORD W. [up by door]. I am really off w, Lord Darlington. I am sorry you are aving England so soon. Pray call on us hen you come back! My wife and I will charmed to see you!

LORD D. [up stage with LORD W.]. I n afraid I shall be away for many years.

ood-night!

CECIL G. Arthur! LORD W. What?

CECIL G. I want to speak to you for a

oment. No, do come! LORD W. [putting on his coat]. I can't

- I 'm off!

CECIL G. It is something very particur. It will interest you enormously. LORD W. [smiling]. It is some of your

onsense, Cecil.

CECIL G. It is n't. It is n't really !

LORD A. [going to him]. My dear felw, you must n't go yet. I have a lot to lk to you about. And Cecil has someing to show you.

LORD W. [walking over]. Well, what

CECIL G. Darlington has got a woman ere in his rooms. Here is her fan. Amus-[A pause.] g, is n't it?

LORD W. Good God!

[Seizes the fan — DUMBY rises.]

CECIL G. What is the matter? LORD W. Lord Darlington!

LORD D. [turning round]. Yes! LORD W. What is my wife's fan doing ere in your rooms? Hands off, Cecil. on't touch me.

LORD D. Your wife's fan?

LORD W. Yes, here it is!

LORD D. [walking towards him]. I don't l won

LORD W. You must know. I demand an explanation. [To CECIL G.] Don't hold me, you fool.

LORD D. [aside]. She is here after all! LORD W. Speak, sir! Why is my wife's fan here? Answer me, by God! I'll search your rooms, and if my wife's here, I'll -[Moves.]

LORD D. You shall not search my rooms. You have no right to do so. I forbid you.

LORD W. You scoundrel! I'll not leave your room till I have searched every corner of it! What moves behind that cur-[Rushes towards the curtain c.]

MRS. E. [Enters behind R.] Lord Win-

dermere!

LORD W. Mrs. Erlynne!

[Every one starts and turns round. LADY W. slips out from behind the curtain and glides from the room

Mrs. E. I am afraid I took your wife's fan in mistake for my own, when I was leaving your house to-night. I am so sorry.

[Takes fan from him. LORD W. looks at her in contempt. LORD D. in mingled astonishment and anger. LORD A. turns away. The other men smile at each other.]

ACT IV

Scene - Same as in Act I.

LADY W. [lying on sofa]. How can I tell him? I can't tell him. It would kill me. I wonder what happened after I escaped from that horrible room. Perhaps she told them the true reason of her being there, and the real meaning of that — fatal fan of mine. Oh, if he knows - how can I look him in the face again? He would never forgive me. [Touches bell.] How securely one thinks one lives - out of reach of temptation, sin, folly. And then suddenly - Oh! Life is terrible. It rules us, we do not rule it.

[Enter ROSALIE R.]

ROSALIE. Did your ladyship ring for me?

LADY W. Yes. Have you found out at what time Lord Windermere came in last night?

ROSALIE. His lordship did not come in

till five o'clock.

LADY W. Five o'clock! He knocked at

my door this morning, did n't he?

Rosalie. Yes, my lady—at half past nine. I told him your ladyship was not awake yet.

LADY W. Did he say anything?

Rosalie. Something about your ladyship's fan. I did n't quite catch what his lordship said. Has the fan been lost, my lady? I can't find it, and Parker says it was not left in any of the rooms. He has looked in all of them and on the terrace as well.

LADY W. It doesn't matter. Tell Par-

ker not to trouble. That will do.

[Exit ROSALIE.] LADY W. [rising]. She is sure to tell him. I can fancy a person doing a wonderful act of self-sacrifice, doing it spontaneously, recklessly, nobly — and afterwards finding out that it costs too much. Why should she hesitate between her ruin and mine? . . . How strange! I would have publicly disgraced her in my own house. She accepts public disgrace in the house of another to save me. . . . There is a bitter irony in things, a bitter irony in the way we talk of good and bad women. . . . Oh, what a lesson! and what a pity that in life we only get our lessons when they are of no use to us! For even if she does n't tell, I must. Oh! the shame of it, the shame of it. To tell it is to live through it all again. Actions are the first tragedy in life, words are the second. Words are perhaps the worst. Words are merciless. . . . Oh!

[Starts as LORD W. enters.]
LORD W. [kisses her]. Margaret — how

pale you look!

LADY W. I slept very badly.

LORD W. [sitting on sofa with her]. I am so sorry. I came in dreadfully late, and I didn't like to wake you. You are crying, dear.

LADY W. Yes, I am crying, for I have

something to tell you, Arthur.

LORD W. My dear child, you are not well. You've been doing too much. Let us go away to the country. You'll be all right at Selby. The season is almost over. There is no use staying on. Poor darling! We'll go away to-day, if you like. [Rises.] We can easily catch the 4.30. I'll send a wire to Fannen. [Crosses and sits down at table to write a telegram.]

LADY W. Yes; let us go away to-day. No; I can't go away to-day, Arthur. There is some one I must see before I leave town—some one who has been kind to me.

LORD W. [rising and leaning over sofa].

Kind to you?

LADY W. Far more than that. [Rises and goes to him.] I will tell you, Arthur, but only love me, love me as you used to love me.

LORD W. Used to? You are not thinking of that wretched woman who came here last night? [Coming round and sitting R. of her.] You don't still imagine—no, you could n't.

LADY W. I don't. I know now I was

wrong and foolish.

LORD W. It was very good of you to receive her last night — but you are never to see her again.

LADY W. Why do you say that?

[A pause.]

LORD W. [holding her hand]. Margaret, I thought Mrs. Erlynne was a woman more sinned against than sinning, as the phrase goes. I thought she wanted to be good, to get back into a place that she had lost by a moment's folly, to lead again a decent life. I believed what she told me — I was mistaken in her. She is bad — as bad as a woman can be.

Lady W. Arthur, Arthur, don't talk so bitterly about any woman. I don't think now that people can be divided into the good and the bad, as though they were two separate races or creations. What are called good women may have terrible things in them, mad moods of recklessness, assertion, jealousy, sin. Bad women, as they are termed, may have in them sorrow, repentance, pity, sacrifice. And I don't think Mrs. Erlynne a bad woman — I know she's not.

Lord W. My dear child, the woman's impossible. No matter what harm she tries to do us, you must never see her again. She

is inadmissible anywhere.

LADY W. But I want to see her. I want

her to come here.

LORD W. Never!

LADY W. She came here once as your guest. She must come now as mine. That is but fair.

LORD W. She should never have come

LADY W. [rising]. It is too late, Arthur, to say that now. [Moves away.]

LORD W. [rising]. Margaret, if you ew where Mrs. Erlynne went last night, eer she left this house, you would not sit the same room with her. It was absorbely shameless, the whole thing.

LADY W. Arthur, I can't bear it any nger. I must tell you. Last night —

[Enter Parker with a tray on which lie Lady W.'s fan and a card.]

PARKER. Mrs. Erlynne has called to rern your ladyship's fan which she took vay by mistake last night. Mrs. Erlynne s written a message on the card.

LADY W. Oh, ask Mrs. Erlynne to be nd enough to come up. [Reads card.] Say shall be very glad to see her. [Exit Parck.] She wants to see me, Arthur.

LORD W. [Takes card and looks at it.] argaret, I beg you not to. Let me see her st, at any rate. She's a very dangerous oman. She is the most dangerous woman know. You don't realize what you're ing.

LADY W. It is right that I should see

LORD W. My child, you may be on the ink of a great sorrow. Don't go to meet It is absolutely necessary that I should

e her before you do. LADY W. Why should it be necessary?

[Enter PARKER.]

PARKER. Mrs. Erlynne.

[Enter Mrs. E. Exit Parker.]

MRS. E. How do you do, Lady Winderere? [To Lord W.] How do you do?
e you know, Lady Windermere, I am so
ery about your fan. I can't imagine how
made such a silly mistake. Most stupid of
e. And as I was driving in your direction,
thought I would take the opportunity
returning your property in person, with
any apologies for my carelessness, and of
dding you good-bye.

LADY W. Good-bye? [Moves towards sofa th Mrs. E. and sits down beside her.] Are u going away, then, Mrs. Erlynne?

MRS. E. Yes; I am going to live abroad ain. The English climate does n't suit me. y—heart is affected here, and that I n't like. I prefer living in the south. and on is too full of fogs and—and serious ople, Lord Windermere. Whether the gs produce the serious people or whether

the serious people produce the fogs, I don't know, but the whole thing rather gets on my nerves, and so I'm leaving this afternoon by the Club Train.

LADY W. This afternoon? But I wanted

so much to come and see you.

Mrs. E. How kind of you? But I am afraid I have to go.

LADY W. Shall I never see you again,

Mrs. Erlynne?

MRS. E. I am afraid not. Our lives lie too far apart. But there is a little thing I would like you to do for me. I want a photograph of you, Lady Windermere — would you give me one? You don't know how gratified I should be.

LADY W. Oh, with pleasure. There is

one on that table. I'll show it to you.

[Goes across to the table.]
LORD W. [coming up to MRS. E. and speaking in a low voice]. It is monstrous your intruding yourself here after your conduct last night.

Mrs. E. [with an amused smile]. My dear

Windermere, manners before morals!

LADY W. [returning]. I'm afraid it is very flattering — I am not so pretty as that.

[Showing photograph.]

Mrs. E. You are much prettier. But haven't you got one of yourself with your little boy?

LADY W. I have. Would you prefer one of those?

Mrs. E. Yes.

LADY W. I'll go and get it for you, if you'll excuse me for a moment. I have one upstairs.

MRS. E. So sorry, Lady Windermere, to

give you so much trouble.

LADY W. [Moves to door R.] No trouble

at all, Mrs. Erlynne.

MRS. E. Thanks so much. [Exit LADY W. R.] You seem rather out of temper this morning, Windermere. Why should you be? Margaret and I get on charmingly together.

LORD W. I can't bear to see you with her. Besides, you have not told me the

truth, Mrs. Erlynne.

MRS. E. I have not told her the truth,

you mean.

LORD W. [standing c.]. I sometimes wish you had. I should have been spared then the misery, the anxiety, the annoyance of the last six months. But rather than my

wife should know — that the mother whom she was taught to consider as dead, the mother whom she has mourned as dead, is living - a divorced woman going about under an assumed name, a bad woman preying upon life, as I know you now to be rather than that, I was ready to supply you with money to pay bill after bill, extravagance after extravagance, to risk what occurred yesterday, the first quarrel I have ever had with my wife. You don't understand what that means to me. How could you? But I tell you that the only bitter words that ever came from those sweet lips of hers were on your account, and I hate to see you next her. You sully the innocence that is in her. [Moves L. C.] And then I used to think that with all your faults you were frank and honest. You are not.

MRS. E. Why do you say that?

LORD W. You made me get you an invi-

tation to my wife's ball.

MRS. E. For my daughter's ball — yes. LORD W. You came, and within an hour of your leaving the house, you are found in a man's rooms — you are disgraced before every one. [Goes up stage C.]

MRS. E. Yes.

LORD W. [turning round on her]. Therefore I have a right to look upon you as what you are—a worthless, vicious woman. I have the right to tell you never to enter this house, never to attempt to come near my wife—

Mrs. E. [coldly]. My daughter, you

mean.

LORD W. You have no right to claim her as your daughter. You left her, abandoned her, when she was but a child in the cradle, abandoned her for your lover, who abandoned you in turn.

Mrs. E. [zising]. Do you count that to his credit, Lord Windermere — or to mine?

LORD W. To his, now that I know you.

MRS. E. Take care—you had better be
careful.

LORD W. Oh, I am not going to mince words for you. I know you thoroughly.

Mrs. E. [looking steadily at him].]

question that.

LORD W. I do know you. For twenty years of your life you lived without your child, without a thought of your child. One day you read in the papers that she had married a rich man. You saw your hideous

chance. You knew that to spare her the ig nominy of learning that a woman like you was her mother, I would endure anything You began your blackmailing.

Mrs. E. [shrugging her shoulders]. Don' use ugly words, Windermere. They are vulgar. I saw my chance, it is true, and

ook it

LORD W. Yes, you took it — and spoiled it all last night by being found out.

MRS. E. [with a strange smile]. You are quite right, I spoiled it all last night.

LORD W. And as for your blunder in taking my wife's fan from here, and ther leaving it about in Darlington's rooms, it is unpardonable. I can't bear the sight of is now. I shall never let my wife use it again. The thing is soiled for me. You should have kept it, and not brought it back.

Mrs. E. I think I shall keep it. [Goe up.] It's extremely pretty. [Takes up fan.] I shall ask Margaret to give it to me.

Lord W. I hope my wife will give it you.

Mrs. E. Oh, I'm sure she will have no

objection.

LORD W. I wish that at the same time she would give you a miniature she kisse every night before she prays — It's the miniature of a young, innocent-looking gir with beautiful dark hair.

MRS. E. Ah, yes, I remember. How long ago that seems! [Goes to sofa and sits down. It was done before I was married. Darkhair and an innocent expression were the fashion then, Windermere! [A pause.]

LORD W. What do you mean by coming

here this morning? What is your object

[Crossing L. C. and sitting.] MRS. E. [with a note of irony in her voice]. To bid good-bye to my dear daughter, of course. [LORD W. bites his underline in anger. Mrs. E. looks at him, and her voice and manner become serious. In her accents as she talks there is a note of deep tragedy. For a moment she reveals herself.] Oh, don't imagine I am going to have a pathetic scene with her, weep on her neck and tell her who I am, and all that kind of thing. I have no ambition to play the part of a mother. Only once in my life have I known a mother's feelings. That was last night. They were terrible — they made me suffer — they made me suffer too much. For twenty years, as you say, I have lived childless - I want to childless still. \[\(\text{Hiding her feelings with} \) ivial laugh.] Besides, my dear Windere, how on earth could I pose as a mother a a grown-up daughter? Margaret is nty-one, and I have never admitted that n more than twenty-nine, or thirty at the it. Twenty-nine when there are pink des, thirty when there are not. So you see et difficulties it would involve. No, as far am concerned, let your wife cherish the nory of this dead, stainless mother. Why uld I interfere with her illusions? I find ard enough to keep my own. I lost one sion last night. I thought I had no heart. nd I have, and a heart does n't suit me, ndermere. Somehow it does n't go with dern dress. It makes one look old. $\lceil Takes \rceil$ hand-mirror from table and looks into it.] d it spoils one's career at critical moats.

ORD W. You fill me with horror - with

elute horror.

ARS. E. [rising]. I suppose, Winderre, you would like me to retire into a vent or become a hospital nurse or someng of that kind, as people do in silly dern novels. That is stupid of you, Arr; in real life we don't do such things not as long as we have any good looks , at any rate. No - what consoles one vadays is not repentance, but pleasure. pentance is quite out of date. And, bees, if a woman really repents, she has to to a bad dressmaker, otherwise no one eves in her. And nothing in the world ild induce me to do that. No; I am goto pass entirely out of your two lives. coming into them has been a mistake I discovered that last night.

ORD W. A fatal mistake.

Mrs. E. [smiling]. Almost fatal.

wife the whole thing at once.

Mrs. E. I regret my bad actions. You ret your good ones — that is the differ-

e between us.

wife. It is better for her to know, and m me. It will cause her infinite pain—vill humiliate her terribly, but it is right to should know.

IRS. E. You propose to tell her?

ORD W. I am going to tell her.

MRS. E. [going up to him]. If you do, I
I make my name so infamous that it will

mar every moment of her life. It will ruin her and make her wretched. If you dare to tell her, there is no depth of degradation I will not sink to, no pit of shame I will not enter. You shall not tell her—I forbid you.

LORD W. Why?

MRS. E. [after a pause]. If I said to you that I cared for her, perhaps loved her even — you would sneer at me, would n't you?

LORD W. I should feel it was not true. A mother's love means devotion, unselfishness, sacrifice. What could you know of

such things?

MRS. E. You are right. What could I know of such things? Don't let us talk any more about it, as for telling my daughter who I am, that I do not allow. It is my secret, it is not yours. If I make up my mind to tell her, and I think I will, I shall tell her before I leave this house—if not, I shall never tell her.

LORD W. [angrily]. Then let me beg of you to leave our house at once. I will make

your excuses to Margaret.

[Enter Lady W. R. She goes over to Mrs. E. with the photograph in her hand. Lord W. moves to back of sofa, and anxiously watches Mrs. E. as the scene progresses.]

LADY W. I am so sorry, Mrs. Erlynne, to have kept you waiting. I could n't find the photograph anywhere. At last I discovered it in my husband's dressing-room — he had stolen it.

MRS. E. [Takes the photograph from her and looks at it.] I am not surprised—it is charming. [Goes over to sofa with LADY W. and sits down beside her. Looks again at the photograph.] And so that is your little boy! What is he called?

LADY W. Gerard, after my dear father.

MRS. E. [laying the photograph down].

Really?

LADY W. Yes. If it had been a girl, I would have called it after my mother. My mother had the same name as myself, Margaret.

MRS. E. My name is Margaret, too.

LADY W. Indeed!

MRS. E. Yes. [Pause.] You are devoted to your mother's memory, Lady Windermere, your husband tells me.

LADY W. We all have ideals in life. At

least we all should have. Mine is my mo-

Mrs. E. Ideals are dangerous things. Realities are better. They wound, but they

LADY W. [shaking her head]. If I lost my ideals, I should lose everything.

MRS. E. Everything?

LADY W. Yes. [Pause.] MRS. E. Did your father often speak to

you of your mother?

LADY W. No, it gave him too much pain. He told me how my mother had died a few months after I was born. His eyes filled with tears as he spoke. Then he begged me never to mention her name to him again. It made him suffer even to hear it. My father - my father really died of a broken heart. His was the most ruined life I know.

Mrs. E. [rising]. I am afraid I must

go now, Lady Windermere.

LADY W. [rising]. Oh no, don't. Mrs. E. I think I had better. My carriage must have come back by this time. I sent it to Lady Jedburgh's with a note.

LADY W. Arthur, would you mind seeing if Mrs. Erlynne's carriage has come back?

MRS. E. Pray don't trouble Lord Win-

dermere, Lady Windermere.

LADY W. Yes, Arthur, do go, please. [LORD W. hesitates for a moment, and looks at MRS. E. She remains quite impassive. He leaves the room.

[To Mrs. E.] Oh, what am I to say to you? You saved me last night! [Goes toward her.] Mrs. E. Hush - don't speak of it.

LADY W. I must speak of it. I can't let you think that I am going to accept this sacrifice. I am not. It is too great. I am going to tell my husband everything. It is my duty.

Mrs. E. It is not your duty - at least you have duties to others besides him.

You say you owe me something?

LADY W. I owe you everything.

Mrs. E. Then pay your debt by silence. That is the only way in which it can be paid. Don't spoil the one good thing I have done in my life by telling it to any one. Promise me that what passed last night will remain a secret between us. You must not bring misery into your husband's life. Why spoil his love? You

must not spoil it. Love is easily killed Oh, how easily love is killed! Pledge m your word, Lady Windermere, that you will never tell him. I insist upon it.

LADY W. [with bowed head]. It is you

will, not mine.

MRS. E. Yes, it is my will. And never forget your child - I like to think of you as a mother. I like you to think of your self as one.

LADY W. [looking up]. I always wil now. Only once in my life I have forgotter my own mother - that was last night. Oh if I had remembered her, I should not have been so foolish, so wicked.

MRS. E. [with a slight shudder]. Hush

last night is quite over.

[Enter LORD W.]

LORD W. Your carriage has not come

back yet, Mrs. Erlynne.

MRS. E. It makes no matter. I'll take a hansom. There is nothing in the world so respectable as a good Shrewsbury and Talbot. And now, dear Lady Windermere, I am afraid it is really good-bye. [Moves up c.] Oh, I remember. You'll think me absurd, but do you know, I 've taken a great fancy to this fan that I was silly enough to run away with last night from your ball. Now, I wonder would you give it to me? Lord Windermere says you may. I know it is his present.

LADY W. Oh, certainly, if it will give you any pleasure. But it has my name on

it. It has "Margaret" on it.

MRS. E. But we have the same Christian

LADY W. Oh, I forgot. Of course, do have it. What a wonderful chance our names being the same!

MRS. E. Quite wonderful. Thanks - it

will always remind me of you.

[Shakes hands with her.]

[Enter PARKER.]

PARKER. Lord Augustus Lorton. Mrs. Erlynne's carriage has come.

[Enter LORD A.]

LORD A. Good-morning, dear boy. Goodmorning, Lady Windermere. [Sees Mrs. E.] Mrs. Erlynne!

Mrs. E. How do you do, Lord Augustus? Are you quite well this morning?

LORD A. [coldly]. Quite well, thank you, Mrs. Erlynne.

MRS. E. You don't look at all well, Lord gustus. You stop up too late - it is so I for you. You really should take more e of yourself. Good-bye, Lord Winderre. [Goes towards door with a bow to RD A. Suddenly smiles, and looks back at Lord Augustus! Won't you see me my carriage? You might carry the fan. LORD W. Allow me!

Mrs. E. No, I want Lord Augustus. I ve a special message for the dear Duchess. on't you carry the fan, Lord Augustus? LORD A. If you really desire it, Mrs.

lynne.

Mrs. E. [laughing]. Of course I do. u'll carry it so gracefully. You would ry off anything gracefully, dear Lord

gustus.

[When she reaches the door she looks back for a moment at LADY W. Their eyes meet. Then she turns, and exit c., followed by LORD A.]

LADY W. You will never speak against rs. Erlynne again, Arthur, will you? LORD W. [gravely]. She is better than

thought her.

LADY W. She is better than I am.

LORD W. [smiling as he strokes her hair]. ild, you and she belong to different rlds. Into your world evil has never en-

LADY W. Don't say that, Arthur. There the same world for all of us, and good d evil, sin and innocence, go through it nd in hand. To shut one's eyes to half of that one may live securely is as though blinded one's self that one might walk th more safety in a land of pit and preice.

LORD W. [Moves down with her.] Dar-

g, why do you say that?

LADY W. [Sits on sofa.] Because I, who had shut my eyes to life, came to the brink. And one who had separated us -

LORD W. We were never parted.

LADY W. We never must be again. Oh, Arthur, don't love me less, and I will trust you more. I will trust you absolutely. Let us go to Selby. In the Rose Garden at Selby, the roses are white and red.

[Enter Lord A.]

LORD A. Arthur, she has explained everything! [LADY W. looks horribly frightened. LORD W. starts. LORD A. takes LORD W. by the arm, and brings him to front of stage.] My dear fellow, she has explained every demmed thing. We all wronged her immensely. It was entirely for my sake she went to Darlington's rooms - called first at the club. Fact is, wanted to put me out of suspense, and being told I had gone on, followed — naturally—frightened when she heard a lot of men coming in - retired to another room - I assure you, most gratifying to me, the whole thing. We all behaved brutally to her. She is just the woman for me. Suits me down to the ground. All the condition she makes is that we live out of England — a very good thing, too! — Demmed clubs, demmed climate, demmed cooks, demmed everything! Sick of it all.

LADY W. [frightened]. Has Mrs. Er-

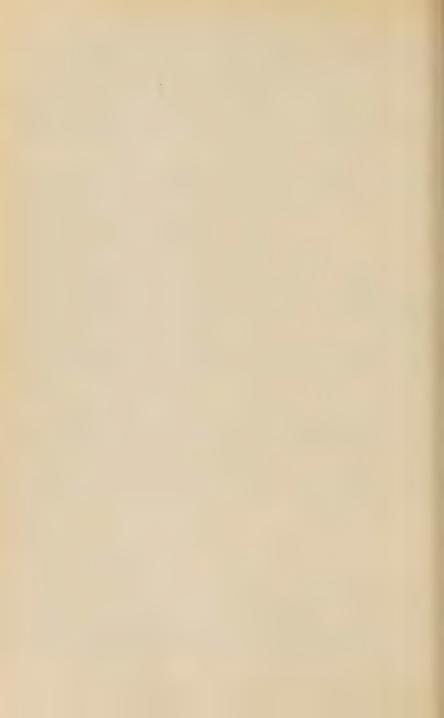
lynne —?

LORD A. \[\text{advancing towards her with a} \] bow]. Yes, Lady Windermere, Mrs. Erlynne has done me the honor of accepting my hand.

LORD W. Well, you are certainly marry-

ing a very clever woman.

LADY W. [taking her husband's hand]. Ah! you're marrying a very good woman.



THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS BY ARTHUR W. PINERO

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PERSONS

AUBREY TANQUERAY
PAULA
ELLEAN
CAYLEY DRUMMLE
MRS. CORTELYON
CAPTAIN HUGH ARDALE
GORDON JAYNE, M.D.
FRANK MISQUITH, Q.C., M.P.
SIR GEORGE ORREYED, BART.
LADY ORREYED
MORSE

Time - The Present Day

The Scene of the First Act is laid at Mr. Tanqueray's rooms, No. 2 x, The Albany, in the month of November; the occurrences of the succeeding Acts take place at his house, "Highercoombe," near Willowmere, Surrey, during the early part of the following year.



THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY

THE FIRST ACT

WREY TANQUERAY'S chambers in the ny—a richly and tastefully decorated, elegantly and luxuriously furnished; or ght a large pair of doors opening into anroom, on the left at the further end of the a small door leading to a bed-chamber. recular table is laid for a dinner for four ns, which has now reached the stage of desand coffee. Everything in the apartment sets wealth and refinement. The fire is ing brightly.

CEREY TANQUERAY, MISQUITH, and JAYNE eated at the dinner table. AUBREY is forty-handsome, winning in manner, his speech bearing retaining some of the qualities of g manhood. MISQUITH is about forty-, genial and portly. JAYNE is a year or two QUITH'S senior; soft-speaking and precise appearance a type of the prosperous town ician. Morse, Aubrey's servant, places le cabinet of cigars and the spirit-lamp on table beside Aubrey, and goes out.

ISQUITH. Aubrey, it is a pleasant yet dful fact to contemplate, but it's nearly on years since I first dined with you lodged in Piccadilly in those days, over t-shop. Jayne, I met you at that dinand Cayley Drummle.

YNE. Yes, yes. What a pity it is that

ey is n't here to-night.

BREY. Confound the old gossip! His by chair has been staring us in the face brough dinner. I ought to have told be to take it away.

ISQUITH. Odd, his sending no excuse.

JBREY. I'll walk round to his lodgings

on and ask after him.

ISQUITH. I'll go with you.

YNE. So will I.

JBREY [opening the cigar-cabinet]. Docit's useless to tempt you, I know.
k—[Misquith and Aubrey snoke.]
rticularly wished Cayley Drummle to
the of us to-night. You two fellows and
any are my closest, my best friends—

MISQUITH. My dear Aubrey!

JAYNE. I rejoice to hear you say so. AUBREY. And I wanted to see the three

AUBREY. And I wanted to see the three of you round this table. You can't guess the reason.

MISQUITH. You desired to give us a most excellent dinner.

JAYNE. Obviously.

AUBREY [hesitatingly]. Well — I — [glancing at the clock] — Cayley won't turn up now.

JAYNE. H'm, hardly.

AUBREY. Then you two shall hear it. Doctor, Frank, this is the last time we are to meet in these rooms.

JAYNE. The last time?

MISQUITH. You're going to leave the

Albany?

AUBREY. Yes. You 've heard me speak of a house I built in the country years ago, have n't you?

MISQUITH. In Surrey.

AUBREY. Well, when my wife died I cleared out of that house and let it. I think of trying the place again.

MISQUITH. But you'll go raving mad if ever you find yourself down there alone.

AUBREY. Ah, but I shan't be alone, and that's what I wanted to tell you. I'm going to be married.

JAYNE. Going to be married?

MISQUITH. Married?

AUBREY. Yes - to-morrow.

JAYNE. To-morrow?

MISQUITH. You take my breath away! My dear fellow, I — I — of course, I congratulate you.

JAYNE. And—and—so do I—heartily.

AUBREY. Thanks — thanks.

[There is a moment or two of embarrassment.]

Misquith. Er—ah—this is an excellent cigar.

JAYNE. Ah — um — your coffee is remarkable.

AUBREY. Look here; I dare say you two old friends think this treatment very strange, very unkind. So I want you to understand me. You know a marriage often cools friendships. What's the usual course of things? A man's engagement is given out, he is congratulated, complimented upon his choice; the church is filled with troops of friends, and he goes away happily to a chorus of good wishes. He comes back, sets up house in town or country, and thinks to resume the old associations, the old companionships. My dear Frank, my dear good doctor, it's very seldom that it can be done. Generally, a worm has begun to eat its way into those hearty, unreserved, pre-nuptial friendships; a damnable constraint sets in and acts like a wasting disease; and so, believe me, in nine cases out of ten a man's marriage severs for him more close ties than it forms.

MISQUITH. Well, my dear Aubrey, I

earnestly hope -

AUBREY. I know what you're going to say, Frank. I hope so, too. In the meantime let's face dangers. I've reminded you of the usual course of things, but my marriage is n't even the conventional sort of marriage likely to satisfy society. Now, Cayley's a bachelor, but you two men have wives. By the bye, my love to Mrs. Misquith and to Mrs. Jayne when you get home—don't forget that. Well, your wives may not—like—the lady I'm going to marry.

JAYNE. Aubrey, forgive me for suggesting that the lady you are going to marry may not like our wives — mine at least; I

beg your pardon, Frank.

AUBREY. Quite so; then I must go the

way my wife goes.

MISQUITH. Come, come, pray don't let us anticipate that either side will be called

upon to make such a sacrifice.

Aubrey. Yes, yes, let us anticipate it. And let us make up our minds to have no slow bleeding to death of our friendship. We'll end a pleasant chapter here to-night, and after to-night start afresh. When my wife and I settle down at Willowmere it's possible that we shall all come together. But if this is n't to be, for Heaven's sake let us recognize that it is simply because it can't be, and not wear hypocritical faces and suffer and be wretched. Doctor, Frank—[holding out his hands, one to Misquith,

the other to JAYNE] - good luck to all us!

Misquith. But — but — do I understar we are to ask nothing? Not even the lady name, Aubrey?

AUBREY. The lady, my dear Frank, blongs to the next chapter, and in that h

name is Mrs. Aubrey Tanqueray.

JAYNE [raising his coffee-cup]. Then, an old-fashioned way, I propose a toak Aubrey, Frank, I give you "The Next Chater!"

[They drink the toast, saying, "T Next Chapter!"]

AUBREY. Doctor, find a comfortable chair; Frank, you too. As we're going turn out by and by, let me scribble a coup of notes now while I think of them.

MISQUITH and JAYNE. Certainly - ye

yes

AUBREY. It might slip my memory who I get back.

[Aubrey sits at a writing-table at to other end of the room, and writes.] JAYNE. [To MISQUITH in a whisper Pank — [MISQUITH] original and pro-

Frank — [MISQUITH quietly leaves his chair and sits nearer to JANNE.] What is all this Simply a morbid crank of Aubrey's wir regard to ante-nuptial acquaintances?

MISQUITH. H'm! Did you notice of

expression he used?

JAYNE. Let me think —

Misquith. "My marriage is not even the conventional sort of marriage likely satisfy society."

JAYNE. Bless me, yes! What does the

suggest?

Misquith. That he has a particular rathe than a general reason for anticipating etrangement from his friends, I'm afraid.

JAYNE. A horrible mésalliance! A dairy maid who has given him a glass of mil during a day's hunting, or a little anæm shopgir!! Frank, I'm utterly wretched!

Misquith. My dear Jayne, speaking is absolute confidence, I have never been more

profoundly depressed in my life.

[Morse enters.]

Morse [announcing]. Mr. Drummle.
[Cayley Drummle enters briskly. He is
neat little man of about five-and-forty, i
manner bright, airy, debonair, but with a
undercurrent of seriousness. Morse retires
Drummle. I'm in disgrace; nobod

cizes that more thoroughly than I do. ere's my host?

LUBREY [who has risen]. Cayley.

PRUMMLE [shaking hands with him], a't speak to me till I have tendered my lanation. A harsh word from anybody ald unman me.

[MISQUITH and JAYNE shake hands with DRUMMLE.]

UBREY. Have you dined?

ORUMNLE. No — unless you call a bit of , a cutlet, and a pancake dining.

LUBREY. Cayley, this is disgraceful.

AYNE. Fish, a cutlet, and a pancake will uire a great deal of explanation.

AISQUITH. Especially the pancake. My

r friend, your case looks miserably weak.

RUMMLE. Hear me! hear me!

AYNE. Now then! Isquith. Come!

NUBREY. Well!

ORUMMLE. It so happens that to-night Is exceptionally early in dressing for din-

MISQUITH. For which dinner — the fish

cutlet?

DRUMMLE. For this dinner, of course—
lly, Frank! At a quarter to eight, in
t, I found myself trimming my nails,
h ten minutes to spare. Just then enter
man with a note—would I hasten, as
as cab could carry me, to old Lady
eyed in Bruton Street?—"sad trouble."
w, recollect, please, I had ten minutes on
hands, old Lady Orreyed was a very
r friend of my mother's, and was in some
ress.

UBREY. Cayley, come to the fish and

let! IIsquith and JAYNE. Yes, yes, and the

cake!

DRUMMLE. Upon my word! Well, the in Bruton Street beggars description; women servants looked seared, the men nk; and there was poor old Lady Orreyed the floor of her boudoir like Queen Bessung her pillows.

UBREY. What 's the matter?

PRUMMLE. [To everybody.] You know orge Orreyed?

IISQUITH. Yes.

AYNE. I 've met him.

RUMMLE. Well, he's a thing of the

UBREY. Not dead!

DRUMMLE. Certainly, in the worst sense He 's married Mabel Hervey.

MISQUITH. What!

DRUMMLE. It's true—this morning. The poor mother showed me his letter—a dozen curt words, and some of those ill-spelt.

MISQUITH [walking up to the fireplace].

I 'm very sorry.

JAYNE. Pardon my ignorance — who was

Mabel Hervey?

DRUMMLE. You don't -? Oh, of course not. Miss Hervey - Lady Orreyed, as she now is - was a lady who would have been, perhaps has been, described in the reports of the Police or the Divorce Court as an actress. Had she belonged to a lower stratum of our advanced civilization she would, in the event of judicial inquiry, have defined her calling with equal justification as that of a dressmaker. To do her justice, she is a type of a class which is immortal. Physically, by the strange caprice of creation, curiously beautiful; mentally, she lacks even the strength of deliberate viciousness. Paint her portrait, it would symbolize a creature perfectly patrician; lance a vein of her superbly-modelled arm, you would get the poorest vin ordinaire! Her affections, emotions, impulses, her very existence — a burlesque! Flaxen, five-and-twenty, and feebly frolicsome; anybody's, in less gentle society I should say everybody's, property! That, doctor, was Miss Hervey who is the new Lady Orreyed. Dost thou like the picture?

MISQUITH. Very good, Cayley! Bravo! Aubrey [laying his hand on Drummle's shoulder]. You'd scarcely believe it, Jayne, but none of us really know anything about this lady, our gay young friend here, I suspect, least of all.

Drummle. Aubrey, I applaud your chiv-

alry.

AUBREY. And perhaps you'll let me finish a couple of letters which Frank and Jayne have given me leave to write. [Returning to the writing-table.] Ring for what you want, like a good fellow!

[Aubrey resumes his writing.]
MISQUITH. [To DRUMMLE.] Still, the fish

and the cutlet remain unexplained.

DRUMMLE. Oh, the poor old woman was so weak that I insisted upon her taking some food, and felt there was nothing for it but to sit down opposite her. The fool! the blackguard!

MISQUITH. Poor Orreyed! Well, he's

gone under for a time.

DRUMMLE. For a time! My dear Frank. I tell you he has absolutely ceased to be. AUBREY, who has been writing busily, turns his head towards the speakers and listens. His lips are set, and there is a frown upon his face. For all practical purposes you may regard him as the late George Orreyed. To-morrow the very characteristics of his speech, as we remember them, will have become obsolete.

JAYNE. But surely, in the course of years,

he and his wife will outlive -

Drummle. No, no, doctor, don't try to upset one of my settled beliefs. You may dive into many waters, but there is one social Dead Sea — I

JAYNE. Perhaps you're right.

DRUMMLE. Right! Good God! I wish you could prove me otherwise! Why, for years I've been sitting, and watching and waiting.

MISQUITH. You 're in form to-night, Cayley. May we ask where you 've been in the habit of squandering your useful leisure?

DRUMMLE. Where? On the shore of

that same sea.

MISQUITH. And, pray, what have you

been waiting for?

DRUMMLE. For some of my best friends to come up. [Aubrey utters a half-stifled exclamation of impatience; then he hurriedly gathers up his papers from the writing-table.

The three men turn to him.] Eh?

AUBREY. Oh, I — I'll finish my letters in the other room if you'll excuse me for

five minutes. Tell Cayley the news.

He goes out.] DRUMMLE [hurrying to the door]. My dear fellow, my jabbering has disturbed you! I'll never talk again as long as I live! MISQUITH. Close the door, Cayley.

[Drummle shuts the door.]

JAYNE. Cayley -

DRUMMLE [advancing to the dinner table].

A smoke, a smoke, or I perish!

[Selects a cigar from the little cabinet.] JAYNE. Cayley, marriages are in the air. DRUMMLE. Are they? Discover the bacillus, doctor, and destroy it.

JAYNE. I mean, among our friends. Drummle. Oh, Nugent Warrinder's engagement to Lady Alice Tring. I've hear of that. They 're not to be married till th spring.

JAYNE. Another marriage that concern

us a little takes place to-morrow. Drummle. Whose marriage?

JAYNE. Aubrey's.

DRUMMLE. Aub—! [Looking toward MISQUITH.] Is it a joke?

MISQUITH. No.

DRUMMLE [looking from MISQUITH to JAYNE]. To whom?

MISQUITH. He does n't tell us.

JAYNE. We three were asked here to night to receive the announcement. Aubrey has some theory that marriage is likely to alienate a man from his friends, and it seem to me he has taken the precaution to wish us good-bye.

MISQUITH. No, no.

JAYNE. Practically, surely.

DRUMMLE [thoughtfully]. Marriage in general, does he mean, or this marriage? JAYNE. That's the point. Frank says -

MISQUITH. No, no, no; I feared it suggested -

JAYNE. Well, well. [To DRUMMLE.]

What do you think of it?

DRUMMLE [after a slight pause]. Is there a light there? [Lighting his cigar.] Hewraps the lady — in mystery — you say?

MISQUITH. Most modestly.

Drummle. Aubrey's - not - a very young man.

JAYNE. Forty-three.

Drummle. Ah! L'âge critique!

MISQUITH. A dangerous age — yes, yes. DRUMMLE. When you two fellows go

home, do you mind leaving me behind here? MISQUITH. Not at all.

JAYNE. By all means.

DRUMMLE. All right. [Anxiously.] Deuce take it, the man's second marriage must n't be another mistake!

With his head bent he walks up to the fireplace.]

JAYNE. You knew him in his short married life, Cayley. Terribly unsatisfactory, was n't it?

DRUMMLE. Well - [Looking at the door.] I quite closed that door?

MISQUITH. Yes.

[Settles himself on the sofa; JAYNE ! seated in an arm-chair.

DRUMMLE [smoking with his back to the

He married a Miss Herriott; that in the year eighteen—confound dates enty years ago. She was a lovely crea—by Jove, she was; by religion a Ro-Catholic. She was one of your cold you know—all marble arms and black it. I remember her with painful discuss as the only woman who ever made servous.

ISQUITH. Ha, ha!

aummle. He loved her—to distract as they say. Jupiter, how fervently poor devil courted her! But I don't best allowed him even to squeeze her. She was an iceberg! As for kisst the mere contact would have given chapped lips. However, he married and took her away, the latter greatly y relief.

YNE. Abroad, you mean?

BUMMLE. Eh? Yes. I imagine he grather by renting a villa in Lapland, but n't know. After a while they returned, then I saw how woefully Aubrey had alculated results.

AYNE. Miscalculated —?

RUMMLE. He had reckoned, poor ch, that in the early days of marriage would thaw. But she did n't. I used to use him closing his doors and making he fire in the hope of seeing her fease relax. Bless her, the thaw never set I believe she kept a thermometer in stays and always registered ten degrees w zero. However, in time a child came daughter.

AYNE. Did n't that —?
RUMMLE. Not a bit of it; it made mat-

worse. Frightened at her failure to stirn him some sympathetic religious beshe determined upon strong measures a regard to the child. He opposed her a miserable year or so, but she wore down, and the insensible little brat was ed in a convent, first in France, then in and. Not long afterwards the mother, strangely enough, of fever, the only mth, I believe, that ever came to that nan's body.

IISQUITH. Don't, Cayley!

AYNE. The child is living, we know.
RUMMLE. Yes, if you choose to call it
ag. Miss Tanqueray—a young woman
ineteen now—is in the Loretto convent
Armagh. She professes to have found

her true vocation in a religious life, and within a month or two will take final vows.

MISQUITH. He ought to have removed his daughter from the convent when the

mother died.

DRUMMLE. Yes, yes, but absolutely at the end there was reconciliation between husband and wife, and she won his promise that the child should complete her conventual education. He reaped his reward. When he attempted to gain his girl's confidence and affection he was too late; he mother. You remember his visit to Ireland last month?

JAYNE. Yes.

Drummle. That was to wish his girl good-bye.

MISQUITH. Poor fellow!

Drummle. He sent for me when he came back. I think he must have had a lingering hope that the girl would relent—would come to life, as it were—at the last moment, for, for an hour or so, in this room, he was terribly shaken. I'm sure he'd clung to that hope from the persistent way in which he kept breaking off in his talk to repeat one dismal word, as if he could n't realize his position without dinning this damned word into his head.

JAYNE. What word was that? DRUMMLE. Alone—alone.

[Aubrey enters.]

AUBREY. A thousand apologies!
DRUMMLE [gayly]. We are talking about

you, my dear Aubrey.

[During the telling of the story, MIS-QUITH has risen and gone to the fire, and Drummle has thrown himself full-length on the sofa. Aubrey now joins MISQUITH and JAYNE.]

AUBREY. Well, Cayley, are you surprised?

DRUMMLE. Surp —! I have n't been sur-

prised for twenty years.

AUBREY. And you're not angry with me? DRUMMLE. Angry! [Rising.] Because you considerately withhold the name of a lady with whom it is now the object of my life to become acquainted? My dear fellow, you pique my curiosity, you give zest to my existence! And as for a wedding, who on earth wants to attend that familiar and probably draughty function? Ugh! My cigar's out.

AUBREY. Let's talk about something else.

MISQUITH [looking at his watch]. Not tonight, Aubrey.

AUBREY. My dear Frank!

MISQUITH. I go up to Scotland to-morrow, and there are some little matters -JAYNE. I am off too.

AUBREY. No. no.

JAYNE. I must: I have to give a look to a case in Clifford Street on my way home.

AUBREY [going to the door]. Well! [MIS-QUITH and JAYNE exchange looks with DRUMMLE. Opening the door and calling.] Morse, hats and coats! I shall write to you all next week from Genoa or Florence. Now, doctor, Frank, remember, my love to Mrs. Misquith and to Mrs. Jayne!

[Morse enters with hats and coats.]

MISQUITH and JAYNE. Yes, yes-yes,

AUBREY. And your young people!

As MISQUITH and JAYNE put on their coats there is the clatter of careless talk.

JAYNE. Cayley, I meet you at dinner on Sunday.

Drummle. At the Stratfields'. That's very pleasant.

MISQUITH [putting on his coat with Au-

BREY's aid]. Ah-h!

AUBREY. What's wrong?

MISQUITH. A twinge. Why didn't I go to Aix in August?

JAYNE [shaking hands with DRUMMLE].

Good-night, Cayley.

DRUMMLE. Good-night, my dear doctor! MISQUITH [shaking hands with DRUMMLE]. Cayley, are you in town for long?

DRUMMLE. Dear friend, I'm nowhere for long. Good-night.

MISQUITH. Good-night.

[AUBREY, JAYNE, and MISQUITH go out, followed by Morse; the hum of talk is continued outside.]

AUBREY. A cigar, Frank. MISQUITH. No, thank you. AUBREY. Going to walk, doctor? JAYNE. If Frank will. MISQUITH. By all means. AUBREY. It 's a cold night.

[The door is closed. Drummle remains standing with his coat on his arm and his hat in his hand]

Drummle. [To himself, thoughtfull Now then! What the devil!-

AUBREY return

AUBREY Teyeing DRUMMLE a little au wardly]. Well, Cayley?

DRUMMLE. Well, Aubrey?

[Aubrey walks up to the fire a stands looking into it.]

AUBREY. You're not going, old chap?

DRUMMLE [sitting]. No.

Aubrey [after a slight pause, with forced laugh]. Hah, Cayley, I never though I should feel - shy - with you.

DRUMMLE. Why do you? AUBREY. Never mind.

DRUMMLE. Now, I can quite understan a man wishing to be married in the dar

AUBREY. You can?

DRUMMLE. In your place I should ve likely adopt the same course.

AUBREY. You think so?

DRUMMLE. And if I intended marrying a lady not prominently in society, as I pr sume you do - as I presume you do -

AUBREY. Well?

DRUMMLE. As I presume you do, I' not sure that I should tender her f preliminary dissection at afternoon te tables.

AUBREY. No?

DRUMMLE. In fact, there is probably on one person - were I in your position to night - with whom I should care to che the matter over.

AUBREY. Who's that?

DRUMMLE. Yourself, of course. [Going to AUBREY and standing beside him.] C course, yourself, old friend.

AUBREY [after a pause]. I must seen a brute to you, Cayley. But there are som acts which are hard to explain, hard t defend -

Drummle. To defend -

AUBREY. Some acts which one mus trust to time to put right.

[Drummle watches him for a momen then takes up his hat and coat.]

DRUMMLE. Well, I'll be moving.
AUBREY. Cayley! Confound you an your old friendship! Do you think I forge it? Put your coat down! Why did yo stay behind here? Cayley, the lady I ar going to marry is the lady - who is know as - Mrs. Jarman. [There is a pause RUMMLE [in a low voice]. Mrs. Jar-! are you serious?

[He walks up to the fireplace, where he leans upon the mantelpiece uttering something like a groan.]

UBREY. As you've got this out of me re you leave to say all you care to say. e, we'll be plain with each other. You v Mrs. Jarman?

RUMMLE. I first met her at - what

it matter?

UBREY. Yes, yes, everything! Come! RUMMLE. I met her at Homburg, two ree seasons ago.

UBREY. Not as Mrs. Jarman?

RUMMLE. No.

UBREY. She was then —?

RUMMLE. Mrs. Dartry. UBREY. Yes. She has also seen you in

don, she says. RUMMLE. Certainly.

UBREY. In Alford Street. Go on.

RUMMLE. Please! UBREY. I insist.

RUMMLE [with a slight shrug of the dders]. Some time last year I was asked a man to sup at his house, one night r the theater.

UBREY. Mr. Selwyn Ethurst — a bach-

RUMMLE. Yes.

UBREY. You were surprised therefore and Mr. Ethurst aided in his cursed pitality by a lady.

RUMMLE. I was unprepared. UBREY. The lady you had known as Dartry? [DRUMMLE inclines his head itly.] There is something of a yachting ise in the Mediterranean, too, is there

RUMMLE. I joined Peter Jarman's yacht Marseilles, in the Spring, a month before lied.

UBREY. Mrs. Jarman was on board? DRUMMLE. She was a kind hostess.

LUBREY. And an old acquaintance?

RUMMLE. Yes. AUBREY. You have told your story.

DRUMMLE. With your assistance. UBREY. I have put you to the pain of ing it to show you that this is not the e of a blind man entrapped by an artful nan. Let me add that Mrs. Jarman has legal right to that name; that she is ply Miss Ray - Miss Paula Ray.

Drummle [after a pause]. I should like to express my regret, Aubrey, for the way in which I spoke of George Orreyed's marriage.

AUBREY. You mean you compare Lady Orreyed with Miss Ray? [DRUMMLE is silent. Oh, of course! To you, Cayley, all women who have been roughly treated, and who dare to survive by borrowing a little of our philosophy, are alike. You see in the crowd of the ill-used only one pattern; you can't detect the shades of goodness, intelligence, even nobility there. Well, how should you? The crowd is dimly lighted! And, besides, yours is the way of the world.

DRUMMLE. My dear Aubrey, I live in the

world.

AUBREY. The name we give our little

parish of St. James's.

DRUMMLE [laying a hand on Aubrey's shoulder]. And you are quite prepared, my friend, to forfeit the esteem of your little parish?

AUBREY. I avoid mortification by shifting from one parish to another. I give up Pall Mall for the Surrey hills; leave off varnishing my boots, and double the thickness of the soles.

Drummle. And your skin — do you dou-

ble the thickness of that also?

AUBREY. I know you think me a fool, Cayley - you need n't infer that I'm a coward into the bargain. No! I know what I'm doing, and I do it deliberately, defiantly. I'm alone: I injure no living soul by the step I'm going to take; and so you can't urge the one argument which might restrain me. Of course, I don't expect you to think compassionately, fairly even, of the woman whom I - whom I am drawn to -

DRUMMLE. My dear Aubrey, I assure you I consider Mrs. — Miss Jarman — Mrs. Ray - Miss Ray - delightful. But I confess there is a form of chivalry which I gravely distrust, especially in a man of our age.

AUBREY. Thanks. I've heard you say that from forty till fifty a man is at heart either a stoic or a satyr.

DRUMMLE [protestingly]. Ah! now—AUBREY. I am neither. I have a temper-

ate, honorable affection for Mrs. Jarman. She has never met a man who has treated her well - I intend to treat her well. That's all. And in a few years, Cayley, if you've not quite forsaken me, I 'll prove to you that it's possible to rear a life of happiness, of good repute, on a - miserable foundation.

DRUMMLE [offering his hand]: Doproveit! AUBREY [taking his hand]. We have spoken too freely of - of Mrs. Jarman. I was excited - angry. Please forget it!

DRUMMLE. My dear Aubrey, when we next meet I shall remember nothing but my respect for the lady who bears your name.

[Morse enters, closing the door behind him carefully.]

AUBREY. What is it?

Morse [hesitatingly]. May I speak to you, sir? [In an undertone.] Mrs. Jarman, sir. Aubrey [softly to Morse]. Mrs. Jar-

man! Do you mean she is at the lodge in her carriage?

Morse. No, sir - here. [Aubrey looks towards Drummle, perplexed.] There's a nice fire in your - in that room, sir.

[Glancing in the direction of the door leading to the bedroom.]

AUBREY [between his teeth, angrily]. Very well. [Morse retires.]

DRUMMLE [looking at his watch]. A quarter to eleven - horrible! [Taking up his hat and coat.] Must get to bed - up late every night this week. [AUBREY assists DRUMMLE with his coat. Thank you. Well, good-night, Aubrey. I feel I 've been dooced serious, quite out of keeping with myself; pray overlook it.

AUBREY [kindly]. Ah, Cayley!

Drummle [putting on a neck-handkerchief]. And remember that, after all, I 'm merely a spectator in life; nothing more than a man at a play, in fact; only, like the old-fashioned play goer, I love to see certain characters happy and comfortable at the finish. You understand?

AUBREY. I think I do.

Drummle. Then, for as long as you can, old friend, will you - keep a stall for me?

AUBREY. Yes, Cayley.

DRUMMLE [gayly]. Ah, ha! Good-night! Bustling to the door. Don't bother! I'll let myself out! Good-night! God bless yer!

> [He goes out; Aubrey follows him. Morse enters by the other door, carrying some unopened letters, which after a little consideration he places on the mantelpiece against the clock. Aubrey returns.]

AUBREY. Yes?

Morse. You hadn't seen your lette that came by the nine o'clock post, si I 've put 'em where they 'll catch your e by and by.

AUBREY. Thank you.

Morse [hesitatingly]. Gunter's cook as waiter have gone, sir. Would you prefer n to go to bed?

AUBREY [frowning]. Certainly not. Morse. Very well, sir. [He goes

He goes ou AUBREY [opening the upper door]. Paul Paula!

[PAULA enters and throws her arms round h neck. She is a young woman of about twenty-seven: beautiful, fresh, innocent-loo ing. She is in superb evening dress.]

PAULA. Dearest!

AUBREY. Why have you come here?

PAULA. Angry?

AUBREY. Yes - no. But it 's eleve o'clock.

PAULA [laughing]. I know. AUBREY. What on earth will Mors think?

PAULA. Do you trouble yourself about what servants think?

AUBREY. Of course.

PAULA. Goose! They 're only machine made to wait upon people - and to give evidence in the Divorce Court. [Lookin round.] Oh, indeed! A snug little din

AUBREY. Three men.

PAULA [suspiciously]. Men?

AUBREY. Men.

PAULA [penitently]. Ah! [Sitting at th table. I'm so hungry.

AUBREY. Let me get you some game

pie, or some -

PAULA. No, no, hungry for this. What beautiful fruit! I love fruit when it's expensive. [He clears a space on the table places a plate before her, and helps her to fruit.] I have n't dined, Aubrey dear.

AUBREY. My poor girl! Why?

PAULA. In the first place, I forgot to order any dinner, and my cook, who has always loathed me, thought he 'd pay me out before he departed.

AUBREY. The beast!

PAULA. That's precisely what I -

AUBREY. No, Paula!

PAULA. What I told my maid to call him. What next will you think of me?

Forgive me. You must be JBREY.

LULA [eating fruit]. I did n't care. As was nothing to eat, I sat in my best r, with my toes on the dining-room er, and dreamt, oh, such a lovely din-

party.

UBREY. Dear lonely little woman! AULA. It was perfect. I saw you at the of a very long table, opposite me, and exchanged sly glances now and again the flowers. We were host and hostess, rey, and had been married about five

UBREY [kissing her hand]. Five years. AULA. And on each side of us was the st set imaginable — you know, dearest, sort of men and women that can't be

 $_{
m ated.}$

UBREY. Yes, yes. Eat some more fruit. AULA. But I have n't told you the best of my dream.

UBREY. Tell me. AULA. Well, although we had been ried only such a few years, I seemed know by the look on their faces that e of our guests had ever heard anything nything — anything peculiar about the inating hostess

UBREY. That 's just how it will be, la. The world moves so quickly. That 's

how it will be.

AULA [with a little grimace]. I wonder! ancing at the fire.] Ugh! Do throw anr log on.

UBREY [mending the fire]. There. But

must n't be here long.

AULA. Hospitable wretch! I've someg important to tell you. No, stay re you are. [Turning from him, her face ted.] Look here, that was my dream, orey; but the fire went out while I was ng, and I woke up with a regular fit of shivers. And the result of it all was I ran upstairs and scribbled you a let-

UBREY. Dear baby!

AULA. Remain where you are. [Taking tter from her pocket.] This is it. I 've n you an account of myself, furnished with a list of my adventures since I know. [Weighing the letter in her hand.] onder if it would go for a penny. Most t you're acquainted with; I've told a good deal, have n't I?

AUBREY. Oh, Paula!

PAULA. What I have n't told you I dare say you've heard from others. But in case they 've omitted anything — the dears it's all here.

AUBREY. In Heaven's name, why must

you talk like this to-night?

PAULA. It may save discussion by and by, don't you think? [Holding out the letter. There you are.

AUBREY. No, dear, no.
PAULA. Take it. [He takes the letter.] Read it through after I 've gone, and then - read it again, and turn the matter over in your mind finally. And if, even at the very last moment, you feel you - ought n't to go to church with me, send a messenger to Pont Street, any time before eleven tomorrow, telling me that you 're afraid, and I — I'll take the blow.

AUBREY. Why, what - what do you

think I am?

PAULA. That 's it. It 's because I know you're such a dear good fellow that I want to save you the chance of ever feeling sorry you married me. I really love you so much, Aubrey, that to save you that, I'd rather you treated me as — as the others have done.

Aubrey [turning from her with a cry].

PAULA [after a slight pause]. I suppose I've shocked you. I can't help it if I have.

[She sits, with assumed languor and He turns to her, indifference. advances, and kneels by her.]

AUBREY. My dearest, you don't understand me. I—I can't bear to hear you always talking about - what's done with. I tell you I'll never remember it; Paula, can't you dismiss it? Try. Darling, if we promise each other to forget, to forget, we're bound to be happy. After all, it's a mechanical matter; the moment a wretched thought enters your head, you quickly think of something bright - it depends on one's will. Shall I burn this, dear? [Referring to the letter he holds in his hand.] Let me, let me!

PAULA [with a shrug of the shoulders]. I don't suppose there's much that's new to

you in it, — just as you like.

[He goes to the fire and burns the letter.] AUBREY. There's an end of it. [Returning to her.] What's the matter?

PAULA [rising coldly]. Oh, nothing! I'll go and put my cloak on.

AUBREY [detaining her]. What is the

matter?

Paula. Well, I think you might have said, "You're very generous, Paula," or at least, "Thank you, dear," when I offered to set you free.

AUBREY [catching her in his arms]. Ah! PAULA. Ah! ah! Ha! ha! It's all very well, but you don't know what it cost me to make such an offer. I do so want to be married.

Aubrey. But you never imagined —? Paula. Perhaps not. And yet I did think of what I'd do at the end of our acquaintance if you had preferred to behave like the rest. [Taking a flower from her bodice.]

AUBREY. Hush!

Paula. Oh, I forgot!

AUBREY. What would you have done when we parted?

Paula. Why, killed myself.

AUBREY. Paula, dear!

PAULA. It's true. [Putting the flower in his buttonhole.] Do you know, I feel certain I should make away with myself if anything serious happened to me.

AUBREY. Anything serious! What, has nothing ever been serious to you, Paula?

Paula. Not lately; not since a long while ago. I made up my mind then to have done with taking things seriously. If I had n't, I — However, we won't talk about that.

AUBREY. But now, now, life will be different to you, won't it—quite different? Eh, dear?

Paula. Oh, yes, now. Only, Aubrey, mind you keep me always happy.

AUBREY. I will try to.

Paula. I know I could n't swallow a second big dose of misery. I know that if ever I felt wretched again — truly wretched — I should take a leaf out of Connie Tirlemont's book. You remember? They found her —

AUBREY. For God's sake, don't let your

thoughts run on such things!

PAULA [laughing]. Ha, ha, how scared you look! There, think of the time! Dearest, what will my coachman say? My cloak!

[She runs off, gayly, by the upper door. Aubrey looks after her for a moment, then he walks up to the fire and stands warming his feet at bars. As he does so he raises head and observes the letters u the mantelpiece. He takes one do quickly.

AUBREY. Ah! Ellean! [Opening the ter and reading.] "My dear father, great change has come over me. I belie my mother in Heaven has spoken to n and counseled me to turn to you in yo loneliness. At any rate, your words ha reached my heart, and I no longer fitted for this solemn life. I am ready take my place by you. Dear father, wyou receive me? — ELLEAN."

[Paula reënters, dressed in a har some cloak. He stares at her as he hardly realized her presence.]

PAULA. What are you staring at? Do

you admire my cloak?

Aubrey. Yes.
Paula. Could n't you wait till I'd go

before reading your letters?

AUBREY [putting the letter away]. I b

your pardon.

PAULA. Take me downstairs to the cariage. [Slipping her arm through his.] He I tease you! To-morrow! I'm so happy

[They go ou

THE SECOND ACT

A morning-room in Aubrey Tanqueray house, "Highercoombe," near Willowmere, Surey — a bright and prettily furnished apartne-of irregular shape, with double doors opensinto a small hall at the back, another door on telft, and a large recessed window through whis obtained a view of extensive grounds. Ever thing about the room is charming and graceful The fire is burning in the grate, and a smottable is tastefully laid for breakfast. It is morning in early spring, and the sun is streaming in through the window.

AUBREY and PAULA are seated at breakfa. and AUBREY is silently reading his letters. To servants, a man and a woman, hand dishes at then retire. After a little while AUBREY puts he letters aside and looks across to the window.

AUBREY. Sunshine! Spring!

PAULA [glancing at the clock]. Exact six minutes.

AUBREY. Six minutes?

PAULA. Six minutes, Aubrey dear, sine you made your last remark.

AUBREY. I beg your pardon: I was rea

my letters. Have you seen Ellean this ning?

AULA [coldly]. Your last observation

one was about Ellean.

UBREY. Dearest, what shall I talk t?

AULA. Ellean breakfasted two hours Morgan tells me, and then went out

ing with her dog. UBREY. She wraps up warmly, I hope;

sunshine is deceptive.

AULA. I ran about the lawn last night, dinner, in satin shoes. Were you anxabout me?

UBREY. Certainly.

AULA [melting]. Really.

UBREY. You make me wretchedly anx-; you delight in doing incautious things.

are incurable.

AULA. Ah, what a beast I am! [Going im and kissing him, then glancing at etters by his side. A letter from Cay-

UBREY. He is staying very near here, Mrs. — Very near here.

AULA. With the lady whose chimneys have the honor of contemplating from

windows?

UBREY. With Mrs. Cortelyon — Yes. AULA. Mrs. Cortelyon! The woman might have set the example of calling ne when we first threw out roots in this lly-lively soil! Deuce take Mrs. Coron!

UBREY. Hush! my dear girl! AULA [returning to her seat]. Oh, I know s an old acquaintance of yours — and of irst Mrs. Tanqueray. And she joins the of 'em in slapping the second Mrs. Tanray in the face. However, I have my nge — she 's six-and-forty, and I wish

ing worse to happen to any woman. UBREY. Well, she's going to town, ley says here, and his visit 's at an end. s coming over this morning to call on

Shall we ask him to transfer himself s? Do say yes.

AULA. Yes.

UBREY [gladly]. Ah, ha! old Cayley. AULA [coldly]. He'll amuse you.

UBREY. And you too.

AULA. Because you find a companion,

I I be boisterously hilarious?

UBREY. Come, come! He talks Lonand you know you like that.

PAULA. London! London or Heaven! which is farther from me!

AUBREY. Paula!

Paula. Oh! Oh, I am so bored, Aubrey! Aubrey [gathering up his letters and going] to her, leaning over her shoulder]. Baby, what can I do for you?

Paula. I suppose, nothing. You have

done all you can for me.

AUBREY. What do you mean? PAULA. You have married me.

He walks away from her thoughtfully, to the writing table. As he places his letters on the table he sees an addressed letter, stamped for the post, lying on the blotting-book; he picks it up.

AUBREY [in an altered tone]. You've been writing this morning before break-

Paula [looking at him quickly, then away again. Er — that letter.

AUBREY [with the letter in his hand]. To Lady Orreyed. Why?

PAULA. Why not? Mabel's an old friend of mine.

AUBREY. Are you — corresponding? PAULA. I heard from her yesterday. They've just returned from the Riviera. She seems happy.

AUBREY [sarcastically]. That's good

news.

PAULA. Why are you always so cutting about Mabel? She's a kind-hearted girl. Everything's altered; she even thinks of letting her hair go back to brown. She's Lady Orreyed. She's married to George. What's the matter with her?

AUBREY [turning away]. Oh!

PAULA. You drive me mad sometimes with the tone you take about things! Great goodness, if you come to that, George Orreved's wife is n't a bit worse than yours! [He faces her suddenly.] I suppose I need n't have made that observation.

AUBREY. No, there was scarcely a neces-

sity.

[He throws the letter on to the table, and takes up the newspaper.]

Paula. I am very sorry. AUBREY. All right, dear.

PAULA [trifling with the letter]. I - I'd better tell you what I 've written. I meant to do so, of course. I - I 've asked the Orreyeds to come and stay with us. [He looks at her, and lets the paper fall to the ground in a helpless way.] George was a great friend of Cayley's; I'm sure he would be delighted to meet them here.

Aubrey [laughing mirthlessly]. Ha, ha, ha! They say Orreyed has taken to tippling

at dinner. Heavens above!

PAULA. Oh! I've no patience with you! You'll kill me with this life! [She selects some flowers from a vase on the table, cuts and arranges them, and fastens them in her bodice.] What is my existence, Sunday to Saturday? In the morning, a drive down to the village, with the groom, to give my orders to the tradespeople. At lunch, you and Ellean. In the afternoon, a novel, the newspapers; if fine, another drive - if fine! Tea — you and Ellean. Then two hours of dusk; then dinner - you and Ellean. Then a game of Bésique, you and I, while Ellean reads a religious book in a dull corner. Then a yawn from me, another from you, a sigh from Ellean; three figures suddenly rise - "Good-night, good-night, goodnight!" [Imitating a kiss.] "God bless you!" $A\check{h}!$

AUBREY. Yes, yes, Paula — yes, dearest — that's what it is now. But by and by, if

people begin to come round us -

PAULA. Hah! That's where we've made the mistake, my friend Aubrey! [Pointing to the window.] Do you believe these people will ever come round us? Your former crony, Mrs. Cortelyon? Or the grim old vicar, or that wife of his whose huge nose is positively indecent? Or the Ullathornes, or the Gollans, or Lady William Petres? I know better! And when the young ones gradually take the place of the old, there will still remain the sacred tradition that the dreadful person who lives at the top of the hill is never, under any circumstances, to be called upon! And so we shall go on here, year in and year out, until the sap is run out of our lives, and we're stale and dry and withered from sheer, solitary respectability. Upon my word, I wonder we didn't see that we should have been far happier if we'd gone in for the devil-maycare, café-living sort of life in town! After all, I have a set, and you might have joined it. It's true, I did want, dearly, dearly, to be a married woman, but where 's the pride in being a married woman among married womer who are - married! If - [Seeing

that Aubrey's head has sunk into his hand Aubrey! My dear boy! You're not — c ing?

> [He looks up, with a flushed for ELLEAN enters, dressed very sim for walking. She is a low-ooic grave girl of about nineteen, with face somewhat resembling a M donna. Towards Paula her man is cold and distant.]

AUBREY [in an undertone]. Ellean! ELLEAN. Good-morning, papa. Good-morning.

morning, Paula.

[Paula puts her arms round Ellie and kisses her. Elliean makes lit response.]

PAULA. Good-morning. [Brightly.] We' been breakfasting this side of the house,

get the sun.

[She sits at the piano and rattles as gay melody. Seeing that PAULE back is turned to them, ELLEAN go to AUBREY and kisses him; returns the kiss almost furtive. As they separate, the servants tenter, and proceed to carry out the breakfast table.]

AUBREY. [To ELLEAN.] I guess whe you've been: there's some gorse clinging

to your frock.

ELLEAN [removing a sprig of gorse froher skirt]. Rover and I walked nearly far as Black Moor. The poor fellow has thorn in his pad; I am going upstairs funy tweezers.

AUBREY. Ellean! [She returns to him Paula is a little depressed — out of sort She complains that she has no companion

ELLEAN. I am with Paula nearly all the

day, papa.

AUBREY. Ah, but you're such a litt mouse. Paula likes cheerful people aborher.

ELLEAN. I'm afraid I am naturally rater silent; and it's so difficult to seem to be what one is not.

AUBREY. I don't wish that, Ellean.

ELLEAN. I will offer to go down to the

village with Paula this morning — shall I AUBREY [touching her hand gently]. That you — do.

ELLEAN. When I 've looked after Rove I 'll come back to her.

[She goes out; PAULA ceases playin and turns on the music-stool, looking at Aubrey.] IAULA. Well, have you and Ellean had

UBREY. Confidence?

AULA. Do you think I could n't feel it, a pain between my shoulders?

UBREY. Ellean is coming back in a few dutes to be with you. [Bending over her.] ala, Paula dear, is this how you keep

r promise?

'AULA. Oh! [Rising impatiently, and sing swiftly to the settee, where she sits, ing restlessly.] I can't keep my promise; n jealous; it won't be smothered. I see looking at her, watching her; your to drops when you speak to her. I know fond you are of that girl, Aubrey.

OUBREY. What would you have? I've other home for her. She is my daughter. AULA. She is your saint. Saint Ellean!

d and sweet you think her.

FAULA. Good! — Yes! Do you imagine makes me less jealous? [Going to him! clinging to his arm.] Aubrey, there are sorts of affection — the love for a won you respect, and the love for the woman — love. She gets the first from you: I fer can.

AUBREY. Hush, hush! you don't realize

at you say.

PAULA. If Ellean cared for me only a le, it would be different. I should n't be lous then. Why does n't she care for me? AUBREY. She—she—she will, in time. PAULA. You can't say that without stut-

AUBREY. Her disposition seems a little responsive: she resembles her mother

responsive; she resembles her mother many ways; I can see it every day. PAULA. She's marble. It's a shame.

ere's not the slightest excuse; for all knows, I'm as much a saint as she—y married. Dearest, help me to win here!

Aubrey. Help you?

PAULA. You can. Teach her that it is her ty to love me; she hangs on to every word a speak. I'm sure, Aubrey, that the love a nice woman who believed me to be like self would do me a world of good. u'd get the benefit of it as well as I. It uld soothe me; it would make me less ribly restless; it would take this—this mischievous feeling from me. [Coaxidy.] Aubrey!

AUBREY. Have patience; everything will come right.

Paula. Yes, if you help me.

AUBREY. In the meantime you will tear up your letter to Lady Orreyed, won't you? PAULA [kissing his hand]. Of course I

will — anything!

AUBREY. Ah, thank you, dearest! [Laughing.] Why, good gracious!—ha, ha!—just imagine "Saint Ellean" and that woman side by side!

PAULA [going back with a cry]. Ah!

AUBREY. What?

PAULA [passionately]. It's Ellean you're considering, not me! It's all Ellean with you! Ellean! Ellean!

[Ellean reënters.]

ELLEAN. Did you call me, Paula? [Clenching his hands, Aubrey turns away and goes out.] Is papa angry?

PAULA. I drive him distracted, some-

times. There, I confess it!

ELLEAN. Do you? Oh, why do you!
PAULA. Because I — because I'm jealous.

ELLEAN. Jealous?

PAULA. Yes — of you. [ELLEAN is silent.] Well, what do you think of that?

ELLEAN. I knew it; I've seen it. It hurts me dreadfully. What do you wish

me to do? Go away?

PAULA. Leave us! [Beckoning her with a motion of the head.] Look here! [ELLEAN goes to PAULA slowly and unresponsively.] You could cure me of my jealousy very easily. Why don't you — like me?

ELLEAN. What do you mean by - like

you? I don't understand.

Paula. Love me.

ELLEAN. Love is not a feeling that is under one's control. I shall alter as time goes on, perhaps. I didn't begin to love my father deeply till a few months ago, and then I obeyed my mother.

PAULA. Ah, yes, you dream things, don't you — see them in your sleep? You fancy

your mother speaks to you?

ELLEAN. When you have lost your mother it is a comfort to believe that she is dead only to this life, that she still watches over her child. I do believe that of my mother.

PAULA. Well, and so you have n't been

bidden to love me?

Ellean [after a pause, almost inaudi-

bly]. No.

PAULA. Dreams are only a hash-up of one's day-thoughts, I suppose you know. Think intently of anything, and it's bound to come back to you at night. I don't cultivate dreams myself.

ELLEAN. Ah, I knew you would only

sneer!

PAULA. I'm not sneering; I'm speaking the truth. I say that if you cared for me in the daytime I should soon make friends with those nightmares of yours. Ellean, why don't you try to look on me as your second mother? Of course there are not many years between us, but I'm ever so much older than you - in experience. I shall have no children of my own, I know that; it would be a real comfort to me if you would make me feel we belonged to each other. Won't you? Perhaps you think I'm odd - not nice. Well, the fact is I've two sides to my nature, and I've let the one almost smother the other. A few years ago I went through some trouble, and since then I have n't shed a tear. I believe if you put your arms around me just once I should run upstairs and have a good cry. There, I've talked to you as I've never talked to a woman in my life. Ellean, you seem to fear me. Don't! Kiss me!

[With a cry, almost of despair, Ellean turns from Paula and sinks on to the settee, covering her face with her hands.]

PAULA [indignantly]. Oh! Why is it! How dare you treat me like this? What do you mean by it? What do you mean?

[A SERVANT enters.]

SERVANT. Mr. Drummle, ma'am.

[CAYLEY DRUMMLE, in riding-dress, enters briskly. The SERVANT retires.]

PAULA [recovering herself]. Well,

Cayley!

DRUMMLE [shaking hands with her cordially]. How are you? [Shaking hands with ELLEAN, who rises.] I saw you in the distance an hour ago, in the gorse near Stapleton's.

ELLEAN. I did n't see you, Mr. Drummle. DRUMMLE. My dear Ellean, it is my experience that no charming young lady of nineteen ever does see a man of forty-five. [Laughing.] Ha, Ha!

ELLEAN [going to the door]. Paula, pay wishes me to drive down to the village wit you this morning. Do you care to take me

PAULA [coldly]. Oh, by all means. Pra tell Watts to balance the cart for three.

ELLEAN goes out

DRUMMLE. How's Aubrey?

PAULA. Very well — when Ellean about the house.

Drummle. And you? I need n't ask. PAULA [walking away to the window]. Of a dog's life, my dear Cayley, mine.

DRUMMLE. Eh?

PAULA. Does n't that define a happy mar riage? I 'm sleek, well-kept, well-fed never without a bone to gnaw and fres straw to lie upon. [Gazing out of the window.] Oh, dear me!

DRUMMLE. H'm! Well, I heartily congratulate you on your kennel. The view

from the terrace here is superb.

Paula. Yes; I can see London. Drummle. London! Not quite so far

surely?

PAULA. I can. Also the Mediterranean on a fine day. I wonder what Algiers look like this morning from the sea! [Impulsively.] Oh, Cayley, do you remember those jolly times on board Peter Jarman's yach when we lay off—? [Stopping suddenly, seeing Drummle staring at her.] Good gracious! What are we talking about!

[Aubrey enters.]

AUBREY. [To DRUMMLE.] Dear old chap Has Paula asked you?

PAULA. Not yet.

AUBREY. We want you to come to us now that you 're leaving Mrs. Cortelyon—at once, to-day. Stay a month, as long as you please—eh, Paula?

PAULA. As long as you can possibly en-

dure it -do, Cayley.

DRUMMLE [looking at Aubrey]. Delighted. [To Paula.] Charming of you to have me.

Paula. My dear man, you're a blessing I must telegraph to London for more fish! A strange appetite to cater for! Something to do, to do, to do!

[She goes out in a mood of almost childish delight.]

Drummle [eyeing Aubrey]. Well?
Aubrey [with a wearied, anxious look].
Well, Cayley?

RUMMLE. How are you getting on?
DUBREY. My position does n't grow less
cult. I told you, when I met you last
t, of this feverish, jealous attachment
caula's for Ellean?

RUMMLE. Yes. I hardly know why, but time to the conclusion that you don't lider it an altogether fortunate attach-

t.

TUBREY. Ellean does n't respond to it.
RUMMLE. These are early days. Ellean
Warm towards your wife by and by.
BUBREY. Ah, but there's the question.

RUMMLE. What question?

AUBREY. The question which positively aracts me. Ellean is so different from twomen; I don't believe a purer createsists out of heaven. And I—I askelf, am I doing right in exposing her the influence of poor Paula's light, carenature?

PRUMMLE. My dear Aubrey! MUBREY. That shocks you! So it does

I assure you I long to urge my girl to ak down the reserve which keeps her trt from Paula, but somehow I can't do -well, I don't do it. How can I make understand? But when you come to eyou'll understand quickly enough. Cayt, there 's hardly a subject you can broach which poor Paula has n't some strange, c-of-the-way thought to give utterance s some curious, warped notion. They are mere worldly thoughts - unless, good id! they belong to the little hellish world (ich our blackguardism has created : no, r ideas have too little calculation in them be called worldly. But it makes it the ore dreadful that such thoughts should be ady, spontaneous; that expressing them s become a perfectly natural process; tat her words, acts even, have almost lost ieir proper significance for her, and seem yond her control. Ah, and the pain of tening to it all from the woman one wes, the woman one hoped to make happy d contented, who is really and truly a wood woman, as it were, maimed! Well, is is my burden, and I should n't speak to ou of it but for my anxiety about Ellean. llean! What is to be her future? It is my hands; what am I to do? Cayley, hen I remember how Ellean comes to me, om another world I always think, - when

I realize the charge that's laid on me, I find myself wishing, in a sort of terror, that my child were safe under the ground!

DRUMMLE. My dear Aubrey, are n't you

making a mistake?

AUBREY. Very likely. What is it?
DRUMMLE. A mistake, not in regarding

your Ellean as an angel, but in believing that, ander any circumstances, it would be possible for her to go through life without getting her white robe—shall we say, a little dusty at the hem? Don't take me for a cynic. I am sure there are many women upon earth who are almost divinely innocent; but being on earth, they must send their robes to the laundry occasionally. Ah, and it's right that they should have to do so, for what can they learn from the checking of their little washing-bills but lessons of charity? Now I see but two courses open to you for the disposal of your angel.

AUBREY. Yes?

DRUMMLE. You must either restrict her to a paradise which is, like every earthly paradise, necessarily somewhat imperfect, or treat her as an ordinary flesh-and-blood young woman, and give her the advantages of that society to which she properly belongs.

AUBREY. Advantages?

DRUMMLE. My dear Aubrey, of all forms of innocence mere ignorance is the least admirable. Take my advice, let her walk and talk and suffer and be healed with the great crowd. Do it, and hope that she'll some day meet a good, honest fellow who'll make her life complete, happy, secure. Now you see what I'm driving at.

Aubrey. A sanguine programme, my dear Cayley! Oh, I'm not pooh-poohing it. Putting sentiment aside, of course I know that a fortunate marriage for Ellean would be the best—perhaps the only—solution of my difficulty. But you forget the dan-

ger of the course you suggest.

DRUMMLE. Danger?

AUBREY. If Ellean goes among men and women, how can she escape from learning, sooner or later, the history of — poor Paula's — old life?

DRUMMLE. H'm! You remember the episode of the Jeweler's Son in the Arabian Nights? Of course you don't. Well, if your daughter lives, she can't escape—

what you're afraid of. [AUBREY gives a half-stifled exclamation of pain.] And when she does hear the story, surely it would be better that she should have some knowledge of the world to help her to understand it.

AUBREY. To understand!

DRUMMLE. To understand, to - philosophize.

AUBREY. To philosophize?

DRUMMLE. Philosophy is toleration, and it is only one step from toleration to forgiveness.

AUBREY. You're right, Cayley; I believe you always are. Yes, yes. But, even if I had the courage to attempt to solve the problem of Ellean's future in this way, I - I'm helpless.

DRUMMLE. How?

AUBREY. What means have I now of placing my daughter in the world I 've left?

Drummle. Oh, some friend - some wo-

man friend.

AUBREY. I have none; they're gone. DRUMMLE. You're wrong there; I know

AUBREY [listening]. That's Paula's cart.

Let's discuss this again.

DRUMMLE [going up to the window and looking out |. It is n't the dog-cart. [Turning to Aubrey.] I hope you'll forgive me, old chap.

AUBREY. What for?

Drummle. Whose wheels do you think have been cutting ruts in your immaculate

[A SERVANT enters.]

SERVANT. [To AUBREY.] Mrs. Cortel-

AUBREY. Mrs. Cortelyon! [After a short pause.] Very well. [The SERVANT withdraws. What on earth is the meaning of

DRUMMLE. Ahem! While I've been our old friend's guest, Aubrey, we have very naturally talked a good deal about you and yours.

AUBREY. Indeed, have you?

DRUMMLE. Yes; and Alice Cortelyon has arrived at the conclusion that it would have been far kinder had she called on Mrs. Tanqueray long ago. She's going abroad for Easter before settling down in London for the season, and I believe she has come over this morning to ask for Ellean's companionship.

AUBREY. Oh, I see! [Frowning.] Quii a friendly little conspiracy, my dear Cay lev!

DRUMMLE. Conspiracy! Not at all.

assure you. *[Laughing.] Ha, ha!

[ELLEAN enters from the hall with MRS CORTELYON, a handsome, good-humored spirited woman of about forty-five.]

ELLEAN. Papa -

MRS. CORTELYON. | To AUBREY, shaking hands with him heartily.] Well, Aubrey how are you? I've just been telling this great girl of yours that I knew her when she was a sad-faced, pale baby. How is Mrs Tanqueray? I have been a bad neighbor. and I'm here to beg forgiveness. Is she indoors?

AUBREY. She's upstairs putting on a hat, I believe.

MRS. CORTELYON [sitting comfortably]. Ah! [She looks round: DRUMMLE and ELLEAN are talking together in the hall. We used to be very frank with each other, Aubrey. I suppose the old footing is no longer possible, eh?

AUBREY. If so, I'm not entirely to

blame, Mrs. Cortelyon.

MRS. CORTELYON. Mrs. Cortelyon? H'm! No, I admit it. But you must make some little allowance for me, Mr. Tanqueray. Your first wife and I, as girls, were like two cherries on one stalk, and then I was the confidential friend of your married life. That post, perhaps, was n't altogether a sinecure. And now - well, when a woman gets to my age I suppose she's a stupid, prejudiced, conventional creature. However, I've got over it and - [giving him her hand] — I hope you'll be enormously happy and let me be a friend once more.

AUBREY. Thank you, Alice.

MRS. CORTELYON. That 's right. I feel more cheerful than I 've done for weeks. But I suppose it would serve me right if the second Mrs. Tanqueray showed me the door. Do you think she will?

AUBREY [listening]. Here is my wife. [MRS CORTELYON rises, and PAULA enters, dressed for driving; she stops abruptly on seeing MRS. CORTELYON. Paula, dear, Mrs. Cortelyon has called to see you.

PAULA starts, looks at MRS. CORTEL-YON irresolutely, then after a slight pause barely touches MRS. CORTEL-YON'S extended hand.]

IAULA [whose manner now alternates ben deliberate insolence and assumed sweet-]. Mrs. ——? What name, Aubrey?

UBREY. Mrs. Cortelyon.

AULA. Cortelyon? Oh, yes. Cortelyon. R.RS. CORTELYON [carefully guarding herthroughout against any expression of reenent]. Aubrey ought to have told you Alice Cortelyon and he are very old ends.

AULA. Oh, very likely he has mentioned icircumstance. I have quite a wretched

FIRS. CORTELYON. You know we are

chbors, Mrs. Tanqueray.

AULA. Neighbors? Are we really? 'n't you sit down ? [They both sit.] Neigh-

! That's most interesting!

IRS. CORTELYON. Very near neighbors. a can see my roof from your windows. 'AULA. I fancy I have observed a roof. y you have been away from home; you e only just returned.

firs. Cortelyon. I? What makes you

ak that?

A'AULA. Why, because it is two months ee we came to Highercoombe, and I t't remember your having called.

Mrs. Cortelyon. Your memory is now hibly accurate. No, I 've not been away am home, and it is to explain my neglect t I am here, rather unceremoniously,

s morning.

PAULA. Oh, to explain — quite so. \(\text{With} \) k solicitude. Ah, you 've been very ill; gight to have seen that before.

MRS. CORTELYON. Ill!

PAULA. You look dreadfully pulled wn. We poor women show illness so rinly in our faces, don't we?

AUBREY [anxiously]. Paula dear, Mrs. trtelyon is the picture of health.

Mrs. Cortelyon [with some asperity]. I we never felt better in my life.

PAULA [looking around innocently]. Have said anything awkward? Aubrey, tell cs. Cortelyon how stupid and thoughtless

lways am 4

Mrs. Cortelyon. [To Drummle, who now standing close to her. Really, Cay--! [He soothes her with a nod and ile and a motion of his finger to his lip.] rs. Tanqueray, I am afraid my explanan will not be quite so satisfactory as her of those you have just helped me to. You may have heard - but, if you have heard, you have doubtless forgotten - that twenty years ago, when your husband first lived here, I was a constant visitor at Highercoombe.

Paula. Twenty years ago - fancy! I

was a naughty little child then.

MRS. CORTELYON. Possibly. Well, at that time, and till the end of her life, my affections were centered upon the lady of this house.

PAULA. Were they? That was very

sweet of you.

[Ellean approaches Mrs. Cortel-YON, listening intently to her.]

Mrs. Cortelyon. I will say no more on that score, but I must add this: when, two months ago you came here, I realized, perhaps for the first time, that I was a middle-aged woman, and that it had become impossible for me to accept without some effort a breaking-in upon many tender associations. There, Mrs. Tanqueray, that is my confession. Will you try to understand it and pardon me?

PAULA [watching Ellean, - sneeringly]. Ellean dear, you appear to be very interested in Mrs. Cortelyon's reminiscences; I don't think I can do better than make you my mouthpiece - there is such sympathy between us. What do you say - can we bring ourselves to forgive Mrs. Cortelyon for neglecting us for two weary months?

Mrs. Cortelyon. [To Ellean, pleas-antly.] Well, Ellean? [With a little cry of tenderness Ellean impulsively sits beside Mrs. Cortelyon and takes her hand.] My

PAULA [in an undertone to AUBREY]. Ellean is n't so very slow in taking to Mrs.

Cortelyon!

MRS. CORTELYON. [To PAULA and AU-BREY. Come, this encourages me to broach my scheme. Mrs. Tanqueray, it strikes me that you two good people are just now excellent company for each other, while Ellean would perhaps be glad of a little peep into the world you are anxious to avoid. Now, I'm going to Paris to-morrow for a week or two before settling down in Chester Square, so - don't gasp, both of you ! - if this girl is willing, and you have made no other arrangements for her, will you let her come with me to Paris, and afterwards remain with me in town during the season? [ELLEAN utters an exclamation of surprise. PAULA is silent.] What do you say?

Aubrey. Paula — Paula dear. [Hesitat-ingly.] My dear Mrs. Cortelyon, this is wonderfully kind of you; I am really at a

loss to - eh, Cayley?

DRUMMLE [watching PAULA apprehensively]. Kind! Now I must say I don't think so! I begged Alice to take me to Paris, and she declined! I am thrown over for Ellean! Ha! ha!

MRS. CORTELYON [laughing]. What non-

sense you talk, Cayley!

[The laughter dies out. Paula remains quite still.]

AUBREY. Paula dear.

PAULA [slowly collecting herself]. One moment. I—I don't quite—[To Mrs. Cortelyon.] You propose that Ellean leaves Highercoombe almost at once, and remains with you some months?

Mrs. Cortelyon. It would be a mercy to me. You can afford to be generous to a desolate old widow. Come, Mrs. Tanque-

ray, won't you spare her?

PAULA. Won't I spare her. [Suspiciously.] Have you mentioned your plan to Aubrey — before I came in?

MRS. CORTELYON. No; I had no oppor-

tunity.

PAULA. Nor to Ellean? Mrs. Cortelyon. Oh, no.

Paula [looking about her in suppressed excitement]. This has n't been discussed at all, behind my back?

MRS. CORTELYON. My dear Mrs. Tan-

queray!

PAULA. Ellean, let us hear your voice in the matter!

ELLEAN. I should like to go with Mrs. Cortelyon —

PAULA. Ah!

ELLEAN. That is, if - if -

PAULA. If — what?

ELLEAN [looking towards Aubrey, ap-

pealingly]. Papa!

PAULA [in a hard voice]. Oh, of course—I forgot. [To Aubrey.] My dear Aubrey, it rests with you, naturally, whether I am—to lose—Ellean.

AUBREY. Lose Ellean! [Advancing to PAULA.] There is no question of losing Ellean. You would see Ellean in town constantly when she returned from Paris; is n't

that so, Mrs. Cortelyon?

MRS. CORTELYON. Certainly.

PAULA [laughing softly]. Oh, I did n know I should be allowed that privilege.

MRS. CORTELYON. Privilege, my dea Mrs. Tanqueray!

D. Tanqueray

PAULA. Ha, ha! that makes all the difference, does n't it?

AUBREY [with assumed gayety]. All the difference? I should think so! [To ELLEAN laying his hand upon her head tenderly.] Any you are quite certain you wish to see what the world is like on the other side of Black Moor!

ELLEAN. If you are willing, papa, I an

quite certain.

AUBREY [looking at PAULA irresolutely then speaking with an effort]. Then I

am willing

PAULA [rising and striking the table lightly with her clenched hand]. That decides it [There is a general movement. Excitedly the Mrs. Cortelyon, who advances toward her.] When do you want her?

MRS. CORTELYON. We go to town the afternoon at five o'clock, and sleep to-night at Bayliss's. There is barely time for her

to make her preparations.

Paula. I will undertake that she is ready Mrs. Cortelyon. I've a great deal to scramble through at home too, as you may guess. Good-bye!

PAULA [turning away]. Mrs. Cortelyon

is going.

[Paula stands looking out of the window, with her back to those in the room.]

Mrs. Cortelyon. [To Drummle.]

Drummle. [To her.] Eh?
Mrs. Cortelyon. I've gone through it,
for the sake of Aubrey and his child, but I

— I feel a hundred. Is that a mad-woman?

DRUMMLE. Of course; all jealous women are mad.

[He goes out with AUBREY.]

MRS. CORTELYON [hesitatingly, to PAULA].

Good-bye, Mrs. Tanqueray.

[Paula inclines her head with the slightest possible movement, then resumes her former position. Ellean comes from the hall and takes Mrs. Cortelyon out of the room. After a brief silence, Paula turns with a fierce cry, and hur riedly takes off her coat and hat, and tosses them upon the settee.]

'AULA. Who 's that? Oh! Oh! Oh!

[She drops into the chair as Aubrey returns; he stands looking at her.]

LUBREY. I - you have altered your

lid about going out.

AULA. Yes. Please to ring the bell.

AUBREY [touching the bell]. You are angry tut Mrs. Cortelyon and Ellean. Let me to explain my reasons ---

PAULA. Be careful what you say to me t now! I have never felt like this - ext once — in my life. Be careful what a say to me!

[A SERVANT enters.]

PAULA [rising]. Is Watts at the door h the cart?

SERVANT. Yes, ma'am.

PAULA. Tell him to drive down to the -t-office directly with this.

> [Picking up the letter which has been lying upon the table.]

AUBREY. With that?

PAULA. Yes. My letter to Lady Orred.

[Giving the letter to the Servant, who goes out.

AUBREY, Surely you don't wish me to antermand any order of yours to a serv-. Call the man back — take the letter om him!

PAULA. I have not the slightest inten-

n of doing so.

AUBREY. I must, then. [Going to the door. e snatches up her hat and coat and follows i. What are you going to do?

PAULA. If you stop that letter, I walk

c of the house.

[He hesitates, then leaves the door.] AUBREY. I am right in believing that to t the letter inviting George Orreyed and wife to stay here, am I not?

PAULA. Oh, yes — quite right. AUBREY. Let it go; I'll write to him

and by. PAULA [facing him]. You dare!

AUBREY. Hush, Paula!

PAULA. Insult me again and, upon my ard, I'll go straight out of the house!

AUBREY. Insult you?

PAULA. Insult me! What else is it? My bd! what else is it? What do you mean taking Ellean from me?

AUBREY. Listen —!

Paula. Listen to me! And how do you take her? You pack her off in the care of a woman who has deliberately held aloof from me, who's thrown mud at me! Yet this Cortelyon creature has only to put foot here once to be entrusted with the charge of the girl you know I dearly want to keep near me!

Aubrey. Paula dear! hear me —!

PAULA. Ah! of course, of course! I can't be so useful to your daughter as such people as this; and so I'm to be given the go-by for any town friend of yours who turns up and chooses to patronize us! Hah! Very well, at any rate, as you take Ellean from me you justify my looking for companions where I can most readily find 'em.

AUBREY. You wish me to fully appreciate your reason for sending that letter to

Lady Orreyed?

PAULA. Precisely — I do.

AUBREY. And could you, after all, go back to associates of that order? It's not

possible!

PAULA [mockingly]. What, not after the refining influence of these intensely respectable surroundings? [Going to the door.] We'll see!

Aubrey. Paula!

PAULA [violently]. We'll see!

[She goes out. He stands still looking after her.

THE THIRD ACT

The drawing-room at "Highercoombe." Facing the spectator are two large French windows, sheltered by a verandah, leading into the garden; on the right is a door opening into a small hall. The fireplace, with a large mirror above it, is on the left-hand side of the room, and higher up in the same wall are double doors recessed. The room is richly furnished, and everything be-tokens taste and luxury. The windows are open, and there is moonlight in the garden.

LADY ORREYED, a pretty, affected doll of a woman, with a mincing voice and flaxen hair, is sitting on the ottoman, her head resting against the drum, and her eyes closed. PAULA, looking pale, worn, and thoroughly unhappy, is sitting at a table. Both are in sumptuous dinner-gowns.

LADY ORREYED [opening her eyes]. Well. I never! I dropped off! [Feeling her hair.] Just fancy! Where are the men?

PAULA [icily]. Outside, smoking.

[A SERVANT enters with coffee, which he hands to Lady Orreyed. Sir George Orreyed comes in by the window. He is a man of about thirty-five, with a low forehead, a receding chin, a vacuous expression, and an ominous redness about the nose.]

LADY ORREYED [taking coffee]. Here's

Dodo.

SIR GEORGE. I say, the flies under the verandah make you swear. The SERVANT hands coffee to PAULA, who declines it, then to SIR GEORGE, who takes a cup.] Hi! wait a bit! [He looks at the tray searchingly, then puts back his cup.] Never mind. [Quietly to LADY ORREYED.] I say, they're dooced sparin' with their liqueur, ain't they?

[The Servant goes out at window.] PAULA. [To SIR GEORGE.] Won't you

take coffee, George?

SIR GEORGE. No, thanks. It's gettin' near time for a whiskey and potass. [Approaching PAULA, regarding LADY OR-REYED admiringly.] I say, Birdie looks rippin' to-night, don't she?

Paula. Your wife? Sir George. Yaas — Birdie.

PAULA. Rippin'? SIR GEORGE. Yaas.

PAULA. Quite - quite rippin'.

[He moves round to the settee. PAULA watches him with distaste, then rises and walks away. SIR GEORGE falls asleep on the settee.]

LADY ORREYED. Paula love, I fancied you and Aubrey were a little more friendly at dinner. You have n't made it up, have

Paula. We? Oh, no. We speak before others, that 's all.

LADY ORREYED. And how long do you intend to carry on this game, dear?

Paula [turning away impatiently]. I

really can't tell you.

LADY ORREYED. Sit down, old girl; don't be so fidgety. [PAULA sits on the upper seat of the ottoman, with her back to LADY ORREYED.] Of course, it 's my duty, as an old friend, to give you a good talking-to - PAULA glares at her suddenly and fiercely] - but really I've found one gets so many smacks in the face through interfering in matrimonial squabbles that I've determined to drop it.

PAULA. I think you're wise.

LADY ORREYED. However, I must say

that I do wish you'd look at marriage in more solemn light - just as I do, in fac It is such a beautiful thing - marriage and if people in our position don't respect it, and set a good example by living har pily with their husbands, what can you ex pect from the middle classes? When die this sad state of affairs between you an Aubrey actually begin?

PAULA. Actually, a fortnight and thre days ago; I have n't calculated the minutes LADY ORREYED. A day or two before

Dodo and I turned up - arrived.

PAULA. Yes. One always remembers on thing by another; we left off speaking to each other the morning I wrote asking you to visit us.

LADY ORREYED. Lucky for you I was

able to pop down, was n't it, dear?

PAULA [glaring at her again]. Most for tunate.

LADY ORREYED. A serious split with your husband without a pal on the premises - I should say, without a friend in the house - would be most unpleasant.

PAULA [turning to her abruptly]. This place must be horribly doleful for you and George just now. At least you ought to consider him before me. Why did n't you

leave me to my difficulties?

LADY ORREYED. Oh, we're quite comfortable, dear, thank you - both of us George and me are so wrapped up in each other, it doesn't matter where we are. I don't want to crow over you, old girl, but I 've got a perfect husband.

SIR GEORGE is now fast asleep, hi head thrown back and his mouth

open, looking hideous.]

PAULA [glancing at SIR GEORGE]. Se

you've given me to understand.

LADY ORREYED. Not that we don't have our little differences. Why, we fell out only this very morning. You remember the diamond and ruby tiara Charley Prestwick gave poor dear Connie Tirlemont years ago, don't you?

PAULA. No, I do not.

LADY ORREYED. No? Well, it's in the market. Benjamin of Piccadilly has got it in his shop window, and I 've set my heart on it.

PAULA. You consider it quite necessary? LADY ORREYED. Yes; because what I say to Dodo is this - a lady of my station smother herself with hair ornaments. different with you, love - people don't for so much blaze from you, but I've ank to keep up; have n't I?

TULA. Yes.

DY ORREYED. Well, that was the of the little set-to between I and this morning. He broke two chairs, ras in such a rage. I forgot they're chairs; do you mind?

DAULA. No.

ADY ORREYED. You know, poor Dodo lose his temper without smashing some-;; if it is n't a chair, it 's a mirror; if it that, it's china - a bit of Dresden hoice. Dear old pet! he loves a bit of Isden when he's furious. He doesn't y throw things at me, dear; he simply them up and drops them, like a gentle-. I expect our room upstairs will look per wrecky before I get that tiara.

AULA. Excuse the suggestion; perhaps

h husband can't afford it.

ADY ORREYED. Oh, how dreadfully nged you are, Paula! Dodo can always stgage something, or borrow of his ma. tat is coming to you!

AULA. Ah

[She sits at the piano and touches the keys.]

MADY ORREYED. Oh, yes, do play!

at's the one thing I envy you for.

A'AULA. What shall I play? AADY ORREYED. What was that heavy piece you gave us last night, dear? AULA. A bit of Schubert. Would you to hear it again?

ADY ORREYED. You don't know any

nie songs, do you?

PAULA. I'm afraid not.

LADY ORREYED. I leave it to you.

[PAULA plays. AUBREY and CAYLEY Drummle appear outside the window; they look into the room.]

AUBREY. [To DRUMMLE.] You can see face in that mirror. Poor girl, how ill

I wretched she looks.

DRUMMLE. When are the Orreyeds go-

AUBREY [entering the room]. Heaven

DRUMMLE [following AUBREY]. But t're entertaining them; what's it to do th heaven?

AUBREY. Do you know, Cayley, that

even the Orreyeds serve a useful purpose? My wife actually speaks to me before our guests - think of that! I've come to rejoice at the presence of the Orreyeds!

DRUMMLE. I dare say; we're taught that beetles are sent for a benign end.

AUBREY. Cayley, talk to Paula again

to-night.

DRUMMLE. Certainly, if I get the chance. AUBREY. Let's contrive it. George is asleep; perhaps I can get that doll out of the way. [As they advance into the room, Paula abruptly ceases playing and finds interest in a volume of music. SIR GEORGE is now nodding and snoring apoplectically.] Lady Orreyed, whenever you feel inclined for a game of billiards I'm at your ser-

LADY ORREYED [jumping up]. Charmed, I'm sure! I really thought you had forgotten poor little me. Oh, look at Dodo!

AUBREY. No, no, don't wake him; he's

LADY ORREYED. I must, he looks so plain. [Rousing SIR GEORGE.] Dodo! Dodo!

SIR GEORGE [stupidly]. 'Ullo!

LADY ORREYED. Dodo dear, you were snoring.

SIR GEORGE. Oh, I say, you could 'a' told

me that by and by.

AUBREY. You want a cigar, George; come into the billiard-room. [Giving his arm to LADY ORREYED.] Cayley, bring Paula.

[Aubrey and Lady Orreyed go out.] SIR GEORGE [rising]. Hey, what! Billiard-room! [Looking at his watch.] How goes the -? Phew! 'Ullo, 'Ullo! Whiskey and potass!

He goes rapidly after AUBREY and LADY ORREYED. PAULA resumes

playing.

PAULA [after a pause]. Don't moon about after me, Cayley; follow the others. DRUMMLE. Thanks, by and by. [Sitting.]

That 's pretty.

PAULA [after another pause, still playing]. I wish you would n't stare so.

DRUMMLE. Was I staring? I'm sorry. She plays a little longer, then stops suddenly, rises, and goes to the window, where she stands looking out. DRUMMLE moves from the ottoman to the settee.] A lovely night.

PAULA [startled]. Oh! [Without turning

to him. Why do you hop about like a mon-

kev?

DRUMMLE. Hot rooms play the deuce with the nerves. Now, it would have done you good to have walked in the garden with us after dinner and made merry. Why did n't you?

PAULA. You know why.

DRUMMLE. Ah, you're thinking of the - difference between you and Aubrey? PAULA. Yes, I am thinking of it.

DRUMMLE. Well, so am I. How long -? PAULA. Getting on for three weeks.

DRUMMLE. Bless me, it must be! And this would have been such a night to have healed it! Moonlight, the stars, the scent of flowers; and yet enough darkness to enable a kind woman to rest her hand for an instant on the arm of a good fellow who loves her. Ah, ha! It's a wonderful power, dear Mrs. Aubrey, the power of an offended woman! Only realize it! Just that one touch - the mere tips of her fingers and, for herself and another, she changes the color of the whole world.

PAULA [turning to him calmly]. Cayley, my dear man, you talk exactly like a very

romantic old lady.

[She leaves the window and sits playing with the knick-knacks on the table.]

DRUMMLE. [To himself.] H'm, that has n't done it! Well - ha, ha! - I accept the suggestion. An old woman, eh?

PAULA. Oh, I did n't intend -

DRUMMLE. But why not? I've every qualification - well, almost. And I confess it would have given this withered bosom a throb of grandmotherly satisfaction if I could have seen you and Aubrey at peace before I take my leave to-morrow.

PAULA. To-morrow, Cayley!

DRUMMLE. I must.

PAULA. Oh, this house is becoming unendurable.

Drummle. You're very kind. But you've

got the Orreyeds.

PAULA [fiercely]. The Orreyeds! I - I hate the Orreyeds! I lie awake at night, hating them!

Drummle. Pardon me, I've understood that their visit is, in some degree, owing to

- hem - your suggestion.

PAULA. Heavens! that does n't make me like them better. Somehow or another,

I - I 've outgrown these people. The woman - I used to think her "jolly!". sickens me. I can't breathe when she near me: the whiff of her handkerchi turns me faint! And she patronizes me the hour, until I - I feel my nails growing longer with every word she speaks!

DRUMMLE. My dear lady, why on ear

don't you say all this to Aubrey? PAULA. Oh, I 've been such an utter foo

Cavley ! DRUMMLE [soothingly]. Well, well, men

tion it to Aubrey! PAULA. No, no, you don't understand What do you think I 've done?

DRUMMLE. Done! What, since you is vited the Orreyeds?

PAULA. Yes; I must tell you -DRUMMLE. Perhaps you'd better not.

PAULA. Look here! I've intercepte some letters from Mrs. Cortelyon an Ellean to - him. [Producing three unopene letters from the bodice of her dress.] Ther are the accursed things! From Paristwo from the Cortelyon woman, the other from Ellean!

DRUMMLE. But why - why?

PAULA. I don't know. Yes, I do! I say letters coming from Ellean to her father not a line to me - not a line. And on morning it happened I was downstairs be fore he was, and I spied this one lying with his heap on the breakfast table, and slipped it into my pocket - out of malice Cayley, pure deviltry! And a day or two afterwards I met Elwes the postman a the Lodge, and took the letters from him and found these others amongst 'em. I fel simply fiendish when I saw them - fiend ish! Returning the letters to her bodice. And now I carry them about with me, and they 're scorching me like a mustard plas-

DRUMMLE. Oh, this accounts for Aubrey

not hearing from Paris lately!

PAULA. That's an ingenious conclusion to arrive at! Of course it does! [With an hysterical laugh.] Ha, ha!

DRUMMLE. Well, well! [Laughing.] Ha,

PAULA [turning upon him]. I suppose in

is amusing! DRUMMLE. I beg pardon.

PAULA. Heaven knows I've little enough to brag about! I'm a bad lot, but not in tricks of this sort. In all my life this most caddish thing I've done. How to get rid of these letters - that's I I want to know? How am I to get If them?

RUMMLE. If I were you I should take ey aside and put them into his hands

on as possible.

U.ULA. What! and tell him to his face I _! No, thank you. I suppose you

d n't like to -

RUMMLE. No, no; I won't touch 'em! DAULA. And you call yourself my friend? RUMMLE [good-humoredly]. No, I

IAULA. Perhaps I'll tie them together give them to his man in the morning. RUMMLE. That won't avoid an expla-

AULA [recklessly]. Oh, then he must

t them ---

RUMMLE. And trace them.

AULA [throwing herself upon the otto-. I don't care!

RUMMLE. I know you don't; but let

esend him to you now, may I? AULA. Now! What do you think a

man's made of? I could n't stand it, eley. I have n't slept for nights; and night there was thunder, too! I be-

e I've got the horrors.

RIRUMMLE [taking the little hand-mirror n the table. You'll sleep well enough en you deliver those letters. Come, come, s. Aubrey — a good night's rest! [Holdthe mirror before her face.] It's quite e.

[She looks at herself for a moment, then snatches the mirror from him.]

PAULA. You brute, Cayley, to show me

DRUMMLE. Then — may I? Be guided a fr- a poor old woman! May I?

PAULA. You'll kill me, amongst you! DRUMMLE. What do you say?

PAULA [after a pause]. Very well. [He Is his head and goes out rapidly. She looks er him for a moment, and calls " Cayley! yley!" Then she again produces the letters, iberately, one by one, fingering them with ersion. Suddenly she starts, turning her id towards the door.] Ah!

[Aubrey enters quickly.]

AUBREY. Paula!

PAULA [handing him the letters, her face averted]. There! [He examines the letters, puzzled, and looks at her enquiringly.] They are many days old. I stole them, I suppose to make you anxious and unhappy.

[He looks at the letters again, then lays them aside on the table.]

AUBREY [gently]. Paula, dear, it does n't

matter. PAULA [after a short pause]. Why - why do you take it like this?

AUBREY. What did you expect?

PAULA. Oh, but I suppose silent reproaches are really the severest. And then, naturally, you are itching to open your [She crosses the room as if to go.] AUBREY. Paula! [She pauses.] Surely,

surely, it's all over now? PAULA. All over! [Mockingly.] Has my

step-daughter returned then? When did she arrive? I have n't heard of it!

AUBREY. You can be very cruel.

PAULA. That word 's always on a man's lips; he uses it if his soup's cold. [With another movement as if to go.] Need we-

AUBREY. I know I've wounded you, But is n't there any way out of Paula.

this?

PAULA. When does Ellean return? To-

morrow? Next week?

AUBREY [wearily]. Oh! Why should we grudge Ellean the little pleasure she is likely to find in Paris and in London?

PAULA. I grudge her nothing, if that 's a

hit at me. But with that woman -?

AUBREY. It must be that woman or another. You know that at present we are unable to give Ellean the opportunity of of —

PAULA. Of mixing with respectable

people.

AUBREY. The opportunity of gaining friends, experience, ordinary knowledge of the world. If you are interested in Ellean, can't you see how useful Mrs. Cortelyon's good offices are?

PAULA. May I put one question? At the end of the London season, when Mrs. Cortelyon has done with Ellean, is it quite understood that the girl comes back to us? [AUBREY is silent.] Is it? Is it?

AUBREY. Let us wait till the end of the

PAULA. Oh! I knew it. You're only fooling me; you put me off with any trash. I believe you've sent Ellean away, not for the reasons you give, but because you don't consider me a decent companion for her, because you're afraid she might get a little of her innocence rubbed off in my company? Come, is n't that the truth? Be honest! Is n't that it?

AUBREY. Yes.

[There is a moment's silence, on both sides.]

PAULA [with uplifted hands as if to strike him]. Oh!

AUBREY [taking her by the wrists]. Sit down. Sit down. [He puts her into a chair; she shakes herself free with a cry.] Now listen to me. Fond as you are, Paula, of harking back to your past, there's one chapter of it you always let alone. I've never asked you to speak of it; you've never offered to speak of it. I mean the chapter that relates to the time when you were—like Ellean. [She attempts to rise; he restrains her.] No, no.

PAULA. I don't choose to talk about that time. I won't satisfy your curiosity.

AUBREY. My Jear Paula, I have no curiosity - I know what you were at Ellean's age. I'll tell you. You had n't a thought that was n't a wholesome one, you had n't an impulse that didn't tend towards good, you never harbored a notion you could n't have gossiped about to a parcel of children. [She makes another effort to rise: he lays his hand lightly on her shoulder. And this was a very few years back - there are days now when you look like a schoolgirl - but think of the difference between the two Paulas. You'll have to think hard, because after a cruel life, one's perceptions grow a thick skin. But, for God's sake, do think till you get these two images clearly in your mind, and then ask yourself what sort of a friend such a woman as you are to-day would have been for the girl of seven or eight years ago.

PAULA [rising]. How dare you? I could be almost as good a friend to Ellean as her own mother would have been had she lived. I know what you mean. How dare you?

AUBREY. You say that; very likely you believe it. But you're blind, Paula; you're blind. You! Every belief that a young, pure-minded girl holds sacred — that you once held sacred — you now make a target for a jest, a sneer, a paltry cynicism. I tell you, you're not mistress any longer of your

thoughts or your tongue. Why, how oft sitting between you and Ellean, have seen her cheeks turn scarlet as you've retled off some tale that belongs by right the club or the smoking-room! Have you noticed the blush? If you have, has to cause of it ever struck you? And this is to girl you say you love, I admit that you love, whose love you expect in return! Or Paula, I make the best, the only, excuse for you when I tell you you're blind!

PAULA. Ellean — Ellean blushes easily a fe

years ago.

Paula [after a short pause]. Well! hayou finished your sermon?

Aubrey [with a gesture of despair]. O

a!
[Going up to the window, and standi

with his back to the room.]

PAULA. [To herself.] A few — yea ago! [She walks slowly towards the docton then suddenly drops upon the ottoman in paroxysm of weeping.] O God! A few year ago!

AUBREY [going to her]. Paula! PAULA [sobbing]. Oh, don't touch me!

AUBREY. Paula!

PAULA. Oh, go away from me! [He goes back a few steps, and after a little whi she becomes calmer and rises unsteadily; the in an altered tone.] Look here—! [He avances a step; she checks him with a quie gesture.] Look here! Get rid of these per ple—Mabel and her husband—as soon a possible! I—I've done with them!

AUBREY [in a whisper]. Paula!

PAULA. And then — then — when the time comes for Ellean to leave Mrs. Cortelyon, give me — give me another chance [He advances again, but she shrinks away. No, no!

[She goes out by the door on the right He sinks onto the settee, covering his eyes with his hands. There is a brief silence, then a Servant enters.]

SERVANT. Mrs. Cortelyon, sir, with Miss Ellean.

[Aubrey rises to meet Mrs. Cortelyon, who enters, followed by Ellean, both being in traveling dresses. The Servant withdraws.

Mrs. Cortelyon [shaking hands with Aubrey]. Oh, my dear Aubrey!

BIBREY. Mrs. Cortelyon! [Kissing EL-Ellean dear!

LLEAN. Papa, is all well at home? RS. CORTELYON. We're shockingly

vus. BIBREY. Yes, yes, all's well. This is unexpected. [To Mrs. Cortelyon.] ive found Paris insufferably hot?

RS. CORTELYON. Insufferably hot! is pleasant enough. We've had no

r from you!

BBREY. I wrote to Ellean a week ago. RS. CORTELYON. Without alluding to lubject I had written to you upon. WBREY [thinking]. Ah, of course —

ERS. CORTELYON. And since then we 've written, and you've been absolutely

t. Oh, it 's too bad!

WBREY [picking up the letters from the]. It is n't altogether my fault. Here the letters —

LLEAN. Papa!

RS. CORTELYON. They 're unopened. EIBREY. An accident delayed their ining me till this evening. I'm afraid mas upset you very much.

RS. CORTELYON. Upset me!

LLEAN [in an undertone to Mrs. Coron]. Never mind. Not now, dear o-night.

EJBREY. Eh?

RS. CORTELYON. [To ELLEAN, aloud.] I, run away and take your things off. doesn't look as if she'd journeyed Paris to-day.

EIBREY. I've never seen her with such or. [Taking Ellean's hands.] LLEAN. [To AUBREY, in a faint voice.] , Mrs. Cortelyon has been so very, kind to me, but I — I have come [She goes out.]

UBREY. Come home! [To Mrs. Cor-ON. Ellean returns to us then?

RS. CORTELYON. That 's the very point t to you in my letters, and you oblige o travel from Paris to Willowmere on rm day to settle it. I think perhaps it's : that Ellean should be with you just although I - My dear friend, cirstances are a little altered.

JBREY. Alice, you 're in some trouble. RS. CORTELYON. Well — yes, I am in ole. You remember pretty little Mrs. eton who was once Caroline Ardale?

UBREY. Quite well.

Mrs. Cortelyon. She's a widow now. poor thing. She has the entresol of the house where we've been lodging in the Avenue de Friedland. Caroline's a dear chum of mine; she formed a great liking for Ellean.

AUBREY. I'm very glad. Mrs. Cortelyon. Yes, it's nice for her to meet her mother's friends. Er - that young Hugh Ardale the papers were full of some time ago - he's Caroline Brereton's brother, you know.

AUBREY. No, I didn't know. What did

he do? I forget.

Mrs. Cortelyon. Checked one of those horrid mutinies at some far-away station in India. Marched down with a handful of his men and a few faithful natives, and held the place until he was relieved. They gave him his company and a V.C. for it.

AUBREY. And he 's Mrs. Brereton's bro-

MRS. CORTELYON. Yes. He's with his sister — was, rather — in Paris. He's home - invalided. Good gracious, Aubrey, why don't you help me out? Can't you guess what has occurred?

AUBREY. Alice!

MRS. CORTELYON. Young Ardale - El-

AUBREY. An attachment?

MRS. CORTELYON. Yes, Aubrey. [After a little pause.] Well, I suppose I 've got myself into sad disgrace. But really I did n't foresee anything of this kind. A serious, reserved child like Ellean, and a boyish, high-spirited soldier - it never struck me as being likely. [AUBREY paces to and fro thoughtfully.] I did all I could directly Captain Ardale spoke - wrote to you at once. Why on earth don't you receive your letters promptly, and when you do get them why can't you open them? I endured the anxiety till last night, and then made up my mind - home! Of course, it has worried me terribly. My head's bursting. Are there any salts about? [Au-BREY fetches a bottle from the cabinet and hands it to her.] We've had one of those hateful smooth crossings that won't let you be properly indisposed.

AUBREY. My dear Alice, I assure you

I've no thought of blaming you.

MRS. CORTELYON. That statement always precedes a quarrel.

AUBREY. I don't know whether this is

the worst or the best luck. How will my wife regard it? Is Captain Ardale a good fellow?

MRS. CORTELYON. My dear Aubrey, you'd better read up the accounts of his wonderful heroism. Face to face with death for a whole week; always with a smile and a cheering word for the poor helpless souls depending on him! Of course it's that that has stirred the depths of your child's nature. I've watched her while we've been dragging the story out of him, and if angels look different from Ellean at that moment, I don't desire to meet any, that 's

AUBREY. If you were in my position -?

But you can't judge.

Mrs. Cortelyon. Why, if I had a marriageable daughter of my own, and Captain Ardale proposed for her, naturally I should cry my eyes out all night - but I should thank Heaven in the morning.

AUBREY. You believe so thoroughly in

him?

MRS. CORTELYON. Do you think I should have only a headache at this minute if I didn't! Look here, you've got to see me down the lane; that 's the least you can do, my friend. Come into my house for a moment and shake hands with Hugh.

AUBREY. What, is he here?

Mrs. Cortelyon. He came through with us, to present himself formally to-morrow. Where are my gloves? [AUBREY fetches them from the ottoman.] Make my apologies to Mrs. Tanqueray, please. She's well, I hope? [Going towards the door.] I can't feel sorry she has n't seen me in this condition.

[ELLEAN enters.]

ELLEAN. [To Mrs. Cortelyon.] I've been waiting to wish you good-night. I was afraid I'd missed you.

MRS. CORTELYON. Good-night, Ellean. ELLEAN [in a low voice, embracing Mrs. CORTELYON]. I can't thank you. Dear

Mrs. Cortelyon!

MRS. CORTELYON [her arms round EL-LEAN, in a whisper to AUBREY]. Speak a word to her. [Mrs. Cortelyon goes out.]

AUBREY. [To ELLEAN.] Ellean, I'm going to see Mrs. Cortelyon home. Tell Paula where I am; explain, dear.

[Going to the door.]

ELLEAN [her head drooping]. Yes. [Qui ly. Father! You are angry with me disappointed?

AUBREY. Angry? No. ELLEAN. Disappointed?

AUBREY [smiling and going to her a taking her hand]. If so, it's only becau you've shaken my belief in my disce ment. I thought you took after your pe mother a little, Ellean; but there's a lo on your face to-night, dear, that I nev saw on hers - never, never.

ELLEAN [leaning her head on his sho der]. Perhaps I ought not to have go

away.

AUBREY. Hush! You're quite happy

ELLEAN. Yes.

AUBREY. That 's right. Then, as you a quite happy, there is something I partie larly want you to do for me. Ellean.

ELLEAN. What is that?

AUBREY. Be very gentle with Pau Will you?

ELLEAN. You think I have been unkin AUBREY [kissing her upon the forehead

Be very gentle with Paula.

[He goes out, and she stands look after him; then, as she two thoughtfully from the door, a rose thrown through the window and for at her feet. She picks up the flow wonderingly and goes to the windo

ELLEAN [starting back]. Hugh!

[HUGH ARDALE, a handsome you man of about seven-and-twen with a boyish face and manner, a pears outside the window.]

Hugh. Nelly! Nelly dear! ELLEAN. What's the matter?

Hugh. Hush! Nothing. It's only for [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha! I've found of that Mrs. Cortelyon's meadow runs up your father's plantation; I've come throu a gap in the hedge.

ELLEAN. Why, Hugh?

Hugh. I'm miserable at The Warre it's so different from the Avenue de Frie land. Don't look like that! Upon my wo I meant just to peep at your home and back, but I saw figures moving about he and came nearer, hoping to get a glimp of you. Was that your father?

[Entering the room

ELLEAN. Yes. Hugh. Is n't this fun! A rabbit 1 s my foot while I was hiding behind

old yew.

LLEAN. You must go away; it's not for you to be here like this.

JGH. But it's only fun, I tell you. You reverything so seriously. Do wish me

n-night.

LLEAN. We have said good-night.

SUGH. In the hall at The Warren, before Cortelyon and a man-servant. Oh, it's efferent from the Avenue de Friedland! LEAN [giving him her hand hastily]. d-night, Hugh! CUGH. Is that all? We might be the

test acquaintances.

[He momentarily embraces her, but

she releases herself.] LLEAN. It's when you're like this that

make me feel utterly miserable. [Throwehe rose from her angrily.] Oh!

WGH. I've offended you now, I sup-

LLEAN. Yes.

WGH. Forgive me, Nelly. Come into garden for five minutes; we'll stroll n to the plantation.

LLEAN. No, no.

WGH. For two minutes - to tell me you

vive me.

ILLEAN. I forgive you. CUGH. Evidently. I shan't sleep a wink ight after this. What a fool I am! Come n to the plantation. Make it up with me. ILLEAN. There is somebody coming into groom. Do you wish to be seen here? CUGH. I shall wait for you behind that tree. You must speak to me. Nelly! [He disappears. PAULA enters.]

AULA. Ellean!

ILLEAN. You - you are very surprised eee me, Paula, of course.

AULA. Why are you here? Why are n't

with - your friend? ILLEAN. I've come home - if you'll e me. We left Paris this morning; Mrs. etelyon brought me back. She was here ninute or two ago; papa has just gone 1 her to The Warren. He asked me to you.

'AULA. There are some people staying a us that I'd rather you did n't meet. It hardly worth your while to return for

w hours.

LLEAN. A few hours? AULA. Well, when do you go to London? ELLEAN. I don't think I go to London.

PAULA [eagerly]. You -- you 've quarrelled with her?

ELLEAN. No, no, not that; but— Paula! [In an altered tone.] Paula!

PAULA [startled]. Eh! [ELLEAN goes deliberately to PAULA and kisses her. Ellean!

ELLEAN. Kiss me.

PAULA. What - what 's come to you? ELLEAN. I want to behave differently to you in the future. Is it too late?

PAULA. Too — late! [Impulsively kissing ELLEAN and crying.] No - no - no! No -

Ellean. Paula, don't cry.

I'm a little Paula [wiping her eyes]. shaky; I have n't been sleeping. It's all right, - talk to me.

ELLEAN. There is something I want to

tell you -

PAULA. Is there — is there?

[They sit together on the ottoman Paula taking Ellean's hand.]

ELLEAN. Paula, in our house in the Avenue de Friedland, on the floor below us there was a Mrs. Brereton. She used to be a friend of my mother's. Mrs. Cortelyon and I spent a great deal of our time with her.

PAULA [suspiciously]. Oh! [Letting EL-LEAN'S hand fall. Is this lady going to take

you up in place of Mrs. Cortelyon?

ELLEAN. No, no. Her brother is staying with her — was staying with her. Her [Breaking off in confusion.] brother —

ELLEAN [almost inaudibly]. Paula —

[She rises and walks away, PAULA

following her.]

PAULA [taking hold of her]. You're not in love! [ELLEAN looks at PAULA appealingly.] Oh, you in love! You! Oh, this is why you've come home! Of course, you can make friends with me now! You'll leave us for good soon, I suppose; so it does n't much matter being civil to me for a little while!

ELLEAN. Oh, Paula!

PAULA. Why, how you have deceived us -all of us! We 've taken you for a coldblooded little saint. The fools you 've made of us! Saint Ellean, Saint Ellean!

ELLEAN. Ah, I might have known you'd

only mock me!

PAULA [her tone changing]. Eh?

ELLEAN. I — I can't talk to you. \(\simegatting \) on the settee.] You do nothing else but mock

and sneer, nothing else.

Paula. Ellean dear! Ellean! I did n't mean it. I'm so horribly jealous, it's a sort of curse on me. [Kneeling beside Ellean and embracing her. My tongue runs away with me. I'm going to alter, I swear I am. I've made some good resolutions, and as God's above me, I'll keep them! If you are in love, if you do ever marry, that 's no reason why we should n't be fond of each other. Come, you 've kissed me of your own accord - you can't take it back. Now we're friends again, are n't we? Ellean, dear! I want to know everything, everything. Ellean, dear, Ellean!

ELLEAN. Paula, Hugh has done something that makes me very angry. He came with us from Paris to-day, to see papa. He is staying with Mrs. Cortelyon and -I ought

to tell you -

PAULA. Yes, yes. What?

ELLEAN. He has found his way by The Warren meadow through the plantation up to this house. He is waiting to bid me goodnight. [Glancing towards the garden.] He is - out there.

PAULA. Oh!

ELLEAN. What shall I do?

PAULA. Bring him in to see me! Will

ELLEAN. No, no.

PAULA. But I'm dying to know him. Oh, yes, you must. I shall meet him before Aubrey does. [Excitedly running her hands over her hair.] I'm so glad. [ELLEAN goes out by the window.] The mirror - mirror. What a fright I must look! [Not finding the hand-glass on the table, she jumps onto the settee, and surveys herself in the mirror over the mantelpiece, then sits quietly down and waits. Ellean! Just fancy! Ellean!

[After a pause Ellean enters by the window with Hugh.]

ELLEAN. Paula, this is Captain Ardale

- Mrs. Tanqueray.

PAULA rises and turns, and she and Hugh stand staring blankly at each other for a moment or two; then PAULA advances and gives him her

PAULA [in a strange voice, but calmly].

How do you do?

Hugh. How do you do?

PAULA. [To ELLEAN.] Mr. Ardale a I have met in London, Ellean. Er-C. tain Ardale now?

Hugh. Yes.

ELLEAN. In London?

PAULA. They say the world 's very sm: don't they?

HUGH. Yes.

PAULA. Ellean, dear, I want to have little talk about you to Mr. Ardale - Ca tain Ardale - alone. [Putting her arms rou ELLEAN, and leading her to the door.] Cor back in a little while. [ELLEAN nods PAULA with a smile and goes out, while PAU stands watching her at the open door. In little while - in a little - Closing the do and then taking a seat facing Hugh.]] quick! Mr. Tanqueray has only gone down to The Warren with Mrs. Cortelyon. Wh is to be done?

Hugh [blankly]. Done?

PAULA. Done - done. Something mu

HUGH. I understood that Mr. Tanquer had married a Mrs. - Mrs. -

Paula. Jarman?

Hugh. Yes.

PAULA. I'd been going by that nam You did n't follow my doings after we se arated.

HUGH. No.

PAULA [sneeringly]. No.

Hugh. I went out to India.

PAULA. What's to be done? Hugh. Damn this chance !

PAULA. Oh, my God!

Hugh. Your husband doesn't know, doesn't kno

PAULA. That you and I -?

HUGH. Yes.

PAULA. No. He knows about others. Hugh. Not about me. How long wer

PAULA. I don't remember, exactly. Hugh. Do you - do you think it ma ters?

PAULA. His - his daughter. [With muttered exclamation he turns away, and si with his head in his hands.] What's to h done?

HUGH. I wish I could think.

PAULA. Oh! Oh! What happened t that flat of ours in Ethelbert Street?

HUGH. I let it.

PAULA. All that pretty furniture?

WUGH. Sold it.

AULA. I came across the key of the esare the other day in an old purse! Idenly realizing the horror and hopelessof her position, and starting to her feet an hysterical cry of rage.] What am I Indering about?

CUGH. For God's sake, be quiet! Do let

bhink.

AULA. This will send me mad! [Sudy turning and standing over him.] You tou beast, to crop up in my life again this!

CUGH. I always treated you fairly. AULA [weakly]. Oh! I beg your par-— I know you did — I —

[She sinks onto the settee crying hys-

UGH. Hush YAULA. She kissed me to-night! I'd won over! I've had such a fight to make clove me! And now - just as she's bening to love me, to bring this on her! MUGH. Hush, hush! Don't break down!

AAULA [sobbing]. You don't know! I—wave n't been getting on well in my mare. It's been my fault. The life I used lead spoilt me completely. But I'd made omy mind to turn over a new leaf from

gight. From to-night!

Hugh. Paula -

PAULA. Don't you call me that!

Hugh. Mrs. Tanqueray, there is no cause you to despair in this way. It 's all right, ell you — it shall be all right.

PAULA [shivering]. What are we to do?

HUGH. Hold our tongues.

[Staring vacantly.] PAULA. Eh? [Staring vacantly.] HUGH. The chances are a hundred to one ainst any one ever turning up who knew when we were together. Besides, no one luld be such a brute as to split on us. If wbody did do such a thing we should have ilie! What are we upsetting ourselves e this for, when we've simply got to lld our tongues?

PAULA. You're as mad as I am.

HUGH. Can you think of a better plan? PAULA. There's only one plan possible elet's come to our senses! - Mr. Taneray must be told.

Hugh. Your husband! What, and I lose

lean! I lose Ellean!

PAULA. You've got to lose her.

Hugh. I won't lose her; I can't lose her!

PAULA. Did n't I read of your doing any number of brave things in India? Why, you seem to be an awful coward!

Hugh. That's another sort of pluck altogether; I have n't this sort of pluck.

PAULA. Oh, I don't ask you to tell Mr.

Tanqueray. That 's my job.

Hugh standing over her. You - you -

you'd better! You -

PAULA [rising]. Don't bully me! I intend to.

Hugh [taking hold of her; she wrenches herself free]. Look here, Paula, I never treated you badly -you've owned it. Why should you want to pay me out like this? You don't know how I love Ellean!

PAULA. Yes, that 's just what I do know. Hugh. I say you don't! She 's as good as my own mother. I've been downright honest with her, too. I told her, in Paris, that I'd been a bit wild at one time, and, after a damned wretched day, she promised to forgive me because of what I'd done since in India. She 's behaved like an angel to me! Surely I ought n't to lose her, after all, just because I've been like other fellows! No; I have n't been half as rackety as a hundred men we could think of. Paula, don't pay me out for nothing; be fair to me, there 's a good girl - be fair to me !

PAULA. Oh, I'm not considering you at all! I advise you not to stay here any longer: Mr. Tanqueray is sure to be back

soon.

HUGH [taking up his hat]. What's the understanding between us, then? What have we arranged to do?

PAULA. I don't know what you 're going to do; I 've got to tell Mr. Tanqueray.

HUGH. By God, you shall do nothing of [Approaching her fiercely.] the sort! PAULA. You shocking coward!

HUGH. If you dare! [Going up to the window.] Mind! If you dare!

PAULA [following him]. Why, what

would you do?

Hugh [after a short pause, sullenly]. Nothing. I'd shoot myself - that 's nothing. Good-night.

PAULA. Good-night.

[He disappears. She walks unsteadily to the ottoman, and sits; and as she does so her hand falls upon the little silver mirror, which she takes up, staring at her own reflection.

THE FOURTH ACT

The Drawing-room at "Highercoombe," the

same evening.

Paula is still seated on the ottoman, looking vacantly before her, with the little mirror in her hand. Lady Orreyed enters.

LADY ORREYED. There you are! You never came into the billiard-room. Is n't it maddening — Cayley Drummle gives me sixty out of a hundred, and beats me. I must be out of form, because I know I play remarkably well for a lady. Only last month — [PAULA rises.] Whatever is the matter with you, old girl?

PAULA. Why?

LADY ORREYED [staring]. It's the light, I suppose. [PAULA replaces the mirror on the table.] By Aubrey's bolting from the billiard-table in that fashion I thought pernaps—

PAULA. Yes; it 's all right.

LADY ORREYED. You've patched it up? [PAULA nods.] Oh, I am jolly glad —! I mean —

PAULA. Yes, I know what you mean.

Thanks, Mabel.

LADY ORREYED [kissing PAULA]. Now

lake my advice; for the future -

PAULA. Mabel, if I 've been disagreeable to you while you 've been staying here, I — I beg your pardon.

[Walking away and sitting down.]
LADY ORREYED. You disagreeable, my
dear? I have n't noticed it. Dodo and me
both consider you make a first-class hostess; but then you've had such practice,
have n't you? [Dropping on the ottoman and
gaping.] Oh, talk about being sleepy—!

PAULA. Why dor't you -!

LADY ORREYED. Why, dear, I must hang about for Dodo. You may as well know it; he is in one of his moods.

PAULA [under her breath]. Oh -!

LADY ORREYED. Now, it's not his fault; it was deadly dull for him while we were playing billiards. Cayley Drummle did ask him to mark, but I stopped that; it's so easy to make a gentleman look like a billiard-marker. This is just how it always is; if poor old Dodo has nothing to do, he loses count, as you may say.

PAULA. Hark!

[Sir George Orneyed enters, walking slow and deliberately; he looks pale and water eved.]

SIR GEORGE [with mournful indistinctness I'm 'fraid we've lef' you a grea' deal yourself to-night, Mrs. Tanqueray. A tra'tions of billiards. I apol'gise. I sa where 's ol' Aubrey?

PAULA. My husband has been obliged

go out to a neighbor's house.

SIR GEORGE. I want his advice on a rath pressing matter connected with my fami—my family. [Sitting.] To-morrow will djust as well.

LADY ORREYED. [To PAULA.] This is the mood I hate so — driveling about his pre-

cious family.

SIR GEORGE. The fact is, Mrs. Tanque ray, I am not easy in my min' bout the wa I am treatin' my poor ol' mother.

LADY ORREYED. [To PAULA.] Do yo hear that? That 's his mother, but m mother he won't so much as look at!

SIR GEORGE. I shall write to Bruton

Street firs' thing in the morning.

LADY ORREYED. [To PAULA.] Mamma has stuck to me through everything — well you know!

SIR GEORGE. I'll get ol' Aubrey to figure out a letter. I'll drop line to Uncle Fit too—dooced shame of the ol' feller to chuck me over in this manner. [Wiping his eyes.] All my family have chucked me over

LADY ORREYED [rising]. Dodo!

SIR GEORGE. Jus' because I've married beneath me, to be chucked over! Aum Lydia, the General, Hooky Whitgrave Lady Sugnall — my own dear sister!— all turn their backs on me. It's more than I can stan'!

LADY ORREYED [approaching him with dignity]. Sir George, wish Mrs. Tanqueray good-night at once, and come upstairs. Do you hear me?

SIR GEORGE [rising angrily]. Wha-!

LADY ORREYED. Be quiet !

SIR GEORGE. You presoom to order me about!

LADY ORREYED. You're making an exhibition of yourself!

SIR GEORGE. Look 'ere -!

LADY ORREYED. Come along, I tell you!
[He hesitates, utters a few inarticulate sounds, then snatches up a fragile ornament from the table, and is

about to dash it on the ground.

LADY ORREYED retreats, and
PAULA goes to him.]

JLA. George!

[He replaces the ornament.]
GEORGE [shaking PAULA's hand].

ini', Mrs. Tanqueray.

DOY ORREYED. [To PAULA.] Gooddarling. Wish Aubrey good-night

Lae. Now, Dodo? [She goes out.]

GEORGE. [To PAULA.] I say, are you
nto sit up for ol' Aubrey?

GEORGE. Shall I keep you comp'ny?

TULA. No, thank you, George. R GEORGE. Sure?

TULA. Yes, sure.

GEORGE [shaking hands]. Good-night

TULA. Good-night.

[She turns away. He goes out, steadying himself carefully. DRUMMLE appears outside the window, smoking.]

RUMMLE [looking into the room and see-PAULA]. My last cigar. Where's

ey?

AULA. Gone down to The Warren to

Mrs. Cortelyon home.

RUMMLE [entering the room]. Eh? Did

asay Mrs. Cortelyon? AULA, Yes. She has brought Ellean

:.

RUMMLE. Bless my soul! Why?

AULA. I — I'm too tired to tell you,

rley. If you stroll along the lane you'll

t Aubrey. Get the news from him.

RUMMLE [going up to the window]. Yes,

[Returning to PAULA.] I don't want to
mer you, only — the anxious old woman,

know. Are you and Aubrey —?
AULA. Good friends again?

BRUMMLE [nodding]. Um.

AULA [giving him her hand]. Quite, Cay-

quite.

ORUMMLE [retaining her hand]. That 's ital. As I'm off so early to-morrow rning, let me say now — thank you for r hospitality.

[He bends over her hand gallantly, then

goes out by the window.]

PAULA. [To herself.] "Are you and Auy—?" "Good friends again?" "Yes." luite, Cayley, quite."

[There is a brief pause, then AUBREY

enters hurriedly, wearing a light overcoat and carrying a cap.]

AUBREY. Paula dear! Have you seen Ellean?

PAULA. I found her here when I came own.

AUBREY. She - she 's told you?

PAULA. Yes, Aubrey.

AUBREY. It's extraordinary, is n't it! Not that somebody should fall in love with Ellean, or that Ellean herself should fall in love. All that's natural enough and was bound to happen, I suppose, sooner or later. But this young fellow! You know his history?

PAULA. His history?

AUBREY. You remember the papers were full of his name a few months ago?

Paula. Oh, yes.

AUBREY. The man's as brave as a lion, there's no doubt about that; and, at the same time, he's like a big good-natured school-boy, Mrs. Cortelyon says. Have you ever pictured the kind of man Ellean would marry some day?

PAULA. I can't say that I have.

AUBREY. A grave, sedate fellow I've thought about—hah! She has fallen in love with the way in which Ardale practically laid down his life to save those poor people shut up in the Residency. [Taking off his coat.] Well, I suppose if a man can do that sort of thing, one ought to be content. And yet—[Throwing his coat on the settee.] I should have met him to-night, but he'd gone out. Paula dear, tell me how you look upon this business.

PAULA. Yes, I will - I must. To begin

with, I — I 've seen Mr. Ardale.

AUBREY. Captain Ardale?

PAULA. Captain Ardale.

AUBREY. Seen him?

PAULA. While you were away he came up here, through our grounds, to try to get a word with Ellean. I made her fetch him in and present him to me.

AUBREY [frowning]. Does n't Captain Ardale know there's a lodge and a front door to this place? Never mind! What is

your impression of him?

Paula. Aubrey, do you recollect my bringing you a letter—a letter giving you an account of myself—to the Albany late one night—the night before we got married?

AUBREY. A letter ?

PAULA. You burnt it; don't you know?

Aubrey. Yes; I know. Paula. His name was in that letter.

AUBREY [going back from her slowly, and staring at her]. I don't understand.

PAULA. Well - Ardale and I once kept house together. [He remains silent, not moving.] Why don't you strike me? Hit me in the face — I'd rather you did! Hurt me! hurt me!

AUBREY [after a pause]. What did you -and this man - say to each other just now?

PAULA. I - hardly - know.

AUBREY. Think!

PAULA. The end of it all was that I - I told him I must inform you of - what had happened . . . he did n't want me to do that . . . I declared that I would . . . he dared me to. [Breaking down.] Let me alone! - oh!

AUBREY. Where was my daughter while this went on?

PAULA. I - I had sent her out of the room . . . that is all right.

Aubrey. Yes, yes — yes, yes.

[He turns his head towards the door.] PAULA. Who 's that?

[A Servant enters with a letter.]

SERVANT. The coachman has just run up with this from The Warren, sir. [AU-BREY takes the letter.] It's for Mrs. Tanqueray, sir; there's no answer.

[The SERVANT withdraws. AUBREY goes to PAULA and drops the letter into her lap; she opens it with un-

certain hands.]

PAULA [reading it to herself]. It's from -him. He's going away - or gone - I think. [Rising in a weak way.] What does it say? I never could make out his writing.

[She gives the letter to AUBREY, and stands near him, looking at the letter over his shoulder as he reads.]

AUBREY [reading]. "I shall be in Paris by to-morrow evening. Shall wait there, at Meurice's, for a week, ready to receive any communication you or your husband may address to me. Please invent some explanation to Ellean. Mrs. Tanqueray, for God's sake, do what you can for me."

[PAULA and Aubrey speak in low voices, both still looking at the

letter.]

PAULA. Has he left The Warren, I w der, already?

AUBREY. That does n't matter.

PAULA. No; but I can picture him ing quietly off. Very likely he's walk on to Bridgeford or Cottering to-night, get the first train in the morning. A ple ant stroll for him.

AUBREY. We 'll reckon he 's gone, that enough.

PAULA. That is n't to be answered in a wav?

AUBREY. Silence will answer that.

PAULA. He'll soon recover his spirits

AUBREY. You know. Offering her t letter.] You don't want this, I suppose? Paula. No.

AUBREY. It 's done with - done with.

[He tears the letter into small piece She has dropped the envelope; & searches for it, finds it, and gives to him.]

PAULA. Here!

AUBREY [looking at the remnants of t letter]. This is no good; I must burn it.

PAULA. Burn it in your room.

AUBREY. Yes.

PAULA. Put it in your pocket for now. AUBREY. Yes.

[He does so. Ellean enters, and the both turn, guiltily, and stare at her ELLEAN [after a short silence, wonder

ingly]. Papa

AUBREY. What do you want, Ellean? ELLEAN. I heard from Willis that yo had come in; I only want to wish you good night. [PAULA steals away, without looking back. What's the matter? Ah! Of cours Paula has told you about Captain Ardale

AUBREY. Well?

ELLEAN. Have you and he met?

AUBREY. No.

ELLEAN. You are angry with him; s was I. But to-morrow when he calls an expresses his regret — to-morrow —

AUBREY. Ellean - Ellean!

ELLEAN. Yes, papa.

AUBREY. I - I can't let you see the man again. [He walks away from her in paroxysm of distress, then, after a moment of two, he returns to her and takes her to he arms.] Ellean! my child!

ELLEAN [releasing herself]. What ha

happened, papa? What is it?

BREY Sthinking out his words deliber-Something has occurred, something ome to my knowledge, in relation to in Ardale, which puts any further actanceship between you two out of the

LEAN. Any further acquaintanceship

pout of the question? EBREY. Yes.

> [Advancing to her quickly, but she shrinks from him.]

FLEAN. No, no — I am quite well. $\int A f$ chort pause.] It 's not an hour ago since Cortelyon left you and me together you had nothing to urge against

min Ardale then. IBREY. No.

eiet.

FLEAN. You don't know each other; shave n't even seen him this evening. er!

CBREY. I have told you he and I have

ILEAN. Mrs. Cortelyon could n't have en against him to you just now. No, o; she's too good a friend to both of ren't you going to give me some ex-ition? You can't take this position lrds me — towards Captain Ardale put affording me the fullest explanation. BIBREY. Ellean, there are circumstances eected with Captain Ardale's career h you had better remain ignorant of. sust be sufficient for you that I consider e circumstances render him unfit to be husband.

LEAN. Father!

EJBREY. You must trust me, Ellean; must try to understand the depth of love for you and the - the agony it s me to hurt you. You must trust me. CLEAN. I will, father; but you must me a little too. Circumstances conled with Captain Ardale's career?

UBREY. Yes. LLEAN. When he presents himself here horrow, of course you will see him and

im defend himself?

UBREY. Captain Ardale will not be here orrow.

LLEAN. Not! You have stopped his ing here?

UBREY. Indirectly — yes.

LLEAN. But just now he was talking to at that window! Nothing had taken e then! And since then nothing can have -! Oh! Why - you have heard something against him from Paula.

Aubrey. From — Paula! ELLEAN. She knows him.

AUBREY. She has told you so?

ELLEAN. When I introduced Captain Ardale to her she said she had met him in London. Of course! It is Paula who has done this!

AUBREY [in a hard voice]. I — I hope you - you'll refrain from rushing at conclusions. There's nothing to be gained by trying to avoid the main point, which is that you must drive Captain Ardale out of your thoughts. Understand that! You're able to obtain comfort from your religion, are n't you? I 'm glad to think that 's so. I talk to you in a harsh way, Ellean, but I feel your pain almost as acutely as you do. [Going to the door.] I - I can't say anything more to you to-night.

ELLEAN. Father! [He pauses at the door.] Father, I'm obliged to ask you this; there's no help for it -I 've no mother to go to. Does what you have heard about Captain Ardale concern the time when he led a

wild, a dissolute life in London?

AUBREY [returning to her slowly and star-

ing at her]. Explain yourself!

ELLEAN. He has been quite honest with me. One day - in Paris - he confessed to me — what a man's life is — what his life

AUBREY [under his breath]. Oh!

ELLEAN. He offered to go away, not to approach me again.

AUBREY. And you - you accepted his

view of what a man's life is?

ELLEAN. As far as I could forgive him,

I forgave him.

AUBREY [with a groan]. Why, when was it you left us? It has n't taken you long to get your robe "just a little dusty at the hem!"

ELLEAN. What do you mean?

AUBREY. Hah! A few weeks ago my one great desire was to keep you ignorant of evil.

ELLEAN. Father, it is impossible to be ignorant of evil. Instinct, common instinct, teaches us what is good and bad. Surely I am none the worse for knowing what is wicked and detesting it!

AUBREY. Detesting it! Why, you love

this fellow!

ELLEAN. Ah, you don't understand! I have simply judged Captain Ardale as we all pray to be judged. I have lived in imagination through that one week in India when he deliberately offered his life back to God to save those wretched, desperate people. In his whole career I see now nothing but that one week; those few hours bring him nearer the saints, I believe, than fifty uneventful years of mere blamelessness would have done! And so, father, if Paula has reported anything to Captain Ardale's discredit—

AUBREY. Paula —!

ELLEAN. It must be Paula; it can't be nybody else.

AUBREY. You—you'll please keep Paula out of the question. Finally, Ellean, understand me—I have made up my mind.

[Again going to the door.]
ELLEAN. But wait — listen! I have made
up my mind also.

AUBREY. Ah! I recognize your mother

in you now!

ELLEAN. You need not speak against my mother because you are angry with me!

AUBREY. I—I hardly know what I'm saying to you. In the morning—in the morning—

[He goes out. She remains standing, and turns her head to listen. Then, after a moment's hesitation she goes softly to the window, and looks out under the veranda.]

Ellean [in a whisper]. Paula! Paula!

[Paula appears outside the window and steps into the room; her face is white and drawn, her hair is a little disordered.]

PAULA [huskily]. Well?

ELLEAN. Have you been under the veanda all the while — listening?

PAULA. No - no.

ELLEAN. You have overheard us — I see you have. And it is you who have been speaking to my father against Captain Ardale. Is n't it? Paula, why don't you own it or deny it?

PAULA. Oh, I - I don't mind owning it;

Why should I?

ELLEAN. Ah! You seem to have been

very, very eager to tell your tale.

PAULA. No, I was n't eager, Ellean. I'd have given something not to have had to do it. I was n't eager.

ELLEAN. Not! Oh, I think you m safely have spared us all for a little wh PAULA. But, Ellean, you forget I

am your stepmother. It was my — my do to tell your father what I — wha

rnew -

ELLEAN. What you knew! Why, as all, what can you know? You can of speak from gossip, report, hearsay! How it possible that you—! [She stops abrup The two women stand staring at each of for a moment; then ELLEAN backs are from PAULA slowly.] Paula!

PAULA. What — what's the matter? ELLEAN. You — you knew Captain

dale in London!

PAULA. Why — what do you mean? ELLEAN. Oh!

[She makes for the door, but PAT catches her by the wrist.]

PAULA. You shall tell me what y mean!

ELLEAN. Ah! [Suddenly, looking fixe into Paula's face.] You know what mean.

PAULA. You accuse me!

ELLEAN. It's in your face!

PAULA [hoarsely]. You — you think I — that sort of creature, do you?

ELLEAN. Let me go!

PAULA. Answer me! You've alwa hated me! [Shaking her.] Out with it! ELLEAN. You hurt me!

PAULA. You've always bated me! Y

shall answer me!

ELLEAN. Well, then, I have always always —

PAULA. What?

ELLEAN. I have always known what y

Paula. Ah! Who—who told you? Ellean. Nobody but yourself. From the first moment I saw you I knew you we altogether unlike the good women I'd led directly I saw you I knew what my fath had done. You've wondered why I'turned from you! There—that's the reson! Oh, but this is a horrible way for the truth to come home to every one! Oh!

PAULA. It's a lie! It's all a lie! [For ing Ellean down upon her knees.] You sha beg my pardon for it. [Ellean utters loud shriek of terror.] Ellean, I'm a gowoman! I swear I am! I've always bee a good woman! You dare to say I've ever a good woman! You dare to say I've ever a good woman!

hanything else! It's a lie! [Throwing If violently.

[Aubrey reënters.]

BREY. Paula! [PAULA staggers back UBREY advances. Raising ELLEAN. it's this? What's this?

LEAN [faintly]. Nothing. It - it's ault. Father, I - I don't wish to see min Ardale again.

She goes out, Aubrey slowly following her to the door.]

JAULA. Aubrey, she — she guesses.

BUBREY. Guesses?

AULA. About me — and Ardale. EJBREY. About you — and Ardale? AULA. She says she suspected my charfrom the beginning . . . that 's why s always kept me at a distance . . . onow she sees through -

[She falters; he helps her to the otto-

man, where she sits.]

HUBREY [bending over her]. Paula, you ht have said something — admitted some-

·g ---MAULA. I don't think so. It — it's in

TUBREY. What?

TAULA. She tells me so. She 's right! I 'm eted through and through; anybody can it, anybody can find it out. You said

h the same to me to-night.

JUBREY. If she has got this idea into head we must drive it out, that's all. must take steps to — What shall we We had better - better - What -[Sitting and staring before him.] t? IAULA. Ellean! So meek, so demure! 'i've often said she reminded you of her ther. Yes, I know now what your first riage was like.

LUBREY. We must drive this idea out of head. We'll do something. What shall

odo?

'AULA. She's a regular woman, too. could forgive him easily enough - but That's just a woman!

RUBREY. What can we do? PAULA. Why, nothing! She'd have no iculty in following up her suspicions. picions! You should have seen how she ked at me! [He buries his head in his ds. There is silence for a time, then she s slowly, and goes and sits beside him.] brev.

AUBREY. Yes.

Paula. I'm very sorry.

Without meeting her eyes, he lays his hand on her arm for a moment.]

AUBREY. Well, we must look things straight in the face. [Glancing around.] At

any rate, we've done with this.

PAULA. I suppose so. [After a brief pause.] Of course, she and I can't live under the same roof any more. You know she kissed me to-night, of her own accord.

AUBREY. I asked her to alter toward!

PAULA. That was it, then.

AUBREY. I - I'm sorry I sent her away. PAULA. It was my fault; I made it necessary.

AUBREY. Perhaps now she 'll propose to return to the convent - well, she must.

PAULA. Would you like to keep her with

you and - and leave me?

AUBREY. Paula—!
PAULA. You need n't be afraid I'd go

back to - what I was. I could n't.

AUBREY. S-sh, for God's sake! Weyou and I - we'll get out of this place . . . what a fool I was to come here again! PAULA. You lived here with your first

AUBREY. We 'll get out of this place and go abroad again, and begin afresh.

Paula. Begin afresh?

AUBREY. There's no reason why the future should n't be happy for us — no reason that I can see -

PAULA. Aubrey! AUBREY. Yes.

PAULA. You'll never forget this, you

AUBREY. This?

PAULA. To-night, and everything that's led up to it. Our coming here, Ellean, our quarrels - cat and dog! - Mrs. Cortelyon, the Orreyeds, this man! What an everlast. ing nightmare for you!

AUBREY. Oh, we can forget it, if we

choose.

PAULA. That was always your cry. How

can one do it!

AUBREY. We'll make our calculations solely for the future, talk about the future, think about the future.

PAULA. I believe the future is only the past again, entered through another gate.

AUBREY. That 's an awful belief.

Paula. To-night proves it. You must see now that, do what we will, go where we will, you'll be continually reminded of — what I was. I see it.

AUBREY. You're frightened to-night; meeting this man has frightened you. But that sort of thing is n't likely to recur. The world is n't quite so small as all that.

Paula. Is n't it! The only great distances it contains are those we carry within ourselves—the distances that separate husbands and wives, for instance. And so it'll be with us. You'll do your best—oh, I know that—you're a good fellow. But circumstances will be too strong for you in the end, mark my words.

AUBREY. Paula —!

PAULA. Of course I'm pretty now --I'm pretty still - and a pretty woman, whatever else she may be, is always well, endurable. But even now I notice that the lines of my face are getting deeper; so are the hollows about my eyes. Yes, my face is covered with little shadows that use n't to be there. Oh, I know I 'm "going off." I hate paint and dye and those messes, but by and by, I shall drift the way of the others; I shan't be able to help myself. And then, some day - perhaps very suddenly, under a queer, fantastic light at night or in the glare of the morning - that horrid, irresistible truth that physical repulsion forces on men and women will come to you, and you'll sicken at me.

AUBREY. I -!

PAULA. You'll see me then, at last, with other people's eyes; you 'll see me just as your daughter does now, as all wholesome folks see women like me. And I shall have no weapon to fight with - not one serviceable little bit of prettiness left me to defend myself with! A worn-out creature broken up, very likely, some time before I ought to be - my hair bright, my eyes dull, my body too thin or too stout, my cheeks raddled and ruddled — a ghost, a wreck, a caricature, a candle that gutters, call such an end what you like! Oh, Aubrey, what shall I be able to say to you then? And this is the future you talk about! I know it - I know it! The is still sitting staring forward; she rocks herself to and fro as if in pain.] Oh, Aubrey! Oh! Oh!

AUBREY. Paula —! [Trying to comfort

her.

PAULA. Oh, and I wanted so much sleep to-night! [Laying her head upon shoulder. From the distance, in the gard there comes the sound of DRUMMLE'S voice he is singing as he approaches the hous That's Cayley, coming back from T Warren. [Starting up.] He does n't knoevidently. I—I won't see him!

[She goes out quickly. Drumml voice comes nearer. Aubrey rou himself and snatches up a book fr table, making a pretence of readi After a moment or two, Drumm appears at the window and looks?

DRUMMLE. Aha! my dear chap! AUBREY. Cayley?

DRUMMLE [coming into the room]. I we down to The Warren after you.

AUBREY. Yes?

Drummle. Missed you. Well—I been gossiping with Mrs. Cortelyon. Co found you, I've heard the news!

AUBREY. What have you heard? DRUMMLE. What have I heard! W—Ellean and young Ardale! [Looking AUBREY keenly.] My dear Aubrey! Al is under the impression that you are inclint to look on the affair favorably.

AUBREY [rising and advancing to DRU MLE]. You've not — met — Captain

dale?

DRUMMLE. No. Why do you ask? By by, I don't know that I need tell you—lit's rather strange. He's not at The Warn to-night.

AUBREY. No?

DRUMMLE. He left the house half hour ago, to stroll about the lanes; just na note came from him, a scribble in pensimply telling Alice that she would receive a letter from him to-morrow. What's a matter? There's nothing very wrong, there? My dear chap, pray forgive me, I'm asking too much.

AUBREY. Cayley, you - you urged 1

to send her away!

Drummle. Ellean! Yes, yes. But—b—by all accounts this is quite an eligil young fellow. Alice has been giving me thistory—

AUBREY. Curse him! [Hurling his boto to the floor.] Curse him! Yes, I do curse h—him and his class! Perhaps I curse m self, too, in doing it—He has only led man's life"—just as I, how many of the self.

done! The misery he has brought on and mine it's likely enough we, in our have helped to bring on others by this ug "a man's life!" But I do curse him all that. My God, I've nothing more ar—I've paid my fine! And so I can him in safety. Curse him! Curse him! RUMMLE. In Heaven's name, tell mes's happened?

BUBREY [gripping DRUMMLE'S arm].

a! Paula!

TRUMMLE. What?

EUBREY. They met to-night here. They pay — they re not strangers to each r.

URUMMLE. Aubrey!

FUBREY. Curse him! My poor, wretched! My poor, wretched wife!

[The door opens and Ellean appears. The two men turn to her. There is a moment's silence.]

LLLEAN. Father . . . father . . . !

fubrey. Ellean?

ELLEAN. I — I want you. [He goes to her.] Father . . . go to Paula! [He looks into her face, startled.] Quickly — quickly! [He passes her to go out; she seizes his arm, with a cry.] No, no; don't go!

[He shakes her off and goes. Ellean staggers back towards Drummle.]

DRUMMLE [to ELLEAN]. What do you mean? What do you mean?

ELLEAN. I—İ went to her room—to tell her I was sorry for something I had said to her. And I was sorry—I was sorry. I heard the fall. I—I've seen her. It's horrible.

DRUMMLE. She — she has —!

ELLEAN. Killed—herself? Yes—yes. So everybody will say. But I know—I helped to kill her. If I'd only been merciful!

[She faints upon the ottoman. He pauses for a moment irresolutely—then he goes to the door, opens it and stands looking out.]



MICHAEL AND HIS LOST ANGEL A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS BY HENRY ARTHUR JONES

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PERSONS REPRESENTED

THE REVEREND MICHAEL FEVERSHAM
SIR LYOLF FEVERSHAM
EDWARD LASHMAR (FATHER HILARY)
ANDREW GIBBARD
THE REVEREND MARK DOCWRAY
WITHYCOMBE
AUDRIE LESDEN
ROSE GIBBARD
MRS. CANTELO
FANNY CLOVER

Villagers, Congregation, Choristers, Priests

- ACT I. THE VICARAGE PARLOR AT CLEVEHEDDON (Four months pass)
- ACT II. THE SHRINE ON SAINT DECUMAN'S ISLAND (Two nights and a day pass)
- ACT III. THE VICARAGE PARLOR AS IN ACT I (A year passes)
- ACT IV. THE MINSTER CHURCH AT CLEVEHEDDON (Ten months pass)
- ACT V. RECEPTION ROOM OF THE MONASTERY OF SAN SALVATORE AT MAJANO, ITALY



MICHAEL AND HIS LOST ANGEL

ACT I

ENE — The Vicarage parlor at Clevehed-An old-fashioned comfortable room in an English house. A large window, with low d sill, takes up nearly all the back of the e, showing to the right a part of Cleveheddon tester in ruins. To the left a stretch of West tatry landscape. A door, right, leading to se. A fireplace, right. A door, left. Table w chairs, right. A portrait of MICHAEL'S ther hangs on wall at a height of about nine

It is a very striking painting of a lady at twenty-eight, very delicate and spirituelle.

Lee. — A fine spring morning. Discover at window, looking off right, with face turned y from audience, and in an attitude of wined attention to something outside, Antwo Gibbard. Enter Fanny Clover, the arage servant, showing in the Reverend the Docwray, a middle-aged clergyman.

A'ANNY. Mr. Feversham is over to the erch, sir, but he'll be back directly.

[Exit.]

MARK. Andrew —

[Andrew turns round, an odd, rather seedy, carelessly-dressed man, a little over forty, rather gaunt, longish hair, an intelligent face with something slightly sinister about it. He shows signs of great recent sorrow and distress.]

MARK. Andrew, what is it?

ANDREW. I'd rather not tell you, Mr.

MARK. Nothing has happened to Mr.

wark. Nothing has happened to in

ANDREW. No.

MARK. Come! Come! What's the mat-

Andrew. My daughter —

MARK. What ails her? Where is she? ANDREW. Over at the church.

MARK. What is she doing?

MARK. What is she toding; AANDREW. Making a public confession.

MARK. Public confession — of what?

ANDREW. You'll be sure to hear all out it, so I may as well tell you myself.

Perhaps it was my fault, perhaps I neglected her. All my time is given to Mr. Feversham in the library here. While I was buried in my work, and sometimes staying here half the night with Mr. Feversham, a scoundrel ruined my girl. Of course my only thought was to hide it. Was I wrong?

MARK. Go on. Tell me all.

Andrew. Well, right or wrong, I sent her away to the other end of England. Her child only lived a few weeks. And I brought her back home thinking it was all hushed up.

MARK. But it became known?

Andrew. Yes. Little by little, things began to leak out. Well, you may blame me, if you like — I lied about it; and the more lies I told, the more I had to tell to cover them. Mr. Feversham heard of it and questioned us. Like a fool I lied to him. It was n't like lying, it was like murdering the truth to tell lies to him. And she had to lie, too. Of course he believed us and defended us against everybody. And then we dared n't tell him the truth.

MARK. Go on. What else?

Andrew. There's nothing else. It all had to come out at last.

MARK. What did Mr. Feversham do?

Andrew. He persuaded us that we could never be right with ourselves, or right with our neighbors, or right with our God, till we had unsaid all our lies, and undone our deceit. So we've confessed it this morning.

MARK. In church? In public?

Andrew. Yes. I would n't have minded it for myself. But was it necessary for her—for Rose? Was it bound to be in public before all her companions, before all who had watched her grow up from a child?

MARK. You may be sure Mr. Feversham would n't have urged it unless he had felt

it to be right and necessary.

Andrew. I would n't have done it for anybody else in the world. I feel almost as

if I were quits with him for all his favors to me.

MARK. You must n't speak like this. Re-

member all he has done for you.

ANDREW. Oh, I don't forget it. I don't forget that I was his scout's son, and that he educated me and made me his friend and companion and helper — there is n't a crumb I eat or a thread I wear that I don't owe to him. I don't forget it. But after this morning, I feel it is n't I who am in Mr. Feversham's debt — it's he who is in my debt.

[A penitential hymn, with organ accompaniment, is sung in church

outside.]

Andrew [looking off]. It's over. They're coming out.

MARK. Why are n't you there, in church, by her side?

Andrew. I was. I went to church with her. I stood up first and answered all his questions, and then I stood aside, and it was her turn. I saw her step forward, and I noticed a little twitch of her lip like her mother used to have, and then — I could n't bear it any longer — I came away. I know it was cowardly, but I could n't stay. [Looking off.] Hark! They 're coming! She's coming with the sister who is going to take her away.

MARK. Take her away?

Andrew. Mr. Feversham thinks it better for her to be away from the gossip of the village, so he has found a home for her with some sisters in London. She's going straight off there. Perhaps it's best. I don't know.

[Rose Gibbard, sobbing, with her face in her hands, passes the window from right to left, supported by an Anglican sister. The Reverence Michael Feversham follows them and passes window. A crowd of villagers come up to the window and look in. A moment or two later, Rose Gibbard enters left, supported by the sister. Rose is a pretty, delicate girl of about twenty, with rather refined features and bearing.]

Andrew [holding out his arms to her]. Bear up, my dear. Don't cry! It breaks

my heart to see you.

[Enter the Reverend Michael Feversham, about forty; pale, strong, calm, ascetic, scholarly face, with much sweetness and spirituality of expression; very dignified, ger manners, calm, strong, persuasive vo rarely raised above an ordinary speaking to His whole presence and bearing denote gr strength of character, great dignity, great g tleness, and great self-control.

The villagers gather round the outside of window and look in with mingled curioss rudeness, and respect. Michael goes up left window, opens it. The villagers dr

back a little.]

MICHAEL [speaking in a very calm voice. Those of you who are filled with idle for ish curiosity, come and look in. [They for back.] Those of you who have been move by the awful lesson of this morning, go your homes, ponder it in your hearts, that all your actions and all your though from this time forth may be as open as the day, as clear as crystal, as white as snow

[They all go away gradually. M CHAEL comes away from the widow, leaving it open, goes to MARI

MICHAEL. Mark! [Cordial handshake You've come to stay, I hope?

MARK. A few days. You have a litt business here?

[Glancing at the group of Rose, And Drew, and Sister.]

MICHAEL. It's nearly finished. Leaveme with them for a few moments.

MARK. I'll get rid of the dust of m journey and come back to you.

[Exit Mark. Michael turns toward Rose with great tenderness.]
Michael. Poor child!

[She comes towards him with evide effort; the Sister brings a chair ar she sinks into it, sobbing.]

MICHAEL [bending over her with gree tenderness]. I know what you have suffere this morning. I would willingly have born it for you, but that would not have mad reparation to those whom you have de ceived, or given you peace in your ow soul. [She continues sobbing.] Hush! Hush All the bitterness is past! Look only to the future! Think of the happy newness an whiteness of your life from this moment Think of the delight of waking in the morn ing and knowing that you have nothing t hide! Be sure you have done right to ow your sin. There won't be a softer pillow i England to-night than the one your hea rests upon. [She hecomes quieter. MICHAE turns to the Sister.] Watch over her ver ally. Keep her from brooding. Let ce occupied constantly with work. And to me very often to tell me how she Turns to Rose.] The carriage is ready. lime to say good-bye.

DSE. Good-bye, sir. Thank you for all kindness. I've been very wicked -ICHAEL. Hush! That is all buried

DSE. Good-bye, father.

[Throws her arms round Andrew's neck, clings to him, sobs convulsively for some moments in a paroxysm of grief. MICHAEL watches them for some moments.]

CICHAEL. [Intercepts, gently separates .] It's more than she can bear. Say

b-bye, and let her go.

INDREW [breaking down]. Good-bye, my ! [Kissing her.] Good-bye - I-I-I

Tears himself away, goes up to window, stands back to audience.]

CICHAEL. [To Rose.] No more tears! rs are for evil and sin, and yours are all ! Write to me and tell me how you get and how you like the work. It will g you great peace - great peace. Why, are comforted already - I think I see of your old happy smiles coming. What you think, sister, is n't that the beging of a smile?

TETER. Yes, sir. I think it is.

MOSE. Good-bye, sir — thank you for all

r goodness. I - I -

[Beginning to sob again.] IICHAEL. No, no, you are forgetting. I it see a little smile before you go. Look, drew. [Andrew turns round.] For your ner's sake. When you have gone you will him to remember that the last time saw your face it wore a smile. That's eve! Good-bye! Good-bye!

Rose with great effort forces a smile and goes off with the Sister. A moment or two later she is seen to pass the window sobbing in the

Sister's arms.]

ANDREW. Look! Oh, sir, was it bound pe in public, before everybody who knew

, ?

MICHAEL. Believe me, Andrew, if my n sister, if my own child had been in er daughter's place, I would have couned her to act as your daughter has ie.

Andrew. She 'll never hold up her head

again.

MICHAEL. Would you rather that she held up her head in deceit and defiance, or that she held it down in grief and penitence? Think what you and she have endured this last year, the deceit, the agony, the shame, the guilt!

Andrew. I can't think of anything except her standing up in the church. I shall

never forget it.

MICHAEL. Tell me you know I would willingly have spared you and her if it had been possible.

ANDREW. Then it was n't possible?

MICHAEL. I have done to you this morning as I would wish to be done by if I had followed a course of continued decep-

ANDREW. Ah, sir, it's easy for you to talk. You are n't likely to be tempted, so

you are n't likely to fall.

MICHAEL. I trust not! I pray God to keep me. But if ever I did, I should think him my true friend who made me confess and rid my soul of my guilt. And you think me your true friend, don't you, Andrew? [Holding out hand.] Won't you shake hands with me?

[Andrew takes Michael's hand reluctantly, shakes it half-heartedly;

is going off at door.]

MICHAEL. [Calls.] Andrew, it will be very lonely in your own house now your daughter has gone. Come and live with me here. There is the large visitors' room. Take it for your own, and make this your home. You will be nearer to our work, and you will be nearer to me, my friend.

[MARK enters.]

MARK [at door]. Am I interrupting? MICHAEL. No. Come in. My little talk with Andrew is finished. [To ANDREW.] Say you know I have done what is right and best for you and her.

ANDREW. You've done what you thought was best for us, sir. I've never doubted that. I can't see anything straight or clear

MARK. You've had a painful business

here?

MICHAEL. Terrible! But I was bound to go through with it. The whole village was talking of it. I believed in her innocence

and defended her to the last. So when the truth came out I daren't hush it up. I should have been accused of hiding sin in my own household. But that poor child! My heart bled for her! Don't let us speak any more of it. Tell me about yourself and the work in London.

MARK. You must come and join us there.

[MICHAEL shakes his head.] MICHAEL. I could n't live there. Every time I go up for a day or two I come back more and more sickened and frightened and disheartened. Besides, you forget my Eastern studies. They are my real work. I could n't pursue them in the hurry and fever of London.

MARK. How are you getting on with the

Arabic translations?

MICHAEL. Slowly but surely. Andrew is invaluable to me. In spite of his bringing up, he has the true instincts of the scholar.

MARK. Well, you know best. But we want you in London. You'd soon raise the

funds for restoring the Minster.

MICHAEL. [Shakes his head.] I can't go

round with the hat.

MARK. How's the work getting on? MICHAEL. Very slowly. I'm afraid I shall never live to finish it. By the by, I received fifty pounds anonymously only yesterday.

MARK. Have you any idea where it came from?

MICHAEL. No. The Bank advised me that it had been paid to my credit by a reader of my "Hidden Life," who desired

to remain anonymous.

MARK. The book is having an enormous influence. Nothing else is talked about. And it has gained you one very rich proselyte - this Mrs. Lesden. She's living here, is n't she?

MICHAEL. Yes. Curious woman -

MARK. Have you seen much of her? MICHAEL. I called, of course. I've met her once or twice at dinner. She has called here three or four times, and wasted several good hours for me.

MARK. How wasted?

MICHAEL. Kept me from my work. I wish the woman would take herself back to London.

MARK. Why?

MICHAEL. Her frivolity and insincerity repel me. No - not insincerity. I recall that. For she said one or two things seemed to show a vein of true, deep f ing. But on the whole I dislike herthink I dislike her very much.

MARK. Why?

MICHAEL. She comes regularly church -

MARK. Surely there's no very gr harm in that -

MICHAEL. No; but I don't know wheth she's mocking, or criticizing, or worsh ing; or whether she's merely bored, a thinking that my surplice is not enough starched, or starched too much.

MARK. She's very rich, and would an immense help to our movement. I show

try and cultivate her.

MICHAEL. I can't cultivate people. WI

do you think of her?

MARK. A very clever society woman, the more clever that she was not born society.

MICHAEL. What do you know of her MARK. Merely what I wrote you in r letter. That she was the only daughter an Australian millionaire. Her great-gran father, I believe, was an Australian co vict. She was sent to England to be ed cated, went back to Australia, married, lo her husband and father, came back to En land a widow, took a house in Mayfair, e tertained largely, gave largely to charitic read your book, "The Hidden Life," can down to see the country round here, made up her mind to live here, and wanted introduction to you - which I gave her. Enter Fanny, announcing SIR LYOLF FEVE

SHAM, an English country gentleman, abo sixty-five, a little old-fashioned in manne

and dress. Exit FANNY.

SIR LYOLF. Michael - Mr. Docwray Glad to see you. You're talking business or rather religion, which is your busines Am I in the way?

MICHAEL. No, we're not talking bus

ness. We're discussing a woman.

SIR LYOLF. Are n't women nine tentl of a parson's business? [MICHAEL looks little shocked.] Excuse me, my dear bo [To Mark.] I quite believe in all Michael is doing. I accept all his new doctrine I'm prepared to go all lengths with hin on condition that I indulge the latent of Adam in me with an occasional mild joke a his expense. But [with great feeling] he know roud I am of him, and how thankful to God for having given me a son ss shaping religious thought throughngland to-day, and who [with a change humor will never be a bishop - not an archdeacon - I don't believe he 'll much as a rural dean. What about woman you were discussing? I'll bet oughs himself up] — I should say, I'll r - [MICHAEL looks shocked, SIR F shrugs his shoulders at MARK, proin a firm voice] - without staking anyl, I will wager I know who the lady is rs. Lesden? Am I right?

ECHAEL. Yes.

R LYOLF. Well, I have n't heard your oon of her. But I'll give you mine out prejudice - [with emphasis] very lr lot.

FARK. Michael had just said she was a

sus creature.

EICHAEL. I don't understand her.

R LYOLF. When you don't understand man, depend upon it there 's something quite right about her.

CICHAEL. She seems to have immense

fibilities of good and evil.

R LYOLF. Nonsense. There are all of men, but, believe me, there are two sorts of women - good and bad. CICHAEL. You can't divide women into classes like that.

R LYOLF. But I do - sheep and goats. ep on the right hand - goats on the

CICHAEL [shaking his head]. Women's cacters have greater subtlety than you bose.

ER LYOLF. Subtlety is the big cant word rur age. Depend upon it, there 's nothing tubtlety. It either means hair-splitting t means downright evil. The devil was first subtle character we meet with in ory.

dichael. And he has still something to with the shaping of character in this

Ild. IR LYOLF. I don't doubt it. And I ak he has very likely something to do

h the shaping of Mrs. Lesden's.

IICHAEL. Has n't he something to do h the shaping of all our characters? n't all our souls swing continually been heaven and hell?

IR LYOLF. Well, the woman whose soul

swings continually between heaven and hell is not the woman whom I would choose to sit at my fireside or take the head of my table. Though I don't say I would n't ask her to dinner occasionally. That reminds me, how long are you staying, Mr. Docwray?

MARK. Only till Friday. SIR LYOLF. You'll dine with me tomorrow evening?

MARK. Delighted. SIR LYOLF. You too, Michael. I'll ask the Standerwicks, and [suddenly] suppose I ask this lady?

MICHAEL. Mrs. Lesden? I would rather

you did n't.

SIR LYOLF. Why not? If her soul is swinging between heaven and hell, it would only be kind of you to give it a jog towards heaven.

MICHAEL. Very well—ask her. But I would rather you did n't speak lightly of —

SIR LYOLF. Of her soul?

MICHAEL. Of any one's soul?

SIR LYOLF. I won't - even of a woman's. But I wish they would n't swing about. Women's souls ought n't to swing anywhere, except towards heaven. Ah, Michael, you must let me have my fling. Remember when I was a boy, religion was a very simple, easy-going affair. Parson - clerk old three-decker pulpit - village choir. What a village choir! I suppose it was all wrong - but they were very comfortable old days.

MICHAEL. Religion is not simple - or

easy-going.

SIR LYOLF. No. Subtlety again. I want a plain "yes" or "no," a plain black or white, a plain right or wrong, and none of our teachers or preachers is prepared to give it to me. Oh dear! This world has grown too subtle for me! I'll step over to Island House and ask Mrs. Lesden to dinner to-morrow.

MARK. I'll come with you and pay my respects to her. You don't mind, Michael? MICHAEL. Not at all. I want to set An-

drew to work at once to keep him from

dwelling on his trouble.

SIR LYOLF. I did n't come to the church this morning. I felt it would be too painful, [Glancing up at portrait.] What would she have said about it?

MICHAEL. I think she approves what I

have done.

SIR LYOLF. [Looks at portrait, sighs, turns away.] Come, Mr. Docwray. I can't say I like this Mrs. Lesden of yours - I wonder why I 'm going to ask her to dinner.

MARK [who has been looking intently at portrait]. What a wonderful portrait that is of your mother! It seems as if she were alive!

MICHAEL. She is.

[Exit Mark after Sir Lyolf.] MICHAEL. [Goes up steps, takes portrait into his hand.] Yes, I have acted faithfully to my people, have I not? Whisper to me that I have done right to restore to this

wandering father and child the blessing of a transparent life, a life without secrecy and without guile! Whisper to me that in this morning's work I have done what is well pleasing to my God, and to you.

[Audrie Lesden, about thirty, in a very fashionable morning dress, enters at back of window in the opposite direction to that in which SIR LYOLF and MARK have gone off. At first she seems to be watching them off. When she gets to the open window, she turns and sees MICHAEL with the portrait in his hand. MICHAEL very reverently kisses the portrait and places it on table; as he does so he sees her.

MICHAEL. Mrs. Lesden!

AUDRIE. Was n't that Sir Lyolf who just went out?

MICHAEL. Yes. I'll call him back -AUDRIE. Please don't.

MICHAEL. But he wishes to speak to

AUDRIE. I don't wish to speak to him. MICHAEL. Why not?

AUDRIE. I wish to speak to you.

MICHAEL. About what?

AUDRIE. About my soul, about your soul, and about other people's souls. [Leaning a little in at the window. He remains silent, and reserved. All through the early part of the scene his demeanor is cold, constrained, and a little impatient. A pause.] I know you make it a rule always to see people about

MICHAEL [very coldly]. If they are really

in need of spiritual advice.

AUDRIE. I think I'm in need of spiritual advice. [A pause. He stands cold, irresponsive.] Did you see me in church?

MICHAEL. Yes.

AUDRIE. The whole thing was delig fully novel. [He frowns.] Do you mean repeat this morning's scene? MICHAEL. Scene?

AUDRIE. It was a "scene," you know felt terribly distressed for the poor g And yet I envied her?

MICHAEL. Envied her?

AUDRIE [leaning a little more in at window]. You must allow she was t heroine of the occasion, though you we certainly very impressive yourself, and c your part very well. Still, after all, it's t man who is to be hanged who is the cent figure in the proceedings. And the po little creature looked exquisitely pathe and graceful, and so sweetly innocent quite good enough to go to heaven rig away, I thought. A Sunday-school teach told me once that it is nearly always t good girls who are betrayed. Is that so?

MICHAEL [coldly]. You came to speak

me about yourself.

AUDRIE. So I did. Do you know when saw that girl standing there and looking interesting, I felt I would n't mind makin a public confession myself - if you thoug it would benefit the parish - and if yo would allow me to wear a special dress f the occasion?

[MICHAEL turns round quickly as about to speak angrily to her, stor remains silent.]

AUDRIE [musingly]. I suppose one coul n't confess in anything except black white. It could n't be done in red an yellow - or blue. Pale grey might d [Pause.] What do you think?

[MICHAEL does not reply AUDRIE [leaning a little more in at the window, in a much lower and subtler tone Don't you find it an exquisite pleasure t feel your sense of power over your people especially over us poor women?

MICHAEL. When you come to me yo are neither man nor woman - you are onl

a soul in sin and distress.

AUDRIE. Oh, no! I won't be an "it." I insist on being a woman, though I don' mind having a soul - and in sin and distress too. And I would save it - only I alway think it's such a selfish piece of business saving one's soul, -don't you? -so un kind to all one's neighbors? [He stand half-bored, half-angry. A little pause.] De now what I was thinking in church morning?

CHAEL. No.

DRIE. I was comparing the delights of different professions, — the soldier's, octor's, and the priest's. What a gloriby it must be to ride to meet a man is riding to kill you - and to kill him! I'd rather be a doctor, and play with and death. To have a man in your power, he him lying tossing on his bed, and to , "This may cure him, or it may kill Shall I risk it? At any rate, if he dies, Il have learnt so much. I will risk it! -he dies - No, he lives! I've saved ' Would n't you like to be a doctor? ICHAEL, No.

OIDRIE. That's because you know what ereater joy it is to be a priest. [He turns rangrily.] To play with people's souls—

DIDRIE. You do play with our souls, you? They're in your hands. To t, "This man, or, say, this woman, has mmortal soul. She is vain, silly, deceitofoolish, perhaps wicked, perhaps horwwicked. She'll lose her soul and be nally lost. But if I were to struggle her for it, rebuke her, teach her, plead her, entreat her, guide her - who svs — she's not wholly bad — I might her? Is she worth saving? The worse is, the greater will be my reward and or for having saved her. Shall I do it? woman's soul is in my keeping! I can ese for her eternal life or eternal death. at shall I do? Shall I save her, or let be lost?"

CICHAEL. [Comes eagerly to the window.] eyou mean that?

UDRIE. Mean what?

CICHAEL. That your soul is in my keep-

UDRIE. Not at all. I meant nothing exthat thoughts like these must contly stray through a priest's mind. Don't 7? [Long pause.] Why don't you speak? IICHAEL [cold, stern]. I have nothing to

LUDRIE [taking out purse, takes out two s]. Oh! I was forgetting — I 've ight you a little contribution for the foration of your Minster.

[Putting notes on window-sill. MI-CHAEL stands cold, angry.]

AUDRIE. Won't you take it? MICHAEL. Thank you. No.

AUDRIE. I think you're a little rude to me. I came as a heart-stricken penitent; you would n't accept me in that character. Then I came as a pious donor. You would n't accept me in that. You 've kept me outside here - you have n't even asked me

MICHAEL [very sternly]. Come in! [She looks up, uncertain as to his intentions. Same cold, stern voice.] Please to come in. That

way - the outer door is open.

[She goes off, he goes to door left, opens it, she comes in.]

MICHAEL. [The moment she has entered closes door decisively, then turns round on her very sternly.] What brings you to this village, to my church, to my house? Why are you here? Come to me as a penitent, and I will try to give you peace! Come to me as a woman of the world, and I will tell you "The friendship of the world is enmity with God. It always has been so, it always will be. The Church has no need of you, of your pretended devotions, of your gifts, of your presence at her services. Go your way back to the world, and leave her alone." But you come neither as a penitent, nor as a woman of the world. You come like - like some bad angel, to mock, and hint, and question, and suggest. How dare you play with sacred things? How dare

AUDRIE [in a very low, quiet, amused voice]. I do not think it seemly or becoming in a clergyman to give way to temper. If any one had asked me I should have said it was impossible in you.

[He stands stern, cold, repellent.]

[Enter Andrew.]

MICHAEL. What is it, Andrew? Andrew. I thought you were disengaged.

MICHAEL. So I am. I'll come to you at [Exit ANDREW.]

once. MICHAEL. [To AUDRIE.] You are right. It is unseemly to give way to temper, and perhaps you won't think me rude if I guard myself against it in future by asking you not to call upon me until I can be of real service to you. Good-morning.

AUDRIE. Mr. Feversham, Mr. Feversham. [MICHAEL turns.] I've been very rude and troublesome. I beg your pardon. Please forgive me.

MICHAEL. Certainly. Pray say no more. AUDRIE. I saw you kissing that portrait as I stood at the window. It is your mother?

MICHAEL. Yes.

AUDRIE. What a good woman she must have been! Don't think because I am bad -

MICHAEL. Are you bad?

AUDRIE. Did n't you say I was? I don't know whether I'm bad or good, but I know that no woman longs to be good more than I do - sometimes.

MICHAEL. Do you indeed?

AUDRIE [impulsively]. Let me kiss that portrait! [Leaning forward to do it.]

MICHAEL [peremptorily]. No.

[Intercepts and stops her.]

AUDRIE. Why not?

MICHAEL. I'd rather you did n't.

AUDRIE. You don't think I'm good enough.

MICHAEL. I cannot allow you. AUDRIE. Who painted it?

MICHAEL. A young Italian. My mother's brother is a Catholic priest, and at that time he was living at Rome. My mother went there for her health when I was three years old. This young Italian saw her and asked permission to paint her. She came home and died of consumption. Then my uncle sent this portrait to my father with the news that the young painter had also died of consumption.

AUDRIE. How strange! And you've had

it ever since?

MICHAEL. I was only a child when it came. I fell into the habit of saying my prayers before it. So when I first left home my father gave it to me; it has been with me ever since, at Eton, and Oxford, and in my different curacies.

AUDRIE. Won't you let me kiss it before [Leaning towards it.]

MICHAEL [preventing her]. I'd rather you did not.

AUDRIE. Why not?

MICHAEL. I have a strange belief about

that picture. I'll hang it up.

AUDRIE [a little intercepting him]. No. Let me look at it. Let me hold it in my hands. I won't kiss it without your permission. [She takes it and looks at it intently.] Tell me - what is your strange belief about it?

MICHAEL. My mother was a deeply re ligious woman, and before my birth sh consecrated me to this service as Hanna consecrated Samuel. When she was dyin she said to me, "I'm not leaving you. shall watch over you every moment of you life. There 's not a word, or a deed, or thought of yours but I shall know it. You won't see me, but I shall be very near you Sometimes my hands will be upon you head, but you won't know it; sometime my arms will be round you, but you won' feel them; sometimes my lips will be or your face, but you won't know that I have kissed you. Remember you are watched by the dead."

AUDRIE. And you believe that you are watched by the dead?

MICHAEL. Yes.

AUDRIE. And that she is with us now in this room?

MICHAEL. Yes.

AUDRIE. She is your good angel. MICHAEL. She is my good angel.

AUDRIE. I can understand why you dinot wish me to kiss her.

[MICHAEL makes a movement to take the picture.]

AUDRIE. [Retains it.] No. Yes, I feel she must be in this room.

MICHAEL. Why?

AUDRIE. I was full of silly wicked thoughts when I came - she has taken them away.

MICHAEL. Ah, if I dared hope that you

would really change!

AUDRIE. Perhaps I will. [Very imploringly.] Do let me kiss this sweet face.

[Pause.]

MICHAEL. No - at least not now, not yet. Please give it back to me. [He takes it.] I'll hang it up. [He takes it to steps.] Will you hold it for a moment?

She comes to steps, holds it while he mounts, gives it to him.]

AUDRIE. What a wonderful thought that is, that we are watched by the dead. It never occurred to me before. I wonder what a spirit is like? [He hangs up the picture.] Now she is quite out of my reach. [He comes down steps.] Won't you take that money for rebuilding the Minster! It's there on the window-sill. [He goes and takes it.] Thank you.

MICHAEL. Thank you.

AUDRIE. Then I'm not to call again?

Not even about my soul?

MICHAEL. I'm going over to the Island for some time, and shall only be back on Sundays.

AUDRIE. Saint Decuman's Island. You've built yourself a house over there, have n't

MICHAEL. The shrine was neglected and decayed. I restored it and built myself a couple of rooms round it. I've a few books, and just food and drink. I go over there sometimes for work and meditation.

AUDRIE. And yours is the only house on

the island?

MICHAEL. Yes.

AUDRIE. Is n't it awfully lonely there? MICHAEL [glancing at picture]. I'm never alone.

AUDRIE. No, you have your millions and millions of good and bad angels, besides hundreds of cheap excursionists.

MICHAEL. Yes, in the summer, but they

only stay a few hours.

AUDRIE. I can see the smoke from your chimney quite plainly in the evening from my drawing-room windows. How far is it across?

MICHAEL. About four miles.

AUDRIE. I shall get Hannaford to row me over some day. Don't look alarmed. I won't come when you are there. I should frighten all your good angels away. [MI-CHAEL shows a little impatience. You want to get rid of me. [Going, suddenly turns.] If I come to you as a penitent, you won't send me away?

MICHAEL. Not if I can be of service to

AUDRIE. I seem to have changed my nature since I came into this room.

MICHAEL. How?

AUDRIE. I don't know. I wonder how many natures I have and how often I can change them.

MICHAEL. I wish you would n't speak

like that.

AUDRIE. I won't. [Very seriously.] You said just now that I was playing with sacred things. I am, or I was until you spoke about her. [With warning.] Don't let me play with your soul.

MICHAEL. I don't understand you.

AUDRIE. You may do me good, but I am far more likely to do you harm.

MICHAEL. How?

AUDRIE. I'm not nearly so good a woman as you are a man.

MICHAEL. But perhaps I may influence

you for good.

AUDRIE. Do you think that you can have any influence on my soul without my hav-

ing an equal influence on yours? MICHAEL. Action and reaction are equal and opposite. You think that law prevails in the spiritual world as well as in the ma-

terial world?

AUDRIE. I'm sure it does. So let me go. MICHAEL [suddenly, with great feeling]. Oh, if I could save you!

AUDRIE. You can if you will. I would try so hard if you would only help me.

But you don't believe that I can.

MICHAEL. What makes you say that? AUDRIE. You called me a bad angel and you don't think me good enough to kiss her. [Sidling up to the steps; he makes a deprecating movement to prevent her, but she takes no notice.] If you knew it would give me a splendid impulse to goodness, would you refuse me? [She watches him very closely; he watches her, half deprecating, half consenting; she goes up a step or two; he again makes a deprecating gesture, but does not stop her.] Can't you see what an awful effect it would have on me if you thought me worthy to be in the company of your good angel? It would be almost a sacrament! [Going up steps. He makes a stronger gesture of deprecation.] Ah, you think I'm not worthy -

MICHAEL. No, no -

AUDRIE [on top of steps, very seductively]. Do save me. I'm worth saving. [Whispers.] I may kiss her? I may? I may? [He does not reply. She very reverently kisses the picture on the wall, turns round, comes down slowly to him. Your bad angel has kissed your good angel. [A mock curtsy to him.]

[Exit softly. MICHAEL stands troubled.]

ACT II

Scene - The Shrine on Saint Decuman's Island in the Bristol Channel, A living-room built round the shrine of the Saint, a fine piece of decayed Decorated Gothic now in the back wall of the room. A large fireplace down right. A door above fireplace. A door left; two windows, one on each side of the shrine, show the sea with the horizon line and the sky above. A bookcase; a table; old oaken paneling, about seven feet high, all round the room, and above them whitewashed walls. Red brick floor. Everything very rude and simple, and yet tasteful, as if it had been done by the village mason and carpenter under MICHAEL'S direction. Time, a September evening. Discover Andrew Gib-BARD packing a portmanteau, and EDWARD LASHMAR (FATHER HILARY), a Catholic priest, about sixty, very dignified and refined. Enter WITHYCOMBE, an old boatman.

WITHYCOMBE. Now, gentlemen, if yu'me ready to start! If yu daunt come sune, us shall lose the tide down.

FATHER HILARY. I'm quite ready, Withycombe, as soon as I have said "Goodbye" to Mr. Feversham.

WITHYCOMBE. Mr. Feversham ain't com-

ing along with us, then?

ANDREW. No, he stays on the island all the week, and you are to fetch him on Sat-

urday morning.

WITHYCOMBE. Saturday morning. Today's Wednesday. Right you are. Well and good. Saturday morning. Yu 'me coming on to Saint Margaret's along with us, Mr. Gibbard?

ANDREW. Yes-we can find some accommodation there for the night, can't we?

WITHYCOMBE. Well, I warn ye 't is rough.

FATHER HILARY. Rougher than Master had on his first coming here?

WITHYCOMBE. Well, I waun't say that, but so fur as I can judge, 'tis about as rough.

FATHER HILARY. Then it will do for me.

Where is Mr. Feversham?

WITHYCOMBE. A few minutes agone he wor watching the excursion steamer back to Lowburnham.

FATHER HILARY. Will you find him and

tell him that I am waiting to start?

WITHYCOMBE. Right you are, sir. Well and good. [Exit.]

FATHER HILARY. Andrew - have you noticed any change in Mr. Fevershan lately?

Andrew. Change, Father?

FATHER HILARY. He seems so restless and disturbed, so unlike himself.

ANDREW. Does he?

FATHER HILARY. It's six years since] was in England. But he was always so calm and concentrated. Has he any trouble, do vou know?

ANDREW. He has n't spoken of any.

FATHER HILARY. No. But you're with him constantly. Surely you must have seen the difference in him.

ANDREW. Yes. He has changed.

FATHER HILARY. How long has he been

ANDREW. The last four months.

FATHER HILARY. Do you know of any reason for it?

ANDREW. He's coming!

[Enter MICHAEL.]

MICHAEL. You're ready to start, Uncle Ned?

FATHER HILARY. Yes. You won't change

your mind and come with us?

MICHAEL. No, I must stay here. [Glancing at books, restlessly.] I want to be alone. I could n't be of any service to you over at Saint Margaret's?

FATHER HILARY. There is the legend that connects her with Saint Decuman - I suppose no more is to be learned of that

than we already know?

MICHAEL. No. The fisher people only know what they have learned from the guide books.

ANDREW [standing with portmanteau]. Have you anything more to take to the boat, Father?

FATHER HILARY. No, that's all, An-

ANDREW. Then I'll take it down and wait for you there.

[Exit Andrew with portmanteau.] FATHER HILARY. Then this is good-

bye, Michael?

MICHAEL. Unless you'll stay over the

Sunday at Cleveheddon?

FATHER HILARY. No, I've done my work in England, and I must be back among my people. I wanted to see the shrines on these two sister islands again before I died

I shall leave Saint Margaret's to-morrow morning, get back to Cleveheddon, take the afternoon train up to London, and leave for Italy on Friday morning. You'll come and see me at Majano?

MICHAEL. When I can.

FATHER HILARY. This winter?

MICHAEL. No, not this winter. I shall be at work at once on the restorations now I 've got all the money.

FATHER HILARY. Strange that it should all come so soon within two or three months.

MICHAEL. Yes, and from such different quarters of England - a thousand one day from Manchester - five hundred the next from some unheard-of village - and then the last great final gift last week.

FATHER HILARY. It looks as if it all

came from one giver?

MICHAEL. Yes, I had thought of that. FATHER HILARY. You don't know of any

MICHAEL. I've one or two suspicions. However, the great fact is that I have it all, and can set my architects to work.

FATHER HILARY. Michael -I was asking Andrew just now, there is something troub-

MICHAEL. No - no. What makes you

think that?

FATHER HILARY. You are not yourself. [Pause.] Is it anything where I can be of

MICHAEL. There is nothing. [Pause.] There has been something. But it is past. [FATHER HILARY looks grave.] You need [Holding out hand.] have no fear for me.

FATHER HILARY. [Takes his hand, holds it for a long while, looks gravely at him.] If you should ever need a deeper peace than you can find within or around you, come to me in Italy.

MICHAEL. But I am at peace now. [Restlessly, pushing his hand through hair, then a little querulously.] I am at peace now. [FATHER HILARY shakes his head.] You think you

can give me that deeper peace?

FATHER HILARY. I know I can. MICHAEL. I may come to you some day. [WITHYCOMBE puts his head in at door.] WITHYCOMBE. Now, sir, if yu plaise, we'me losing the tide - us shan't get to Margaret's avore supper-time.

FATHER HILARY. I'm coming, Withy-

combe.

MICHAEL. Withycombe, you'll come and

fetch me on Saturday morning.

WITHYCOMBE. Saturday morning, twelve o'clock sharp, I'm here. Right you are, Mr. Feversham. Well and good. FATHER HILARY. Good-bye.

MICHAEL. Good-bye, Uncle Ned.

[Very hearty hand-shake. Exit FA-THER HILARY. MICHAEL goes to door, stands looking a few seconds, comes in, turns to his books.] [Reënter Father Hilary.]

MICHAEL. What is it?

FATHER HILARY. I don't like leaving you. Come with me to-night to Margaret's. MICHAEL. Shall I? Perhaps it would be best — wait a minute.

WITHYCOMBE. [Voice heard off.] Now, Mr. Lashmar, if you plaise, sir — we 'me

losing the tide.

MICHAEL. Don't wait, I'm safe here.

Good-bye.

FATHER HILARY [slowly and regretfully].

Good-bye.

MICHAEL watches [Exit slowly. FATHER HILARY off; stays at door for some time, waves his hand, then closes door.]

MICHAEL. Now I shall be at peace! [Takes out letter from his pocket.] Her letter! I will not read it! [Puts it back in pocket, kneels and lights the fire.] Why did you come into my life? I did not seek you! You came unbidden, and before I was aware of it you had unlocked the holiest places of my heart. Your skirts have swept through all the gateways of my being. There is a fragrance of you in every cranny of me. You possess me! [Rises.] No! No! No! I will not yield to you! [Takes up book, seats himself at fire, reads a moment or two. You are there in the fire! Your image plays in the shadows - Oh, my light and my fire, will you burn me up with love for you? [Rises, sighs.] I'm mad! [Pause, very resolutely. I will be master of myself - I will be servant to none save my work and my God! [Seats himself resolutely, reads a moment or two, then drops book on knees.] The wind that blows round here may perhaps play round her brow, the very breath that met my lips as I stood at the door may meet hers on the shore yonder. [Rises, flings book on table, goes to window; takes out letter again, holds it undecidedly.] Why should n't

I read it? Every stroke of it is graven on my heart. - [Opens it.] "Dear keeper of souls in this parish, I have thought so much of our talk last night. I'm inclined to think that I have a soul after all, but it is a most uncomfortable possession. I believe if someone gave me an enormous impulse I might make a saint or a martyr, or anything that's divine. And I believe there is one man living who could give me that impulse." "One man living who could give me that impulse - " "But I hope he won't. Frankly, you may save me at too great cost to yourself. So trouble yourself no further about me. But if after this, you still think my wandering, dangling soul worth a moment of your ghostly care, come and lunch with me to-morrow, and I will give you the sweet plain butter-cakes that you love, on the old blue china. And that our salvation may not be too easy, I will tempt you with one sip of the ancient Johannisburg." And I went - yes, I went. "But for your own sake - I speak with all a woman's care for your earthly and heavenly welfare - I would rather you did not come. Let it be so. Let this be farewell. Perhaps our souls may salute each other in aimless vacancy hereafter, and I will smile as sweet a smile as I can without lips or cheeks to smile with, when I remember as I pass you in the shades that I saved you from your bad angel, Audrie Lesden. P.S. Be wise and let me go." I cannot! I cannot! Yet if I do not — what remains for me? Torture, hopeless love, neglected duty, work cast aside and spoilt, all my life disordered and wrecked. Oh, if I could be wise - I will! I will tear out this last one dear sweet thought of her. [Goes to fire, tears up the letter in little pieces, watches them burn. It's done! I've conquered! Now I shall be at peace.

[Seats himself resolutely at table, reads. A little tap at the door; he shows surprise; the tap is repeated; he rises, goes to door, opens it. At that moment Audrie's face appears at the right-hand window for a moment. He looks out, stays there a moment or two, closes door, seats himself again at table, reads. The tap is repeated; he rises, AUDRIE appears at door, he shows a moment of intense delight which he quickly subdues.1

AUDRIE. May I come in? [Pause.] Yo are busy - I'll go -

MICHAEL. No - She stops on threshold. Come in.

She enters. He stands motionless at table Sunset without. It gradually grows darker.]

MICHAEL. What brings you here? AUDRIE. You did not expect me. You are n't accustomed to entertain angels un awares - even bad ones.

MICHAEL This voice thick and a little hoarse]. Your boat, your companions?

AUDRIE. I have no boat, and no compan-

MICHAEL [horrified, delighted]. You're alone?

AUDRIE. Quite alone.

MICHAEL. How did you come here?

AUDRIE. By the simplest and most prosaic means in the world. This morning I took the train to Lowburnham to do some shopping. As I was coming back to the station, a boy put this little handbill into my hand. [Showing a little yellow handbill.] Afternoon excursion to Saint Decuman's and Saint Margaret's Isles. I had an impulse - I obeyed it. I telegraphed to Cleveheddon for a boat to meet me here at six - [takes out watch] - it only wants ten minutes - and took the excursion steamer. They all landed here for half an hour. I hid myself till after the steamer had gone. Then I came up here to your cottage. I heard some voices, so I hid again - who was here?

MICHAEL. Only my secretary and my uncle Ned.

AUDRIE. The Catholic priest. I saw a boat leaving - it was they?

MICHAEL. Yes.

AUDRIE. They 're not coming back? MICHAEL. No.

AUDRIE. You're annoyed with me for coming?

MICHAEL. No, but wasn't it a little -

imprudent?

AUDRIE. Oh, I must do mad things sometimes, just to preserve my general balance of sanity. Besides, my boat will be here in ten minutes.

AUDRIE. How strange we should be here

MICHAEL. The only two beings on this island — we two!

AUDRIE. And our two souls.

MICHAEL. I wish you would n't jest with

sacred things.

AUDRIE. I won't. [Suddenly, impulsively.] I want to be good! Help me to be good! You think I'm foolish and light and frivolous! Well, perhaps I am, but when I'm with you I'm capable of anything, anything - except being an ordinary, average, good woman.

MICHAEL. But is n't that all that is re-

quired of a woman?

AUDRIE. Perhaps. It's rather a damnable heritage, is n't it? And I'm not a barndoor fowl.

MICHAEL. What are you?

AUDRIE. Just what you like to make of me. Don't think I'm flattering you. Don't think I'm bold and unwomanly. I'm only speaking the truth. You have changed me. I'm ready to do anything, believe anything, suffer anything that you bid me! To-night I'm on a pinnacle! I shall either be snatched up to the skies, or tumble into the abyss. Which will it be, I wonder?

MICHAEL [after a struggle, in a calm voice]. Neither, I trust. I hope you will take your boat back in ten minutes, have a good passage across, a comfortable dinner from your pretty blue china, and a sound night's rest. And to-morrow you will wake and forget this rather imprudent freak.

AUDRIE. Oh, you won't tread the clouds with me! Very well! Down to the earth we come. I can be as earthy as the very clay itself. But I thought you wanted me to be spiritual.

MICHAEL. I want you to be sincere, to be vourself.

AUDRIE. Very well. Tell me how. You are my ghostly father.

MICHAEL. No, you 've never allowed me to be a priest to you. AUDRIE. I've never allowed you?

MICHAEL. And I 've never dared. AUDRIE. Why not?

MICHAEL. Because you 've never allowed

me to forget that I am a man.

AUDRIE. Very well. Don't be a priest to me - at least not now. Tell me some one thing that you would wish me to do, and I'll

MICHAEL. In that letter you wrote me -

AUDRIE. Did you keep it? MICHAEL. No, I destroyed it.

AUDRIE. Destroyed it!

MICHAEL. In that letter you said it would be better for us if we did not meet again —

AUDRIE. No. I said it would be better for you if we did not meet again.

MICHAEL. Better for me?

AUDRIE. Yes, and worse for me. I came here to-night to warn you —

MICHAEL. Against what?

AUDRIE. Myself. I've done something that may endanger your peace for ever.

MICHAEL. What do you mean?

AUDRIE. Sometimes I laugh at it, sometimes I'm frightened. I dare n't tell you what I 've done. I'll go. [Goes to door, opens it.]

MICHAEL. No. [Stops her.] Mrs. Lesden, what have you done against me? You don't mean your gifts to the Minster?

AUDRIE. My gifts — what gifts?

MICHAEL. During the last four months I 've constantly received large sums for the restoration of the Minster, and last week a very large sum was sent me, enough to carry out all the work just as I wished.

AUDRIE. Well?

MICHAEL. It was you who sent it all. AUDRIE. I must see if my boatman has

MICHAEL [stopping her]. No. Why did you send the money - so many different sums from so many different places?

AUDRIE. Because that gave me dozens of pleasures instead of one, in sending it. And I thought it would give you dozens of pleasures instead of one, in receiving it.

MICHAEL. I knew it was you! How glad I am to owe it all to you! Words could n't

tell you how grateful I am.

AUDRIE. And yet you wouldn't walk the clouds with me for a few minutes?

MICHAEL. You know that I would do anything in my power for your best, your

heavenly welfare.

AUDRIE. I don't think I care much for my heavenly welfare just at this moment. You tumbled me off my pinnacle, and here I am stuck in the mud. \[Looking off at the open door. Look! That boat is half-way to Saint Margaret's.

MICHAEL. Yes, they sleep there to-night. AUDRIE. What a queer-looking man your secretary is. Is he quite trustworthy?

MICHAEL. Quite. Why?

AUDRIE. I caught him looking at you in a very strange way a week or two back.

MICHAEL. He's devoted to me.

AUDRIE. I'm glad of that. How far is it to Saint Margaret's?

MICHAEL. Three miles.

AUDRIE. Do you believe the legend about Saint Decuman and Saint Margaret?

MICHAEL. That they loved each other? AUDRIE. Yes, on separate islands, and never met.

MICHAEL. They denied themselves love here that they might gain heavenly happiness hereafter.

AUDRIE. Now that their hearts have been dust all these hundreds of years, what good is it to them that they denied themselves love?

MICHAEL. You think -

AUDRIE. I think a little love on this earth is worth a good many paradises hereafter. It 's a cold world, hereafter. It chills me to the bone when I think of it! [Shivers a little and comes away from the door. I'm getting a little cold.

MICHAEL [placing chair]. Sit by the fire. [She sits near fire, which is blazing up; he goes and closes door.]

AUDRIE [putting on some logs]. Do I know you well enough to make your fire for you?

MICHAEL. I hope so.

[She sits; he stands above her for some seconds, watching her keenly; a long pause.]

AUDRIE. You were looking at me. What

were you thinking of?

MICHAEL. I was wondering what memories are stored in that white forehead.

AUDRIE. Memories ? [Long sigh.] A few

bright ones, and many sad ones.

MICHAEL. Your past life was not happy? AUDRIE [with a little shudder of recollection]. No. And yours? Tell me -

MICHAEL. What?

AUDRIE. Something about your past life, something you've never told to a living creature.

MICHAEL. When I was twenty -

AUDRIE. Stay — what were you like when you were twenty? [Shuts her eyes, puts her hand over them.] Now I can see you when you were twenty.

MICHAEL. Is there any one with me? AUDRIE. No, I can't see her. What was

she like? Fair or dark?

MICHAEL. Fair, with changing gray eyes

that could be serious or merry as she pleased, and fine clear features, and the sweetest provoking mouth -

AUDRIE. I hate her. Who was she? MICHAEL. Miss Standerwick's niece She stayed there all the summer that year

AUDRIE. Was that a happy summer? MICHAEL. The happiest I have ever known — till this.

AUDRIE. Ah!

MICHAEL. I used to go to evening church and follow them home, and wait outside till I could see the candle in her window. When it went out I used to walk home.

AUDRIE. Across those fields where we

walked the other night?

MICHAEL. Yes.

AUDRIE. I'll never walk that way again

MICHAEL. One night as I was waiting, she came out suddenly. I could n't speak for trembling. At last I found my tongue, and we talked about silly commonplace things. When she was going in I dared to breathe, "Give me one kiss." She did n't answer. I just touched her cheek with my lips, and I whispered, "Good-night, Nelly." She said, "Good-night, Mike."

AUDRIE. She called you Mike?

MICHAEL. I was called Mike when I was a boy.

AUDRIE. And your next meeting?

MICHAEL. She was called away early the next morning to her father's deathbed. Her mother went abroad. I never saw her again. Tell me something about your past life.

AUDRIE. Can you see me when I was eight? I was a pretty little brown maid, and I set all aflame the heart of a cherub aged ten, with strong fat legs and curly red hair. His sister was my dearest friend. He spent all his pocket-money in buying sugarplums for me, and gave them to her to give to me. She ate them herself, and slandered me to him, for she said I was false. He kicked her on the nose, and was sent farfar away to school. This was the first tragedy of my life. Now tell me some more of your life. You have had other romances. darker, deeper ones?

MICHAEL. Nothing that I dare show. I have told you of the one love of my youth. And you - Have you had darker, deeper

romances?

AUDRIE. I was unhappy without romance. I would show you all my heart, all my thoughts, all my life, if I could do it as one shows a picture, and let it speak for itself. I wonder if you'd condemn me -

MICHAEL. Condemn you! AUDRIE. I don't think you would. You

nave never guessed -

MICHAEL. Guessed -

AUDRIE. What a world there is within one's self that one never dares speak of! I wish to hide nothing from you. I would have you know me through and through for just the woman that I am, just that and no other, because, don't you see - I don't want to cheat you of a farthing's-worth of esteem on false pretenses — I want you to like me, Audrie Lesden, and not some myth of your imagination. But if you were armed with all the tortures of hell for plucking the truth about myself from my lips, I should still hide myself from you. So, guess, guess, guess, grand inquisitor - what is here [tapping her forehead] and here [putting her hand on her heart]. You'll never guess one thousandth part of the truth !

MICHAEL. But tell me something in your past life that you have never told to another

creature.

AUDRIE. I have two great secrets - one is about yourself, one is about another man.

MICHAEL. Myself? Another man?

AUDRIE. My husband.

MICHAEL, You said you had been un-

AUDRIE. I married as thousands of girls do, carelessly, thoughtlessly. I was married for my money. No one had ever told me that love was sacred.

MICHAEL. Nobody ever does tell us that,

till we hear it from our own hearts.

AUDRIE. I suppose it was my own fault. I was very well punished.

MICHAEL. How long were you married?

AUDRIE. Two years.

MICHAEL. And then your husband died? AUDRIE. He went away from me. I never saw him again - alive. [Passion-

ately. And there 's an end of him ! MICHAEL. I won't ask you what that secret is. I would wish you to keep it sacred. But your secret about myself? Surely I may ask that?

AUDRIE. I have sold you to the devil.

MICHAEL. What? AUDRIE. I have sold myself, too.

MICHAEL. Still jesting?

AUDRIE. No, I did it in real, deep earnest.

MICHAEL. I don't understand you.

AUDRIE. Six months ago I was tired, gnawed to the very heart with ennui, and one hot restless night I happened to take up your book, "The Hidden Life." It came to me - oh, like a breath of the purest, freshest air in a fevered room. I thought I should like to know you. I got up early, took the first morning train down here, looked about the place, saw the Island House was to let, and rented it for three years.

MICHAEL. Well?

AUDRIE. I got Mr. Docwray to give me an introduction to you. You annoyed me, you were so cold and priestlike. Each time I saw you, you piqued and angered me more and more. I longed to get some power over you. At last one day after you had been so frozen and distant a little black imp jumped into my brain and whispered to me. I said to the devil, "Give this sculptured saint to me, and I 'll give both our souls to you."

MICHAEL. But you did n't mean it?

AUDRIE. Yes. I said it with all my heart, and I bit my arm - look - Showing her arm.] I made the teeth meet. There's the mark. If there is a devil, he heard me.

MICHAEL. And you think he has given

me to you?

AUDRIE. The next time I saw you, you let me kiss your mother's portrait.

MICHAEL. Ah!

AUDRIE. But you don't really believe there is a devil? Why don't you speak? Why don't you laugh at me and tell me it's all nonsense? I have n't really given the devil power over your soul?

MICHAEL. No devil has any power over any soul of man until the man himself first

gives him entrance and consent.

AUDRIE. And you have n't! Say you don't care for me.

MICHAEL. How can I say that?

AUDRIE. You must! I'm not strong enough to leave you of my own free will. I shall hang about you, worry you, tease you, tempt you, and at last, destroy you. Don't let me do it! Beat me away from

you, insult me, do something to make me hate you! Make me leave you!

MICHAEL. When I love you with all my

being?

AUDRIE. [Shows great delight.] And you dare go on? It's an awful delight to think that a man would dare to risk hell for one! There are n't many men who would dare lose this world for the woman they love—how many men are there that would dare to lose the other?

MICHAEL. We must lose this world, for I am vowed away from all earthly things. But why should we lose the other? Why should we not make our love the lever to raise our souls? You do love me?

AUDRIE. Love is hardly the word. It is more like - if a man could create a dog, and be her master, friend, father, and God, I think she would feel towards him something of what I feel towards you. You have first made me know what love is, what life is. You have changed me thoroughly - no. you have changed half of me thoroughly one half is still worthless, silly, capricious, hollow, worldly, and bad — that 's my old self. She is gradually withering up under your influence, that old Audrie Lesden. The other half is looking out of my eyes at you now! Look! do you see the new Audrie Lesden that is your daughter and your creature? Are n't you proud of her?

MICHAEL. I shall be proud of her when she is full grown and dares to leave me of her own free will, because she loves me, and because I am vowed to Heaven!

AUDRIE. Do I tempt you? I'll go. You love me. That's enough, or it should be enough. I'll get back to London to-morrow, and strangle the new Audrie. Then the old Audrie will come back again, and live the old weary, dry, empty life — and grow old and wrinkled and heartless and perhaps — rouged —

MICHAEL. Why do you tear me so? What do you want of me here or hereafter? Take it! It's yours—

AUDRIE. You dare go on --- now you know?

MICHAEL. Yes.

AUDRIE. Ah! I thought it was only

women who dared hell for love. I won'take your sacrifice — I will leave you.

Michael. You will? Yes, it must be so! My work, my vows — I cannot, may not taste of earthly love. Oh, it's cruel to dash the cup from my lips! [Pause; ther very calmly.] You are right! I feel that we are choosing heaven or hell for both our souls this night! Help me to choose heaven for you, and I'll help you to choose heaven for me.

AUDRIE. Good-bye, my love, for ever Be brave — and very cold to me, now. Be

like marble — and death.

MICHAEL. [Takes her hand; a very long pause; then speaks very calmly.] It is victory, is n't it? We have conquered? I'll go down to the bay and see if your boar has come. [By this time it is dark outside.

AUDRIE. Half past six. I shall have a

cold, dark voyage.

MICHAEL. And it is just a little rough But Hannaford is a careful boatman.

AUDRIE. It's not Hannaford who is coming for me. I telegraphed for Withycombe MICHAEL. [Pause—very pale and cold.]

Withycombe? But you always employ Hannaford.

AUDRIE. Yes; and I did write out one telegram to him, and then I thought I should like to go back in the boat that always takes you. So I tore up the telegram to Hannaford, and telegraphed to Withycombe.

MICHAEL. Withycombe?

AUDRIE. Yes, what's the matter?
MICHAEL. He lives alone. When he goes
out, he locks up his cottage. Your telegram

will wait at the post office.
AUDRIE. Why?

MICHAEL. Withycombe has gone over to Saint Margaret's with Gibbard and my uncle. They stay there the night.

AUDRIE. Your own boat?

MICHAEL. I had it towed back last week so that I could n't be tempted to come to you.

AUDRIE. Then —

MICHAEL. [Looks at her.] No boat will come to-night. [Looks at her more intently.] No boat will come to-night!

[They stand looking at each other.

[Two nights and a day — from Wednesday evening to Friday morning — pass between Acts II and III.]

ACT III

Scene - The Vicarage parlor, as in first act. Morning. Enter MICHAEL, haggard, roubled, with self-absorbed expression, the expression of a man trying to realize that he has committed a great and irrevocable sin; he stands for some moments helpless, dreamy, as if unconscious of his whereabouts; then looks round; his eyes fall upon his mother's picture, he shudders a little, shows intense pain. At length he goes up the steps, takes the picture down, places it on the floor with its face against the wall, carefully avoiding all the while to look at it. He then moves to table in the same dreamy, helpless, self-absorbed state, sits, looks in front of him. Enter Andrew, comes up behind him.

MICHAEL. Oh, Andrew — Well?

Andrew [coming up to him]. I want to consult you on that passage in the Arabic—if you can spare the time.

If you can spare the time.

MICHAEL Bring the manuscripts here. MICHAEL unconsciously looks at his hands.] What are you looking at?

Andrew. Nothing. Your hands are

blistered?

tagers.

MICHAEL. I did a little rowing — the other day. Bring the manuscripts. [ANDREW goes to door.] Andrew — [ANDREW stops] — I was very restless — did you hear me stirring in the night?

ANDREW. Stirring?

MICHAEL. Yes, I could n't sleep. I got up about one and went out — walked about for some hours—it was nearly light when I came in again. Did you hear me?

Andrew. [Pauses, then answers.] No. [Is about to go off at right door when

FANNY enters left. He stops.]

FANNY. Mrs. Lesden wishes to see you for a minute or two about one of her cot-

[Andrew watches Michael keenly,

but unobtrusively.]

MICHAEL [after a little start of surprise, in a tone of affected carelessness]. Show her in.
[Exit Andrew, right. Exit Fanny,

left. Michael rises, shows great perturbation, walks about, watches the door for her entrance.]

[Reënter Fanny, left, showing in Audrie.]

FANNY. Mrs. Lesden.

[Exit Fanny. Michael and Aud-Rie stand looking at each other for some seconds; then he goes to her, takes her hand, kisses it with great reverence, motions her to a chair; she sits. He holds out to her the palms of his hands with a rueful smile, shows they are much blistered as if with rowing.]

AUDRIE. Poor hands!

MICHAEL. I'm not used to rowing.

[Pause.]

AUDRIE. I did n't thank you.

MICHAEL. Thank me!

AUDRIE. [Pause.] Was n't it a terrible voyage, terrible and delightful? But we ought to have been drowned together!

MICHAEL. Oh, don't say that - in sin!

To be lost in sin!

AUDRIE. I'd rather be lost with you than saved with any one else.

MICHAEL. You must n't speak like

this -

AUDRIE. It won't be right, you know, unless we are lost or saved together, will it?

MICHAEL. Hush! Hush! [Pause.]

AUDRIE. You're sorry?

MICHAEL. No. And you?

AUDRIE. No. Is all safe, do you think? MICHAEL. Yes, I believe so.

AUDRIE. Did n't that strange secretary of yours think it curious that you came back on Thursday instead of Saturday?

MICHAEL. No. I explained that when Withycombe brought me your telegram I thought it better to return at once in case you had started to come, and had been somehow lost.

AUDRIE. Let us go carefully through it all as it happened, to make sure. To-day is Friday. On Wednesday I telegraphed to Withycombe to be at the landing-place at Saint Decuman's with a boat at six o'clock in the evening to bring me back home from there.

MICHAEL. Yes.

AUDRIE. But being a strange creature and quite unaccountable for my actions, I changed my mind, and instead of coming to Saint Decuman's I went up to London, stayed there all day yesterday, and returned by the night mail, reaching home at seven this morning.

MICHAEL. Yes.

AUDRIE. Meantime Withycombe has gone to Saint Margaret's with your uncle, stays there Wednesday night and does not get my telegram till his return home vesterday afternoon. He consults my servants, who know nothing of my whereabouts, consults Mr. Gibbard, who advises him to go to Saint Decuman's and see if I am there. He reaches Saint Decuman's last evening. You are surprised when he shows you the telegram - you explain that I'm not there, that I have n't been there, that you 've seen nothing of me. [Very tenderly.] Dear, I felt so sorry for you when I heard you blundering and stammering through your tale to Withycombe.

MICHAEL. Why?

AUDRIE. I knew the pain and shame it caused you to say what was n't true. I wished I could have told all the lies for

MICHAEL. No, no. Is n't the truth dear

AUDRIE. Not in comparison with you. Besides, I shall be let off my fibs and little sins very cheaply, much more cheaply than you'll be, great serious person.

MICHAEL. You grieve me to the heart

when you speak like this -

AUDRIE [penitent]. I won't! I won't! I'll be very good and quite serious. Where were we? Well, you explain to Withycombe that I have never been to Saint Decuman's, and at the same time you also change your mind and return with him last evening instead of staying till Saturday.

MICHAEL. You 've seen Withycombe and

told him you went to London?

AUDRIE. Yes.

MICHAEL. He suspects nothing?

AUDRIE. No, I made it all quite clear

MICHAEL. And your servants?
AUDRIE. They're used to my absences. They think nothing of it.

MICHAEL. Then all is safe. The matter will never be heard of again - except -

AUDRIE. Except?

MICHAEL. In our two hearts, and in the High Court where such cases are tried.

[With an inclination of the head and finger towards heaven.]

AUDRIE. Don't preach, and - don't re-

MICHAEL. I won't - only how strange

it all is!

AUDRIE. What?

MICHAEL [in a quiet, calm voice through out, smiling a little]. How men try to make their religion square with their practice I was hard, cruelly hard, on that poor li tle girl of Andrew's. I was sure it was fo the good of her soul that she should stan up and confess in public. But now it come to my own self, I make excuses: I hid and cloak, and equivocate, and lie - wha a hypocrite I am !

AUDRIE. Ah, you 're sorry!

MICHAEL. No, I'm strangely happy an - dazed. I feel nothing, except my grea joy, and a curious bitter amusement i tracing it all out.

AUDRIE. Tracing what out?

MICHAEL. The hundred little chances accidents as we call them, that gave us t each other. Everything I did to avoid yo threw me at your feet. I felt myself be ginning to love you. I wrote urgently t Uncle Ned in Italy, thinking I'd tell hir and that he would save me. He came could n't tell him of you, but his comin kept Withycombe from getting your tele gram. I went to Saint Decuman's to escap from you. You were moved to come to me I sent away my own boat to put the se between us, and so I imprisoned you wit me. Six years ago I used all my influence to have the new lighthouse built on Sair Margaret's Isle instead of Saint Decu man's, so that I might keep Saint Decu man's lonely for myself and prayer. I ker it lonely for myself and you. It was wha we call a chance I didn't go to Saint Man garet's with Andrew and my uncle. It was what we call a chance that you telegraphe to my boatman instead of your own.] any one thing had gone differently -

AUDRIE [shaking her head]. We could n have missed each other in this world. It no use blaming chance or fate, or whatever

it is.

MICHAEL. I blame nothing. I am to happy. Besides, Chance? Fate? I ha the mastery of all these things. The could n't have conquered me if my ow heart had n't first yielded. You must n stay here. [Turning towards her with gree tenderness.] Oh, I'm glad that no star rests upon you through me --

AUDRIE. Don't trouble about me. have been thinking of you. Your cha

acter?

MICHAEL. My character! My characer! My character!

AUDRIE. Glances up at the place where the

portrait had hung. Where is she?

[He points to the picture on the floor.] MICHAEL. I dare n't look at her. I must hide it until -

AUDRIE. Until?

MICHAEL. Until we have done what we can to atone for this.

AUDRIE. What?

MICHAEL. Repent, confess, submit to any penance that may be enjoined us. And then if and when it shall be permitted us -marriage.

AUDRIE. Marriage?

MICHAEL. Retirement from all who know us, and lifelong consecration of ourselves to poverty and good works, so that at the last we may perhaps win forgiveness for what we have done.

AUDRIE. Marriage?

[Reënter Andrew with manuscripts.] Andrew. I beg pardon. I thought Mrs. Lesden had gone.

[Puts manuscripts on table and is

going off.

AUDRIE. I am just going, Mr. Gibbard. ANDREW. [Turns and speaks to her.] I met a stranger on the beach yesterday evening. He inquired for you and the way to your house.

AUDRIE. Indeed.

Andrew. He asked a great many questions about you.

AUDRIE. What questions?

ANDREW. How you lived in this quiet place, and who were your friends, and where you were yesterday.

AUDRIE. Did he give his name?

ANDREW. I did n't ask for it. I suppose he's staying in the place. I saw him at the door of the George later in the evening.

AUDRIE. One of my London friends, I suppose. What did you reply to his ques-

ANDREW. I told him Mr. Feversham was one of your friends, but as I did n't know where you were yesterday, of course I could n't tell him, could I?

[Looks at her, exit.]

AUDRIE. Did you notice that?

MICHAEL. Notice what?

AUDRIE. The look that man gave me as he went out. Does he suspect us?

MICHAEL. Impossible.

AUDRIE. I feel sure he does. Send for him and question him at once. I'll go.

[Enter Fanny with a letter.]

FANNY. For you, ma'am.

[Gives letter to Audrie, who glances at it, shows a sharp, frightened surprise, instantly concealed, and then stands motionless.

The gentleman's waiting for an answer.

AUDRIE [in a very quiet, cold voice.] I'll [Exit Fanny.] come at once. MICHAEL. What's the matter?

AUDRIE. Nothing. Question that man. Find out if he knows anything. I'll come back as soon as I can.

[Exit, without opening letter.] MICHAEL. [Follows her to door, closes it after her, then goes to right door, calls.] Andrew.

[Reënter Andrew.]

What is this passage you're in difficulty about?

Andrew. [Comes to him with old manu-

scripts. What's the matter? MICHAEL. My head is dizzy this morn-

Andrew. Didn't you say you could n't

sleep?

MICHAEL. What time did you get back from Saint Margaret's yesterday?

Andrew. About twelve.

MICHAEL. You saw my uncle off by the afternoon train?

Andrew. Yes.

MICHAEL. And then? [ANDREW does not reply. You were surprised to see me coming back with Withycombe instead of staying till Saturday?

Andrew. No.
Michael. Withycombe's message about the telegram a little disturbed me. [A little pause, watching Andrew.] I thought perhaps Mrs. Lesden might have started to come to Saint Decuman's [pause, still watching Andrew], and been lost on the way.

Andrew. Did you?

MICHAEL. She is such a strange, flighty creature, that I should scarcely be surprised at anything she took it into her head to do.

ANDREW [looking him full in the face]. She went up to London, did n't she?

MICHAEL [wincing a little]. Yes.

ANDREW. And came back through the night by the mail?

MICHAEL. Yes. Why do you look at me

like that?

Andrew. I beg your pardon. Is there any other question you'd like to ask me? MICHAEL. Question? About what?

ANDREW. About Mrs. Lesden - or anything that 's troubling you.

MICHAEL. Troubling me?

troubled about anything.

Andrew. Oh! I thought perhaps you were. [Going.] MICHAEL. Andrew. [ANDREW stops.]

I 've been thinking about — about Rose.

Andrew. Have you?

MICHAEL. Perhaps I was wrong in urging her to confess.

ANDREW. It is n't much good thinking

that now, is it?

MICHAEL. No, except to ask you to forgive me, and to say that you don't cherish any ill-feeling against me on that account.

Andrew. I forgive you, and I don't cherish any ill-feeling against you on that

or any account.

MICHAEL. I may trust you entirely,

Andrew. If you doubt it - try me.

MICHAEL. Try you?

ANDREW. Did n't I tell you to ask me

any question you like?

MICHAEL. [Alarmed.] What do you mean ? [Pause, looks at Andrew.] Enough. I trust you absolutely - [looks at him] -

in everything.

ANDREW. You may. [Is again going.]

MICHAEL. No, Andrew, nothing has occurred — I was afraid — it seemed so strange - this telegram business. are you thinking about me?

Andrew. Take care, sir. Don't betray

yourself to anybody but me.

MICHAEL. Betray myself?
ANDREW. You're a worse bungler at lying than I was. Don't look like that, or other people will guess. Don't give way. You're safe. Nobody but me suspects anything. Your character is quite safe - her character is quite safe. They're both in my keeping.

MICHAEL. [Stares helplessly at him.]

How did you know?

Andrew. I've suspected for some time past —

MICHAEL. You were wrong. There w nothing to suspect. It was a chance, accident - there was no intention to d ceive. What made you guess?

Andrew. When Withycombe broug the telegram to me I guessed something was wrong. I heard you go out in the mi dle of the night. I followed you down the beach; I saw you put off; I waited f you to come back. I was on the top of the cliff just above you when you landed wi her. I saw you come on here, and I watche her take the road to the station, and sa her come back to her home as if she ha come in by the early morning train.

MICHAEL. What are you going to do? Andrew. Nothing. Don't I owe every thing I am and everything I have in th world to you? I shall never breathe word of what I know to a living soul.

MICHAEL. Thank you, Andrew. Than you. And you'll be sure above all that sh

is safe -

ANDREW. As safe as if I were in th grave. You go your way, just the same a if I did n't know.

MICHAEL. Andrew.

ANDREW. [Comes back.] Sir -

MICHAEL [breaking down]. I was hars and cruel to Rose. I punished her mor than she deserved. I was a hard, self-right eous priest! I had n't been tempted mysel then. Send for her to come home again Comfort her and give her the best place i your heart. Write at once. Let her com back to-morrow! Oh, what weak, wretche Pharisees we are! What masks of holines we wear! What whited sepulchres we are Send for her! Make up to her for all sh has suffered! Let me ask her pardon! Oh Andrew, have pity on me! Forgive me forgive me!

[Bending his head in tears. Andrew steals out of the room. A lon pause. Audrie appears at window in the same place as in Act I, look in, sees him, taps the window, h goes up to it.

AUDRIE. Let me in. Quickly. I want to speak to you.

> [He goes to door, opens it; a momen later she enters.]

MICHAEL. Well?

AUDRIE. Why did n't you take my warn ing? Why did n't you beat me, drive me, hound me away from you as I told

MICHAEL. What now?

AUDRIE. Say you'll forgive me before I tell you! No, don't forgive me!

MICHAEL. I don't understand you. Is

anything discovered?

AUDRIE. What does that matter? Oh, don't hate me. If you say one unkind word to me I shall kill myself. Read the letter which came here to me just now.

[He takes the letter wonderingly.]

MICHAEL. Whom did it come from?

AUDRIE. My husband.

MICHAEL. Your husband? [She nods.] Your husband! He is alive? [She nods.]

AUDRIE [with a laugh]. Did n't I tell you I should ruin you body and soul? [He stands overwhelmed.] Why do you stand there? Why don't you do something? [Laughing at him.] I say, ghostly father, we make a pretty pair, you and I, don't we? What shall we do? Confess in white sheets and candles together, you and I? Why don't you do something—[Laughing at him.] And you stand there like a stone saint. [Comes up to him.] Kill me and have done with me!

MICHAEL. You said your husband died

after two years.

AUDRIE. I said I never saw him again alive. I thought then that I never

should.

MICHAEL. But — you believed he was dead. You believed he was dead — [She does not reply.] You did n't know the night before last that your husband was living?

AUDRIE. Don't I tell you to kill me and

have done with it.

MICHAEL [horrified]. You knew he was

AUDRIE [very imploringly]. I love you, I love you. Say one word to me! Say one word to me! Say you forgive me.

MICHAEL. I forgive you. [Stands overwhelmed.] Take this letter — [Offering it.]

AUDRIE. I did n't mean to do this. Do make excuses for me. We lived unhappily together. When I came into all my money I bargained with him that we would never see each other again. It was a fair bargain—a contract. He went away to America—I gave out he was dead. From that time to this I have never had a thought of his return. He was dead to me. He has no

right to come and spoil my life. Read that letter from him.

MICHAEL. No - take it.

[Gives the letter back

AUDRIE. Tell me what to do.

MICHAEL. I am not fit to advise you.

AUDRIE. What can we do?

MICHAEL. I don't know. We're in a blind alley with our sin. There's no way out of this.

AUDRIE. I shall defy him.

MICHAEL. No.

AUDRIE. Yes. A bargain's a bargain. I shall go back and defy him. I'll never see him again. But then — what then? What will you do?

MICHAEL. Don't think of me.

AUDRIE. Speak to me. Say one word. Oh, it has been on the tip of my tongue so many times to tell you all, but I could n't bear to lose your love, so I deceived you. [He walks about perplexed. She goes to him very gently and coaxingly.] Say you are n't sorry — say that deep down in your inmost heart you are n't sorry for what is past!

MICHAEL. Sorry? No. God forgive me. I'm not sorry. I can't be sorry. I wish I

ould.

AUDRIE [coming to him]. Ah, now I know you love me! If you only dare be as bold as I dare—

MICHAEL. Bold?

AUDRIE. We love each other. Our loves and lives are in our own hands.

MICHAEL. [Repulses her, braces himself to stern resolve, very coldly and commandingly.] Listen! These are perhaps the last words I shall ever speak to you. The past is past. There's no way out of that. But the future is in our power. Can't you see, woman, that we are half-way down the precipice? We'll go no further. From this moment we part; I toil back to repentance and peace one way, you toil back another. So far as God will give me grace I'll never think of you from this moment — I'll spend all my life in putting a gulf between you and me. You do the same — ask only one thing for yourself and me, that we may forget each other.

AUDRIE. [Looks at him, smiles, sighs, then as she is going off.] I was right about man's love. You are all cowards. There 's not one of you that does n't think first of his comfort, or his pocket, or his honor, or his skin,

or his soul, and second of the woman he thinks he loves. Forget you? [A little laugh.] Do you think that possible? Do you think I was jesting with you when I gave myself to you? Forget you? [A little laugh.] My memory is good for such trifles. Forget you?

MICHAEL [with a wild revulsion]. Oh, take me where you will! I have no guide but you! Heaven, hell, wherever you go, I shall follow. Be sure of that. But won't you be my better angel, now I've lost her: If you love me as you say, you can yet be the master influence of my life, you can yet save yourself through me, and me through you. Won't you make our love a monument for good? Dearest of all, I'm at your feet - I think you come from heaven, and I'm all obedience to you. You are my angel. Lead me - Lead me, not back to sin - Lead me towards heaven - You can even now!

AUDRIE. What do you wish me to do? MICHAEL. Go back to your duty and to deep repentance. Have strength, dearest. These are not idle words - duty, purity, holiness. They mean something. Love is nothing without them. Have courage to tread the hard road. Leave me.

AUDRIE. If I leave you now, shall we

meet one day - hereafter?

MICHAEL. Yes.

AUDRIE. You're sure? You do believe it?

MICHAEL. With all my heart.

AUDRIE. And you'll stay here and carry on your work, restore the Minster, and let me think that I'm helping you.

MICHAEL. I can't do that now.

AUDRIE. Yes. MICHAEL. No. AUDRIE. Yes.

MICHAEL. But with that money - your money!

AUDRIE. Many churches are built with sinners' money. Do this for me.

MICHAEL. If I dared - if it would come to good - You know how dear a hope it has been to me all my life through.

AUDRIE. Do it, because I ask it. You

will?

MICHAEL. And you'll leave me, leave this place, because I ask it. You will?

AUDRIE. I love you. I obey you.

[She comes to him.]

MICHAEL. No, I daren't come near you. You'll go?

He opens the door; she passes ou

AUDRIE. Listen to this. Whatever has pens, I shall never belong to anybody bi you. You understand? [MICHAEL bow his head.] I shall never belong to anybod

but you, Mike. She goes out again. He closes doo goes up to window. She passe He watches her off, stays there son moments.

[Reënter Andrew. Michael comes from win dow; the two men stand looking at each other.

ANDREW. You won't begin work thi

morning, I suppose?

MICHAEL [firmly]. Yes. [Goes to table motions Andrew to one chair, seats himsely opposite. They take up the manuscripts. Where is the place?

Andrew. Fifty-first Psalm, verse three MICHAEL winces, turns over the manuscript. Have you found it? What are you looking

MICHAEL. [Gets up suddenly.] I can' bear it.

ANDREW. Can't bear what?

[MICHAEL stands looking at him with terror.

ANDREW. [Rises, comes to him.] Don' I tell you that all is safe. I shan't blab Nobody shall ever know.

MICHAEL. But you know!

Andrew. I shall never remind you of it MICHAEL. But you do, you do. You presence reminds me.

ANDREW. Shall I leave you now and

come again by and by.

MICHAEL [with an effort]. No, stay Points to seat. Andrew seats himself. You've sent for Rose to come home?

ANDREW. No. MICHAEL. No?

Andrew. I don't want to have her in this place where everybody knows about her.

MICHAEL. Won't you send for her, An-

drew — to please me?

ANDREW. She's well enough where she is. [Pointing to the manuscripts.] Shall we go on?

MICHAEL. What ought I to do, Andrew? Andrew. Don't you know what you ought to do ?

MICHAEL. What?

ANDREW. Mete out to yourself the same

measure you meted to others.

MICHAEL. Confess—in public. I can't! I can't! I dare n't. I 'm a coward, a weak, miserable coward! Don't judge me harshly, Andrew! Don't be hard on me!

[Covering his face with his hands.]

ANDREW. [Cold, firm.] Come, sir! shall
we get on with our work? [Reading manuscript.] "For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me."

[Michael uncovers his face and sits staring at Andrew, who sits cold and grim on the other side of the table.]

[A year passes between Acts III and IV.]

ACT IV

Scene — The Chancel of the Minster church of Saint Decuman at Cleveheddon, a beautiful building of Decorated Gothic architecture with signs of recent restoration. The altar and reredos, approached by steps, face the audience, who take up the same position towards it as spectators in the nave would do. Behind the altar a long vista of columns, arches, roof, and stained-glass windows. An organ is built in left wall of the chancel at a considerable height. On both sides of the chancel are handsome high carved oak stalls. A large open place in front of the altar steps is flanked on each side by the transepts, which run to right and left of spectators and are filled with chair seats so far as can be seen. A small door in the north wall of the left transept leads to the organ loft. The whole church is most lavishly decorated with banners, hangings, scrolls, and large frescoes, and is smothered with flowers as if in readiness for a church festival. Large brass candlesticks on altar with lighted candles. Time, about nine on an autumn night. An organ voluntary is being played as curtain rises. Enter MICHAEL from transept. He has aged much, is very pale and emaciated. The voluntary ceases and the organ boy, a lad about fifteen, comes from small door in wall of left transept.

WALTER [carelessly]. Good-night, sir. MICHAEL [stopping him, puts his hand on

the boy's head]. Good-bye, Walter. [Pause, still detaining him, with considerable feeling.] Good-bye, my dear lad.

[Sighs, moves away from him. The boy shows slight respectful surprise and exit along transept. The OrGANIST with keys enters from the little door, looks round the church admiringly.]

ORGANIST. Everything ready for the ceremony to-morrow?

MICHAEL. Yes, I think, everything.

Organist. I was just putting the finishing touches to my music. How beautiful the church looks! You must be very proud and happy now your work is complete.

MICHAEL. Not quite complete. I've to put the finishing touches to my part — to-

morrow.

[Andrew enters rather suddenly from transept.]

Andrew. Can I speak to you for a moment?

ORGANIST. Good-night. [Going.]
MICHAEL. [Detains him.] Thank you for all you have done for me, and for the church, and for her services. [Shakes hands warmly. Exit the ORGANIST by transept.]
Well?

Andrew. I thought you'd like to know — Mrs. Lesden has come back to Cleve-heddon, and she has brought a lady friend

with her.

MICHAEL. I know.

Andrew. You've seen her? [MICHAEL looks at him with great dignity.] I beg your pardon.

MICHAEL. I 've not seen her.

Andrew. I beg your pardon. It's no business of mine.

MICHAEL [quietly]. Yes, it is business of

yours.

Andrew. What do you mean?

MICHAEL. Have n't you made it the chief business of your life all this last year?

ANDREW. How? I've kept my word.

I've never reminded you of it.

MICHAEL. You've never allowed me to forget it for a single moment. Every time you've spoken to me, or looked at me, or crossed the room, or passed the window, every time I've heard your step on the stairs, or your voice speaking to the servants, you've accused me. If you had been in my place I would have been very kind to you, Andrew.

Andrew. How did you treat my girl?
MICHAEL. I did what I thought was best

for her soul.

Andrew. Then why don't you do what is best for your own soul?

MICHAEL. I shall.

[Andrew looks at Michael in startled inquiry.

[Enter by transept DOCWRAY and SIR LYOLF. SIR LYOLF is in evening dress under summer overcoat. Docwray points out the decorations to SIR LYOLF.

ANDREW. Why have you sent for Rose to come back to Cleveheddon?

MICHAEL. I wish her to be present at the services to-morrow. She is almost due. Go to the station and meet her. Bring her to me here.

> [SIR LYOLF and DOCWRAY saunter up towards MICHAEL and AN-DREW. Andrew stands perplexed.]

MICHAEL [firmly, to ANDREW]. Bring her to me here.

> [Andrew goes off through transept, turns to look at Michael before he goes off.]

SIR LYOLF. You did n't turn up at dinner?

MICHAEL. I was too busy.

SIR LYOLF. All prepared for to-morrow? MICHAEL. Yes, I think.

SIR LYOLF. So it seems Mrs. Lesden has come down from town.

MICHAEL. So I understand.

SIR LYOLF. [MICHAEL is listening incently.] I thought we had seen the last of her when the long-lost husband returned and took her off to London. By the way, what has become of her husband?

MARK. He has gone back to South Amer-[MICHAEL is listening intently.]

SIR LYOLF. Gone back to South Amer-

MARK. He only stayed three weeks in England. It is said that she has pensioned him off - he is to keep to his hemisphere, and she is to keep to hers.

SIR LYOLF. I don't like it! MARK. Don't like what?

SIR LYOLF. I don't like women who pension off their husbands to live in South America.

MICHAEL. Do you see much of her in town?

MARK. Not much. About every two months she sweeps into church in a whirlwind of finery and perfume, gives me a ridiculously large sum for the offertory, makes some most irreverent joke, or else pretends to be deeply religious -

MICHAEL. Pretends?

MARK. What can it be but pretense Look at her life this last year.

MICHAEL. What of it?

MARK. It has been one continual roun of gayety and excitement except when sh was ill.

MICHAEL. She has been ill? MARK. Yes, and no wonder.

MICHAEL. Why?

MARK. She goes everywhere, gives the most extravagant parties, mixes with the fastest, emptiest, London set. And she ha taken for her companion a silly, flighty little woman, Mrs. Cantelo.

SIR LYOLF. I don't like it! Why has she come back to Cleveheddon just now?

MARK. To be present at the dedication service to-morrow, I suppose.

SIR LYOLF. Michael -

MICHAEL. Well?

SIR LYOLF. You know that everybody is asking where all the money came from for these magnificent restorations?

MICHAEL. It was sent to me anonymously. The giver wishes to remain un-

known.

SIR LYOLF. Yes! Yes! That's what you've told us. But of course you know who it is?

MICHAEL. I must n't speak of it.

SIR LYOLF. Forgive me.
MICHAEL. Let's say no more. I'm glad you came here to-night. I've been very much perplexed by a confession that has been made to me recently. A priest - you know him, Mark - he is to be present tomorrow - a priest some time ago discovered one of his people in a course of lying and deception, and insisted upon a very severe penalty from the man. And now the priest tells me, that in order to save one very dear to him, he himself has lately been practising exactly the same course of lying and deception. He came to me for advice. I said, "You must pay exactly the same penalty that you demanded from your parishioner." But he objects - he says it will bring disgrace on his family, and disgrace on our cloth. He urged all manner of excuses, but I would n't listen to him. He wishes to be present at the dedication service to-morrow. I 've refused him. Have I done right?

SIR LYOLF. Yes, I should say so.

MARK. Was it a just penalty?

MICHAEL. Yes, I believe so — the just, the only penalty, in my opinion. Have I lone right?

MARK. Yes, certainly.

MICHAEL. I'm glad you both think that. Io-morrow before the dedication service begins, I shall stand where I'm standing now and confess that I have been guilty of deadly sin and deceit. Then I shall go out from this place and never return.

[They come away from him, staring at him in speechless surprise for

some moments.]

SIR LYOLF. But — Good Heaven! —

what have you done?

MICHAEL [after a long pause]. Guess. SIR LYOLF. But you won't proclaim yourself?

MICHAEL. Yes.

SIR LYOLF. But your career — your reputation — your opportunities of doing good —

MARK. Have you thought what this will

mean to you, to us, to the church?

MICHAEL. I have thought of nothing else

for many months past.

SIR LYOLF. Surely there must be some way to avoid a public declaration. [MICHAEL shakes his head.] You know I don't speak for myself. My day is nearly done, but you're in the full vigor of life, with a great reputation to sustain and increase. Don't do this — for my sake, for your own sake, for the sake of Heaven, don't do it!

MICHAEL. I must.

MARK. What are the circumstances?

MICHAEL. I can't tell you. I would n't have told you so much except that I knew I might trust both of you never to hint or whisper anything against — against any but myself. If you should guess — as most likely you will — the name of my companion in sin, it will never cross your lips? I may ask that of you?

SIR LYOLF. You know you may.

MARK. Of course we shall say nothing.

SIR LYOLF. But - but -

[Sits down overwhelmed.]
MARK. Can't we talk this over further?

Have you considered everything?

MICHAEL. Everything. I have known for many months that this must come. I have tried to palter and spare myself, but each time the conviction has returned with

greater and greater force, "You must do it there, and then, and in that way."

MARK. But you've repented?

MICHAEL. Most deeply. I have fasted and prayed. I have worn a hair shirt close to my skin. But my sin remains. It is n't rooted out of my heart. I can't get rid of its image.

MARK. Its image?

MICHAEL [in same calm, tranquil, matterof-fact tone]. I believe that every sin has its exact physical image. That just as man is the expression of the thought of God, so our own thoughts and desires and aims, both good and bad, have somewhere or other their exact material counterpart, their embodiment. The image of my sin is a reptile, a greyish-green reptile, with spikes, and cold eyes without lids. It's more horrible than any creature that was ever seen. It comes and sits in my heart and watches me with those cold eyes that never shut, and never sleep, and never pity. At first it came only very seldom; these last few months it has scarcely left me day or night, only at night it's deadlier and more distorted and weighs more upon me. It's not fancy. Mark, I know, I know, that if I do not get rid of my sin, my hell will be to have that thing sitting beside me for ever and ever, watching me with its cold eyes. But [hopefully] I shall be rid of it after to-morrow.

MARK. My poor fellow!

SIR LYOLF [rising, coming back to MI-CHAEL]. Michael, can't you postpone this? Can't it be at some other time? Not in the very hour which should be the proudest and happiest of your life?

MICHAEL. There is no other hour, no other way. [Looks at them both, takes both their hands affectionately.] Tell me [very pite-ously] that you neither of you love me the less, — or at least say that you love me a little still, after what I 've told you.

SIR LYOLF. Don't you know? MARK. How can you ask that?

[Andrew and Rose appear in the transept.]
MICHAEL. [To Andrew.] One moment,
Andrew. [To his father.] I've a word or
two to say to Andrew.

SIR LYOLF. Come and stay the night with

me and let us talk this over.

MICHAEL. No, I must be alone to-night. Good-night, dear Mark.

[MARK wrings his hand.]

SIR LYOLF. You are resolved to go through with this? It must be? [MICHAEL bows his head.] I can't be here to-morrow. I could n't face it. But [with great affection] I shan't be far away when you want me. [Very warm handshake.] Come, Mr. Docwray.

[Exeunt Sir Lyolf and Docwray by

Andrew [bringing Rose to Michael]. I 've brought her.

[Rose is in an Anglican sister's dress; she is very pale and her manner is subdued. She comes slowly and reverently to Michael, and is going to bend to him. He takes her hands and raises her.]

MICHAEL. No. You must n't bend to me. I 've sent for you, Rose, to ask your pardon.

Rose. My pardon?

MICHAEL. I made you pass through a terrible ordeal last year. Will you forgive me?

Rose. What should I forgive? You were right. You said it would bring me great peace. And so it has — great peace.

MICHAEL. And you would n't undo that

morning's work?

ROSE. No. It seems I died that morning and left all my old life in a grave. This is quite a new life. I would u't change it.

MICHAEL. Andrew, do you hear that?

ANDREW. Yes.

MICHAEL. I was right, then? I was

right? You are happy?

Rose. Yes, I am happy — at least, I'm peaceful, and peace is better than happiness, is n't it?

MICHAEL. Yes, peace is best! Peace is best! I shall find it too, some day. Andrew, she has forgiven me. Can't you forgive me? We may never see each other again on this side the grave. Don't let us part in anger!

Andrew. Part?

MICHAEL. As soon as I can arrange my affairs I shall leave Cleveheddon.

ANDREW. But your work?

MICHAEL. My work is ended. I'll see that you and Rose are sufficiently provided for.

[Taking their hands, trying to join them; Andrew holds aloof.]

ANDREW. No. I can't take any favor from you.

MICHAEL. It's no favor. I've train you to a special work which has unfitty you for everything else. It is my duty provide for your old age.

ANDREW. I can't take any favor fro

you.

MICHAEL. Old comrade [leaning on A DREW'S shoulder; ANDREW draws away old comrade [draws ANDREW to him], had many happy days together in the sumer of our life. Now the autumn has comnow the winter is coming, I'm setting o on a cold, dark journey. Won't you light little flame in our old lamp of friendsh to cheer me on my way? You'll take n gift — you'll take it, and make a home finer?

ANDREW. [Bursts out.] You'll break meart with your kindness! I don't desertit! I was a half-bred, starving dog. Yo took me in, and, like the hound I am, turned and bit the hand that fed me. L me be! Let me be!

MICHAEL. Rose, speak to him.

Rose. Father, you are grieving Mr. F versham.

Andrew. I'll do whatever you tell m

But don't forgive me.

MICHAEL. Take him home, Rose. parted you. Let me think I have restore you to each other.

[Joining then

Andrew. [To Michael.] I can't se anything to-night. I never was good enoug to black your shoes. I can't thank you. can't speak. Good-night. Come, Rose!

[Michael shakes Rose's hand vertenderly. Execut Rose and Astrophysics by transept. Michael watches them off, goes to altar.]

MICHAEL [alone]. One thing more an all is done. [Looking round the church And I must give you up! Never enter your doors, never lead my people throug you in chariots of fire, never make you the very presence-chamber of God to my sou and their souls who were committed to me Oh, if I had been worthy!

[A little pause. A woman's law is heard in the transept opposite that by which Andrew and Roshave gone off. Michael wit draws to the side of chancel, whe he is seen by the audience, durithe following scene, but is hidd from Audrie and Mrs. Cantelo

AUDRIE enters from transept in magnificent evening dress, cloak, and jewelry, and carrying a large basket of roses. Her features are much paler and sharpened, and she shows a constant restlessness and excitement.]

AUDRIE. [Looks round, calls out.] Somebody is here? [Pause, calls out.] Some-body is here? No? [Speaks down transept.] You

may come in, Milly.

MILLY CANTELO, a fashionable little woman, enters at transept, looking admiringly round

the church.]

AUDRIE. There's nobody here except [raising her voice] a stone saint [pointing up to carved figure], and he can't hear, because he has only stone ears, and he can't feel, because he has only a stone heart.

[Michael shows intense feeling.]
Milly [looking round]. Is n't it gor-

geous?

AUDRIE. H'm — yes — [Raises her voice.] I can't bear that stone saint. Look how hard and lifeless he is. In a well-regulated world there would be no room for angels or devils, or stone saints, or any such griffins.

MILLY. Audrie, you are queer to-night.

You'll be ill again.

AUDRIE. I hope so.

MILLY. What's the matter with you?

AUDRIE. Life's the matter with me, I
think. I've got it badly, and I don't know
how to cure myself.

MILLY. I wish you would n't talk nonsense, and run about on silly errands in the

dark.

AUDRIE. I won't for long. When my head is tightly bandaged in a white cloth, I can't talk any more nonsense, can I? And when my feet are comfortably tucked up in my final nightgown I can't run after stone saints in the dark, can I?

MILLY. Oh, you give me the creeps. I can't imagine why you wanted to come out

to-night.

AUDRIE. To decorate the church.

MILLY. Don't you think it's decorated

enough?

AUDRIE [looking]. No, it wants a few more touches. I must just titivate a cherub's nose, or hang a garland on an apostle's toe, just to show my deep, deep devotion—

MILLY Your deep, deep devotion.

AUDRIE. My deep, deep love, my deep, deep worship, my deep, deep remembrance.

MILLY. Of what?

AUDRIE. The church, of course.

MILLY. What a heap of money all this must have cost! Who gave it all?

AUDRIE. I gave two hundred pounds

when I lived here last year.

MILLY. I wonder who gave all the rest? AUDRIE. I wonder!

MILLY. Mr. Feversham must have some very devoted friends.

AUDRIE. So it seems.

MILLY. Did you know him very well when you lived here?

AUDRIE. Not very well.

MILLY. What sort of a man is he?

AUDRIE. Oh, a very cold, distant man—a good deal of the priest about him, and as much feeling as that stone figure up there.

MILLY. You did n't like him?

AUDRIE. Oh, I liked him well enough. But I don't think he cared much for me. I dare say he has forgotten all about me by this time. Milly — [Bursts into tears.]

MILLY. What is it?

AUDRIE. I'm not well to-night. I ought n't to have come here. Milly—I never forget anybody. If I had once loved you I should love you for ever. If you were wicked, or unfortunate, or unfaithful, it would make no difference to me. Kiss me, Milly—say you believe me.

MILLY. You know I do, darling.

AUDRIE [very passionately]. I can be constant, Milly—I can! Constant in my friendship, constant in my love! Oh, Milly, I'm the most wretched woman in the world!

MILLY. You 're hysterical, dear.

AUDRIE. No, I'm forsaken. Nobody loves me! [Sobbing. Gesture from MICHAEL.]

MILLY. Poor Audrie!

AUDRIE. Let me be a few minutes by myself. I want to be quite alone. Go home and wait for me there.

MILLY. I don't like leaving you.

AUDRIE [getting her off at transept]. Yes — go, dear. I shall be better soon. Do leave me.

MILLY. You won't be long?

AUDRIE. No - I'll come soon.

[Accompanying her along transept. Exit Milly by transept. Audrie stands listening. Michael comes forward a step or two.]

AUDRIE. [In the transept.] Are you there?

[He comes forward; she goes towards

him; they stand for a moment or two looking at each other.]

AUDRIE. Are you deaf? I thought it was only your memory that was gone.

MICHAEL. Why have you come here? AUDRIE. May n't I come into my own church? And such a sinner as I am?

MICHAEL. Forgive me. You know how welcome I would make you — if I dared.

AUDRIE. Then you don't dare? Then I'm not welcome?

MICHAEL [troubled.] Yes! Yes! Very welcome! The Church owes much to you.

AUDRIE. I think she does, for she has robbed me of your love. Why have you sent back all my letters unopened?

MICHAEL. Can't you guess what it cost me to return them? [Pause.] What have

you been doing all this last year?

AUDRIE. Doing? Eating my heart. Racing through my life to get to the end of it. Skipping and chattering from Hyde Park Corner to the Inferno by a new short cut. What have you been doing?

MICHAEL. Trying to repent and to for-

get.

AUDRIE Ah, well - I have n't been wasting my time quite so foolishly as you after

MICHAEL. Will you never be serious? AUDRIE. Yes - soon.

MICHAEL. You 've been ill?

AUDRIE. Oh, my dear spiritual doctor, you don't know how ill I 've been. I get up every morning without hope, I drag through the day without hope, I go to this thing and that, to this party, to that reception, to the theater, to church, to a pigeon-shooting match, to the park, to Ascot, to Henley here, there, everywhere, all without hope.

MICHAEL. What is it you want?

AUDRIE. I want to live again! I 've never lived but those few months when we were learning to love each other! I want to feel that fierce breeze on my cheek that blew us together! Do you remember when we stood on the cliff hand in hand? And we shrieked and laughed down the wind like mad children? Do you remember?

MICHAEL. No.

AUDRIE. No? Nor the wonderful pale sunrise, with the lemon and green lakes of light, and then the path of diamonds all across the sea? Don't you remember?

MICHAEL. No.

AUDRIE. How strange you don't remen ber! Oh, my God, if I could forget!

MICHAEL [apart from her]. Oh, my Go if I could forget! [A long pause. He com to her.] I have one awful thought - I a bound to you - There is but one of us never felt it more than at this moment -And yet the awful thought comes to meif by any decree we should be put asund hereafter - if we should be parted then!

AUDRIE. Don't you dread being parte now - now this moment? Don't you drea being unhappy here - here on this earth?

MICHAEL. I will not think of that.

have vowed!

AUDRIE. You don't love me! You don

love me! You don't love me!

MICHAEL. If I had ten thousand world I'd sell them all and buy your soul. But will keep the vow I have vowed. You ar the holiest thing on earth to me. I will kee you white and stainless from me.

AUDRIE. You 'll never forget me. MICHAEL. I have forgotten you. AUDRIE. You'll never forget me.

MICHAEL [in the same cold tone, goin up the altar steps]. I have forgotten you. [Stands with his back to her for a fe

moments.

AUDRIE [with a gesture of resignation] You'll let me put a bunch or two of flow ers about the church before I go?

MICHAEL. If I asked you not -AUDRIE. I should obey you. MICHAEL. I do ask you not — AUDRIE. Very well. It's hard lines tha

I may n't decorate my own church.

MICHAEL. I have another request t

make — a favor to beg of you.

AUDRIE. It's done, whatever it is. Bu make it some great thing - something ver hard and desperate, that I may show yo there's nothing I would not do if you as

MICHAEL. It's something very simple I'm going to ask you not to be present a the dedication service to-morrow.

AUDRIE. But I came on purpose -

MICHAEL. I beg you not. I have a strong reason. You won't come?

AUDRIE. Not if you wish me to stay away. Shall I see you after to-morrow?

MICHAEL. After to-morrow I leave Cleveheddon for ever.

AUDRIE. Where are you going?

MICHAEL. I don't know.

AUDRIE. It does n't matter, I shall find you out.

MICHAEL. You'll follow me?

AUDRIE. Yes — all over this world, and the ten thousand others. I shall follow you. You'll find me always with you, clawing at your heart. Au revoir. [Takes up her basket of roses; going out with them by transept, stops. Do let me put some flowers on the altar - just to remind you. Your memory is so bad, you know.

> [He raises his hand very quietly and turns his back on her. She stands very quiet and hopeless for a few seconds, then takes up the basket of flowers, goes a step or two towards transept, turns.]

I'm going to be very ill after this. [He stands at altar in an attitude of prayer, his back to her. Do you hear, I'm going to be very ill? There 's a little string in my heart - I 've just heard it snap. [Pause.] If I were dying and I sent for you, would you come?

MICHAEL [after a long pause, very quietly]. [Pause.]

AUDRIE. And that's all? And that's all? [He stands unmoved at altar, his back to her. She takes a large red rose out of the basket, throws it towards him; it falls on the white marble altar steps. There's a flower for to-morrow! Do put it on the altar for me! You won't? You won't? [No answer.] It is hard to be turned out of my own church — It is hard —

[Exit Audrie by transept with the basket of flowers. A sob is heard, MICHAEL turns round. A door is heard to close. He puts out the altar lights, throws himself on altar steps. The curtains fall.

The falling of the curtains signifies

the passing of the night.

A peal of joyous church bells followed by organ music and singing. The curtain rises and discovers the church in broad daylight and filled ANDREW and with worshipers. Rose are at the corner in prominent positions. Audrie's flower is lying on the altar steps. A processional hymn is being sung. A procession of surpliced priests file up the aisle and take their places in the chancel, walking over AUDRIE'S rose. Michael follows at the end of the procession; as he reaches the altar steps, he turns, very pale and cold, and speaks in a low, calm

voice.MICHAEL. Before this service begins and this church is reconsecrated I have a duty to perform to my people. [Great attention of all. I have often insisted in this place on the necessity of a life of perfect openness before God and man. I have taught you that your lives should be crystal clear, that your hearts should be filled with sunlight, so that no foul thing may hide therein. I have enforced that with others, because I believe with my heart and soul that it is the foundation of all wholesome and happy human life. I stand here to affirm it to-day in the presence of God and you all. I stand here to affirm it against myself as I formerly affirmed it against another. I stand here to own to you that while I have been vainly preaching to you, my own life has been polluted with deceit and with deadly sin. I can find no repentance and no peace till I have freely acknowledged to you all that I am not worthy to continue my sacred office, not worthy to be the channel of grace to you. It was the dearest wish of my life to restore this beautiful temple, and to be Heaven's vicar here. I have raised it again, but I may not enter. I dare not enter. I have sinned - as David sinned. I have broken the sanctity of the marriage vow. It is my just sentence to go forth from you, not as your guide, your leader, your priest; but as a broken sinner, humbled in the dust before the Heaven he has offended. I bid you all farewell. I ask your pardon for having dared to continue in my office knowing I had profaned and desecrated it. It now remains for me to seek the pardon of Heaven. Let the service continue without me. Let no one leave his place. Pray for me all of you! I have need of your prayers! Pray for me!

[He comes down from the altar steps amidst the hushed and respectful surprise of the congregation, who all turn to look at him as he passes. Rose makes a very slight gesture of sympathy as he passes her. An-DREW stands with hands over his eyes. MICHAEL passes out by transept, his head bowed, his lips moving in prayer as he goes off.]

ACT V

Scene — Reception room of the Monastery of San Salvatore at Majano, in Italy. A simply furnished room in an old Italian building. At back right an open door approached by a flight of steps, at back left a large window; a mass of masonry divides the window and door. A door down stage, left. The portrait of Michael's mother hangs on the wall. Time, a summer evening. Discover Father Hilary reading. Enter Sir Lyolf up the steps and by door at back.

FATHER HILARY. Well?

SIR LYOLF. I've been to see her again.

I can't get her out of my mind.

FATHER HILARY. How is she this evening?

SIR LYOLF. In the very strangest state, laughing, crying, jesting, fainting, and chattering like a magpie. I believe she's dying.

FATHER HILARY. Dying?

SIR LYOLF. Yes. It seems she had a kind of malarial fever a month or two ago and was n't properly treated. I wish there was a good English doctor in the place. And I wish Michael was here.

FATHER HILARY. Be thankful that he is

away.

Sir Lyolf. But if he finds out that she has been here, that she has sent again and again for him, and that we have hidden it from him — and that she has died?

FATHER HILARY. He must n't know it until he can bear to hear it. We must consider him first. Think what he must have suffered all these months. Now that at last he is learning to forget her, now that he is finding peace, how wrong, how cruel it would be to reopen his wounds!

SIR LYOLF. She said he promised to come to her if she sent for him. She begged so hard. She has come from England with the one hope of seeing him. I felt all the while that I was helping to crush the life

out of her.

FATHER HILARY. What did you tell her? SIR LYOLF. That he had gone away alone for a few days in the mountains. That we did n't exactly know where to find him, but that he might come back at any time, and that I would bring him to her the moment he returned.

FATHER HILARY. Well, what more can

we do?

SIR LYOLF. Nothing now, I suppose, wish we had sent after him when she cam last week. We could have found him be fore this. Besides, she does n't believe me

FATHER HILARY. Does n't believe you SIR LYOLF. She thinks that Michael i here with us, and that we are hiding i from him. I wish he 'd come back.

FATHER HILARY. If she is passing away better it should all be over before he re

turns.

SIR LYOLF. I don't like parting them a the last. She loves him, Ned, she loves him

FATHER HILARY. Remember it's a

guilty love.

SIR LYOLF. Yes, I know.

FATHER HILARY. Remember what i

has already cost him.

SIR LYOLF. Yes, I know. But love it love, and whether it comes from heaven or whether it comes from the other place there's no escaping it. I believe it always comes from heaven!

FATHER HILARY shakes his head.
SIR LYOLF. I'm getting my morals mixed up in my old age, I suppose. But by God, she loves him, Ned, she loves him—Who's that?

[FATHER HILARY looks out of window, makes a motion of silence.]

FATHER HILARY. Hush! He's come back.

SIR LYOLF. I must tell him.

FATHER HILARY. Let us sound him first, and see what his feelings are. Then we can judge whether it will be wise to let him know.

[Enter up steps and by door Michael in a traveling cloak. He enters very listlessly. He has an expression of settled pensiveness and resignation, almost despair. He comes up very affectionately to his father, shakes hands, does the same to Father Hilary. Then he sits down without speaking.]

SIR LYOLF. Have you come far to-day, Michael?

MICHAEL. No, only from Casalta. I stayed there last night.

Sir Lyolf. You are back rather sooner than you expected?

MICHAEL. I had nothing to keep me away. One place is the same as another.

FATHER HILARY. And about the future? Have you made up your mind?

MICHAEL. Yes. I had really decided be-

fore I went away, but I wanted this week alone to be quite sure of myself, to be quite sure that I was right in taking this final step, and that I should never draw back. [To FATHER HILARY. | You remember at Saint Decuman's Isle, two years ago, you said you could give me a deeper peace than I could find within or around me?

FATHER HILARY. And I can. And I will. MICHAEL. Give me that peace. I need

it. When can I be received?

FATHER HILARY. When I have prepared

MICHAEL. Let it be soon. Let it be soon.

[To his father.] This is a blow to you— SIR LYOLF. You know best. I wish you could have seen your way to stay in your own Church.

MICHAEL. I was an unfaithful steward and a disobedient son to her. She is well rid of me. [To FATHER HILARY.] You are

sure you can give me that peace -

FATHER HILARY. If you'll but give me your will entirely, and let me break it in pieces. On no other condition. Come and talk to me alone.

[Trying to lead him off left.] SIR LYOLF. No —! [Goes to MICHAEL.] Michael, you are at peace now, are n't you? [MICHAEL looks at him.]

FATHER HILARY. He will be soon.

Leave him to me.

SIR LYOLF. No. I must know the truth from him.

FATHER HILARY. You're wrong to tor-

ture him.

SIR LYOLF. [To MICHAEL.] You are at peace now - at least, you are gaining peace, you are forgetting the past?

FATHER HILARY. He will. He shall. Say no more. [To MICHAEL.] Come with

me. — I insist!

SIR LYOLF. No. Michael, before you take this last step answer me one question -I have a reason for asking. Tell me this truly. If by any chance some one in England — some one who was dear to you —

MICHAEL. Oh, don't speak of her -[Turns away, hides his head for a minute, turns round with a sudden outburst. Yes, speak of her! Speak of her! I have n't heard her name for so long! Let me hear it again - Audrie! Audrie!

FATHER HILARY [sternly to SIR LYOLF]. Do you hear? Let him alone. Don't torment him by dragging up the past. He has buried it.

MICHAEL. No! No! No! Why should I deceive you? Why should I deceive myself? All this pretended peace is no peace! There is no peace for me without her, either in this world or the next!

FATHER HILARY, Hush! Hush! How

dare you speak so!

MICHAEL. I must. The live agony of speech is better than the dead agony of silence, the eternal days and nights without her! Forget her? I can't forget! Look!

[Takes out a faded red rose.]

SIR LYOLF. What is it?

MICHAEL. A flower she threw me in church the last time I saw her. And I would n't take it! I sent her away! I sent her away! And her flower was trampled on. The next night I got up in the middle of the night and went over to the church and found it on the altar steps. I've kept it ever since. [To his father.] Talk to me about her. I want somebody to talk to me about her. Tell me something you remember of her - some little speech of hers. -Do talk to me about her.

SIR LYOLF. My poor fellow!

MICHAEL. I can't forget. The past is always with me! I live in it! It's my life. You think I'm here in this place with you - I've never been here. I'm living with her two years ago. I have no present, no future. I 've only the past when she was with me. Give me the past! Oh! give me back only one moment of the past, one look, one word from her - and then take all that remains of me and do what you like with it. Oh! [Goes back to bench, sits.]

SIR LYOLF. [To FATHER HILARY.] You

see! I must tell him

FATHER HILARY. No, not while he's in this mad state. Let's quiet him first.

SIR LYOLF. Then we'll take him to her! FATHER HILARY. When he is calmer. SIR LYOLF. Take care it is n't too late.

FATHER HILARY. Goes to MICHAEL, puts his hand on MICHAEL'S shoulder. This is weakness. Be more brave. Control yourself!

MICHAEL. Have I not controlled myself? Who trained and guided himself with more care than I? Who worked as I worked, prayed as I prayed, kept watch over himself, denied himself, sacrificed himself as I did? And to what end? Who had higher

aims and resolves than I? They were as high as heaven, and they've tumbled all round me! Look at my life, the inconsequence, the inconsistency, the futility, the foolishness of it all. What a patchwork of glory and shame! Control myself? Why? Let me alone! Let me drift! What does it matter where I go? I'm lost in the dark! One way is as good as another!

[The vesper bell heard off at some little distance.]

FATHER HILARY. You've wandered away from the road, and now you complain that the maps are wrong. Get back to the highway, and you'll find that the maps are

right.

MICHAEL. Forgive me, Uncle Ned — I'm ashamed of this. I shall get over it. I'll talk with you by and by. I will submit myself. I will be ruled. Father, come to me. You nursed me yourself night after night when I was delirious with the fever. I was a child then. I'm a child now. Talk to me about her. Talk to me about Audrie!

> [Audrie's face, wasted and hectic, appears just over the doorstep, coming up the steps at back; during the following conversation she raises herself very slowly and with great difficulty up the steps, leaning on the wall.

I've heard nothing of her. Where do you think she is? In England? I think I could be patient, I think I could bear my life if I knew for certain that all was well with her. If I could know that she is happy - No, she is n't happy - I know that.

SIR LYOLF. Michael, I've had some news of her.

MICHAEL. News! Good? Bad? Quick! Tell me.

SIR LYOLF. You can bear it?

MICHAEL. She's dead? And I never went to her! I never went to her! She won't forgive me!

SIR LYOLF. She's not dead. MICHAEL. What then?

SIR LYOLF. You promised you'd go to her if she sent for you.

MICHAEL. Yes.

SIR LYOLF. She has sent for you.

[Sees her entering.]

MICHAEL. She's dying?

She has gained the door, just enters,

leaning back against the po MICHAEL'S back is towards her. AUDRIE. I'm afraid I am.

MICHAEL looks at her, utters a wi cry of joy, then looks at her mo closely, realizes she is dying, go to her, kisses her, bursts into sobs AUDRIE [putting her hand on his head

Don't cry. I'm past crying for. Help n there. [Points to seat.]

> [He seats her; looks at her with gree anxiety.

AUDRIE [laughing, a little weak feeble laugh, and speaking feebly with pause be tween each word]. Don't pull - that - lon - face. You'll - make me - laugh - i you — do. And I want to be — serious now

MICHAEL. But you're dying! AUDRIE [with a sigh]. Yes. Can't helit. Sir Lyolf, pay - coachman - [takin] out purse feebly] outside - No, perhaps better - wait - or bring another sort - o - carriage. But no mutes - no feather - no mummery.

SIR LYOLF. I'll send him away. You'l

stay with us now?

AUDRIE. [Nods.] So sorry — to intrude Won't be very long about it.

[Exit SIR LYOLF by door and steps MICHAEL is standing with hand over eyes.

FATHER HILARY [coming to AUDRIE] Can I be of any service, any comfort to you AUDRIE. No, thanks. I've been dread fully wicked - does n't much - matter eh? Can't help it now. Have n't strength to feel sorry. So sorry I can't feel sorry.

FATHER HILARY. There is forgiveness -AUDRIE. Yes, I know. Not now. Want to be with him. [Indicating MICHAEL.

[SIR LYOLF reënters by steps.]

SIR LYOLF. Come, Ned -

AUDRIE. [To FATHER HILARY.] Come back again - in - few minutes. I shall want you. I've been dreadfully wicked But I've built a church - and - [feverishly I 've loved him - with all my heart -and a little bit over.

> [Exeunt SIR LYOLF and FATHER HILARY, door left.]

AUDRIE [motioning MICHAEL]. Why did n't you come when I sent for you?

MICHAEL. I 've only known this moment Why did n't you send before?

AUDRIE. I sent you hundreds - of mes.

sages — from my heart of hearts. Did n't you get them?

MICHAEL. Yes — every one.

AUDRIE. I've crawled all over Europe after you. And you are n't worth it — Yes, you are. You would n't come —

MICHAEL. Yes - anywhere - anywhere

- take me where you will.

AUDRIE. You know—he's dead. I'm free.

MICHAEL. Is it so? But it's too late.
AUDRIE. Yes. Pity! Not quite a wellarranged world, is it? Hold my hand.
We're not to be parted?

MICHAEL. No.

AUDRIE. Sure?

MICHAEL. Quite sure. You're suffering?
AUDRIE. No—that's past—[Shuts hereyes. He watches her.] Very comfortable—very happy—just like going into a delicious faint—[Sighs.] Do you remember—beautiful sunrise—diamonds on the

MICHAEL. Yes, I remember — all — every moment! And the wind that blew us together when we stood on the cliff! Oh! we were happy then — I remember all!

All! All!

AUDRIE. So glad your memory's good at last. [A vesper hymn heard off at some distance.] Pity to die on such a lovely evening—not quite well-arranged world? But we were happy—if the next world has anything as good it won't be much amiss.

I'm going. Fetch — priest — [MICHAEL is going to door left; she calls him back.] No. No time to waste. Don't leave me. We shan't be parted?

MICHAEL. No! No! No! No!

AUDRIE. [Gives a deep sigh of content, then looks up at his mother's picture.] She's there? [Michael nods.] She'll forgive me! [Blows a little kiss to the picture.] But I'm your angel— I'm leading you—

MICHAEL. Yes. Where?

AUDRIE. I don't know. Don't fuss about it. "Le bon Dieu nous pardonnera: c'est son métier" — [Closes her eyes.] Not parted?

[Looks up at him.]

MICHAEL. No! No! No! No!

AUDRIE. You won't keep me waiting too long? [Looks up at him, a long deep sigh of content.] Hold my hand — Tight! tight! Oh! don't look so solemn —

[Begins to laugh, a ripple of bright, feeble laughter, growing louder and stronger, a little outburst, then a sudden stop, as she drops dead. MICHAEL kisses her lips, her face, her hands, her dress.]

[Enter FATHER HILARY.]

MICHAEL. Take me! I give my life, my will, my soul, to you! Do what you please with me! I'll believe all, do all, suffer all—only—only persuade me that I shall meet her again!

[Throws himself on her body.]



STRIFE A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS By JOHN GALSWORTHY

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PERSONS OF THE PLAY

JOHN ANTHONY, Chairman of the Trenartha Tin Plate Works EDGAR ANTHONY, his son, FREDERIC H. WILDER, Directors of the same WILLIAM SCANTLEBURY, OLIVER WANKLIN, HENRY TENCH, Secretary of the same FRANCIS UNDERWOOD, C.E., Manager of the same SIMON HARNESS, a Trades Union Official DAVID ROBERTS, JAMES GREEN. the workmen's committee JOHN BULGIN, HENRY THOMAS, GEORGE ROUS, HENRY ROUS, LEWIS. JAGO. EVANS. workmen at the Trenartha Tin Plate Works A BLACKSMITH, DAVIES, A RED-HAIRED YOUTH, Brown. FROST, valet to John Anthony ENID UNDERWOOD, wife of Francis Underwood, daughter of John Anthony Annie Roberts, wife of David Roberts MADGE THOMAS, daughter of Henry Thomas

MRS. Rous, mother of George and Henry Rous

Mrs. Bulgin, wife of John Bulgin Mrs. Yeo, wife of a workman A Parlormaid to the Underwoods Jan, Madge's brother, a boy of ten A Crowd of Men on Strike

- ACT I. THE DINING-ROOM OF THE MANAGER'S HOUSE
- ACT II. Scene I. The Kitchen of the Roberts's Cottage Near the Works

Scene II. A Space outside the Works

ACT III. THE DRAWING-ROOM OF THE MANAGER'S HOUSE

The action takes place on February 7 between the hours of noon and six in the afternoon, close to the Trenartha Tin Plate Works, on the borders of England and Wales, where a strike has been in progress throughout the winter.

STRIFE

ACT I

It is noon. In the Underwoods' dining-room a bright fire is burning. On one side of the fireplace are double doors leading to the drawingroom, on the other side a door leading to the hall. In the center of the room a long dining-table without a cloth is set out as a Board table. At the head of it, in the Chairman's seat, sits John Anthony, an old man, big, clean-shaven, and high-colored, with thick white hair, and thick dark eyebrows. His movements are rather slow and feeble, but his eyes are very much alive. There is a glass of water by his side. On his right sits his son Edgar, an earnest-looking man of thirty, reading a newspaper. Next him WANKLIN, a man with jutting eyebrows, and silver-streaked light hair, is bending over transfer papers. Tench, the Secretary, a short and rather humble, nervous man, with side whiskers, stands helping him. On WANKLIN'S right sits UNDERWOOD, the Manager, a quiet man, with a long, stiff jaw, and steady eyes. Back to the fire is Scantlebury, a very large, pale, sleepy man, with gray hair, rather bald. Between him and the Chairman are two empty chairs.

WILDER [who is lean, cadaverous, and complaining, with drooping gray mustaches, stands before the fire]. I say, this fire's the devil! Can I have a screen, Tench?

SCANTLEBURY. A screen, ah!

TENCH. Certainly, Mr. Wilder. [Helooks at Underwood.] That is—perhaps the Manager—perhaps Mr. Underwood—

SCANTLEBURY. These fireplaces of yours,

Underwood —

UNDERWOOD [roused from studying some papers]. A screen? Rather! I'm sorry. [He goes to the door with a little smile.] We're not accustomed to complaints of too much fire down here just now.

[He speaks as though he holds a pipe between his teeth, slowly, ironically.]

WILDER [in an injured voice]. You mean the men. H⁵m! [Underwood goes out.] SCANTLEBURY. Poor devils!

WILDER. It's their own fault, Scantlebury. EDGAR [holding out his paper]. There's great distress among them, according to the "Trenartha News."

WILDER. Oh, that rag! Give it to Wanklin. Suit his Radical views. They call us monsters, I suppose. The editor of that rub-

bish ought to be shot.

EDGAR [reading]. "If the Board of worthy gentlemen who control the Trenartha Tin Plate Works from their armchairs in London would condescend to come and see for themselves the conditions prevailing amongst their workpeople during this strike—"

WILDER. Well, we have come.

EDGAR [continuing]. "We cannot believe that even their leg-of-mutton hearts would remain untouched."

[Wanklin takes the paper from him.] Wilder. Ruffian! I remember that fellow when he had n't a penny to his name; little snivel of a chap that's made his way by blackguarding everybody who takes a different view to himself.

[Anthony says something that is not heard.]

WILDER. What does your father say?

EDGAR. He says "The kettle and the pot."

WILDER. H'm!

[He sits down next to Scantlebury.]
Scantlebury [blowing out his cheeks].
I shall boil if I don't get that screen.

[Underwood and Enid enter with a screen, which they place before the fire. Enid is tall; she has a small, decided face, and is twenty-eight years old.]

ENID. Put it closer, Frank. Will that do, Mr. Wilder? It's the highest we've

WILDER. Thanks, capitally.

SCANTLEBURY [turning with a sigh of pleasure]. Ah! Merci, madame!

ENID. Is there anything else you want,

father? [Anthony shakes his head.] Edgar - anything?

EDGAR. You might give me a "J" nib.

old girl.

ENID. There are some down there by

Mr. Scantlebury.

SCANTLEBURY [handing a little box of nibs]. Ah! your brother uses "J's." What does the manager use? [With expansive politeness. What does your husband use, Mrs. Underwood?

UNDERWOOD. A quill!

SCANTLEBURY. The homely product of the goose. [He holds out quills.]

UNDERWOOD [dryly]. Thanks, if you can spare me one. [He takes a quill.] What about

lunch, Enid?

ENID [stopping at the double doors and looking back . We're going to have lunch here, in the drawing-room, so you need n't hurry with your meeting.

[WANKLIN and WILDER bow, and she

goes out.]

SCANTLEBURY [rousing himself, suddenly]. Ah! Lunch! That hotel - Dreadful! Did you try the whitebait last night? Fried fat!

WILDER. Past twelve! Are n't you going

to read the minutes, Tench?

TENCH [looking for the CHAIRMAN'S assent, reads in a rapid and monotonous voice]. "At a Board Meeting held the 31st of January at the Company's Offices, 512 Cannon Street, E.C. Present - Mr. Anthony in the chair, Messrs. F. H. Wilder, William Scantlebury, Oliver Wanklin, and Edgar Anthony. Read letters from the Manager dated January 20th, 23d, 25th, 28th, relative to the strike at the Company's Works. Read letters to the Manager of January 21st, 24th, 26th, 29th. Read letter from Mr. Simon Harness, of the Central Union, asking for an interview with the Board. Read letter from the Men's Committee, signed David Roberts, James Green, John Bulgin, Henry Thomas, George Rous, desiring conference with the Board; and it was resolved that a special Board Meeting be called for February 7th at the house of the Manager, for the purpose of discussing the situation with Mr. Simon Harness and the Men's Committee on the spot. Passed twelve transfers, signed and sealed nine certificates and one balance certificate."

[He pushes the book over to the CHAIR-MAN.

ANTHONY [with a heavy sigh]. If it 's you pleasure, sign the same.

He signs, moving the pen with diff

WANKLIN. What's the Union's game Tench? They have n't made up their spli with the men. What does Harness wan

this interview for? TENCH. Hoping we shall come to a conpromise, I think, sir; he 's having a meet

ing with the men this afternoon. WILDER. Harness! Ah! He's one of those cold-blooded, cool-headed chaps. I distrus them. I don't know that we did n't make ; mistake to come down. What time 'll the men be here?

Underwood. Any time now.

WILDER. Well, if we're not ready, they 'll have to wait - won't do them any harm to cool their heels a bit.

SCANTLEBURY [slowly]. Poor devils! It 's

snowing. What weather!

UNDERWOOD [with meaning slowness] This house 'll be the warmest place they 've

been in this winter.

WILDER. Well, I hope we're going to settle this business in time for me to catch the 6.30. I've got to take my wife to Spain to-morrow. [Chattily.] My old father had a strike at his works in '69; just such a February as this. They wanted to shoot him.

WANKLIN. What! In the close season? WILDER. By George, there was no close season for employers then! He used to go down to his office with a pistol in his pocket.

SCANTLEBURY [faintly alarmed]. Not se-

WILDER [with finality]. Ended in his

shootin' one of 'em in the legs. SCANTLEBURY [unavoidably feeling his

thigh]. No? Which?

ANTHONY [lifting the agenda paper]. To consider the policy of the Board in relation to the strike. [There is a silence.]

WILDER. It's this infernal three-cornered duel - the Union, the men, and ourselves.

WANKLIN. We need n't consider the Union.

WILDER. It's my experience that you've always got to consider the Union, confound them! If the Union were going to withdraw their support from the men, as they've done, why did they ever allow them to strike at all?

EDGAR. We've had that over a dozen

dimes.

WILDER. Well, I 've never understood it! It's beyond me. They talk of the engineers' and furnacemen's demands being excessive - so they are - but that's not enough to make the Union withdraw their support. What's behind it?

UNDERWOOD. Fear of strikes at Harper's

and Tinewell's.

WILDER [with triumph]. Afraid of other strikes - now, that 's a reason! Why could n't we have been told that before?

UNDERWOOD. You were.

TENCH. You were absent from the Board

SCANTLEBURY. The men must have seen they had no chance when the Union gave them up. It's madness.

UNDERWOOD. It's Roberts!

WILDER. Just our luck, the men finding a fanatical firebrand like Roberts for leader.

WANKLIN [looking at ANTHONY]. Well? WILDER [breaking in fussily]. It 's a regular mess. I don't like the position we 're in ; I don't like it ; I 've said so for a long time. [Looking at WANKLIN.] When Wanklin and I came down here before Christmas it looked as if the men must collapse. You thought so too, Underwood.

UNDERWOOD. Yes.

WILDER. Well, they have n't! Here we are, going from bad to worse - losing our customers - shares going down!

SCANTLEBURY [shaking his head]. M'm!

M'm!

WANKLIN. What loss have we made by this strike, Tench?

TENCH. Over fifty thousand, sir!

SCANTLEBURY [pained]. You don't say! WILDER. We shall never get it back.

TENCH. No, sir.

WILDER. Who'd have supposed the men were going to stick out like this - nobody suggested that. [Looking angrily at TENCH.]

SCANTLEBURY [shaking his head]. I've never liked a fight - never shall.

ANTHONY. No surrender!

[All look at him.]

WILDER. Who wants to surrender? [AN-THONY looks at him. I - I want to act reasonably. When the men sent Roberts up to the Board in December - then was the time. We ought to have humored him;

instead of that the Chairman — [dropping his eyes before Anthony's] - er - we' snapped his head off. We could have got them in then by a little tact.

Anthony. No compromise!

WILDER. There we are! This strike 's been going on now since October, and as far as I can see it may last another six months. Pretty mess we shall be in by then. The only comfort is, the men'll be in a worse!

EDGAR. [To UNDERWOOD.] What sort

of state are they really in, Frank?

UNDERWOOD [without expression]. Damnable!

WILDER. Well, who on earth would have thought they'd have held on like this without support!

UNDERWOOD. Those who know them.

WILDER. I defy any one to know them! And what about tin? Price going up daily. When we do get started we shall have to work off our contracts at the top of the market.

WANKLIN. What do you say to that,

Chairman?

ANTHONY. Can't be helped!

WILDER. Shan't pay a dividend till

goodness knows when! SCANTLEBURY [with emphasis]. We ought

to think of the shareholders. [Turning heavily.] Chairman, I say we ought to think of the shareholders. [Anthony mutters.] What's that?

TENCH. The Chairman says he is think-

ing of you, sir.

SCANTLEBURY [sinking back into torpor].

WILDER. It's past a joke. I don't want to go without a dividend for years if the Chairman does. We can't go on playing ducks and drakes with the Company's prosperity.

EDGAR [rather ashamedly]. I think we

ought to consider the men.

[All but Anthony fidget in their seats.

SCANTLEBURY [with a sigh]. We must n't think of our private feelings, young man. That 'll never do.

EDGAR [ironically]. I'm not thinking of our feelings. I'm thinking of the men's.

WILDER. As to that - we're men of business.

WANKLIN. That is the little trouble.

EDGAR. There 's no necessity for pushing things so far in the face of all this suffer-

ing - it's - it's cruel.

[No one speaks, as though Edgar had uncovered something whose existence no man prizing his self-respect could afford to recognize.

WANKLIN [with an ironical smile]. I'm afraid we must n't base our policy on luxu-

ries like sentiment.

EDGAR. I detest this state of things.

ANTHONY. We did n't seek the quarrel. EDGAR. I know that sir, but surely we 've gone far enough.

ANTHONY. No. [All look at one another.] WANKLIN. Luxuries apart, Chairman, we

must look out what we 're doing.

ANTHONY. Give way to the men once

and there 'll be no end to it.

WANKLIN. I quite agree, but - [An-THONY shakes his head. You make it a question of bedrock principle? [ANTHONY nods.] Luxuries again, Chairman! The shares are below par.

WILDER. Yes, and they'll drop to a half

when we pass the next dividend.

SCANTLEBURY [with alarm]. Come, come!

Not so bad as that.

WILDER [grimly]. You'll see! [Craning forward to catch Anthony's speech.] did n't catch -

TENCH [hesitating]. The Chairman says.

sir, "Fais que — que — devra —

EDGAR [sharply]. My father says: "Do what we ought - and let things rip."

WILDER. Tcha!

SCANTLEBURY [throwing up his hands]. The Chairman's a Stoic - I always said the Chairman was a Stoic.

WILDER. Much good that 'll do us.

WANKLIN [suavely]. Seriously, Chairman, are you going to let the ship sink under you, for the sake of - a principle?

ANTHONY. She won't sink.

SCANTLEBURY [with alarm]. Not while I'm on the Board I hope.

ANTHONY [with a twinkle]. Better rat, Scantlebury.

SCANTLEBURY. What a man!

ANTHONY. I've always fought them;

I've never been beaten yet.

WANKLIN. We're with you in theory, Chairman. But we're not all made of castiron.

ANTHONY. We 've only to hold on.

WILDER [rising and going to the fire] And go to the devil as fast as we can!

ANTHONY. Better go to the devil than

give in!

WILDER [fretfully]. That may suit you sir, but it does n't suit me, or any one else l should think.

[Anthony looks him in the face -- c

EDGAR. I don't see how we can get over it that to go on like this means starvation to the men's wives and families.

WILDER turns abruptly to the fire, and SCANTLEBURY puts out a hand to push the idea away.]

WANKLIN. I'm afraid again that sounds

a little sentimental.

EDGAR. Men of business are excused from decency, you think?

WILDER. Nobody's more sorry for the men than I am, but if they [lashing himself] choose to be such a pig-headed lot, it's nothing to do with us; we've quite enough or our hands to think of ourselves and the shareholders.

EDGAR [irritably]. It won't kill the shareholders to miss a dividend or two; I don't see that that's reason enough for knuckling

under.

SCANTLEBURY [with grave discomfort]. You talk very lightly of your dividends, young man; I don't know where we are.

WILDER. There's only one sound way of looking at it. We can't go on ruining our-

selves with this strike.

ANTHONY. No caving in!

SCANTLEBURY [with a gesture of despair]. Look at him!

[Anthony is leaning back in his chair. They do look at him.]

WILDER [returning to his seat]. Well, all I can say is, if that 's the Chairman's view. I don't know what we've come down here

Anthony. To tell the men that we've got nothing for them - [Grimly.] They won't believe it till they hear it spoken in plain English.

WILDER. H'm! Should n't be a bit surprised if that brute Roberts had n't got us down here with the very same idea. I hate

a man with a grievance.

EDGAR [resentfully]. We did n't pay him enough for his discovery. I always said that at the time.

WILDER. We paid him five hundred and a bonus of two hundred three years later. If that's not enough! What does he want, for goodness' sake?

TENCH [complainingly]. Company made a hundred thousand out of his brains, and paid him seven hundred—that's the way

he goes on, sir.

WILDER. The man's a rank agitator! Look here, I hate the Unions. But now we've got Harness here let's get him to settle the whole thing.

ANTHONY. No! [Again they look at him.] UNDERWOOD. Roberts won't let the men

assent to that.

SCANTLEBURY. Fanatic! Fanatic!

WILDER [looking at ANTHONY]. And not the only one!

[Frost enters from the hall.]

FROST. [To ANTHONY.] Mr. Harness from the Union, waiting, sir. The men are here too, sir.

[Anthony nods. Underwood goes to the door, returning with Harness, a pale, clean-shaven man with hollow cheeks, quick eyes, and lantern jaw — Frost has retired.]

UNDERWOOD [pointing to Tench's chair]. Sit there next the Chairman, Harness, won't

you?

[At Harness's appearance, the Board have drawn together, as it were, and turned a little to him, like cattle at a

HARNESS [with a sharp look round, and a bow]. Thanks! [He sits—his accent is slightly nasal.] Well, gentlemen, we're going to do business at last, I hope.

WILDER. Depends on what you call business, Harness. Why don't you make the

men come in?

HARNESS [sardonically]. The men are far more in the right than you are. The question with us is whether we shan't begin to support them again.

[He ignores them all, except Anthony, to whom he turns in speaking.]

ANTHONY. Support them if you like; we'll put in free labor and have done with it.

HARNESS. That won't do, Mr. Anthony. You can't get free labor, and you know it.

ANTHONY. We shall see that.

HARNESS. I'm quite frank with you. We were forced to withhold our support from

your men because some of their demands are in excess of current rates. I expect to make them withdraw those demands to-day: if they do, take it straight from me, gentlemen, we shall back them again at once. Now, I want to see something fixed upon before I go back to-night. Can't we have done with this old-fashioned tug-of-war business? What good 's it doing you? Why don't you recognize once for all that these people are men like yourselves, and want what's good for them just as you want what's good for you— [Bitterly.] Your motor-cars, and champagne, and eight-course dinners.

ANTHONY. If the men will come in, we'll

do something for them.

HARNESS [ironically]. Is that your opinion too, sir—and yours—and yours? [The Directors do not answer.] Well, all I can say is: it's a kind of high and mighty aristocratic tone I thought we'd grown out of—seems I was mistaken.

Anthony. It's the tone the men use. Remains to be seen which can hold out longest—they without us, or we without

them.

HARNESS. As business men, I wonder you're not ashamed of this waste of force, gentlemen. You know what it'll all end in.

ANTHONY. What?

HARNESS. Compromise—it always does. SCANTLEBURY. Can't you persuade the men that their interests are the same as ours?

HARNESS [turning, ironically]. I could persuade them of that, sir, if they were.

WILDER. Come, Harness, you're a clever man, you don't believe all the Socialistic claptrap that's talked nowadays. There's no real difference between their interests and ours.

Harness. There's just one very simple question I'd like to put to you. Will you pay your men one penny more than they force you to pay them? [WILDER is silent.]

Wanklin [chiming in]. I humbly thought that not to pay more than was necessary

was the A B C of commerce.

HARNESS [with irony]. Yes, that seems to be the A B C of commerce, sir; and the A B C of commerce is between your interests and the men's.

SCANTLEBURY [whispering]. We ought

to arrange something.

HARNESS [dryly]. Am I to understand then, gentlemen, that your Board is going to make no concessions?

> [Wanklin and Wilder bend forward] as if to speak, but stop.]

ANTHONY [nodding]. None.

[Wanklin and Wilder again bend forward, and Scantlebury gives an unexpected grunt.]

HARNESS. You were about to say some-

thing, I believe?

[But Scantlebury says nothing.] EDGAR [looking up suddenly]. We're

sorry for the state of the men.

HARNESS [icily]. The men have no use for your pity, sir. What they want is justice.

ANTHONY. Then let them be just.

HARNESS. For that word "just" read "humble," Mr. Anthony. Why should they be humble? Barring the accident of money, are n't they as good as you?

Anthony. Cant! HARNESS. Well, I've been five years in America. It colors a man's notions.

SCANTLEBURY [suddenly, as though avenging his uncompleted grunt \rangle. Let's have the men in and hear what they 've got to say!

[Anthony nods, and Underwood goes out by the single door.]

HARNESS $\lceil dryly \rceil$. As I'm to have an interview with them this afternoon, gentlemen, I'll ask you to postpone your final decision till that 's over.

> [Again Anthony nods, and taking up his glass drinks. Underwood comes in again, followed by Rob-ERTS, GREEN, BULGIN, THOMAS, Rous. They file in, hat in hand, and stand silent in a row. ROB-ERTS is lean, of middle height, with a slight stoop. He has a little ratgnawed, brown-gray beard, mustaches, high cheek-bones, hollow cheeks, small fiery eyes. He wears an old and grease-stained blue serge suit, and carries an old bowler hat. He stands nearest the Chairman. GREEN, next to him, has a clean, worn face, with a small gray goatee beard and drooping mustaches, iron spectacles, and mild, straightforward eyes. He wears an overcoat. green with age, and a linen collar. Next to him is Bulgin, a tall, strong man, with a dark mustache,

and fighting jaw, wearing a red muffler, who keeps changing his cap from one hand to the other. Next to him is THOMAS, an old man with a gray mustache, full beard, and weatherbeaten, bony face, whose overcoat discloses a lean, pluckedlooking neck. On his right, Rous the youngest of the five, looks like a soldier; he has a glitter in his eyes.]

UNDERWOOD [pointing]. There are some chairs there against the wall, Roberts; won't you draw them up and sit down?

ROBERTS. Thank you, Mr. Underwood we'll stand — in the presence of the Board. He speaks in a biting and staccato voice, rolling his r's, pronouncing his a's like an Italian a, and his consonants short and crisp.] How are you, Mr. Harness? Did n't expect ti have the pleasure of seeing you till this afternoon.

HARNESS [steadily]. We shall meet again

then, Roberts.

ROBERTS. Glad to hear that; we shall have some news for you to take to your people.

ANTHONY. What do the men want? ROBERTS [acidly]. Beg pardon, I don't

quite catch the Chairman's remark.

TENCHI from behind the Chairman's chair]. The Chairman wishes to know what the men have to say.

ROBERTS. It's what the Board has to say we've come to hear. It's for the Board

to speak first.

ANTHONY. The Board has nothing to say. Roberts [looking along the line of men]. In that case we're wasting the Directors' time. We'll be taking our feet off this pretty carpet.

[He turns, the men move slowly, as though hypnotically influenced.]

WANKLIN [suavely]. Come, Roberts, you didn't give us this long cold journey for the pleasure of saying that.

THOMAS. [A pure Welshman.] No, sir,

an' what I say iss-

ROBERTS [bitingly]. Go on, Henry Thomas, go on. You're better able to speak to the - Directors than me.

[THOMAS is silent.]

TENCH. The Chairman means, Roberts, that it was the men who asked for the conference, the Board wish to hear what they have to say.

ROBERTS. Gad! If I was to begin to tell ve all they have to say, I would n't be finished to-day. And there 'd be some that 'd wish they'd never left their London pal-

HARNESS. What's your proposition,

man? Be reasonable.

ROBERTS. You want reason, Mr. Harness? Take a look round this afternoon before the meeting. [He looks at the men; no sound escapes them. \ You'll see some very pretty scenery.

HARNESS. All right, my friend; you won't

ROBERTS. [To the men.] We shan't put Mr. Harness off. Have some champagne with your lunch, Mr. Harness; you'll want it, sir.

HARNESS. Come, get to business, man! THOMAS. What we're asking, look you,

is just simple justice.

ROBERTS [venomously]. Justice from London? What are you talking about, Henry Thomas? Have you gone silly? [THOMAS is silent.] We know very well what we are - discontented dogs - never satisfied. What did the Chairman tell me up in London? That I did n't know what I was talking about. I was a foolish, uneducated man, that knew nothing of the wants of the men I spoke for.

EDGAR. Do please keep to the point. ANTHONY [holding up his hand]. There

can only be one master, Roberts.

ROBERTS. Then, be Gad, it 'll be us.

There is a silence; Anthony and Roberts stare at one another.]

UNDERWOOD. If you've nothing to say to the Directors, Roberts, perhaps you'll let Green or Thomas speak for the men.

[Green and Thomas look anxiously at ROBERTS, at each other, and the

other men.

Green. [An Englishman.] If I'd been

listened to, gentlemen -

THOMAS. What I'fe got to say iss what we'fe all got to say -

ROBERTS. Speak for yourself, Henry

SCANTLEBURY [with a gesture of deep spiritual discomfort]. Let the poor men call their souls their own!

ROBERTS. Aye, they shall keep their souls, for it 's not much body that you 've left them, Mr. [with biting emphasis, as

though the word were an offense | Scantlebury! [To the men.] Well, will you speak, or shall I speak for you?

Rous [suddenly]. Speak out, Roberts, or

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leave it to others.

Roberts [ironically]. Thank you, George Rous. [Addressing himself to Anthony.] The Chairman and Board of Directors have honored us by leaving London and coming all this way to hear what we've got to say; it would not be polite to keep them any longer waiting.

WILDER. Well, thank God for that!

ROBERTS. Ye will not dare to thank Him when I have done, Mr. Wilder, for all your piety. May be your God up in London has no time to listen to the working man. I'm told He is a wealthy God; but if he listens to what I tell Him, He will know more than ever He learned in Kensington.

HARNESS. Come, Roberts, you have your own God. Respect the God of other men.

ROBERTS. That 's right, sir. We have another God down here; I doubt He is rather different to Mr. Wilder's. Ask Henry Thomas; he will tell you whether his God and Mr. Wilder's are the same.

THOMAS lifts his hand, and cranes his head as though to prophesy.]

Wanklin. For goodness' sake, let's keep to the point, Roberts.

ROBERTS. I rather think it is the point, Mr. Wanklin. If you can get the God of Capital to walk through the streets of Labor, and pay attention to what he sees, you're a brighter man than I take you for,

for all that you're a Radical.

Anthony. Attend to me, Roberts! [Roberts is silent. You are here to speak for the men, as I am here to speak for the Board. [He looks slowly round. WILDER, WANKLIN, and SCANTLEBURY make movements of uneasiness, and Edgar gazes at the floor. A faint smile comes on HARNESS'S face. Now

then, what is it?

ROBERTS. Right, sir! [Throughout all that follows, he and ANTHONY look fixedly upon each other. Men and Directors show in their various ways suppressed uneasiness, as though listening to words that they themselves would not have spoken. The men can't afford to travel up to London; and they don't trust you to believe what they say in black and white. They know what the post is [he darts a look at UNDERWOOD and TENCH], and what Directors' meetings are: "Refer it to the manager—let the manager advise us on the men's condition. Can we squeeze them a little more?"

UNDERWOOD [in a low voice]. Don't hit

below the belt, Roberts!

ROBERTS. Is it below the belt, Mr. Underwood? The men know. When I came up to London, I told you the position straight. An' what came of it? I was told I did n't know what I was talkin' about. I can't afford to travel up to London to be told that again.

ANTHONY. What have you to say for the

men?

ROBERTS. I have this to say - and first as to their condition. Ye shall 'ave no need to go and ask your manager. Ye can't squeeze them any more. Every man of us is well-nigh starving. [A surprised murmur rises from the men. ROBERTS looks round.] Ye wonder why I tell ye that? Every man of us is going short. We can't be no worse off than we've been these weeks past. Ye need n't think that by waiting ye 'Il drive us to come in. We'll die first, the whole lot of us. The men have sent for ye to know, once and for all, whether ye are going to grant them their demands. I see the sheet of paper in the Secretary's hand. [Tench moves nervously. That's it, I think, Mr. Tench. It's not very large.

TENCH [nodding]. Yes.

ROBERTS. There's not one sentence of writing on that paper that we can do without. [A movement amongst the men. ROBERTS turns on them sharply.] Is n't that so? [The men assent reluctantly. Anthony takes from Tench the paper and peruses it.] Not one single sentence. All those demands are fair. We have not asked anything that we are not entitled to ask. What I said up in London, I say again now: there is not anything on that piece of paper that a just man should not ask, and a just man give. [A pause.]

ANTHONY. There is not one single demand on this paper that we will grant.

[In the stir that follows on these words, ROBERTS watches the Directors and ANTHONY the men. WILDER gets up abruptly and goes over to the fire.]

ROBERTS. D' ye mean that?

ANTHONY. I do.

[WILDER at the fire makes an emphatic movement of disgust.]

ROBERTS [noting it, with dry intensity Ye best know whether the condition of the Company is any better than the condition of the men. [Scanning the Directors' faces: Ye best know whether ye can afford you tyranny — but this I tell ye: If ye think the men will give way the least part of an inclye're making the worst mistake ye ever made. [He fixes his eyes on SCANTLEBURY Ye think because the Union is not supporting us — more shame to it! — that we'll becoming on our knees to you one fine morning. Ye think because the men have go their wives an' families to think of — that it's just the question of a week or two—

Anthony. It would be better if you dinot speculate so much on what we think.

ROBERTS. Aye! It's not much profit tus! I will say this for you, Mr. Anthon—ye know your own mind! [Staring a ANTHONY.] I can reckon on ye!

ANTHONY [ironically]. I am obliged t

you

ROBERTS. And I know mine. I tell y this: The men will send their wives an families where the country will have t keep them; an' they will starve soone than give way. I advise ye, Mr. Anthony to prepare yourself for the worst that ca happen to your Company. We are not s ignorant as you might suppose. We know the way the cat is jumping. Your position is not all that it might be — not exactly!

Anthony. Be good enough to allow u to judge of our position for ourselves. G

back, and reconsider your own.

ROBERTS [stepping forward]. Mr. An thony, you are not a young man now; from the time I remember anything ye have been an enemy to every man that has come into your works. I don't say that ye're a mean man, or 'a cruel man, but ye've grudged them the say of any word in their own fate Ye've fought them down four times. I've heard ye say ye love a fight — mark m words — ye're fighting the last fight ye'l ever fight —

[Tench touches Roberts's sleeve. Underwood. Roberts! Roberts!

ROBERTS. Roberts! Roberts! I must n' speak my mind to the Chairman, but the Chairman may speak his mind to me!

WILDER. What are things coming to?
ANTHONY [with a grim smile at WILDER]
Go on, Roberts; say what you like!

ROBERTS [after a pause]. I have no more to say.

ANTHONY. The meeting stands adjourned

to five o'clock.

ready.

WANKLIN [in a low voice to UNDERWOOD]. We shall never settle anything like this.

ROBERTS [bitingly]. We thank the Chairman and Board of Directors for their

gracious hearing.

He moves towards the door: the men cluster together stupefied; then Rous, throwing up his head, passes Roberts and goes out. The others follow.

ROBERTS [with his hand on the door -

maliciously]. Good-day, gentlemen!

[He goes out.]

HARNESS [ironically]. I congratulate you on the conciliatory spirit that's been displayed. With your permission, gentlemen, I'll be with you again at half past five. Good-morning!

> [He bows slightly, rests his eyes on Anthony, who returns his stare unmoved, and, followed by Under-WOOD, goes out. There is a moment of uneasy silence. Underwood reappears in the doorway.]

WILDER [with emphatic disgust]. Well! The double doors are opened.

ENID [standing in the doorway]. Lunch is

[Edgar, getting up abruptly, walks

out past his sister.]

WILDER. Coming to lunch, Scantlebury? SCANTLEBURY [rising heavily]. I suppose so, I suppose so. It 's the only thing we can do. [They go out through the double doors.]

WANKLIN [in a low voice]. Do you really mean to fight to a finish, Chairman?

[Anthony nods.]

WANKLIN. Take care! The essence of

things is to know when to stop.

[Anthony does not answer.] WANKLIN [very gravely]. This way disaster lies. The ancient Trojans were fools to your father, Mrs. Underwood.

[He goes out through the double doors.] ENID. I want to speak to father, Frank.

UNDERWOOD follows WANKLIN out. TENCH, passing round the table, is restoring order to the scattered pens and papers.]

ENID. Are n't you coming, Dad? [Anthony shakes his head. ENID looks meaningly at TENCH.]

ENID. Won't you go and have some lunch, Mr. Tench?

Tench [with papers in his hand]. Thank

you, ma'am, thank you!

[He goes slowly, looking back.] ENID [shutting the doors]. I do hope it's settled, father!

ANTHONY. No!

ENID [very disappointed]. Oh! Have n't

you done anything?

Anthony shakes his head. ENID. Frank says they all want to come to a compromise, really, except that man Roberts.

ANTHONY. I don't.

ENID. It's such a horrid position for us. If you were the wife of the manager, and lived down here, and saw it all. You can't realize, Dad!

ANTHONY, Indeed?

ENID. We see all the distress. You remember my maid Annie, who married Roberts? [Anthony nods.] It 's so wretched, her heart's weak; since the strike began, she has n't even been getting proper food. I know it for a fact, father.

ANTHONY. Give her what she wants,

poor woman!

ENID. Roberts won't let her take anything from us.

ANTHONY [staring before him]. I can't be answerable for the men's obstinacy.

ENID. They 're all suffering. Father! Do stop it, for my sake!

ANTHONY [with a keen look at her]. You

don't understand, my dear. ENID. If I were on the Board, I'd do

something. ANTHONY. What would you do?

ENID. It's because you can't bear to give way. It's so -

ANTHONY. Well?

Enid. So unnecessary.

ANTHONY. What do you know about necessity? Read your novels, play your music, talk your talk, but don't try and tell me what's at the bottom of a struggle like

ENID. I live down here and see it.

ANTHONY. What do you imagine stands between you and your class and these men that you're so sorry for?

ENID [coldly]. I don't know what you

mean, father.

ANTHONY. In a few years you and your

children would be down in the condition they 're in, but for those who have the eyes to see things as they are and the backbone to stand up for themselves.

ENID. You don't know the state the men

ANTHONY. I know it well enough.

ENID. You don't, father; if you did, you would n't -

Anthony. It's you who don't know the simple facts of the position. What sort of mercy do you suppose you'd get if no one stood between you and the continual demands of labor? This sort of mercy-He puts his hand up to his throat and squeezes it.] First would go your sentiments, my dear; then your culture, and your comforts would be going all the time!

Enid. I don't believe in barriers between classes.

Anthony. You — don't — believe — in - barriers - between the classes?

ENID [coldly]. And I don't know what that has to do with this question.

ANTHONY. It will take a generation or

two for you to understand.

ENID. It's only you and Roberts, father, and you know it! [Anthony thrusts out his lower lip. It 'll ruin the Company.

ANTHONY. Allow me to judge of that. ENID [resentfully]. I won't stand by and let poor Annie Roberts suffer like this! And think of the children, father! I warn

ANTHONY [with a grim smile]. What do

you propose to do?

ENID. That 's my affair.

[Anthony only looks at her.] ENID [in a changed voice, stroking his sleeve]. Father, you know you ought n't to have this strain on you - you know what Dr. Fisher said!

Anthony. No old man can afford to

listen to old women.

ENID. But you have done enough, even if it really is such a matter of principle with

ANTHONY. You think so?

Enid. Don't, Dad! [Her face works.] You -you might think of us!

ANTHONY, I am.

ENID. It'll break you down.

Anthony [slowly]. My dear, I am not going to funk; on that you may rely.

[Reënter Tench with papers; he glances them, then plucking up courage.

TENCH. Beg pardon, madam, I thin I'd rather see these papers were dispose of before I get my lunch.

ENID, after an impatient glance him, looks at her father, turns su denly, and goes into the drawin room.

TENCH [holding the papers and a pen Anthony, very nervously 1. Would you sig these for me, please, sir?

ANTHONY takes the pen and sign TENCH standing with a sheet of blottin paper behind Edgar's chair, begins spea ing nervously]. I owe my position to yo sir.

ANTHONY. Well?

TENCH. I'm obliged to see everythin that 's going on, sir; I - I depend upon the Company entirely. If anything were to ha pen to it, it'd be disastrous for me. [A] THONY nods. And, of course, my wife just had another; and so it makes n doubly anxious just now. And the rates as really terrible down our way.

Anthony [with grim amusement]. No more terrible than they are up mine.

TENCH. No, sir? [Very nervously.] know the Company means a great deal

ANTHONY. It does; I founded it.

TENCH. Yes, sir. If the strike goes of it'll be very serious. I think the Directo are beginning to realize that, sir.

ANTHONY [ironically]. Indeed?

TENCH. I know you hold very stron views, sir, and it's always your habit look things in the face; but I don't thin the Directors - like it, sir, now they - the

Anthony [grimly]. Nor you, it seems. TENCH [with the ghost of a smile]. N sir; of course I've got my children, ar my wife 's delicate; in my position I ha to think of these things. [ANTHONY nods It was n't that I was going to say, sir, you'll excuse me -Hesitates

Anthony. Out with it, then !

TENCH. I know - from my own father sir, that when you get on in life you do fe things dreadfully -

ANTHONY [almost paternally]. Come, o

with it, Tench!

TENCH. I don't like to say it. sir.

ANTHONY [stonily]. You must.

Tench [after a pause, desperately bolting it out]. I think the Directors are going to throw you over, sir.

ANTHONY. [Sits in silence.] Ring the

bell!

[Tench nervously rings the bell and stands by the fire.]

TENCH. Excuse me for saying such a thing. I was only thinking of you, sir.

[Frost enters from the hall, he comes to the foot of the table, and looks at Anthony; Tench covers his nervousness by arranging papers.]

ANTHONY. Bring me a whiskey and soda.

FROST. Anything to eat, sir?

[Anthony shakes his head. Frost goes to the sideboard, and prepares

the drink.]

TENCH [in a low voice, almost supplicating]. If you could see your way, sir, it would be a great relief to my mind, it would indeed. [He looks up at ANTHONY, who has not moved.] It does make me so very anxious. I have n't slept properly for weeks, sir, and that's a fact.

[Anthony looks in his face, then slowly shakes his head.]

Tench [disheartened]. No, sir?

[He goes on arranging papers.
Frost places the whiskey and soda
on a salver and puts it down by
Anthony's right hand. He stands
away, looking gravely at AnTHONY.]

FROST. Nothing I can get you, sir? [AN-THONY shakes his head.] You're aware, sir,

of what the doctor said, sir?

ANTHONY. I am.

[A pause. Frost suddenly moves closer to him, and speaks in a low

FROST. This strike, sir; puttin' all this strain on you. Excuse me, sir, is it—is it worth it, sir? [Anthony mutters some words that are inaudible.] Very good, sir!

[He turns and goes out into the hall. Tench makes two attempts to speak; but meeting his Chairman's gaze he drops his eyes, and, turning dismally, he too goes out. Anthony is left alone. He grips the glass, tilts it, and drinks deeply; then sets it down with a deep and rumbling sigh and leans back in his chair.]

ACT II

Scene I

It is half past three. In the kitchen of ROB-ERTS'S cottage a meager little fire is burning. The room is clean and tidy, very barely furnished, with a brick floor and white-washed walls, much stained with smoke. There is a kettle on the fire. A door opposite the fireplace opens inward from a snowy street. On the wooden table are a cup and saucer, a teapot, knife, and plate of bread and cheese. Close to the fireplace in an old armchair, wrapped in a rug, sits Mrs. Roberts, a thin and dark-haired woman about thirty-five, with patient eyes. Her hair is not done up, but tied back with a piece of ribbon. By the fire, too, is Mrs. Yeo; a red-haired, broad-faced person. Sitting near the table is Mrs. Rous, an old lady, ashen-white, with silver hair; by the door, standing, as if about to go, is Mrs. Bulgin, a little, pale, pinched-up woman. In a chair, with her elbows resting on the table, and her face resting in her hands, sits Madge Thomas, a good-looking girl of twenty-two, with high cheekbones, deepset eyes, and dark untidy hair. She is listening to the talk, but she neither speaks nor moves.

MRS. YEO. So he give me a sixpence, and that's the first bit o' money I seen this week. There an't much 'eat to this fire. Come and warm yerself, Mrs. Rous, you're lookin' as white as the snow, you are.

MRS. ROUS [shivering — placidly]. Ah! but the winter my old man was took was the proper winter. Seventy-nine that was, when none of you was hardly born — not Madge Thomas, nor Sue Bulgin. [Looking at them in turn.] Annie Roberts, 'ow old were you, dear?

MRS. ROBERTS. Seven, Mrs. Rous.

Mrs. Rous. Seven — well, ther'! A tiny little thing!

MRS. YEO [aggressively]. Well, I was

ten myself, I remembers it.

MRS. Rous [placidly]. The Company had n't been started three years. Father was workin' on the acid, that's 'ow he got 'is pisoned leg. I kep' sayin' to 'im, "Father, you've got a pisoned leg." "Well," 'e said, "mother, pison or no pison, I can't afford to go a-layin' up." An' two days after, he was on 'is back, and never got up again. It was Providence! There was n't none o' these Compensation Acts then.

MRS. YEO. Ye had n't no strike that winter! [With grim humor.] This winter's 'ard enough for me. Mrs. Roberts, you don't want no 'arder winter, do you? Would n't seem natural to 'ave a dinner, would it, Mrs. Bulgin?

Mrs. Bulgin. We 've had bread and tea

last four days.

Mrs. YEO. You got that Friday's laundry job?

MRS. BULGIN [dispiritedly]. They said they 'd give it me, but when I went last Friday, they were full up. I got to go again next week.

Mrs. Yeo. Ah! There 's too many after that. I send Yeo out on the ice to put on the gentry's skates an' pick up what 'e can. Stops 'im from broodin' about the 'ouse.

Mrs. Bulgin [in a desolate, matter-of-fact voice]. Leavin' out the men — it's bad enough with the children. I keep 'em in bed, they don't get so hungry when they 're not running about; but they 're that restless in bed they worry your life out.

Mrs. Yeo. You're lucky they're all so small. It's the goin' to school that makes'em 'ungry. Don't Bulgin give you any-

thin'?

Mrs. Bulgin. [Shakes her head, then, as though by afterthought.] Would if he could, I s'pose.

MRS. YEO [sardonically]. What! 'Ave n't 'e got no shares in the Company?

MRS. ROUS [rising with tremulous cheerfulness]. Well, good-bye, Annie Roberts, I'm going along home.

MRS. ROBERTS. Stay an' have a cup of

tea, Mrs. Rous?

MRS. Rous [with the faintest smile]. Roberts 'll want 'is tea when he comes in. I 'll just go an' get to bed; it's warmer there than anywhere.

[She moves very shakily towards the door.]

Mrs. Yeo [rising and giving her an arm]. Come on, mother, take my arm; we 're all goin' the same way.

MRS. Rous [taking the arm]. Thank you,

my dearies!

[They go out, followed by Mrs. Bul-GIN.]

MADGE [moving for the first time]. There, Annie, you see that! I told George Rous, "Don't think to have my company till you 've made an end of all this trouble. You

ought to be ashamed," I said, "with you own mother looking like a ghost, and not stick to put on the fire. So long as you'r able to fill your pipes, you 'll let us starve. "I'll take my oath, Madge," he said, " 've not had smoke nor drink these thre weeks!" "Well, then, why do you go o with it?" "I can't go back on Roberts! . . . That's it! Roberts, always Roberts! They'd all drop it but for him. When h talks it's the devil that comes into them A silence. Mrs. Roberts makes a movemen of pain. Ah! You don't want him beaten He's your man. With everybody like thei own shadows! [She makes a gesture toward MRS. ROBERTS. If Rous wants me he mus give up Roberts. If he gave him up — the all would. They 're only waiting for a lead Father's against him - they're all agains him in their hearts.

Mrs. Roberts. You won't beat Roberts
[They look silently at each other

MADGE. Won't I? The cowards — whetheir own mothers and their own childrendon't know where to turn.

Mrs. Roberts. Madge!

MADGE [looking searchingly at MRS. ROBERTS]. I wonder he can look you in the face [She squats before the fire, with her hands ou to the flame.] Harness is here again. They'l have to make up their minds to-day.

Mrs. Roberts [in a soft, slow voice, wit a slight West-country burr]. Roberts wil never give up the furnacemen and engineering the slower state of the slower slowe

neers. 'T would n't be right.

MADGE. You can't deceive me. It 's jus

his pride.

[A tapping at the door is heard, the women turn as Enid enters. She wears a round fur cap, and a jacked of squirrel's fur. She closes the dood behind her.]

ENID. Can I come in, Annie?

Mrs. Roberts [finching]. Miss Enid! Give Mrs. Underwood a chair, Madge!

[Madge gives Enid the chair she habeen sitting on.]

ENID. Thank you! [To Mrs. Roberts. Are you any better?

MRS. ROBERTS. Yes, m'm; thank you m'm.

ENID [looking at the sullen MADGE athough requesting her departure]. Why divou send back the jelly? I call that reall wicked of you!

MRS. ROBERTS. Thank you, m'm, I'd no need for it.

ENID. Of course! It was Roberts's doing, was n't it? How can he let all this suffering go on amongst you?

MADGE [suddenly]. What suffering? ENID [surprised]. I beg your pardon!

MADGE. Who said there was suffering?

MRS. ROBERTS. Madge!

MADGE [throwing her shawl over her head]. Please to let us keep ourselves to ourselves. We don't want you coming here and spying on us.

ENID [confronting her, but without rising].

I did n't speak to you.

MADGE [in a low, fierce voice]. Keep your kind feelings to yourself. You think you can come amongst us, but you're mistaken. Go back and tell the Manager that.

Enid [stonily]. This is not your house.

Madge [turning to the door]. No, it is
not my house; keep clear of my house,

Mrs. Underwood.

[She goes out. Enid taps her fingers

on the table.]

Mrs. Roberts. Please to forgive Madge Thomas, m'm; she's a bit upset to-day.

[A pause.]

ENID [looking at her]. Oh, I think they 're so stupid, all of them.

Mrs. Roberts [with a faint smile]. Yes,

m'm.

ENID. Is Roberts out?

MRS. ROBERTS. Yes, m'm.

ENID. It is his doing that they don't come to an agreement. Now is n't it, Annie?

MRS. ROBERTS [softly, with her eyes on ENID, and moving the fingers of one hand continually on her breast]. They do say that your father, m'm—

ENID. My father's getting an old man,

and you know what old men are.

Mrs. Roberts. I am sorry, m'm.
Enid [more sofily]. I don't expect you to
feel sorry, Annie. I know it's his fault as

well as Roberts's.

Mrs. Roberts. I'm sorry for any one that gets old, m'm; it's dreadful to get old, and Mr. Anthony was such a fine old

man I always used to think.

ENID [impulsively]. He always liked you, don't you remember? Look here, Annie, what can I do? I do so want to know. You don't get what you ought to have. [Going to the fire, she takes the kettle off, and looks for

coals.] And you're so naughty sending back the soup and things!

MRS. ROBERTS [with a faint smile]. Yes,

m'm?

ENID [resentfully]. Why, you have n't

even got coals?

MRS. ROBERTS. If you please, m'm, to put the kettle on again; Roberts won't have long for his tea when he comes in. He's got to meet the men at four.

ENID [putting the kettle on]. That means he'll lash them into a fury again. Can't you stop his going, Annie? [Mrs. Roberts smiles ironically.] Have you tried? [A silence.] Does he know how ill you are?

MRS. ROBERTS. It 's only my weak 'eart,

m'm.

ENID. You used to be so well when you were with us.

MRS. ROBERTS [stiffening]. Roberts is al-

ways good to me.

ENID. But you ought to have everything you want, and you have nothing!

Mrs. Roberts [appealingly]. They tell me I don't look like a dyin' woman?

ENID. Of course you don't; if you could only have proper — Will you see my doctor if I send him to you? I'm sure he'd do you good.

MRS. ROBERTS [with faint questioning].

Yes, m'm.

END. Madge Thomas ought n't to come here; she only excites you. As if I did n't know what suffering there is amongst the men! I do feel for them dreadfully, but you know they have gone too far.

MRS. ROBERTS [continually moving her fingers]. They say there's no other way to

get better wages, m'm.

ENID [earnestly]. But, Annie, that 's why the Union won't help them. My husband 's very sympathetic with the men, but he says they 're not underpaid.

MRS. ROBERTS. No, m'm?

ENID. They never think how the Company could go on if we paid the wages they want.

MRS. ROBERTS [with an effort]. But the

dividends having been so big, m'm.

ENID [taken aback]. You all seem to think the shareholders are rich men, but they're not — most of them are really no better off than working men. [Mrs. Roberts smiles.] They have to keep up appearances.

MRS. ROBERTS. Yes, m'm?

ENID. You don't have to pay rates and taxes, and a hundred other things that they do. If the men did n't spend such a tot in drink and betting they 'd be quite well off!

Mrs. Roberts. They say, workin' so hard,

they must have some pleasure.

ENID. But surely not low pleasure like hat.

Mrs. Roberts [a little resentfully]. Roberts never touches a drop; and he's never had a bet in his life.

ENID. Oh! but he's not a com— I mean he's an engineer—a superior man.

MRS. ROBERTS. Yes, m'm. Roberts says they 've no chance of other pleasures.

ENID [musing]. Of course, I know it 's

hard.

MRS. ROBERTS [with a spice of malice].
And they say gentlefolk's just as bad.

Enid [with a smile]. I go as far as most people, Annie, but you know, yourself, that's nonsense.

Mrs. Roberts [with painful effort]. A lot o' the men never go near the Public; but even they don't save but very little, and that goes if there's illness.

ENID. But they 've got their clubs, have

n't they?

MRS. ROBERTS. The clubs only give up to eighteen shillin's a week, m'm, and it 's not much amongst a family. Roberts says workin' folk have always lived from hand to mouth. Sixpence to-day is worth more than a shillin' to-morrow, that 's what they say.

ENID. But that 's the spirit of gambling. Mrs. Roberts [with a sort of excitement]. Roberts says a working man's life is all a gamble, from the time 'e 's born to the time 'e dies. [Enid leans forward, interested. Mrs. Roberts goes on with a growing excitement that culminates in the personal feeling of the last words. He says, m'm, that when a working man's baby is born, it's a toss-up from breath to breath whether it ever draws another, and so on all 'is life; an' when he comes to be old, it's the workhouse or the grave. He says that without a man is very near, and pinches and stints 'imself and 'is children to save, there can't be neither surplus nor security. That 's why he would n't have no children [she sinks back], not though I wanted them.

Enid. Yes, yes, I know!

Mrs. Roberts. No you don't, m'r You've got your children, and you'll neve

need to trouble for them.

Enid [gently]. You ought n't to be talking so much, Annie. [Then, in spite of he self.] But Roberts was paid a lot of mone was n't he, for discovering that process?

MRS. ROBERTS [on the defensive]. A Roberts's savin's have gone. He 's alway looked forward to this strike. He says he no right to a farthing when the others ar suffering. 'T is n't so with all o' them Some don't seem to care no more than the

- so long as they get their own.

ENID. I don't see how they can be expected to when they 're suffering like this [In a changed voice.] But Roberts ought t think of you! It's all terrible! The kettle boiling. Shall I make the tea? [She take the teapot, and, seeing tea there, pours wate into it.] Won't you have a cup?

MRS. ROBERTS. No, thank you, m'm [She is listening, as though for footsteps. I'd sooner you did n't see Roberts, m'm

he gets so wild.

ENID. Oh! but I must, Annie; I'll b quite calm, I promise.

MRS. ROBERTS. It 's life an' death bim, m'm.

ENID [very gently]. I'll get him to tall to me outside, we won't excite you.

MRS. ROBERTS [faintly]. No, m'm.

[She gives a violent start. ROBERT has come in, unseen.]

ROBERTS [removing his hat — with subth mockery]. Beg pardon for coming in; you're engaged with a lady, I see.

ENID. Can I speak to you, Mr. Roberts ROBERTS. Whom have I the pleasure of

addressing, ma'am?
Enid. But surely you know me! I'm

Mrs. Underwood.

ROBERTS [with a bow of malice]. The

ROBERTS [with a bow of malice]. The daughter of our Chairman.

ENID [earnestly]. I've come on purpose to speak to you; will you come outside a minute? [She looks at Mrs. Roberts.

ROBERTS [hanging up his hat]. I have nothing to say, ma'am.

ENID. But I must speak to you, please.

[She moves towards the door. ROBERTS [with sudden venom]. I have not the time to listen!

MRS. ROBERTS. David!

ENID. Mr. Roberts, please?

ROBERTS [taking off his overcoat]. I am sorry to disoblige a lady — Mr. Anthony's

daughter.

ENID [wavering, then with sudden decision]. Mr. Roberts, I know you've another meeting of the men. [ROBERTS bows.] I came to appeal to you. Please, please, try to come to some compromise; give way a little, if it's only for your own sakes!

ROBERTS [speaking to himself]. The daughter of Mr. Anthony begs me to give way a little, if it's only for our own sakes!

ENID. For everybody's sake; for your

wife's sake.

ROBERTS. For my wife's sake, for every-body's sake — for the sake of Mr. Anthony.

ENID. Why are you so bitter against my father? He has never done anything to you.
ROBERTS. Has he not?

ROBERTS. Has he hot !

ENID. He can't help his views, any more than you can help yours.

ROBERTS. I really did n't know that I

had a right to views!

ENID. He's an old man, and you —

[Seeing his eyes fixed on her, she
stops.]

ROBERTS [without raising his voice]. If I saw Mr. Anthony going to die, and I could save him by lifting my hand, I would not lift the little finger of it.

ENID. You - you -

[She stops again, biting her lips.]
ROBERTS. I would not, and that's flat!
ENID [coldly]. You don't mean what you
say, and you know it!

ROBERTS. I mean every word of it.

ENID. But why?

ROBERTS [with a flash]. Mr. Anthony stands for tyranny! That's why!

ENID. Nonsense!

[Mrs. Roberts makes a movement as if to rise, but sinks back in her chair.]

ENID [with an impetuous movement].

Annie!

ROBERTS. Please not to touch my wife! ENID [recoiling with a sort of horror]. I believe — you are mad.

ROBERTS. The house of a madman then

is not the fit place for a lady.

ENID. I'm not afraid of you.

ROBERTS [bowing]. I would not expect the daughter of Mr. Anthony to be afraid. Mr. Anthony is not a coward like the rest of them.

ENID [suddenly]. I suppose you think it brave, then, to go on with the struggle.

ROBERTS. Does Mr. Anthony think it brave to fight against women and children? Mr. Anthony is a rich man, I believe; does he think it brave to fight against those who have n't a penny? Does he think it brave to set children crying with hunger, an' women shivering with cold?

ENID [putting up her hand, as though warding off a blow]. My father is acting on

his principles, and you know it!

ROBERTS. And so am I!

ENID. You hate us; and you can't bear to be beaten!

ROBERTS. Neither can Mr. Anthony, for

all that he may say.

ENID. At any rate you might have pity on your wife.

> [Mrs. Roberts who has her hand pressed to her heart, takes it away, and tries to calm her breathing.]

Roberts. Madam, I have no more to say.

[He takes up the loaf. There is a knock at the door, and Underwood comes in. He stands looking at them, Enid turns to him, then seems undecided.]

Underwood. Enid!

ROBERTS [ironically]. Ye were not needing to come for your wife, Mr. Underwood. We are not rowdies.

Underwood. I know that, Roberts. I hope Mrs. Roberts is better. [Roberts turns away without answering.] Come, Enid! Enid. I make one more appeal to you,

Mr. Roberts, for the sake of your wife.

ROBERTS [with polite malice]. If I might advise ye, ma'am — make it for the sake of your husband and your father.

[Enid, suppressing a retort, goes out Underwood opens the door for her and follows. Roberts, going to the fire, holds out his hands to the dying glow.]

ROBERTS. How goes it, my girl? Feeling better, are you? [MRS. ROBERTS smiles faintly. He brings his overcoat and wraps it round her. Looking at his watch.] Ten minutes to four! [As though inspired.] I've seen their faces, there's no fight in them, except for that one old robber.

Mrs. Roberts. Won't you stop and eat, David? You've 'ad nothing all day!

ROBERTS [putting his hand to his throat]

Can't swallow till those old sharks are out o' the town. [He walks up and down.] I shall have a bother with the men - there's no heart in them, the cowards. Blind as pats, they are - can't see a day before their noses.

MRS. ROBERTS. It 's the women, David. ROBERTS. Ah! So they say! They can remember the women when their own bellies speak! The women never stop them from the drink; but from a little suffering to themselves in a sacred cause, the women stop them fast enough.

MRS. ROBERTS. But think o' the chil-

ROBERTS. Ah! If they will go breeding themselves for slaves, without a thought of the future o' them they breed -

Mrs. Roberts [gasping]. That's enough, David; don't begin to talk of that — I won't

Roberts [staring at her]. Now, now, my girl!

MRS. ROBERTS [breathlessly]. No, no,

David — I won't! ROBERTS. There, there! Come, come! That's right! [Bitterly.] Not one penny will they put by for a day like this. Not they! Hand to mouth - Gad! - I know them! They've broke my heart. There was no holdin' them at the start, but now the pinch 'as come.

Mrs. Roberts. How can you expect it,

David? They're not made of iron.

ROBERTS. Expect it? Would n't I expect what I would do meself? Would n't I starve an' rot rather than give in? What one man can do, another can.

Mrs. Roberts. And the women?

ROBERTS. This is not women's work. Mrs. Roberts [with a flash of malice].

No, the women may die for all you care. That's their work.

ROBERTS [averting his eyes]. Who talks of dying? No one will die till we have beaten these — [He meets her eyes again, and again turns his away. Excitedly.] This is what I've been waiting for all these months. To get the old robbers down, and send them home again without a farthin's worth o' change. I 've seen their faces, I tell you, in the valley of the shadow of defeat.

[He goes to the peg and takes down his

Mrs. Roberts [following with her eyes -

softly]. Take your overcoat, David; it mus

ROBERTS [coming up to her — his eyes ar furtive]. No, no! There, there, stay quie and warm. I won't be long, my girl.

MRS. ROBERTS [with soft bitterness]

You'd better take it.

She lifts the coat. But ROBERTS put it back, and wraps it round her. H tries to meet her eyes, but canno Mrs. Roberts stays huddled i the coat, her eyes, that follow his about, are half malicious, have yearning. He looks at his wate again, and turns to go. In the door way he meets JAN THOMAS, a bo of ten in clothes too big for him carrying a penny whistle.]

ROBERTS. Hallo, boy!

[He goes. JAN stops within a yard of MRS. ROBERTS, and stares at he without a word.]

Mrs. Roberts. Well, Jan!

JAN. Father's coming; sister Madge'

coming.

[He sits at the table, and fidgets wit his whistle; he blows three vagu notes; then imitates a cuckoo. Ther is a tap on the door. Old THOMA comes in.

Thomas. A very coot tay to you, ma'an It is petter that you are.

MRS. ROBERTS. Thank you, Mr. Thomas THOMAS [nervously]. Roberts in?

MRS. ROBERTS. Just gone on to th

meeting, Mr. Thomas.

THOMAS [with relief, becoming talkative] This is fery unfortunate, look you! I camto tell him that we must make terms with London. It is a fery great pity he is gon to the meeting. He will be kicking agains the pricks, I am thinking.

MRS. ROBERTS [half rising]. He'll neve

give in, Mr. Thomas.

THOMAS. You must not be fretting, tha is very pat for you. Look you, there is hartly any mans for supporting him now but the engineers and George Rous. [Sol emnly. This strike is no longer coing with Chapel, look you! I have listened carefully an' I have talked with her. [JAN blows. Sst! I don't care what th' others say, I say that Chapel means us to be stopping th trouple, that is what I make of her; an it is my opinion that this is the fery bes thing for all of us. If it was n't my opinion I ton't say - but it is my opinion, look

you.

MRS. ROBERTS [trying to suppress her excitement]. I don't know what 'll come to

Roberts, if you give in.

THOMAS. It is no disgrace whateffer! All that a mortal man coult do he hass tone. It iss against human nature he hass gone; fery natural—any man may do that; but Chapel has spoken and he must not go against her. [JAN imitates the cuckoo.] Ton't make that squeaking! [Going to the door.] Here iss my daughter come to sit with you. A fery goot day, ma'am—no fretting—rememper!

[Madge comes in and stands at the open door, watching the street.]

MADGE. You'll be late, father; they're beginning. [She catches him by the sleeve.] For the love of God, stand up to him, father—this time!

THOMAS [detaching his sleeve with dignity]. Leave me to do what's proper, girl!

> [He goes out. Madge, in the center of the open doorway, slowly moves in, as though before the approach of some one.]

ROUS [appearing in the doorway]. Madge!
[Madge stands with her back to Mrs.
ROBERTS, staring at him with her head up and her hands behind her.]

Rous [who has a fierce distracted look]. Madge! I'm going to the meeting. [MADGE, without moving, smiles contemptuously.] D'ye hear me?

[They speak in quick low voices.]
MADGE. I hear! Go, and kill your own

mother, if you must.

[Rous seizes her by both her arms. She stands rigid, with her head bent back. He releases her, and he too stands motionless.]

Rous. I swore to stand by Roberts. I swore that! Ye want me to go back on what I've sworn.

MADGE [with slow soft mockery]. You are

a pretty lover!

Rous. Madge!

MADGE [smiling]. I 've heard that lovers do what their girls ask them — [JAN sounds he cuckoo's notes] — but that 's not true, it seems!

Rous. You'd make a blackleg of me!

MADGE [with her eyes half closed]. Do it
or me!

Rous [dashing his hand across his brow]. Damn! I can't!

MADGE [swiftly]. Do it for me!

Rous [through his teeth]. Don't play the wanton with me!

MADGE [with a movement of her hand towards JAN—quick and low]. I would be that for the children's sake!

Rous [in a fierce whisper]. Madge! Oh,

Madge!

MADGE [with soft mockery]. But you can't

break your word for me!

Rous [with a choke]. Then, begod, I can!
[He turns and rushes off. MADGE
stands, with a faint smile on her
face, looking after him. She turns to
Mrs. ROBERTS.]

MADGE. I have done for Roberts!

MRS. ROBERTS [scornfully]. Done for my man, with that — [She sinks back.]

MADGE [running to her, and feeling her hands]. You're as cold as a stone! You want a drop of brandy. Jau, run to the "Lion"; say I sent you for Mrs. Roberts.

MRS. ROBERTS [with a feeble movement]. I'll just sit quiet, Madge. Give Jan—his

- tea.

MADGE [giving JAN a slice of bread]. There, ye little rascal. Hold your piping. [Going to the fire, she kneels.] It's going out.

MRS. ROBERTS [with a faint smile]. 'T is all the same! [JAN begins to blow his whistle.]

MADGE. Tsht! Tsht! — you —

[JAN stops.] Mrs. Roberts [smiling]. Let 'im play,

Madge.

MADGE [on her knees at the fire, listening]. Waiting an' waiting. I 've no patience
with it; waiting an' waiting — that 's what a
woman has to do! Can you hear them at it
— I can!

[Jan begins to play his whistle; Madge gets up; half tenderly she ruffles his hair; then, sitting, leans her elbows on the table, and her chin on her hands. Behind her, on Mrs. Roberts's face the smile has changed to horrified surprise. She makes a sudden movement, sitting forward, pressing her hands against her breast. Then slowly she sinks back; slowly her face loses the look of pain, the smile returns. She fixes her eyes again on Jan, and moves her lips and finger to the tune.]

SCENE II

It is past four. In a gray, failing light, an open muddy space is crowded with workmen. Beyond, divided from it by a barbed wire fence, is the raised towing-path of a canal, on which is moored a barge. In the distance are marshes and snow-covered hills. The "Works" high wall runs from the canal across the open space, and in the angle of this wall is a rude platform of barrels and boards. On it, Harness is standing. ROBERTS, a little apart from the crowd, leans his back against the wall. On the raised towing-path two bargemen lounge and smoke indifferently.

HARNESS [holding out his hand]. Well, I've spoken to you straight. If I speak till

to-morrow I can't say more.

Jago. [A dark, sallow, Spanish-looking man with a short, thin beard. Mister, want to ask you! Can they get blacklegs?

Bulgin [menacing]. Let 'em try.

[There are savage murmurs from the

Brown. [A round-faced man.] Where

could they get 'em then?
EVANS. [A small, restless, harassed man, with a fighting face. There's always blacklegs; it 's the nature of 'em. There 's always men that'll save their own skins.

> [Another savage murmur. There is a movement, and old THOMAS, joining the crowd, takes his stand in

HARNESS [holding up his hand]. They can't get them. But that won't help you. Now men, be reasonable. Your demands would have brought on us the burden of a dozen strikes at a time when we were not prepared for them. The Unions live by Justice, not to one, but all. Any fair man will tell you - you were ill-advised! I don't say you go too far for that which you 're entitled to, but you 're going too far for the moment; you 've dug a pit for yourselves. Are you to stay there, or are you to climb out? Come!

Lewis. [A clean-cut Welshman with a dark mustache.] You 've hit it, mister!

Which is it to be?

[Another movement in the crowd, and Rous, coming quickly, takes his stand next THOMAS.]

HARNESS. Cut your demands to the right pattern, and we 'll see you through; refuse, and don't expect me to waste my

time coming down here again. I'm not th sort that speaks at random, as you ough to know by this time. If you're the sour men I take you for - no matter who as vises you against it - [he fixes his eyes of ROBERTS | you'll make up your minds come in, and trust to us to get your term Which is it to be? Hands together, are victory - or - the starvation you've g [A prolonged murmur from the crowd JAGO [sullenly]. Talk about what yo

HARNESS [lifting his voice above the mu mur]. Know? [With cold passion.] All the you've been through, my friend, I've bee through - I was through it when I wa no bigger than [pointing to a youth] the shaver there; the Unions then were n't wha they are now. What's made them strong It's hands together that's made then strong. I've been through it all, I tell yo the brand's on my soul yet. I know wha you've suffered - there's nothing you ca tell me that I don't know; but the whole

part. Stand by us, and we will stand by yo [Quartering them with his eyes, waits. The murmuring swells; to men form little groups. Green Bulgin, and Lewis talk together

Lewis. Speaks very sensible, the Unic

greater than the part, and you are only th

chap.

know.

GREEN [quietly]. Ah! if I 'd 'a' been li tened to, you'd 'ave 'eard sense these tw months past.

[The bargemen are seen laughing LEWIS [pointing]. Look at those two

blanks over the fence there!

Bulgin [with gloomy violence]. They best stop their cackle, or I'll break the jaws.

JAGO [suddenly]. You say the furnac

men's paid enough?

HARNESS. I did not say they were pa enough; I said they were paid as much the furnace men in similar works els where.

EVANS. That's a lie! [Hubbub.] Wh

about Harper's?

HARNESS [with cold irony]. You may loo at home for lies, my man. Harper's shif are longer, the pay works out the same.

HENRY ROUS. [A dark edition of hebrother George.] Will ye support us double pay overtime Saturdays?

HARNESS. Yes, we will.

JAGO. What have ye done with our subscriptions?

HARNESS [coldly]. I have told you what

we will do with them.

EVANS. Ah! will, it's always will! Ye'd have our mates desert us. [Hubbub.]Bulgin [shouting]. Hold your row!

[Evans looks round angrily.]

HARNESS [lifting his voice]. Those who know their right hands from their lefts know that the Unions are neither thieves nor traitors. I've said my say. Figure it out, my lads; when you want me you know where I shall be.

[He jumps down, the crowd gives way, he passes through them, and goes away. A BARGEMAN looks after him jerking his pipe with a derisive gesture. The men close up in groups, and many looks are cast at ROBERTS, who stands alone against the wall.]

EVANS. He wants ye to turn blacklegs, that's what he wants. He wants ye to go back on us. Sooner than turn blackleg-

I'd starve, I would.

Bulgin. Who's talkin' o' blacklegs -

mind what you're saying, will you?

BLACKSMITH. [A youth with yellow hair and huge arms. What about the women? Evans. They can stand what we can

stand, I suppose, can't they?

BLACKSMITH. Ye've no wife? Evans. An' don't want one!

THOMAS [raising his voice]. Aye! Give us the power to come to terms with London, lads.

DAVIES. [A dark, slow-fly, gloomy man.] Go up the platform, if you got anything to

say, go up an' say it.

[There are cries of "Thomas!" He is pushed towards the platform; he ascends it with difficulty, and bares his head, waiting for silence. A hush.

RED-HAIRED YOUTH [suddenly]. Coot

old Thomas!

[A hoarse laugh; the bargemen exchange remarks; a hush again, and Thomas begins speaking.

THOMAS. We are all in the tepth together, and it iss Nature that has put us there.

HENRY ROUS. It's London put us there! EVANS. It's the Union.

THOMAS. It iss not Lonton; nor it iss not the Union—it iss Nature. It iss no disgrace whateffer to a potty to give in to Nature. For this Nature iss a fery pig thing; it is pigger than what a man is. There iss more years to my hett than to the hett of any one here. It is fery pat, look you, this coing against Nature. It is pat to make other potties suffer, when there is nothing to pe cot py it. [A laugh. THOMAS angrily goes on.] What are ye laughing at? It is pat, I say! We are fighting for a principle; there is no potty that shall say I am not a peliever in principle. Putt when Nature says "No further," then it is no coot snapping your fingers in her face. [A laugh from Roberts, and murmurs of approval.] This Nature must pe humort. It is a man's pisiness to pe pure, honest, just, and merciful. That's what Chapel tells you. [To ROBERTS, angrily. And, look you, David Roberts, Chapel tells you ye can do that without coing against Nature.

JAGO. What about the Union?

THOMAS. I ton't trust the Union; they haf treated us like tirt. "Do what we tell you," said they. I haf peen captain of the furnace men twenty years, and I say to the Union - [excitedly] - "Can you tell me then, as well as I can tell you, what iss the right wages for the work that these men do?" For fife and twenty years I haf paid my moneys to the Union and - [with great excitement] - for nothings! What iss that but roguery, for all that this Mr. Harness [Murmurs.]

Evans. Hear, hear.

HENRY Rous. Get on with you! Cut on with it then!

THOMAS. Look you, if a man toes not trust me, am I coing to trust him?

JAGO. That's right.

THOMAS. Let them alone for rogues, and [Murmurs.]act for ourselves.

BLACKSMITH. That 's what we been doin',

have n't we?

Thomas [with increased excitement]. 1 wass brought up to do for meself. I wass brought up to go without a thing if I hat not moneys to puy it. There iss too much, look you, of doing things with other people's moneys. We haf fought fair, and if we haf peen beaten, it iss no fault of ours. Gif us the power to make terms with Lonton for ourself; if we ton't succeed, I say it iss petter to take our peating like men, than to tie like togs, or hang on to others' coattails to make them do our pisiness for us!

EVANS [muttering]. Who wants to? THOMAS [craning]. What's that? If I stand up to a potty, and he knocks me town, I am not to go hollering to other potties to help me; I am to stand up again; and if he knocks me town properly, I am to stay there, is n't that right?

JAGO. No Union!

HENRY ROUS. Union!

[Others take up the shout.]

EVANS. Blacklegs!

[Bulgin and the Blacksmith shake their fists at Evans.]

THOMAS [with a gesture]. I am an olt man, look you.

A sudden silence, then murmurs

again.

Lewis. Olt fool, with his "No Union!" Bulgin. Them furnace chaps! For twopence I'd smash the faces o' the lot of them. GREEN. If I'd 'a' been listened to at the

THOMAS [wiping his brow]. I'm comin' now to what I was coing to say -

DAVIES [muttering]. An' time too!

THOMAS [solemnly]. Chapel says: Ton't carry on this strife! Put an end to it.

JAGO. That 's a lie! Chapel says go on! THOMAS [scornfully]. Inteet! I haf ears my head.

RED-HAIRED YOUTH. Ah! long ones!

JAGO. Your ears have misbeled you then. THOMAS [excitedly]. Ye cannot be right if I am, ye cannot haf it both ways.

RED-HAIRED YOUTH. Chapelcan though! [" The Shaver" laughs; there are mur-

murs from the crowd.]

THOMAS [fixing his eyes on "The Shaver"]. Ah! ye 're coing the roat to tamnation. An' so I say to all of you. If ye co against Chapel I will not pe with you, nor will any other Got-fearing man.

[He steps down from the platform. JAGO makes his way towards it. There are cries of "Don't let 'im go

up!"]

JAGO. Don't let him go up? That's free speech, that is. [He goes up.] I ain't got much to say to you. Look at the matter plain; ye've come the road this far, and now you want to chuck the journey. We've

all been in one boat; and now you want t pull in two. We engineers have stood b you; ye 're ready now, are ye, to give u we'd not 'a' started out with you so earl one bright morning! That's all I 've got t say. Old man Thomas ain't got his Bibl lesson right. If you give up to London, o to Harness, now, it 's givin' us the chuck - to save your skins - you won't get ove that, my boys; it's a dirty thing to do.

> He gets down; during his little speech which is ironically spoken, there i a restless discomfort in the crowd Rous, stepping forward, jumps or the platform. He has an air o fierce distraction. Sullen murmur of disapproval from the crowd.]

Rous [speaking with great excitement] I'm no blanky orator, mates, but wot I say is drove from me. What I say is yuman nature. Can a man set an' see 'is mothe: starve? Can 'e now?

ROBERTS [starting forward]. Rous! Rous [staring at him fiercely]. Sim 'Ar

ness said fair! I 've changed my mind! ROBERTS. Ah! Turned your coat you mean! [The crowd manifests a great surprise. LEWIS [apostrophizing Rous]. Hallo

What's turned him round?

Rous [speaking with intense excitement]. 'I said fair. "Stand by us," 'e said, "and we'll stand by you." That 's where we 've been makin' our mistake this long time past and who 's to blame for 't? [He points a ROBERTS. That man there! "No," 'e said, "fight the robbers," 'e said, "squeeze the breath out o' them!" But it's not the breath out o' them that 's being squeezed it's the breath out of us and ours, and that's the book of truth. I'm no orator, mates it 's the flesh and blood in me that's speakin' it's the heart o' me. [With a menacing, ye half-ashamed movement towards Roberts. He'll speak to you again, mark my words but don't ye listen. [The crowd groans.] It's hell fire that 's on that man's tongue. ROB ERTS is seen laughing.] Sim 'Arness is right What are we without the Union - handful o' parched leaves — a puff o' smoke. I'm no orator, but I say : Chuck it up ! Chuck it up! Sooner than go on starving the women and the children.

> [The murmurs of acquiescence almos drown the murmurs of dissent.]

Evans. What's turned you to blackleg-

ging?

Rous [with a furious look]. Sim 'Arness knows what he's talking about. Give us power to come to terms with London; I'm no orator, but I say - have done wi' this black misery!

[He gives his muffler a twist, jerks his head back, and jumps off the platform. The crowd applauds and surges forward. Amid cries of "That's enough!" "Up Union!" "Up Harness!" ROBERTS quietly ascends the platform. There is a moment of silence.]

BLACKSMITH. We don't want to hear you. Shut it !

HENRY Rous. Get down!

[Amid such cries they surge towards the platform.]

EVANS [fiercely]. Let 'im speak! Rob-

erts! Roberts!

BULGIN [muttering]. He 'd better look out that I don't crack his skull.

[Roberts faces the crowd, probing them with his eyes till they gradually become silent. He begins speaking. One of the bargemen rises and stands.

ROBERTS. You don't want to hear me, then? You'll listen to Rous and to that old man, but not to me. You'll listen to Sim Harness of the Union that's treated you so fair; maybe you'll listen to those men from London? Ah! You groan! What for? You love their feet on your necks, don't you? Then as Bulgin elbows his way towards the platform, with calm pathos.] You'd like to break my jaw, John Bulgin. Let me speak, then do your smashing, if it gives you pleasure. [Bulgin stands motionless and sullen.] Am I a liar, a coward, a traitor? If only I were, ye'd listen to me, I'm sure. [The murmurings cease, and there is now dead silence. Is there a man of you here that has less to gain by striking? Is there a man of you that had more to lose? Is there a man of you that has given up eight hundred pounds since this trouble here began? Come now, is there? How much has Thomas given up - ten pounds or five, or what? You listened to him, and what had he to say? "None can pretend," he said, "that I'm not a believer in principle - [with biting irony] - but when Nature says: 'No fur-

ther, 't es going agenst Nature.' " I tell you if a man cannot say to Nature: "Budge me from this if ye can!"-[with a sort of exaltation] - his principles are but his belly. "Oh, but," Thomas says, "a man can be pure and honest, just and merciful, and take off his hat to Nature!" I tell you Nature's neither pure nor honest, just nor merciful. You chaps that live over the hill, an' go home dead beat in the dark on a snowy night - don't ye fight your way every inch of it? Do ye go lyin' down an' trustin' to the tender mercies of this merciful Nature? Try it and you 'll soon know with what ye 've got to deal. 'Tes only by that - [he strikes a blow with his clenched fist] - in Nature's face that a man can be a man. "Give in," says Thomas, "go down on your knees; throw up your foolish fight, an' perhaps," he said, "perhaps your enemy will chuck you down a crust."

Jago. Never!

EVANS. Curse them!

THOMAS. I nefer said that.

ROBERTS [bitingly]. If ye did not say it, man, ye meant it. An' what did ye say about Chapel? "Chapel's against it," ye said. "She's against it!" Well, if Chapel and Nature go hand in hand, it's the first I've ever heard of it. That young man there - [pointing to Rous] - said I 'ad 'ell fire on my tongue. If I had I would use it all to scorch and wither this talking of surrender. Surrendering's the work of cowards and traitors.

HENRY ROUS [as GEORGE ROUS moves forward]. Go for him, George -don't stand

ROBERTS [flinging out his finger]. Stop there, George Rous, it's no time this to settle personal matters. [Rous stops.] But there was one other spoke to you — Mr. Simon Harness. We have not much to thank Mr. Harness and the Union for. They said to us "Desert your mates, or we'll desert you." An' they did desert us.

EVANS. They did.

ROBERTS. Mr. Simon Harness is a clever man, but he has come too late. \(\Gamma\) With intense conviction. For all that Mr. Simon Harness says, for all that Thomas, Rous, for all that any man present here can say - We've won the fight! [The crowd sags nearer, looking eagerly up. With withering scorn.] You've felt the pinch o't in your bellies. You've

forgotten what that fight 'as been; many times I have told you; I will tell you now this once again. The fight o' the country's body and blood against a blood-sucker. The fight of those that spend themselves with every blow they strike and every breath they draw, against a thing that fattens on them, and grows and grows by the law of merciful Nature. That thing is Capital! A thing that buys the sweat o' men's brows, and the tortures o' their brains, at its own price. Don't I know that? Was n't the work o' my brains bought for seven hundred pounds, and hasn't one hundred thousand pounds been gained them by that seven hundred without the stirring of a finger. It is a thing that will take as much and give you as little as it can. That's Capital! thing that will say - "I'm very sorry for you, poor fellows - you have a cruel time of it, I know," but will not give one sixpence of its dividends to help you have a better time. That's Capital! Tell me, for all their talk, is there one of them that will consent to another penny on the Income Tax to help the poor? That's Capital! A whitefaced, stony-hearted monster! Ye have got it on its knees; are ye to give up at the last minute to save your miserable bodies pain? When I went this morning to those old men from London, I looked into their very 'earts. One of them was sitting there -Mr. Scantlebury, a mass of flesh nourished on us: sittin' there for all the world like the shareholders in this Company, that sit not moving tongue nor finger, takin' dividends - a great dumb ox that can only be roused when its food is threatened. I looked into his eyes and I saw he was afraid afraid for himself and his dividends, afraid for his fees, afraid of the very shareholders he stands for; and all but one of them's afraid - like children that get into a wood at night, and start at every rustle of the leaves. I ask you, men - [he pauses, holding out his hand till there is utter silence] give me a free hand to tell them: "Go you back to London. The men have nothing for you!" [A murmuring.] Give me that, an' I swear to you, within a week you shall have from London all you want.

EVANS, JAGO; and OTHERS. A free hand! Give him a free hand! Bravo — bravo!

ROBERTS. 'T is not for this little moment of time we're fighting [the murmuring dies],

not for ourselves, our own little bodies, an their wants, 't is for all those that com after throughout all time. [With intens sadness. Oh! men - for the love o' then don't roll up another stone upon their heads, don't help to blacken the sky, an' le the bitter sea in over them. They're wel come to the worst that can happen to me to the worst that can happen to us all, are n' they - are n't they? If we can shake [pas sionately | that white-faced monster with th bloody lips, that has sucked the life out o ourselves, our wives, and children, since the world began. [Dropping the note of passion but with the utmost weight and intensity. I we have not the hearts of men to stand against it breast to breast, and eye to eye, and force it backward till it cry fo mercy, it will go on sucking life; and we shall stay forever what we are [in almost of whisper], less than the very dogs.

[An utter stillness, and ROBERT stands rocking his body slightly with his eyes burning the faces of

the crowd.

EVANS and JAGO [suddenly]. Roberts

[The shout is taken up. There is a slight movement in the crowd, and

Madge passing below the towing path, stops by the platform, looking up at Roberts. A sudden doubting silence.

ROBERTS. "Nature," says that old man "give in to Nature." I tell you, strike you blow in Nature's face—an' let it do its worst!

[He catches sight of Madge, his brown contract, he looks away.]

MADGE [in a low voice — close to the platform]. Your wife's dying!

[Roberts glares at her as if torn from some pinnacle of exaltation.]

ROBERTS [trying to stammer on]. I say to you — answer them — answer them —

[He is drowned by the murmur in the crowd.]

THOMAS [stepping forward]. Ton't you hear her, then?

ROBERTS. What is it? [A dead silence.] THOMAS. Your wife, man!

[Roberts hesitates, then with a gesture, he leaps down, and goes away below the towing-path, the men making way for him. The standing bargeman opens and prepares to light a lantern. Daylight is fast

failing.]

MADGE. He need n't have hurried! Annie Roberts is dead. [Then in the silence, passionately.] You pack of blinded hounds! How many more women are you going to let to die?

[The crowd shrinks back from her, and breaks up in groups, with a confused, uneasy movement. MADGE goes quickly away below the towingpath. There is a hush as they look after her.]

Lewis. There's a spitfire for ye!
Bulgin [growling]. I'll smash'er jaw.

GREEN. If I'd 'a' been listened to, that

THOMAS. It's a judgment on him for coing against Chapel. I tolt him how 't would

be!
EVANS. All the more reason for sticking by 'im. [A cheer.] Are you goin' to desert him now'e's down? Are you goin' to chuck him over, now'e 's lost 'is wife?

[The crowd is murmuring and cheering

all at once.]

Rous [stepping in front of platform]. Lost his wife! Aye! Can't ye see? Look at home, look at your own wives! What's to save them? You'll have the same in all your houses before long!

LEWIS. Aye, aye!

HENRY ROUS. Right! George, right!

[There are murmurs of assent.]

Rous. It 's not us that's blind, it's

Roberts. How long will ye put up with 'im!
HENRY ROUS, BULGIN, DAVIES. Give

'im the chuck! [The cry is taken up.]
EVANS [fiercely]. Kick a man that 's
down? Down?

HENRY Rous. Stop his jaw there!

[Evans throws up his arm at a threat from Bulgin. The bargeman, who has lighted the lantern, holds it high above his head.]

Rous [springing on to the platform]. What brought him down then, but 'is own black obstinacy? Are ye goin' to follow a man that can't see better than that where he's goin'?

EVANS. He's lost 'is wife.

Rous. An' who's fault 's that but his own. 'Ave done with 'im, I say, before he 's killed your own wives and mothers.

DAVIES. Down 'im!

HENRY ROUS. He's finished! Brown. We've had enough of 'im! BLACKSMITH. Too much!

> [The crowd takes up these cries, excepting only Evans, Jago, and Green, who is seen to argue mildly with the Blacksmith.]

Rous [above the hubbub]. We'll make terms with the Union, lads. [Cheers.]

Evans [fiercely]. Ye blacklegs!

Bulgin [savagely — squaring up to him]. Who are ye callin' blacklegs, Rat?

[Evans throws up his fists, parries the blow, and returns it. They fight. The bargemen are seen holding up the lantern and enjoying the sight. Old Thomas steps forward and holds out his hands.]

THOMAS. Shame on your strife!

[The Blacksmith, Brown, Lewis, and the Red-Haired Youth pull Evans and Bulgin apart. The stage is almost dark.]

ACT III

It is five o'clock. In the UNDERWOODS' drawing-room, which is artistically furnished, ENID is sitting on the sofa working at a baby's frock. EDGAR, by a little spindle-legged table in the center of the room, is fingering a china box. His eyes are fixed on the double doors that lead into the dining-room.

EDGAR [putting down the china box, and glancing at his watch]. Just on five, they 're all in there waiting, except Frank. Where's

he?

ENID. He's had to go down to Gasgoyne's about a contract. Will you want him?

EDGAR. He can't help us. This is a director's job. [Motioning towards a single door half hidden by a curtain.] Father in his room?

ENID. Yes.

EDGAR. I wish he'd stay there, Enid. [ENID looks up at him.] This is a beastly business, old girl!

[He takes up the little box again and turns it over and over.]

ENID. I went to the Roberts's this afternoon, Ted.

EDGAR. That was n't very wise.

ENID. He's simply killing his wife.

EDGAR. We are you mean.

ENID [suddenly]. Roberts ought to give way!

EDGAR. There's a lot to be said on the men's side.

ENID. I don't feel half so sympathetic with them as I did before I went. They just set up class feeling against you. Poor Annie was looking dreadfully bad - fire going out, and nothing fit for her to eat. [EDGAR walks to and fro.] But she would stand up for Roberts. When you see all this wretchedness going on and feel you can do nothing, you have to shut your eyes to the whole thing.

EDGAR. If you can.

ENID. When I went I was all on their side, but as soon as I got there I began to feel quite different at once. People talk about sympathy with the working classes, they don't know what it means to try and put it into practice. It seems hopeless.

EDGAR. Ah! well.

ENID. It's dreadful going on with the men in this state. I do hope the Dad will make concessions.

EDGAR. He won't. [Gloomily.] It 's a sort of religion with him. Curse it! I know what's coming! He'll be voted down.

ENID. They would n't dare!

EDGAR. They will - they 're in a funk. ENID [indignantly]. He'd never stand it! EDGAR [with a shrug]. My dear girl, if you're beaten in a vote, you've got to stand it.

ENID. Oh! [She gets up in alarm.] But

would he resign?

EDGAR. Of course! It goes to the roots

of his beliefs.

ENID. But he's so wrapped up in this company, Ted! There'd be nothing left for him! It'd be dreadful! [EDGAR shrugs his shoulders.] Oh, Ted, he's so old now! You must n't let them!

Edgar [hiding his feelings in an outburst]. My sympathies in this strike are all on the

side of the men.

ENID. He's been Chairman for more than thirty years! He made the whole thing! And think of the bad times they 've had; it's always been he who pulled them through. Oh, Ted, you must -

EDGAR. What is it you want? You said just now you hoped he 'd make concessions. Now you want me to back him in not making them. This is n't a game, Enid!

ENID [hotly]. It is n't a game to me that the Dad's in danger of losing all he cares about in life. If he won't give way, ar he's beaten, it'll simply break him down EDGAR. Did n't you say it was dreadfu

going on with the men in this state?

ENID. But can't you see, Ted, father' never get over it! You must stop the somehow. The others are afraid of him. I you back him up -

EDGAR [putting his hand to his head] Against my convictions - against yours The moment it begins to pinch one person

ally ---

ENID. It is n't personal, it 's the Dad! EDGAR. Your family or yourself, an over goes the show!

ENID [resentfully]. If you don't take seriously, I do.

EDGAR. I am as fond of him as you are

that's nothing to do with it.

ENID. We can't tell about the men; it' all guess-work. But we know the Da might have a stroke any day. D' you mea to say that he is n't more to you than -

EDGAR. Of course he is.

ENID. I don't understand you then.

EDGAR. H'm!

ENID. If it were for one's self it would be different, but for our own father! You don't seem to realize.

Edgar. I realize perfectly.

ENID. It's your first duty to save him.

EDGAR. I wonder.

ENID [imploring]. Oh, Ted! It's the only interest he 's got left; it'll be like a death-blow to him!

EDGAR [restraining his emotion]. I know

ENID. Promise!

EDGAR. I'll do what I can.

[He turns to the double doors. Th curtained door is opened, and AN THONY appears. EDGAR opens th double doors and passes through SCANTLEBURY'S voice is faintly heard: "Past five; we shall never get through - have to eat another dinner at that hotel!" The door. are shut. Anthony walks forward.

Anthony. You 've been seeing Roberts I hear.

ENID. Yes.

ANTHONY. Do you know what trying to bridge such a gulf as this is like? [ENII puts her work on the little table, and face him.] Filling a sieve with sand!

ENID. Don't!

ANTHONY. You think with your gloved hands you can cure the trouble of the cen-He passes on. tury.

ENID. Father! [ANTHONY stops at the double doors.] I'm only thinking of you!

Anthony [more softly]. I can take care

of myself, my dear.

ENID. Have you thought what 'll happen if you're beaten - [she points] - in there?

ANTHONY. I don't mean to be.

ENID. Oh! father, don't give them a chance. You're not well; need you go to the meeting at all?

ANTHONY [with a grim smile]. Cut and

run?

ENID. But they'll out-vote you!

Anthony [putting his hand on the doors]. We shall see!

Enid. I beg you, Dad! [Anthony looks ther softly.] Won't you?

[Anthony shakes his head. He opens the doors. A buzz of voices comes

SCANTLEBURY. Can one get dinner on

hat 6.30 train up? TENCH. No, sir, I believe not, sir.

WILDER. Well, I shall speak out; I've had enough of this.

EDGAR [sharply]. What?

[It ceases instantly. Anthony passes through, closing the doors behind him. Enid springs to them with a gesture of dismay. She puts her hand on the knob, and begins turning it; then goes to the fireplace, and taps her foot on the fender. Suddenly she rings the bell. Frost comes in by the door that leads into the hall.

Frost. Yes, m'm?

ENID. When the men come, Frost, please show them in here; the hall's cold.

FROST. I could put them in the pantry,

m'm.

ENID. No. I don't want to - to offend

them; they 're so touchy.

FROST. Yes, m'm. [Pause.] Excuse me, Mr. Anthony 's 'ad nothing to eat all day.

ENID. I know Frost.

FROST. Nothin' but two whiskies and odas, m'm.

ENID. Oh! you ought n't to have let him

uave those.

FROST [gravely]. Mr. Anthony is a little fficult, m'm. It's not as if he were a younger man, an' knew what was good for 'im; he will have his own way.

ENID. I suppose we all want that.

FROST. Yes, m'm. [Quietly.] Excuse me speakin' about the strike. I'm sure if the other gentlemen were to give up to Mr. Anthony, and quietly let the men 'ave what they want, afterwards, that 'd be the best way. I find that very useful with him at times, m'm. [Enid shakes her head.] If he 's crossed, it makes him violent with an air of discovery], and I've noticed in my own case, when I'm violent I'm always sorry for it afterwards.

ENID [with a smile]. Are you ever violent,

FROST. Yes, m'm; oh! sometimes very violent.

ENID. I 've never seen you.

FROST [impersonally]. No, m'm; that is so. [Enid fidgets towards the back of the door. \ \ With feeling. \ Bein' with Mr. Anthony, as you know, m'm, ever since I was fifteen, it worries me to see him crossed like this at this age. I 've taken the liberty to speak to Mr. Wanklin [dropping his voice] - seems to be the most sensible of the gentlemen - but 'e said to me: "That 's all very well, Frost, but this strike 's a very serious thing," 'e said. "Serious for all parties, no doubt," I said, "but yumor 'im, sir," I said, "yumor 'im. It 's like this, if a man comes to a stone wall, 'e does n't drive 'is 'ead against it, 'e gets over it." "Yes," 'e said, "you'd better tell your master that." [Frost looks at his nails.] That's where it is, m'm. I said to Mr. Anthony this morning: "Is it worth it, sir?" "Damn it," he said to me, "Frost! Mind your own business, or take a month's notice!" Beg pardon, m'm, for using such a word.

Enid [moving to the double doors, and listening]. Do you know that man Roberts,

FROST. Yes, m'm; that 's to say, not to speak to. But to look at 'im you can tell what he's like.

ENID [stopping]. Yes?

FROST. He's not one of these 'ere ordinary 'armless Socialists. 'E's violent; got a fire inside 'im. What I call "personal." A man may 'ave what opinions 'e likes, so long as 'e's not personal; when 'e's that 'e 's not safe.

ENID. I think that's what my father feels about Roberts.

FROST. No doubt, m'm, Mr. Anthony has a feeling against him. [ENID glances at him sharply, but finding him in perfect earnest, stands biting her lips, and looking at the double doors. It's a regular right down struggle between the two. I've no patience with this Roberts, from what I 'ear he 's just an ordinary workin' man like the rest of 'em. If he did invent a thing he 's no worse off than 'undreds of others. My brother invented a new kind o' dumb-waiter - nobody gave him anything for it, an' there it is, bein' used all over the place. [Enid moves closer to the double doors. There's a kind o' man that never forgives the world, because 'e was n't born a gentleman. What I say is - no man that 's a gentleman looks down on another because 'e 'appens to be a class or two above 'im, no more than if 'e 'appens to be a class or two below.

Enid [with slight impatience]. Yes, I know, Frost, of course. Will you please go in and ask if they'll have some tea; say I

sent you.

FROST. Yes, m'm.

He opens the doors gently and goes in. There is a momentary sound of earnest, rather angry talk.]

WILDER. I don't agree with you.

WANKLIN. We've had this over a dozen

EDGAR [impatiently]. Well, what's the

proposition?

SCANTLEBURY. Yes, what does your father say? Tea? Not for me, not for me! WANKLIN. What I understand the Chair-

man to say is this -

FROST reënters closing the door be-

Enid [moving from the door]. Won't they have any tea, Frost?

> [She goes to the little table, and remains motionless, looking at the baby's frock.

[A Parlormaid enters from the hall.]

PARLORMAID. A Miss Thomas, m'm. Enid [raising her head]. Thomas? What Miss Thomas — d' you mean a —?
PARLORMAID. Yes, m'm.

ENID [blankly]. Oh! Where is she? PARLORMAID. In the porch.

ENID. I don't want — [She hesitates.] FROST. Shall I dispose of her, m'm?

ENID. I'll come out. No, show her here, Ellen.

> The Parlormaid and Frost go or Enid pursing her lips, sits at t little table, taking up the baby frock. The PARLORMAID ushers MADGE THOMAS and goes or Madge stands by the door.]

ENID. Come in. What is it? What have

you come for, please?

Madge. Brought a message from Mr Roberts.

ENID. A message? Yes?

MADGE. She asks you to look after he mother.

ENID. I don't understand.

MADGE [sullenly]. That's the message. ENID. But — what — why?

MADGE. Annie Roberts is dead.

[There is a silence

Enid [horrified]. But it's only a little more than an hour since I saw her.

MADGE. Of cold and hunger.

ENID [rising]. Oh! that 's not true! th poor thing's heart - What makes you loo at me like that? I tried to help her.

MADGE [with suppressed savagery].

thought you'd like to know.

ENID [passionately]. It 's so unjust! Can you see that I want to help you all?

MADGE. I never harmed any one that

had n't harmed me first.

ENID [coldly]. What harm have I don you? Why do you speak to me like that

MADGE [with the bitterest intensity]. Yo come out of your comfort to spy on us! week of hunger, that 's what you want?

Enid [standing her ground]. Don't tall

nonsense!

MADGE. I saw her die; her hands wer blue with the cold.

ENID [with a movement of grief]. Oh why would n't she let me help her? It' such senseless pride!

MADGE. Pride's better than nothing t

keep your body warm.

ENID [passionately]. I won't talk to you How can you tell what I feel? It's not m fault that I was born better off than you.

MADGE. We don't want your money. ENID. You don't understand, and you

don't want to; please to go away! MADGE [balefully]. You've killed her for all your soft words, you and you father -

ENID [with rage and emotion]. That's wicked! My father is suffering himself through this wretched strike.

MADGE [with somber triumph]. Then tell him Mrs. Roberts is dead. That'll make

him better.

ENID. Go away!

MADGE. When a person hurts us we get it back on them.

[She makes a sudden and swift movement towards ENID, fixing her eyes on the child's frock lying across the little table. ENID snatches the frock up, as though it were the child itself. They stand a yard apart, crossing glances.]

MADGE [pointing to the frock with a little smile]. Ah! You felt that! Lucky it's her mother—not her children—you've to look after, is n't it. She won't trouble you long!

ENID. Go away!

MADGE. I've given you the message.

[She turns and goes out into the hall. Enid, motionless till she has gone, sinks down at the table, bending her head over the frock, which she is still clutching to her. The double doors are opened, and Anthony comes slowly in; he passes his daughter, and lowers himself into an armchair. He is very flushed.]

ENID [hiding her emotion — anxiously]. What is it, Dad? [ANTHONY makes a gesture, but does not speak.] Who was it? [ANTHONY does not answer. ENID going to the double doors meets EDGAR coming in. They speak together in low tones.] What is it, Ted? EDGAR. That fellow Wilder! Taken to

personalities! He was downright insulting.

ENID. What did he say?

EDGAR. Said father was too old and feeble to know what he was doing! The Dad's worth six of him!

ENID. Of course he is.

[They look at Anthony. The doors open wider, Wanklin appears with Scantlebury.]

SCANTLEBURY [sotto voce]. I don't like

the look of this!

Wanklin [going forward]. Come, Chairman! Wilder sends you his apologies. A man can't do more.

[WILDER, followed by TENCH, comes

in, and goes to Anthony.

WILDER [glumly]. I withdraw my words, sir. I'm sorry. [Anthony nods to him.]

Enid. You have n't come to a decision, Mr. Wanklin? [Wanklin shakes his head.]

WANKLIN. We're all here, Chairman; what do you say? Shall we get on with the business, or shall we go back to the other room?

SCANTLEBURY. Yes, yes; let's get on. We must settle something.

[He turns from a small chair, and settles himself suddenly in the largest chair with a sigh of comfort. WILDER and WANKLIN also sit; and TENCH, drawing up a straight-backed chair close to his Chairman, sits on the edge of it with the minute-book and a stylographic pen.]

ENID [whispering]. I want to speak to

you a minute, Ted.

[They go out through the double doors.] Wanklin. Really, Chairman, it's no use soothing ourselves with a sense of false security. If this strike's not brought to an end before the General Meeting, the shareholders will certainly haul us over the coals.

SCANTLEBURY [stirring]. What — what's

WANKLIN. I know it for a fact.

Anthony. Let them!

WILDER. And get turned out?

WANKLIN. [To ANTHONY.] I don't mind martyrdom for a policy in which I believe, but I object to being burnt for some one else's principles.

SCANTLEBURY. Very reasonable — you

must see that, Chairman.

Anthony. We owe it to other employers to stand firm.

Wanklin. There's a limit to that.

Anthony. You were all full of fight at the start.

SCANTLEBURY [with a sort of groan]. We thought the men would give in, but they have n't!

Anthony. They will!

WILDER [rising and pacing up and down]. I can't have my reputation as a man of business destroyed for the satisfaction of starving the men out. [Almost in tears.] I can't have it! How can we meet the share-holders with things in the state they are?

SCANTLEBURY. Hear, hear — hear, hear! WILDER [lashing himself]. If any one expects me to say to them I've lost you fifty thousand pounds and sooner than put

my pride in my pocket I'll lose you another. [Glancing at ANTHONY.] It's—it's unnatural! I don't want to go against you,

sir -

Wanklin [persuasively]. Come Chairman, we're not free agents. We're part of a machine. Our only business is to see the Company earns as much profit as it safely can. If you blame me for want of principle: I say that we're trustees. Reason tells us we shall never get back in the saving of wages what we shall lose if we continue this struggle—really, Chairman, we must bring it to an end, on the best terms we can make.

ANTHONY. No.

[There is a pause of general dismay.]
WILDER. It's a deadlock then. [Letting his hands drop with a sort of despair.] Now I shall never get off to Spain!

Wanklin [retaining a trace of irony]. You hear the consequences of your victory,

Chairman

WILDER [with a burst of feeling]. My wife 's ill!

SCANTLEBURY. Dear, dear! You don't

WILDER. Jf I don't get her out of this cold, I won't answer for the consequences.

[Through the double doors Edgar comes in looking very grave.]

EDGAR. [To his father.] Have you heard this, sir? Mrs. Roberts is dead! [Every one stares at him, as if trying to gauge the importance of this news.] Enid saw her this afternoon, she had no coals, or food, or anything. It's enough!

[There is a silence, every one avoiding the other's eyes, except Anthony, who stares hard at his son.]

SCANTLEBURY. You don't suggest that we could have helped the poor thing?

WILDER [flustered]. The woman was in bad health. Nobody can say there 's any responsibility on us. At least — not on me.

EDGAR [hotly]. I say that we are responsible.

ANTHONY. War is war!

EDGAR. Not on women!

Wanklin. It not infrequently happens that women are the greatest sufferers.

EDGAR. If we knew that, all the more responsibility rests on us.

Anthony. This is no matter for amateurs.

EDGAR. Call me what you like, sir. It's sickened me. We had no right to carry things to such a length.

WILDER. I don't like this business a bit—that Radical rag will twist it to their own ends; see if they don't! They 'll get up some cock and bull story about the poor woman's dying from starvation. I wash my hands of it.

EDGAR. You can't. None of us can.

SCANTLEBURY [striking his fist on the arm of his chair]. But I protest against this—Edgar. Protest as you like, Mr. Scantle-

bury, it won't alter facts.

Anthony. That's enough.

Edgar [facing him angrily]. No, sir. I tell you exactly what I think. If we pretend the men are not suffering, it's humbug; and if they're suffering, we know enough of human nature to know the women are suffering more, and as to the children—well—it's damnable! [Scantlebury rises from his chair.] I don't say that we meant to be cruel, I don't say anything of the sort; but I do say it's criminal to shut our eyes to the facts. We employ these men, and we can't get out of it. I don't care so much about the men, but I'd sooner resign my position on the Board than go on starving women in this way.

[All except Anthony are now upon their feet, Anthony sits grasping the arms of his chair and staring at his son.]

nus son,

SCANTLEBURY. I don't — I don't like the way you're putting it, young sir.

WANKLIN. You're rather overshooting the mark.

WILDER. I should think so indeed!

EDGAR [losing control]. It's no use blinking things! If you want to have the death of women on your hands—I don't!

SCANTLEBURY. Now, now, young man! WILDER. On our hands? Not on mine, I

won't have it!

EDGAR. We are five members of this Board; if we were four against it, why did we let it drift till it came to this? You know perfectly well why — because we hoped we should starve the men out. Well, all we've done is to starve one woman out!

SCANTLEBURY [almost hysterically]. I protest, I protest! I'm a humane man—we're all humane men!

EDGAR [scornfully]. There 's nothing wrong with our humanity. It's our imaginations, Mr. Scantlebury.

WILDER. Nonsense! My imagination's

as good as yours.

EDGAR. If so, it is n't good enough.

WILDER. I foresaw this!

EDGAR. Then why did n't you put your foot down!

WILDER. Much good that would have [He looks at Anthony.]

EDGAR. If you, and I, and each one of us here who say that our imaginations are so good -

SCANTLEBURY [flurried]. I never said

EDGAR [paying no attention]. — Had put our feet down, the thing would have been ended long ago, and this poor woman's life would n't have been crushed out of her like this. For all we can tell there may be a dozen other starving women.

SCANTLEBURY. For God's sake, sir, don't use that word at a - at a Board meeting;

it's — it's monstrous.

EDGAR. I will use it, Mr. Scantlebury. SCANTLEBURY. Then I shall not listen

to you. I shall not listen! It's painful to [He covers his ears.]

Wanklin. None of us are opposed to a settlement, except your father.

EDGAR. I'm certain that if the share-

WANKLIN. I don't think you 'll find their imaginations are any better than ours. Because a woman happens to have a weak heart ---

EDGAR. A struggle like this finds out the weak spots in everybody. Any child knows that. If it had n't been for this cutthroat policy, she need n't have died like this; and there would n't be all this misery that any one who is n't a fool can see is going on. [Throughout the foregoing An-THONY has eyed his son; he now moves as though to rise, but stops as EDGAR speaks again. I don't defend the men, or myself, or anybody.

WANKLIN. You may have to! A coroner's jury of disinterested sympathizers may say some very nasty things. We must

n't lose sight of our position.

SCANTLEBURY [without uncovering his ears]. Coroner's jury! No, no, it 's not a case for that!

EDGAR. I 've had enough of cowardice. Wanklin. Cowardice is an unpleasant word, Mr. Edgar Anthony. It will look

very like cowardice if we suddenly concede the men's demands when a thing like this

happens; we must be careful!

WILDER. Of course we must. We 've no knowledge of this matter, except a rumor. The proper course is to put the whole thing into the hands of Harness to settle for us; that's natural, that's what we should have come to any way.

SCANTLEBURY [with dignity]. Exactly! [Turning to EDGAR.] And as to you, young sir, I can't sufficiently express my - my distaste for the way you've treated the whole matter. You ought to withdraw! Talking of starvation, talking of cowardice! Considering what our views are! Except your own father - we're all agreed the only policy is - is one of good will it 's most irregular, it 's most improper, and all I can say is it 's — it 's given me pain —

[He places his hand over his heart.] EDGAR [stubbornly]. I withdraw nothing.

He is about to say more when SCAN-TLEBURY once more covers up his ears. Tench suddenly makes a demonstration with the minute-book. A sense of having been engaged in the unusual comes over all of them, and one by one they resume their seats. Edgar alone remains on his feet.]

WILDER [with an air of trying to wipe something out]. I pay no attention to what young Mr. Anthony has said. Coroner's jury! The idea 's preposterous. I - I move this amendment to the Chairman's motion: That the dispute be placed at once in the hands of Mr. Simon Harness for settlement, on the lines indicated by him this morning. Any one second that?

[Tench writes in his book.]

WANKLIN. I do.

WILDER. Very well, then; I ask the

Chairman to put it to the Board.

ANTHONY [with a great sigh - slowly]. We have been made the subject of an attack. [Looking round at WILDER and SCANTLEBURY with ironical contempt.] take it on my shoulders. I am seventy-six years old. I have been Chairman of this Company since its inception two-and-thirty years ago. I have seen it pass through good and evil report. My connection with it be-

gan in the year that this young man was born. [EDGAR bows his head. ANTHONY, gripping his chair, goes on. I have had to do with "men" for fifty years; I 've always stood up to them; I have never been beaten yet. I have fought the men of this Company four times, and four times I have beaten them. It has been said that I am not the man I was. [He looks at WILDER.] However that may be, I am man enough to stand to my guns. [His voice grows stronger. The double doors are opened. ENID slips in, followed by UNDERWOOD, who restrains her.] The men have been treated justly, they have had fair wages, we have always been ready to listen to complaints. It has been said that times have changed; if they have, I have not changed with them. Neither will I. It has been said that masters and men are equal! Cant! There can only be one master in a house! Where two men meet the better man will rule. It has been said that Capital and Labor have the same interests. Cant! Their interests are as wide asunder as the poles. It has been said that the Board is only part of a machine. Cant! We are the machine; its brains and sinews; it is for us to lead and to determine what is to be done, and to do it without fear or favor. Fear of the men! Fear of the shareholders! Fear of our own shadows! Before I am like that, I hope to die. [He pauses, and meeting his son's eyes, goes on.] There is only one way of treating "men"—with the iron hand. This half and half business, the half and half manners of this generation, has brought all this upon us. Sentiment and softness, and what this young man, no doubt, would call his social policy. You can't eat cake and have it! This middleclass sentiment, or socialism, or whatever it may be, is rotten. Masters are masters, men are men! Yield one demand, and they will make it six. They are [he smiles grimly] like Oliver Twist, asking for more. If I were in their place I should be the same. But I am not in their place. Mark my words: one fine morning, when you have given way here, and given way there - you will find you have parted with the ground beneath your feet, and are deep in the bog of bankruptcy; and with you, floundering in that bog, will be the very men you have given way to. I have been accused of being a domineering tyrant, thinking only of my

pride—I am thinking of the future of the country, threatened with the black water of confusion, threatened with mob government, threatened with what I cannot self by any conduct of mine I help to bring this on us, I shall be ashamed to look must fellows in the face.

[Anthony stares before him, at wh he cannot see, and there is perfestillness. Frost comes in from thall, and all but Anthony looround at him uneasily.]

FROST. [To his master.] The men as here, sir. [Anthony makes a gesture of dimissal.] Shall I bring them in, sir?

Anthony. Wait! [Frost goes out, Anthony turns to face his son.] I come to the attack that has been made upon me. [Engar, with a gesture of deprecation, remain motionless with his head a little bowed.] woman has died. I am told that her blood in my hands; I am told that on my hand is the starvation and the suffering of othe women and of children.

EDGAR. I said "on our hands," sir.

ANTHONY. It is the same. [His voice grow stronger and stronger, his feeling is more and more made manifest.] I am not aware that if my adversary suffer in a fair fight no sought by me, it is my fault. If I fall unde his feet—as fall I may—I shall not complain. That will be my lookout—and this—his. I cannot separate, as I would, these men from their women and children. A faifight is a fair fight! Let them learn to thind before they pick a quarrel!

EDGAR [in a low voice]. But is it a fai fight, father? Look at them, and look a us! They 've only this one weapon!

ANTHONY [grimly]. And you're weak kneed enough to teach them how to use it It seems the fashion nowadays for men to take their enemy's side. I have not learned that art. Is it my fault that they quarreled

EDGAR. There is such a thing as mercy Anthony. And justice comes before it. EDGAR. What seems just to one man

sir, is injustice to another.

with their Union too?

Anthony [with suppressed passion]. You accuse me of injustice — of what amounts to inhumanity — of cruelty —

[Edgar makes a gesture of horror — e general frightened movement.] Wanklin. Come, come, Chairman. ANTHONY [in a grim voice]. These are the words of my own son. They are the words of a generation that I don't understand; the words of a soft breed.

[A general murmur. With a violent effort Anthony recovers his control.] DGAR [quietly]. I said it of myself, too,

EDGAR [quietly]. I said it of myself, too, father.

[A long look is exchanged between them, and ANTHONY puts out his hand with a gesture as if to sweep the personalities away; then places it against his brow, swaying as though from giddiness. There is a movement towards him. He moves them back.]

ANTHONY. Before I put this amendment to the Board, I have one more word to say. [He looks from face to face.] If it is carried, it means that we shall fail in what we set ourselves to do. It means that we shall fail in the duty that we owe to all Capital. It means that we shall fail in the duty that we owe ourselves. It means that we shall be open to constant attack to which we as constantly shall have to yield. Be under no misapprehension - run this time, and you will never make a stand again! You will have to fly like curs before the whips of your own men. If that is the lot you wish for, you will vote for this amendment. [He looks again, from face to face, finally resting his gaze on EDGAR; all sit with their eyes on the ground. ANTHONY makes a gesture, and TENCH hands him the book. He reads.] "Moved by Mr. Wilder, and seconded by Mr. Wanklin: That the men's demands be placed at once in the hands of Mr. Simon Harness for settlement on the lines indicated by him this morning." [With sudden vigor.] Those in favor: Signify the same in the usual way! [For a minute no one moves; then hastily just as Anthony is about to speak, Wilder's hand and WANKLIN'S are held up, then SCAN-TLEBURY'S, and last EDGAR'S who does not lift his head.] Contrary? [ANTHONY lifts his own hand. In a clear voice. The amendment is carried. I resign my position on this Board. [ENID gasps, and there is dead silence. Anthony sits motionless, his head slowly drooping; suddenly he heaves as though the whole of his life had risen up within him.] Fifty years! You have disgraced me, gentlemen. Bring in the men!

[He sits motionless, staring before

him. The Board draws hurriedly together, and forms a group. Tench in a frightened manner speaks into the hall. UNDERWOOD almost forces ENID from the room.]

WILDER [hurriedly]. What 's to be said to them? Why is n't Harness here? Ought we to see the men before he comes? I

don't -

TENCH. Will you come in, please?

[Enter Thomas, Green, Bulgin, and Rous, who file up in a row past the little table. Tench sits down and writes. All eyes are fixed on Anthony, who makes no sign.]

Wanklin [stepping up to the little table, with nervous cordiality]. Well, Thomas, how's it to be? What's the result of your

meeting?

Rous. Sim Harness has our answer. He'll tell you what it is. We're waiting for him. He'll speak for us.

Wanklin. Is that so, Thomas?

THOMAS [sullenly]. Yes. Roberts will not pe coming, his wife is dead.

SCANTLEBURY. Yes, yes! Poor woman!

Yes! Yes!

FROST [entering from the hall]. Mr. Har-

ness, sir!

[As Harness enters he retires. Harness has a piece of paper in his hand, he bows to the Directors, node towards the men, and takes his stand behind the little table in the very center of the room.]

HARNESS. Good-evening, gentlemen.

[Tench, with the paper he has been writing, joins him; they speak to gether in low tones.]

WILDER. We've been waiting for you, Harness. Hope we shall come to some —

FROST [entering from the hall]. Roberts!
[He goes. Roberts comes hastily in,
and stands staring at Anthony.
His face is drawn and old.]

ROBERTS. Mr. Anthony, I am afraid I am a little late, I would have been here in time but for something that — has happened. [To the men.] Has anything been said?

THOMAS. No! But, man, what made ye

come

ROBERTS. Ye told us this morning, gentlemen, to go away and reconsider our position. We have reconsidered it; we are here to bring you the men's answer. [To Anthony.] Go ye back to London. We have

nothing for you. By no jot or tittle do we abate our demands, nor will we until the whole of those demands are yielded.

[Anthony looks at him but does not speak. There is a movement amongst the men as though they were bewildered.]

HARNESS. Roberts!

ROBERTS [glancing fiercely at him, and back to Anthony]. Is that clear enough for ye? Is it short enough and to the point? Ye made a mistake to think that we would come to heel. Ye may break the body, but ye cannot break the spirit. Get back to London, the men have nothing for ye?

[Pausing uneasily he takes a step

towards the unmoving Anthony.]

EDGAR. We're all sorry for you, Roberts, but —

Roberts. Keep your sorrow, young man.

Let your father speak!

HARNESS [with the sheet of paper in his hand, speaking from behind the little table]. Roberts!

ROBERTS. [To Anthony, with passionate intensity.] Why don't ye answer?

HARNESS. Roberts!

ROBERTS [turning sharply]. What is it? HARNESS [gravely]. You're talking without the book; things have traveled past you. [He makes a sign to TENCH, who beckons the Directors. They quickly sign his copy of the terms.] Look at this, man! [Holding up his sheet of paper.] "Demands conceded, with the exception of those relating to the engineers and furnace men. Double wages for Saturday's overtime. Night-shifts as they are." These terms have been agreed. The men go back to work again to-morrow. The strike is at an end.

ROBERTS [reading the paper, and turning m the men. They shrink back from him, all but ROUS, who stands his ground. With deadly stillness]. Ye have gone back on me? I stood by ye to the death; ye waited for

hat to throw me over!

[The men answer, all speaking together.]

Rous. It's a lie!

THOMAS. Ye were past endurance, man. Green. If ye'd listen to me—

Bulgin [under his breath]. Hold your

aw!

ROBERTS. Ye waited for that!

HARNESS [taking the Directors' copy of

the terms, and handing his own to TENCH That's enough, men. You had better go.

[The men shuffle slowly, awkward!

WILDER [in a low, nervous voice]. There nothing to stay for now, I suppose. [H follows to the door.] I shall have a try for that train! Coming, Scantlebury?

SCANTLEBURY [following with WANK

LIN]. Yes, yes; wait for me.

[He stops as Roberts speaks.

ROBERTS. [To ANTHONY.] But ye have not signed them terms! They can't make terms without their Chairman! Ye would never sign them terms! [ANTHONY look at him without speaking.] Don't tell me ye have! for the love o' God! [With passionat appeal.] I reckoned on ye!

HARNESS [holding out the Directors' copy

of the terms]. The Board has signed!

[Roberts looks dully at the signature
— dashes the paper from him, and
covers up his eyes,]

SCANTLEBURY [behind his hand to TENCH] Look after the Chairman! He's not well he's not well—he had no lunch. If there 'any fund started for the women and children, put me down for—for twenty pounds.

[He goes out into the hall, in cumbrow haste; and Wanklin, who has been staring at Roberts and Anthons with twitchings of his face, follows Edgar remains seated on the sofa looking at the ground; Tench, returning to the bureau, writes in himinute-book. Harness stands by the little table, gravely watching Roberts.]

ROBERTS. Then you're no longer Chairman of this Company! [Breaking into half mad laughter.] Ah! ha — ah, ha, ha They 've thrown ye over — thrown over their Chairman! Ah — ha — ha! [With a sudden dreadful calm.] So — they 've done us both down, Mr. Anthony?

[Enid, hurrying through the double doors, comes quickly to her father.]

Anthony. Both broken men, my friend Roberts!

HARNESS [coming down and laying hi hands on Roberts's sleeve]. For shame Roberts! Go home quietly, man; go home

ROBERTS [tearing his arm away]. Home '[Shrinking together — in a whisper.] Home

ENID [quietly to her father]. Come away, dear! Come to your room!

[Anthony rises with an effort. He turns to ROBERTS who looks at him. They stand several seconds, gazing at each other fixedly; Anthony lifts his hand, as though to salute, but The expression of lets it fall. Roberts's face changes from hostility to wonder. They bend their heads in token of respect. Anthony turns, and slowly walks towards the curtained door. Suddenly he sways as though about to fall, recovers himself, and is assisted out bu Edgar and Enip; Underwood follows, but stops at the door. ROB-ERTS remains motionless for several seconds, staring intently after Anthony, then goes out into the hall.

TENCH [approaching HARNESS]. It's a great weight off my mind, Mr. Harness? But what a painful scene, sir! [He wipes his brow. HARNESS, pale and resolute, regards, with a grim half-smile the quavering TENCH.] It's all been so violent! What did he mean by: "Done us both down"? If he has lost his wife, poor fellow, he ought n't to have spoken to the Chairman like that!

HARNESS. A woman dead; and the two

best men both broken!

Tench [staring at him—suddenly excited]. D' you know, sir—these terms, they 're the very same we drew up together, you and I, and put to both sides before the fight began? All this—all this—and—and what for?

HARNESS [in a slow grim voice]. That's

where the fun comes in!

[Underwood without turning from the door makes a gesture of assent.]



THE MADRAS HOUSE A COMEDY, IN FOUR ACTS BY GRANVILLE BARKER

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Granville Barker does not supply a List of Persons for his plays. For convenience such a list for The Madras House may be found in the notes on the play in the appendix.

THEMADRAS HOUSE

ACT I

The HUXTABLES live at Denmark Hill, for MR. HUXTABLE is the surviving partner in the well-known Peckham drapery establishment of Roberts & Huxtable, and the situation, besides being salubrious, is therefore convenient. It is a new house. Mr. HUXTABLE bought it half finished, so that the interior might be to his liking; its exterior the builder said one might describe as of a Free Queen Anne Treatment; to which Mr. Huxtable rejoined, after blinking at the red brick spotted with stone ornament, that after all it was inside they were going to live, you

Through the stained, grained front door, rattling with colored glass, one reaches the hall, needlessly narrow, needlessly dark, but with its black-and-white tessellated pavement making for cleanliness. On the left is the stained and grained staircase, with its Brussels carpet and twisted brass stair rods, on the right the drawing-room. The drawing-room can hardly be said to express the personality of MR. HUXTABLE. The foundations of its furnishings are in the taste of MRS. HUXTABLE. For fifteen years or so additions to this family museum have been disputed into their place by the six MISS HUXTABLES: LAURA (aged thirty-nine), MINNIE, CLARA, JULIA, EMMA, JANE (aged twenty-six). The rosewood cabinets, the picture from some Academy of the early Seventies, entitled In Ye Olden Time (this was a wedding present, most likely), the gilt clock, which is a Shakespeare, narrow-headed, but with a masterly pair of legs, propped pensively against a dial and enshrined beneath a dome of glass, another wedding present. These were the treasures of Mrs. Huxtable's first drawing-room, her solace in the dull post-honeymoon days. She was the daughter of a city merchant, wholesale as against her husband's retail; but even in the Seventies retail was lifting its head. It was considered, though, that KATHERINE TOMBS conferred some distinction upon young HARRY HUXTABLE by marrying him, and even now, as a portly lady nearing sixty, she figures by the rustle of her dress, the measure of her mellow voice, with its carefully chosen phrases, for the dignity of the household.

The difference between one MISS HUXTABLE and another is, to a casual eye, the difference between one lead pencil and another, as these lie upon one's table, after some weeks' use; a matter of length, of sharpening, of wear. LAURA'S distinction lies in her being the housekeeper; it is a solid power, that of ordering the dinner. She is very silent. While her sisters are silent with strangers, she is silent with her sisters. She does n't seem to read much, either; one hopes she dreams, if only of wild adventures with a new carpet-sweeper. When there was some family bitterness as to whether the fireplace, in summer, should hold ferns or a Chinese umbrella, it was LAURA'S opinion that an umbrella gathers less dust, which carried the day. MINNIE and CLARA are inclined to religion; not sentimentally; works are a good second with them to faith. They have neered, though, lately, from district visiting to an interest in Missions - missions to Poplar or China (one is almost as far as the other); good works, the results of which they cannot see. Happily, they forbear to ask why this proves the more soul-satisfying sort.

JULIA started life - that is to say, left school - as a genius. The head mistress had had two or three years of such dull girls that really she could not resist this excitement. Water-color sketches were the medium. So Julia was dressed in brown velveteen, and sent to an art school, where they would n't let her do water-color drawing at all. And in two years she learned enough about the trade of an artist not ever to want to do those water-color drawings again. Julia is now over thirty, and very unhappy. Three of her water-colors (early masterpieces) hang on the drawing-room wall. They shame her, but her mother won't have them taken down. On a holiday she'll be off now and then for a solitary day's sketching, and as she tears up the vain attempt to put on paper the things she has learned to see. she sometimes cries. It was Julia, Emma, and JANE who, some years ago, conspired to present their mother with that intensely conspicuous cozy corner. A cozy corner is apparently a device for making a corner just what the very nature of a corner should forbid it to be. They beggared themselves; but one wishes that Mr. HUXTABLE were more lavish with his dress allowances, then they might at least have afforded something not

quite so hideous.

EMMA, having Julia in mind, has run rather to coats and skirts and common sense. She would have been a success in an office, and worth, perhaps, thirty shillings a week. But the Huxtables don't want another thirty shillings a week, and this gift, such as it is, has been wasted, so that EMMA runs also to a brusque temper.

JANE is meekly enough a little wild. Mrs. Huxtable's power of applying the brake of good breeding, strong enough over five daughters, waned at the sixth attempt in twelve years, and JANE has actually got herself proposed to twice by not quite desirable young men. Now the fact that she was old enough to be proposed to at all came as something of a shock to the family. Birthdays pass, their celebration growing less emphatic. No one likes to believe that the years are passing; even the birthday's owner, least able to escape its significance, laughs, and then changes the subject. So the MISS HUXTABLES never openly asked each other what the marriage of the youngest of them might imply; perhaps they never even asked themselves. Besides, JANE did n't marry. But if she does, unless, perhaps, she runs away to do it, there will be heart-searchings, at least. Mr. Huxtable asked, though, and Mrs. Huxtable's answer - given early one morning, before the hot water came scarcely satisfied him. "For," said Mr. Hux-TABLE, "if the girls don't marry some day, what are they to do! It 's not as if they had to go into the shop." "No, thank Heaven!" said MRS. HUXTABLE.

Since his illness Mr. Huxtable has taken to asking questions—of anybody and about anything; of himself oftenest of all. But for that illness he would have been a conventional enough type of successful shopkeeper, coarsely fed, whiskered, podgy. But eighteen months' nursing and dieting and removal from the world seem to have brought a gentleness to his voice, a spark of humor to his eye, a childishness to his little bursts of temper—they have added, in fact, a wistfulness which makes him rather a lovable old buffer on the whole.

This is a Sunday morning, a bright day in October. The family are still at church, and the drawing-room is empty. The door opens, and the parlormaid — much becapped and aproned—shows in PHILIP MADRAS and his friend, MAJOR HIPPISLY THOMAS. THOMAS, long-legged and deliberate, moves across the room to the big French windows, which open onto a balcony and

look down on the garden and to many garden beyond. Thomas is a good fellow.

PHILIP MADRAS is more complex than that To begin with, it is obvious he is not wholl English. A certain litheness of figure, the keen ness and color of his voice, and a liking for meta physical turns of speech, show an Eastern origin perhaps. He is kind in manner, but rather cold capable of that least English of dispositions—intellectual passion. He is about thirty-five, of year or two younger than his friend. The parlor maid has secured MAJOR THOMAS'S hat, and stands clutching it. As PHILIP passes her into the room he asks...

PHILIP. About how long?

THE MAID. In just a few minutes now I should say, sir. Oh, I beg pardon, does it appen to be the third Sunday in the month?

PHILIP. I don't know. Tommy, does it?
THOMAS [from the window]. Don't ask
me. Well, I suppose I can tell you. [And

he vaguely fishes for his diary.

THE MAID. No, I don't think it does, sir. Because then some of them stop for the 'Oly Communion, and that may make them late for dinner, but I don't think it is, sir.

[She backs through the door, entangling the hat in the handle.]

PHILIP, Is my mother still staying here? THE MAID. Mrs. Madras, sir? Yes, sir.

[Then having disentangled the hat, the parlormaid vanishes. Philip thereupon plunges swiftly into what must be an interrupted argument.]

PHILIP. Well, my dear Tommy, what are the two most important things in a man's character? His attitude towards money and his attitude towards women.

THOMAS [ponderously slowing him up] Yes, you're full up with moral precepts. Why behave about money as if it did n't exist?

I never said don't join the County Council.
Philip [deliberately, but in a breath]. It is quite impossible for any decent man to walk with his eyes open from Waterloo to Denmark Hill on a Sunday morning without wishing me to stand for the County Council.

[Thomas intrenches himself on a sofa.]

THOMAS. You've got what I call a Reformer's mind. I should n't cultivate it, Phil. It makes a man unhappy and discontented, not with himself. but with other

people, mark you...so it makes him conceited, and puts him out of condition both ways. Don't you get to imagine you can make this country better by tidying it up.

PHILIP [whimsically]. But I'm very in-

terested in England, Tommy.

THOMAS [not without some answering humor]. We all are. But we don't all need to go about saying so. Even I can be interested in England, I suppose, though I have had to chuck the Army and take to business to earn bread and treacle for a wife and four children . . . and not a bad thing for me, either. I tell you if every chap would look after himself and his family, and lead a godly, righteous and sober life — I'm sorry, but it is Sunday — England would get on a damn sight better than it will with all your interference.

[He leans back. Philip's eyes fix themselves on some great distance.]

Philip. It's a muddled country. One's first instinct is to be rhetorical about it... to write poetry and relieve one's feelings. I once thought I might be self-sacrificing—give my goods to the poor, and go slumming—keeping my immortal soul superior still. There 's something wrong with a world, Tommy, in which it takes a man like me all his time to find out that it's bread people want, and not either cake or crumbs. Thomas. There's something wrong with

a man while he will think of other people as if they were ants on an ant heap.

PHILIP [relaxing to a smile]. Tommy, that 's perfectly true. I like having a good talk with you: sooner or later you always

say one sensible thing.

THOMAS. Thank you; you're damn polite. And, as usual, we've got right off the

PHILIP. The art of conversation!

THOMAS [shying at the easy epigram]. Go on six County Councils, if you like. But why chuck up seven hundred a year and a directorship, if State wants you to keep 'em? And you could have double or more, and manage the place, if you'd ask for it.

PHILIP [almost venomously]. Tommy, I loathe the Madras House. State may buy

it, and do what he likes with it.

[Julia and Laura arrive. They are the first from church. Sunday frocks, Sunday hats, best gloves, umbrellas and prayer books.] JULIA. Oh, what a surprise!

PHILIP. Yes, we walked down. Ah, you don't know . . . Let me introduce Major Hippisly Thomas . . . my cousin, Miss Julia Huxtable . . . and Miss Huxtable.

JULIA. How do you do? THOMAS. How do you do? LAURA. How do you do?

Julia. Have you come to see Aunt Amy?

PHILIP. No, your father.

Julia. He 's walking back with her. They 'll be last, I 'm afraid.

LAURA. Will you stay to dinner?

PHILIP. No, I think not.

LAURA. I'd better tell them you won't.
Perhaps they 'll be laying for you.

[Laura goes out, decorously avoiding a collision with Emma, who, panoplied as the others, comes in at the same moment.]

PHILIP. Hullo, Emma!

EMMA. Well, what a surprise!

PHILIP. You don't know . . . Major Hippisly Thomas . . . Miss Emma Huxtable.

THOMAS. How do you do?

EMMA. How do you do? Will you stay

to dinner?

PHILIP. No, we can't. [That formula again completed, he varies his explanation.] I've just brought Thomas a Sunday morning walk to help me tell Uncle Henry a bit of news. My father will be back in England to-morrow.

EMMA [with a round mouth]. Oh!

JULIA. It's a beautiful morning for a

walk, is n't it?

THOMAS. Wonderful for October.

[These two look first at each other, and then out of the window. EMMA gazes quizzically at PHILIP.]

EMMA. I think he knows. Philip. He sort of knows.

EMMA. Why are you being odd, Philip?

[PHILIP is more hail-fellow-well-met with EMMA than with the others.]

Philip. Emma . . . I have enticed a comparative stranger to be present so that your father and mother cannot, in decency, begin to fight the family battle over again with me. I know it's very cunning, but we did want a walk. Besides, there's a meeting to-morrow.

[JANE peeps through the door.]

JANE. You? Mother!

[She has turned to the hall, and from the hall comes Mrs. Huxtable's rotund voice, "Yes, Jane!"]

JANE. Cousin Philip!

[Mrs. Huxtable sails in, and superbly compresses every family greeting into one.]

MRS. HUXTABLE. What a surprise!

Will you stay to dinner?

EMMA [alive to a certain redundancy].

No, mother, they can't.

PHILIP. May I introduce my friend . . . Major Hippisly Thomas . . . my aunt, Mrs. Huxtable.

MRS. HUXTABLE [stately and gracious].

How do you do, Major Thomas?

PHILIP. Thomas is Mr. Eustace State's London manager.

THOMAS. How do you do?

[Mrs. Huxtable takes an armchair with the air of one mounting a throne, and from that vantage point begins polite conversation. Her daughters distribute themselves, so do Philip and Hippibly Thomas.]

MRS. HUXTABLE. Not in the Army, then,

Major Thomas?

Thomas. I was in the Army.

EMMA. Jessica quite well, Philip?

PHILIP. Yes, thanks.

EMMA. And Mildred?

PHILIP. I think so. She 's back at school. Mrs. Huxtable. A wonderfully warm

autumn, is it not? THOMAS. Quite.

MRS. HUXTABLE. Do you know Denmark Hill well?

THOMAS. Not well.

Mrs. Huxtable. We have always lived here. I consider it healthy. But London is a healthy place, I think. Oh, I beg your pardon . . . my daughter Jane.

JANE. How do you do?

[They shake hands with ceremony. EMMA, in a mind to liven things up, goes to the window.]

EMMA. We've quite a good garden,

that's one thing.

THOMAS [not wholly innocent of an attempt to escape from his hostess, makes for the window, too]. I noticed it. I am keen on gardens.

MRS. HUXTABLE [her attention distracted by Julia's making for the door]. Julia, where are you going?

Julia. To take my things off, mother.

[Julia departs. When they were qui

little girls Mrs. Huxtable alway did ask her daughters where the were going when they left the room and where they had been when the entered it, and she has never droppe the habit. They resent it only b the extreme patience of their replies

EMMA [entertainingly]. That's the Crysta

Palace.

THOMAS. Is it?

[They both peer appreciatively at tha famous landmark. In the Crysta Palace and the sunset the inhabitants of Denmark Hill have acquired almost proprietary interest. Then MRS. HUXTABLE speaks to he nephew with a sudden severity.]

Mrs. Huxtable. Philip, I don't consider your mother's health is at all the thing.

PHILIP [amicably]. It never is, Aun

Kate.

MRS. HUXTABLE [admitting the justice of the retort]. That's true.

PHILIP. Uncle Henry keeps better, I think Mrs. Huxtable. He's well enough now I have had a slight cold. Is it true that your father may appear in England again?

PHILIP. Yes, he has only been on the Continent. He arrives to-morrow.

MRS. HUXTABLE. I'm sorry.

JANE. Mother!

[MRS. HUXTABLE has launched this with such redoubled severity that JANE had to protest. However, at this moment arrives MR. HUX-TABLE himself, one glad smile.]

Mr. Huxtable. Ah, Phil . . . I 'ad an idea you might come over. You'll stay to dinner. Jane, tell your aunt . . . she 's tak-

ing 'er bonnet off.

[Jane obeys. He sights on the balcony Major Thomas's back.]

Mr. Huxtable. Who's that outside?
Philip. Hippisly Thomas. We wanted a
walk; we can't stay.

Mr. Huxtable. Oh!

MRS. HUXTABLE. Have you come or business?

PHILIP. Well . . .

MRS. HUXTABLE. On Sunday?

Philip. Not exactly.

[She shakes her head gravely deprecating. Thomas comes from the balcons.]

Mr. Huxtable. How are you?

THOMAS. How are you?

MR. HUXTABLE. Fine morning, is n't it?
Nice prospect, this . . . see the Crystal Palace?

[While Thomas turns, with perfect politeness, to view again this phenomenon, Philip pacifies his aunt.]

PHILIP. You see, Aunt Katherine, tomorrow afternoon we have the first real conference with this Mr. State about buying up the two firms, and, my father is passing through England again to attend it.

Mrs. Huxtable. Of course, Philip, if it's business, I know nothing about it. But is it suggested that your uncle should attend,

too?

[Her voice has found a new gravity.
PHILIP becomes very airy; so does
MR. HUXTABLE, who comes back
to rejoin the conversation.]

PHILIP. My dear aunt, naturally. Mr. Huxtable. What's this?

MRS. HUXTABLE [the one word expressing volumes]. Constantine.

MR. HUXTABLE [with elaborate innocence]. That's definite now, is it?

MRS. HUXTABLE. You dropped a hint

last night, Henry.

MR. HUXTABLE. I dessay. I dessay I did.

[His eye shifts guiltily.]

MRS. HUXTABLE. Quite out of the question, it seems to me.

[JANE comes back.]

JANE. Aunt Mary's coming.

Mr. Huxtable [genial again]. Oh! My daughter Jane . . . Major Thomas, Major Hippisly Thomas.

JANE [with discretion]. Yes, father.

Mrs. Huxtable [*lactfully*]. You are naturally not aware, Major Thomas, that for family reasons, into which we need not go, Mr. Huxtable has not spoken to his brother-in-law for a number of years.

[Philip's eye meets Thomas's in comic agony. But Mr. Huxtable, too, plunges delightedly into the forbidden subject.]

Mr. HUXTABLE. Thirty years, very near. Wonderful, is n't it? Interested in the same business. Was n't easy to keep it up.

THOMAS. I had heard.

MR. HUXTABLE. Oh, yes, notorious.
MRS. HUXTABLE [in reprobation]. And
well it may be, Henry.

[MRS. MADRAS comes in. It is evident

that PHILIP is his father's son. He would seem so wholly but for that touch of "self-worship which is often self-mistrust"; his mother's gift, appearing nowadays less lovably in her as a sort of querulous assertion of her rights and wrongs against the troubles which have been too strong for her. She is a pale old lady, shrunk a little, the life gone out of her.]

Mrs. Huxtable [some severity remaining]. Amy, your husband is in England

again.

[Philip presents a filial cheek. It is kissed.]

PHILIP. How are you, mother?

MR. HUXTABLE [sotto voce]. Oh, tact, Katherine, tact!

PHILIP. Perhaps you remember Reggie

Thomas?

THOMAS. I was at Marlborough with Philip, Mrs. Madras.

MRS. MADRAS. Yes. Is he, Katherine?
[Having given Thomas a limp hand,
and her sister this coldest of responses, she finds her way to a sofa,
where she sits silent, thinking to
herself. MRS. HUXTABLE keeps
majestic hold upon her subject.]

MRS. HUXTABLE. I am utterly unable to see, Philip, why your uncle should break

through his rule now.

Mr. Huxtable. There you are, Phil! Phillip. Of course it is quite for Uncle Henry to decide.

Mr. Huxtable. Naturally . . . naturally.

[Still he has an appealing eye on Philip, who obliges him.]

PHILIP. But since Mr. State's offer may not be only for the Madras House, but Roberts and Huxtable into the bargain... if the two principal proprietors can't meet him round a table to settle the matter...

THOMAS [ponderously diplomatic]. Yes . . . a little awkward . . . if I may say so . . . as Mr. State's representative, Mrs.

Huxtable.

MRS. HUXTABLE. You don't think, do you, Major Thomas, that any amount of awkwardness should induce us to pass over wicked conduct?

[This reduces the assembly to such a shamed silence that poor Mr. Hux-TABLE can only add . . .] MR. HUXTABLE. Oh, talk of something else. . . . talk of something else.

[After a moment MRS. MADRAS'S pale voice steals in, as she turns to her son.]

Mrs. Madras. When did you hear from

your father?

PHILIP. A letter from Marienbad two or three days ago, and a telegram yesterday morning.

[Mrs. Huxtable, with a hostess's authority, now restores a polite and easy tone to the conversation.]

Mrs. Huxtable. And have you left the Army long, Major Thomas?

THOMAS. Four years.

MRS. HUXTABLE. Now what made you

take to the Drapery Trade?

PHILIP [very explanatory]. Mr. State is an American financier, Aunt Kitty, who has bought up Burrows', the big mantle place in the city, and is about to buy us up, too, perhaps.

MRS. HUXTABLE. We are not in difficul-

ties, I hope.

PHILIP. Oh, no.

MRS. HUXTABLE. No. No doubt Henry would have told me if we had been.

[As she thus gracefully dismisses the subject there appear up the steps and along the balcony the last arrivals from church, MINNIE and CLARA. The male part of the company unsettles itself.]

MR. HUXTABLE. 'Ullo! Where have you

been?

MINNIE. We went for a walk.

MRS. HUXTABLE [in apparently deep surprise]. A walk, Minnie! Where to?

MINNIE. Just the long way home. We

thought we'd have time.

CLARA. Did you notice what a short ser-

mon?

MR. HUXTABLE. Oh, may I . . . My daughter Clara . . . Major 'Ippisly Thomas. My daughter Minnie . . . Major Thomas. [The conventional chant begins.]

MINNIE. How d' you do? Thomas. How d' you do?

CLARA. How d' you do?

MINNIE. How d'you do, Philip?

PHILIP. How d' you do? CLARA. How d' you do?

CLARA. How d' you do? PHILIP. How d' you do?

[The chant over. the company resettles;

Mr. Huxtable buttonholing Philip in the process with an air of some mystery.

MR. HUXTABLE. By the way, Phil, remind me to ask you something before you

go . . . rather important.

PHILIP. I shall be at your place in the morning. Thomas is coming to go through some figures.

MR. HUXTABLE [with a regular snap]

Yes . . . I shan't.

PHILIP. The State meeting is in Bond

Street, three o'clock.

MR. HUXTABLE. I know, I know. [Then finding himself prominent, he captures the conversation.] I'm slacking off, Major Thomas, slacking off. Ever since I was il I've been slacking off.

MRS. HUXTABLE. You are perfectly wel

now, Henry.

MR. HUXTABLE. Not the point. I wan leisure, you know, leisure. Time for reading . . . time to think a bit.

MRS. HUXTABLE. Nonsense! [She adds with correctness.] Major Thomas will ex

use me.

Mr. Huxtable [on his hobby]. Oh, wel . . . a man must . . . some portion of hi

THOMAS. Quite. I got most of my read

ing done early.

Mrs. Huxtable. The natural time fo it.

MR. HUXTABLE. Ah, lucky feller! Educated, I suppose. Well, I was n't. I 've beer getting the books for years — good editions I'd like you to see my library. But thes geniuses want settling down to . . . if man's to keep pace with the thought of the world, y' know. Macaulay, 'Erbert Spercer, Grote's 'Istory of Greece! I 've go'em all there.

[He finds no further response. Mrs. Huxtable fills the gap.]

MRS. HUXTABLE. I thought the sermo dull this morning, Amy, did n't you?

MRS. MADRAS [unexpectedly]. No, I di

n't.

MINNIE [to do her share of the entertaining]. Mother, somebody ought to spea about those boys...it's disgraceful. M Vivian had actually to turn round from the organ at them during the last hymn.

[Julia, her things taken off, reappear Mr. Huxtable is on the spot.]

Mr. HUXTABLE. Ah, my daughter Julia . . Major —

JULIA. We've been introduced, father.

She says this with a hauteur which really is pure nervousness, but MR. Huxtable is sufficiently crushed.]

Mr. Huxtable. Oh, I beg pardon.

[But Mrs. Huxtable disapproves of any self-assertion, and descends upon the culprit, who is, for some obscure reason (or for none), more often disapproved of than the others.]

Mrs. Huxtable. Close the door, please, Julia.

JULIA. I'm sorry, mother.

[Philip closes the offending door. JULIA obliterates herself in a chair, and the conversation, hardly encouraged by this little affray, comes to an intolerable standstill. At last Clara makes an effort.

CLARA. Is Jessica quite well, Philip?

PHILIP. Yes, thank you, Clara.

Mrs. Huxtable. And dear little Mildred?

PHILIP. Yes, thank you, Aunt Kate.

[Further standstill. Then MINNIE contrives a remark.

MINNIE. Do you still like that school for

her? PHILIP [with finesse]. It seems to provide

every accomplishment that money can buy. [Mrs. Huxtable discovers a sure opening.

Mrs. Huxtable. Have you been away

for the summer, Major Thomas?

THOMAS [vaguely — he is getting sympathetically tongue-tied]. Oh . . . yes . . PHILIP. Tommy and Jessica and I took

our holidays motoring around Munich and into it for the operas.

Mrs. Huxtable. Was that pleasant?

PHILIP. Very.

Mrs. Huxtable. And where was dear Mildred?

PHILIP. With her aunt most of the time ... Jessica's sister-in-law, you know.

MINNIE. Lady Ames?

PHILIP. Yes.

MRS. HUXTABLE [innocently, genuinely snobbish . Very nice for her.

Mr. HUXTABLE. We take a 'ouse at

Weymouth, as a rule.

MRS. HUXTABLE. Do you know Weymouth, Major Thomas?

THOMAS. No. I don't.

MRS. HUXTABLE. George III used to stay there, but that is a hotel now.

Mr. Huxtable. Keep your spare money

in the country, y' know.

MRS. HUXTABLE. Oh, there is everything one wants at Weymouth.

But even this subject flags.

MRS. HUXTABLE. You think more of

Bognor, Amy, I know. MRS. MADRAS. Only to live in, Kath-

erine.

They have made their last effort. The conversation is dead. Mr. Hux-TABLE'S discomfort suddenly becomes physical.]

Mr. Huxtable. I'm going to change my coat.

PHILIP. I think perhaps we ought to be off.

Mr. Huxtable. No, no, no, no, no! I shan't be a minute. Don't go, Phil; there's

a good fellow.

[And he has left them all to it. The HUXTABLE conversation, it will be noticed, consists mainly of asking questions. Visitors, after a time, fall into the habit, too.]

PHILIP. Do you like this house better

than the old one, Clara?

CLARA. It has more rooms, you know. MRS. HUXTABLE. Do you live in London,

Major Thomas?

THOMAS. No, I live at Woking. I come up and down every day. I think the country's better for the children.

MRS. HUXTABLE. Not a cheerful place,

is it?

THOMAS. Oh, very cheerful.

MRS. HUXTABLE. I had thought not, for some reason.

EMMA. The cemetery, mother.

Mrs. Huxtable [accepting the suggestion

with dignity]. Perhaps.

CLARA. And of course there's a much larger garden. We have the garden of the next house as well.

JANE. Not all the garden of the next

CLARA. Well, most of it.

This stimulating difference of opinion takes them to the balcony. JULIA follows PHILIP follows. PHILIP. MINNIE departs to take her things off.

JULIA. Do you notice how near the Crystal Palace seems? That means rain.

PHILIP. Of course . . . you can see the

Crystal Palace.

MRS. HUXTABLE. Julia, do you think you won't catch cold on the balcony without a hat?

JULIA [meek, but, before the visitor, deter-

mined]. I don't think so, mother.

[Mrs. Huxtable turns, with added politeness, to Major Thomas.]

Mrs. Huxtable. Yes, we used to live not so far along the hill; it certainly was a smaller house.

> [Philip is now on the balcony, receiving more information.]

PHILIP. That 's Ruskin's house, is it? Yes, I see the chimney pots.

MRS. HUXTABLE. I should not have moved, myself, but I was overruled.

EMMA. Mother, we had grown out of

Hollybank.

Mrs. Huxtable. I was overruled. Things are done on a larger scale than they used to be. Not that I approve of that.

THOMAS. Of course one's family will

grow up.

MRS. HUXTABLE. People spend their money nowadays. I remember my father's practice was to live on half his income. However, he lost the greater part of his money by unwise investments in lead, I think it was. I was at school at the time, in Brighton. And he educated me above my station in life.

[At this moment Clara breaks out of the conservatory. Something has happened.

CLARA. Jane, the Agapanthus is out at last!

JANE. Oh!

They crowd in to see it. Philip crowds in, too. Mrs. Huxtable is unmoved.

MRS. HUXTABLE. We are told that riches are a snare, Major Thomas.

THOMAS. It is one I have always found

easy to avoid, Mrs. Huxtable.

MRS. HUXTABLE [oblivious of the joke, which, indeed, she would not have expected on such a subject. And I have noticed that their acquisition seldom improves the character of people in my station of life. I am, of course, ignorant of my husband's affairs . . . that is to say, I keep myself as

ignorant as possible . . . but it is my wish that the ordering of our household should remain as it was when we were first mar-

THOMAS [forestalling a yawn]. Quite so. [MRS. HUXTABLE takes a breath.

MRS. HUXTABLE. A family of daughters, Major Thomas . . .

EMMA [a little agonized]. Mother! MRS. HUXTABLE. What is it, Emma?

But EMMA thinks better of it, and goes to join the Agapanthus party, say-

EMMA. Nothing, mother. I beg your

pardon.

MRS. HUXTABLE retakes her breath. MRS. HUXTABLE. What were we say-

THOMAS [with resigned politeness]. A

family of daughters.

MRS. HUXTABLE. Yes. Were you in the war?

The inexplicable but characteristic suddenness of this rouses the MAJOR a little.

THOMAS. I was.

MRS. HUXTABLE. I find that people look differently on family life to what they used A man no longer seems prepared to marry and support a wife and family by his unaided exertions. I consider that a pity.

THOMAS [near another yawn]. Quite . . .

quite so.

MRS. HUXTABLE. I have always determined that my daughters should be sought after for themselves alone. That should insure their happiness. Any eligible gentleman who visits here constantly is always given to understand, delicately, that nothing need be expected from Mr. Huxtable be yond his approval. You are married, think you said, Major Thomas.

> [This quite wakes him up, though Mrs. Huxtable is really innocen of her implication.

THOMAS. Yes. Oh, dear me, yes. Mrs. Huxtable. And a family?

THOMAS. Four children . . . the younges is only three.

Mrs. Huxtable. Pretty dear!

THOMAS. No; ugly little beggar, but ha character.

MRS. HUXTABLE. I must take off my things before dinner. You'll excuse me. I one is not punctual one's self . . .

THOMAS. Quite.

MRS. HUXTABLE. We cannot induce you

to join us?

THOMAS. Many thanks, but we have to meet Mrs. Phil for lunch in town at two.

MRS. HUXTABLE. I am sorry.

[Thomas opens the door for her with his best bow, and she graciously departs, conscious of having properly impressed him. CLARA, who has now her things to take off, crosses the room, saying to Phillip, who follows her from the balcony . . .]

CLARA. Yes, I'll tell father, Philip. I'm

going upstairs.

Thomas opens the door for her, but only with his second best bow, and then turns to Philip with a sigh.]

THOMAS. Phil, we ought to be going. Philip. Wait till you've seen my uncle again.

THOMAS. All right.

[He heaves another sigh and sits down. All this time there has been MRS. MADRAS upon her sofa, silent, as forgotten as any other piece of furniture for which there is no immediate use. Philip now goes to her. When she does speak it is unresponsively.]

PHILIP. How long do you stay in town, mother?

Mrs. Madras. I have been here a fortnight. I generally stay three weeks.

PHILIP. Jessica has been meaning to ask

you to Phillimore Gardens again.

Mrs. Madras. Has she?

PHILIP [a little guiltily]. Her time 's very much occupied . . . with one thing and another.

[Suddenly Mrs. Madras rouses her-

Mrs. Madras. I wish to see your father,

Philip. PHILIP [in doubt]. He won't be here

long, mother.

Mrs. Madras. No, I am sure he won't. With three delicate strides THOMAS lands himself onto the balcony.]

PHILIP. Tommy being tactful! Well,

I'll say that you want to see him.

MRS. MADRAS. No, please don't. Tell him that I think he ought to come and see

PHILIP. He won't come, mother.

MRS. MADRAS. No, I know he won't. He came to England in May, did n't he? He was here till July, wasn't he? Did he so much as send me a message? [with unkind patience]. PHILIP

mother.

Mrs. Madras. What was he doing all

the while, Philip?

PHILIP. I did n't see much of him. I really don't know what he came back for at all. We could have done this business without him, and anyway it has n't materialized till now. This is why he's passing through England again. I don't think there 's much to be gained by your seeing him, you know.

MRS. MADRAS. You are a little heartless, Philip.

This being a little true, PHILIP a little

resents it. PHILIP. My dear mother, you and he

have been separated for . . . how long is

MRS. MADRAS [with withered force]. I am his wife still, I should hope. He went away from me when he was young. But I have never forgotten my duty. And now that he is an old man, and past such sin, and I am an old woman, I am still ready to be a comfort to his declining years, and it's right that I should be allowed to tell him so, and you should not let your wife put you against your own mother, Philip.

Philip [bewildered]. Really!
Mrs. Madras. I know what Jessica thinks of me. Jessica is very clever, and has no patience with people who can only do their best to be good - I understand that. Well, it is n't her duty to love me . . . at least it may not be her duty to love her husband's mother, or it may be, I don't say. But it is your duty. I sometimes think, Philip, you don't love me any longer, though you're afraid to say so.

[The appeal ends so pathetically that Philip is very gently equivocal.]

PHILIP. If I didn't love you, my dear mother, I should be afraid to say so.

MRS. MADRAS. When are you to see your

father?

PHILIP. We've asked him to dinner tomorrow night.

At this moment EMMA comes in with a briskness so jarring to MRS. Madras's already wrought nerves, that she turns on her.]

MRS. MADRAS. Emma, why do you come

bouncing in like that when I'm trying to get a private word with Philip?

EMMA. Really, Aunt Amy, the drawing-

room belongs to every one.

Mrs. Madras. I'm sure I don't know why I come and stay here at all. I dislike your mother intensely.

EMMA. Then kindly don't tell me so. I 've

no wish not to be polite to you.

PHILIP [pacifically]. Emma, I think Uncle Henry ought to attend this meeting tomorrow.

Mrs. Madras [beginning to cry]. Of course he ought. Who is he, to go on like this about Constantine! My handkerchief's upstairs.

EMMA [contritely]. Shall I fetch it for

you, Aunt Amy?

Mrs. Madras. No. I'll be a trouble to

[She retires, injured. PHILIP continues, purposely placid.]

PHILIP. What's more, he really wants to attend it.

EMMA. I'm sorry I was rude . . . but she does get on our nerves, you know.

PHILIP. Why do you invite her? EMMA [quite jolly with him]. Oh, we're all very fond of Aunt Amy, and anyhow, mother would think it our duty. I don't see how she can enjoy coming, though. She never goes out anywhere . . . never joins in the conversation . . . just sits nursing her-

Philip [quizzically]. You're all too good, Emma.

EMMA. Yes. I heard you making fun of Julia in the conservatory. But if one stopped doing one's duty how upside down the world would be! [Her voice now takes that tone which is the well-bred substitute for a wink.] I say ... I suppose I ought n't to tell you about Julia, but it is rather a joke. You know, Julia gets hysterical sometimes, when she has her headaches.

PHILIP. Does she?

EMMA. Well, a collar marked Lewis Waller came back from the wash in mistake for one of father's. I don't think he lives near here, but it's one of those big steam laundries. And Morgan the cook got it, and . she gave it to Julia . . . and Julia kept it. And when mother found out she cried for a whole day. She said it showed a wanton [Philip's mocking face becomes grave.]

PHILIP. I don't think that 's at all amus ing, Emma.

EMMA [in genuine surprise]. Don't you

PHILIP. How old is Julia?

EMMA. She's thirty-four. [Her face falls too. No . . . it is rather dreadful, is n't it [Then wrinkling her forehead, as at a puz zle. It is n't exactly that one wants to ge married. I dare say mother is right about

PHILIP. About what?

EMMA. Well, some time ago a gentleman proposed to Jane. And mother said it would have been more honorable if he had spoke to father first, and that Jane was the young est, and too young to know her own mind Well, you know, she's twenty-six. And then they heard of something he'd once done, and it was put a stop to. And Jane was very rebellious, and mother cried. . . .

Philip. Does she always cry?

EMMA. Yes, she does cry, if she's upse about us. And I think she was right. One ought not to risk being unhappy for life ought one?

PHILIP. Are you all happy now, then? EMMA. Oh, deep down, I think we are It would be so ungrateful not to be. When one has a good home and . . . ! But of course living together, and going away together and being together all the time, one does get a little irritable now and then. I sup pose that 's why we sit as mum as maggot when people are here; we're afraid o squabbling. Рниле. Do you squabble?

EMMA. Not like we used. You know, til we moved into this house, we had only two bedrooms between us, the nursery and the old night nursery. Now Laura and Minnie have one each, and there's one we take by turns. There was n't a bigger house to be got here, or I suppose we could have had it. They hated the idea of moving far And it's rather odd, you know, father seems afraid of spending money, though he must have got lots. He says if he gave us any more we should n't know what to do with it, . . . and of course that 's true.

PHILIP. But what occupations have you

girls?

EMMA. We're always busy. I mean there's lots to be done about the house, and there 's calling and classes and things. Julia used to sketch quite well. You must n't think I'm grumbling, Philip. I know I talk too much. They tell me so.

[Phillip's comment is the question,

half serious.]

PHILIP. Why don't you go away, all six of you, or say five of you?

EMMA [wide-eyed]. Go away!

PHILIP [comprehensively]. Out of it.

EMMA [wider-eyed]. Where to?

PHILIP [with a sigh — for her]. Ah, that's

just it.

EMMA. How could one! And it would upset them dreadfully. Father and mother don't know that one feels like this at times

. . . they 'd be very grieved.

PHILIP turns to her with kindly irony.]
PHILIP. Emma, people have been worrying your father at the shop lately about the drawbacks of the living in system. Why don't you ask him to look at home for them?

[Mr. Huxtable returns, at ease in a jacket. He pats his daughter kindly on the shoulder.]

Mr. Huxtable. Now run along, Jane ... I mean Emma ... I want a word with your cousin.

EMMA. Yes, father.

[EMMA — or Jane — obediently disappears. Philip then looks sideways at his uncle.]

PHILIP. I've come over, as you asked

me to.

MR. HUXTABLE. I did n't ask you.

PHILIP. You dropped a hint.

MR. HUXTABLE [almost with a blush].

Did I? I dessay I did.

PHILIP. But you must hurry up and decide about the meeting to-morrow. Thomas and I have got to go.

MR. HUXTABLE. Phil, I suppose you're

set on selling.

PHILIP. Quite.

Mr. Huxtable. You young men! The Madras 'Ouse means nothing to you.

PHILIP [anti-sentimental]. Nothing un-

salable, uncle.

MR. HUXTABLE. Well, well, well! [Then, in a furtive fuss.] Well, just a minute, my boy, before your aunt comes down . . . she's been going on at me upstairs, y' know! Something you must do for me to-morrow, like a good feller, at the shop in the morning. [He suddenly becomes portentous.] Have you heard this yet about Miss Yates?

PHILIP. No.

Mr. Huxtable. Disgraceful! Disgraceful!

PHILLP. She got on very well in Bond Street . . . learned a good deal. She has only been back a few weeks.

MR. HUXTABLE [snorting derisively]. Learned a good deal! [Then he sights Thomas on the balcony, and hails him.] Oh, come in, Major Thomas. [And dropping his voice again ominously.] Shut the window, if you don't mind; we don't want the ladies to hear this.

[Thomas shuts the window, and Mr. Huxtable spreads himself to the awful enjoyment of imparting scandal.]

MR. HUXTABLE. I tell you, my boy, up at your place, got hold of she's been by some feller... some West End Club feller, I dessay ... and he's put her in the ... well, I tell you!! Major Thomas will excuse me. Not a chit of a girl, mind you, but first hand in our Costume room. Buyer we were going to make her, and all!

[Phillip frowns, both at the news and at his uncle's manner of giving it.]

PHILIP. What do you want me to do?

MR. HUXTABLE [more portentous than ever]. You wait; that's not the worst of it.

You know Brigstock.

PHILIP. Do I?

MR. HUXTABLE. Oh, yes; third man in the 'Osiery.

PHILIP. True.

Mr. Huxtable. Well...it seems that more than a week ago Miss Chancellor had caught them kissing.

Philip [his impatience of the display grow-

ing]. Caught who kissing?

MR. HUXTABLE. I know it ain't clear. Let's go back to the beginning . . . Major Thomas will excuse me.

THOMAS [showing the properest feeling].

Not at all.

MR. HUXTABLE. Wednesday afternoon, Willoughby, that 's our doctor, comes up as usual. Miss Yates goes in to see him. Miss Chancellor — that 's our housekeeper, Major Thomas — over'ears, quite by accident, so she says, and afterwards taxes her with it.

PHILIP. Unwise.

MR. HUXTABLE. No! no! Her plain duty . . . she knows my principle about

such things. But then she remembers about the kissing and that gets about among our young ladies. Somebody stupid there, I grant you, but you know what these things are. And then it gets about about Miss Yates . . . all over the shop. And then it turns out that Brigstock's a married man . . . been married two years . . . secret from us, you know, because he's living in and on promotion and all the rest. And yesterday morning his wife turns up in my office, and has hysterics, and says her husband's been slandered.

PHILIP. I don't see why Miss Yates should come to any particular harm at our place. A girl's only out of our sight at week ends, and then we're supposed to

know where she is.

MR. HUXTABLE [still instinctively spreading himself, but with that wistful look creeping on him now]. Well . . . I had 'er up the day before. And I don't know what's coming over me. I scolded her well. I was in the right in all I said . . . but . . . ! Have you ever suddenly 'eard your own voice saying a thing? Well, I did . . . and it sounded more like a dog barking than me. And I went funny all over. So I told her to leave the room. [He grows distressed and appealing.] And you must take it on, Phil, Yates must have the sack, and I'm not sure Brigstock had n't better have the sack. We don't want to lose Miss Chancellor, but really if she can't hold 'er tongue at her age ... well, she'd better have ...

PHILIP [out of patience]. Oh, nonsense,

uncle!

MR. HUXTABLE [his old unquestioning self asserted for a moment]. No, I will not have these scandals in the shop. We've always been free of 'em . . . almost always. I don't want to be hard on the girl. If the man 's in our employ, and you can find 'im out . . . punish the guilty as well as the innocent . . . I'm for all that. [That breath exhausted, he continues, quite pathetically, to THOMAS. But I do not know what's coming over me. Before I got ill I'd have tackled this business like winking. But when you're a long time in bed . . . I'd never been ill like that before . . . I dunno how it is . . . you get thinking . . . and things which used to be quite clear don't seem nearly so clear . . . and then after, when

you start to do and say the things that used to come natural . . . they don't come so natural as they did, and that puts you of

something . . .

This is interrupted by the reappearance of Mrs. Huxtable, lacecapped, and ready for dinner. She is at the pitch to which the upstairs dispute with her husband evidently brought her. It would seem he boited in the middle of it.]

MRS. HUXTABLE. Is it the fact, Philip, that if your uncle does not attend the meeting to-morrow that this business transaction with Mr. - I forget his name - the American gentleman . . . and which I, of course, know nothing about, will be seriously upset?

MR. HUXTABLE [joining battle]. Kitty, I don't see why I should n't go. If Constantine chooses to turn up . . . that is his business. I needn't speak directly to him . . . so to say.

Mrs. Huxtable [hurling this choice bolt

from her vocabulary]. A quibble, Henry.
Mr. HUXTABLE. If he 's leaving England now for good . . .

Mrs. HUXTABLE. But you do as you like. of course.

MR. HUXTABLE [wistful again]. I should

so like you to be convinced.

Mrs. Huxtable. Don't prevaricate, Henry. And your sister is just coming into the room. We had better drop the subiect.

[And in Mrs. Madras does come, but what with one thing and another MR. HUXTABLE is now getting what he would call thoroughly put out.]

MR. HUXTABLE. Now if Amelia here was to propose seeing 'im -

MRS. HUXTABLE. Henry . . . a little

consideration!

MR. HUXTABLE [goaded to the truth]. Well, I want to go, Kitty, and that's all about it. And I dropped a 'int, I did, to Phil to come over and help me through it with you. I thought he'd make it seem as if it was most pressing business . . . only he hasn't . . . so as to hurt your feelings less. Because I'd been bound to have told you afterwards, or it might have slipped out somehow. Goodness gracious me, here's the Madras House, which I've sunk enough money in these last ten years to build a battleship, very nearly . . . a small battleship, y' know . . . it's to be sold because Phil won't stand by me, and his father don't care a button now. Not but what that's Constantine all over! Marries you, Amelia, behaves like a duke and an archangel, mixed, for eighteen months, and then —

MRS. HUXTABLE [scandalized, "Before

visitors, too ! ". Henry!

MR. HUXTABLE. All right, all right.
And I'm not to attend this meeting, if you
please! [The little storm subsides.]

MRS. MADRAS. It's to be sold, is it?

PHILIP. Yes, mother.

MRS. MADRAS [at her brother]. It was started with my money as well as yours.

[Mr. Huxtable is recovering, and

takes no notice.

PHILIP. Yes, mother, we know.

MRS. MADRAS. And if that's all you've lost by Constantine, I don't see you've a right to be so bitter against him.

[She is still ignored. Mr. Huxtable, quite cheery again, goes on affably.]

MR. HUXTABLE. D' you know, Major Thomas, that twenty years ago, when that shop began to be the talk of London, Duchesses have been known to go, to all intents and purposes, on their knees to him to design them a dress. Would n't do it unless he pleased—not unless he approved their figure. 'Ad Society under his thumb.

MRS. HUXTABLE [from the height of respectability]. No doubt he knew his busi-

ness.

MR. HUXTABLE [in an ecstasy]. Knew his business! Knew his business!! My boy, in the old days . . . asked everywhere, like one of themselves, very nearly! First of his sort to break that barrier. D' you know, it's my belief that if Mrs. Gladstone had been thirty years younger, and a fashionable woman . . . he could have had a knight-hood.

MRS. HUXTABLE [explicitly]. He was un-

true to his wife, Henry.

[At this Mr. Huxtable is the moral man again. These sudden changes are so like him. They are genuine; he is just half conscious of their suddenness.]

Mr. Huxtable. Yes, I know, and Amy did what she should have done. You see, it was n't an ordinary case, Major Thomas. It was girls in the shop. And even though he took 'em out of the shop . . . that 's a slur on the whole trade. A man in his position . . . you can't overlook that.

MRS. MADRAS [palely asserting herself]. I could have overlooked it if I had chosen.

PHILIP [to whom this is all so futile and foolish]. My dear mother, you were unhappy with my father, and you left him . . . the matter is very simple.

MRS. MADRAS. I beg your pardon, Philip,

. . . I was not unhappy with him.

Mrs. Huxtable. Amy, how could you be happy with a man who was unfaithful to you? What nonsense!

[Jane and Julia, from the balcony, finding the window locked, tap with their finger-nails upon the pane. The very sharpness of the sound begins to put out Mr. Huxtable again.]

MR. HUXTABLE. No, no! They can't come in! [He mouths at them through the window.] You can't come in. [Jane mouths back.]

MR. HUXTABLE. What? [Then the sense of it coming to him, he looks at his watch.] No, it is n't . . . two minutes yet.

[And he turns away, having excluded the innocent mind from this unseemly discussion. But at the very moment LAURA comes in by the door. His patience flies.]

MR. HUXTABLE. Oh, damn! Well, I beg pardon. [Then in desperate politeness.] Let me introduce . . . my daughter Laura . . .

Major Thomas.

LAURA [collectedly]. We have met, father.

MR. HUXTABLE [giving it all up]. Well . . . how can I tell . . . there are so many of you!

MRS. HUXTABLE [severely]. I think, Henry, you had better go to this meeting to-morrow.

MR. HUXTABLE [wistful for a moment].

You think I ought?

Mrs. HUXTABLE. You know you ought

not.

Mr. Huxtable [disputing it manfully]. No . . . I don't know I ought not. It is n't so easy to know what ought and ought not to be done as you always make out, Kitty. And suppose I just do something wrong for once, and see what happens.

MRS. HUXTABLE. Henry, don't say such

things.

MR. HUXTABLE [very reasonably to Major THOMAS]. Well, since I 've been ill -

But Emma and Minnie have come in now, and JANE and JULIA, finding their exile a little unreasonable, rattle hard at the window. Huxtable gives it all up again.]

MR. HUXTABLE. Oh, let 'em in, Phil,

. . . there's a good feller.

THOMAS. Allow me. [And he does so.] EMMA [crisply]. Oh, what's it all been about?

MRS. HUXTABLE. Never mind, Emma. [She says this to Emma as she would have said it to her at the age of four. Meanwhile, Mr. Huxtable has recovered.]

HUXTABLE. You know, Major Thomas, Constantine could always get the

better of me in little things.

[JANE has sighted MINNIE, and callously, across the breadth of the room, imparts a tragedy.]

JANE. Minnie, your frog's dead . . . in the conservatory. [MINNIE pales.]

MINNIE. Oh, dear!

Mr. Huxtable. . . . After the difference I began to write to him as Dear Sir; to this day he'll send me business letters beginning Dear 'Arry.

[MINNIE is hurrying to the glass house of death.]

JANE. I buried it.

Mr. HUXTABLE. . . . Always at his ease. Jou know.

> THOMAS escapes from him. PHILIP is bending over his mother a little kindlier.]

PHILIP. I'll try to see you again before

you go back to Bognor, mother.

[At this moment the gong rings. A tremendous gong, beloved of the English middle class, which makes any house seem small. A hollow sound; the dinner hour striking its own empty stomach. JANE, whose things are not taken off, gives a mitigated yelp and dashes for the door, dashes into the returning, tidy CLARA. Mrs. Huxtable shakes a finger.]

Mrs. Huxtable. Late again, Jane. PHILIP. We'll be off, Aunt Katherine.

Mrs. Huxtable [with a common humanity she has not shown before. Philip . . . never think I mean to be self-righteous about your father. But he made your mother most unhappy when you were too young to know of it . . . and there is the example to others, is n't there?

PHILIP. Yes . . . of course, Aunt Kate. I know just how you feel about it . . . I'm

not fond of him, either.

[Philip must be a little mischievous with his aunt. She responds by returning at once to her own apparent self again.]

MRS. HUXTABLE. My dear boy . . . and

your own father!

[From the balcony one hears the tag of Julia's entertaining of Major Thomas. They have been peering at the horizon.

JULIA. Yes, it means rain . . . when you

see it so clearly.

[A general-post of leave-taking now

PHILIP. Well, see you to-morrow, Uncle

MR. HUXTABLE. Yes, I suppose so. Oh, and about that other matter. .

PHILIP. What can I do?

MR. HUXTABLE. I'll telephone you in the morning.

PHILIP. Good-bye, mother.

Thomas. Good-bye, Mrs. Huxtable. MRS. HUXTABLE [with a final flourish of politeness]. You have excused this domestic discussion, I hope, Major Thomas . . . it

will happen sometimes. THOMAS. I 've been most interested.

MINNIE comes back sadly from the frog's grave.]

PHILIP. Good-bye, Clara. CLARA. Good-bye, Philip.

Mr. Huxtable. You really won't stay to dinner?

Philip. Good-bye, Laura.

THOMAS. Thanks, no. We meet to-morrow.

> The general-post quickens, the chorus grows confused.

LAURA. Good-bye. THOMAS. Good-bye. JANE. Good-bye. THOMAS. Good-bye.

PHILIP. Good-bye, Emma — oh, pardon. [There has been the confusion of crossed hands. Apologies, with-

drawals, a treading on toes, more apologies.] EMMA. Good-bye, Major Thomas.

PHILIP. Now good-bye, Emma.

THOMAS. Good-bye, Mrs. Madras. PHILIP. Good-bye. THOMAS. Good-bye.

> The chorus and the general-post continue, until at last PHILIP and Thomas escape to a tram and a tube and their lunch, while the Hux-TABLES sit down in all ceremony to Sunday dinner: Roast beef, horse-radish, Yorkshire pudding, brown potatoes, Brussels sprouts, apple tart, custard and cream, Stilton cheese, dessert.]

ACT II

The business offices of Roberts and Hux-TABLE are tucked away upon the first floor somewhere at the back of that large drapery establishment. The waiting-room - the one in which employee sits in shivering preparation for interviews with employer - besides thus having been the silent scene of more misery than most places on earth, is one of the very ugliest rooms that ever entered into the mind of a builder and decorator. Four plain walls of brick or plaster, with seats round them, would have left it a waiting-room pure and simple. But the ugly hand of the money maker was upon it. In the person of a contractor he thrust upon the unfortunate room - as on all the others - everything that could excuse his price and disguise his profit. The walls, to start with, were distempered an unobjectionable green, but as that might seem too plain and cheap, a dado of a nice stone color was added, topped with stenciling in dirty red of a pattern that once was Greek.

The fireplace is apparently designed to provide the maximum amount of work possible for the wretched boy who cleans it every morning, retiring from the contest well black-leaded himself. The mantelpiece above — only an expert in such abominations knows what it is made of; but it pretends, with the aid of worm-shaped dashes of paint, to be brown marble. It is too high for comfort, too low for dignity. It has to be dusted,

and usually is n't.

The square lines of the two long windows, which look upon some sanitary brick airshaft, have been carefully spoilt by the ovalling of their top panes. The half-glazed door, that opens from the passage, is of the wrong shape; the green baize door, that admits to MR. PHILIP'S room, is of the wrong color.

And then the furnishing! Those yellow chairs upholstered in red cotton goose-flesh plush; that plush-seated, plush-backed bench, placed draughtily between the windows! There is a reasonable office table in the middle of the room. On the walls are, firstly, photographs of Roberts and HUXTABLE. ROBERTS was a Welshman. and looks it. No prosperous drapery business in London but has its Welshman. There is also a photograph of the premises — actual; and an advertisement sketch of them — ideal. There is a ten-year-old fashion plate: twenty faultless ladies engaged in ladylike occupations or serene in the lack of any. There is an insurance almanac, the one thing of beauty in the room. On the mantelpiece lies a London Directory, the one piece of true color.

The hand of the money maker that has wrenched awry the Greek pattern on the wall has been laid also on all the four people who sit waiting for MR. PHILIP at noon on this Monday, and to the warping more or less of them all.

Mrs. Brigstock, sitting stiffly on the plush bench, in brown guilled hat and coat and skirt, is, one would guess, a clerk of some sort. She lacks color; she lacks repose; she lacks - one stops to consider that she might possibly be a beautiful woman were it not for the things she lacks. But she is the product of fifteen years or so of long hours and little lunch. Certainly at this moment she is not seen at her best. She sits twisting her gloved hands, pulling at a loose thread, now and then biting it. Otherwise she bites her lips; her face is drawn, and she stares in front of her with only a twist of the eye now and then towards her husband, who is uncomfortable upon a chair a few feet away.

If one were asked to size up MR. BRIGSTOCK

one would say: Nothing against him. The position of Third Man in the Hosiery does not require any special talents, and it does n't get them; or if it does, they don't stay there. And MR. BRIGSTOCK stays there - just stays there. It sums him up — sums up millions of him —to say that in their youth they have energy enough to get into a position; afterwards, in their terror - or sometimes only because their employers have not the heart to dismiss them - they stay there. Sometimes, though, the employers have the heart, and do. And then what happens? Considered as a man rather than a wage-earner not that it is usual for us so to consider him - he is one of those who, happily for themselves, get married by women whom apparently no other man much wants to marry. Subdued to what he works in, he is dressed as a Third Man in the Hosiery should be. He is, at the moment, as agitated as his wife, and as he has no nervous force to be agitated with, is in a state of greater wretchedness.

On the other side of the room sits MISS CHAN-

CELLOR. Every large living-in draper's should have as housekeeper a lady of a certain age, who can embody in her own person the virtues she will expect in the young ladies under her. Decorum, sobriety of thought, tidiness, respect of persons—these are the qualities generally necessary to a shop-assistant's salvation. MISS CHANCELLOR radiates them. They are genuine in her, too. She is now planted squarely on her chair, as it might be, in easy authority, but looking closely, one may see that it is a dignified resent

ment keeping her there unmovable. In the middle of the room, by the table, sits MISS YATES. While they wait this long time the other three try hard to keep their eyes off her. It is n't easy; partly because she is in the middle of the room and they are not. But anyhow and anywhere MISS YATES is a person that you look at, though you may ignorantly wonder why. She is by no means pretty, nor does she try to attract you. But you look at her as you look at a fire or a light in an otherwise empty room. She is not a lady, nor is she well educated, and ten years' shop-assisting has left its marks on her. But there it is. To the seeing eye she glows in that room like a live coal. She has genius - she has life, to however low a use she — or the world for her — may put it. And commoner people are lustreless beside her.

They wait silently, and the tension increases. At last it is slightly relieved by Philip's arrival. He comes in briskly, his hat on, a number of unopened letters in his hand. They get up to receive him with varying degrees of respect and

apprehension.

PHILIP. Good-morning, Miss Chancellor. Good-morning, Miss Yates. Good-morning, Mr. Brigstock.

Mr. Brigstock [introducing her]. Mrs.

Brigstock.

[Philip nods pleasantly to Mrs. Brigstock, who purses her lips in a halffrightened, half-vengeful way, and sits down again. Then he puts his hat on the mantelpiece and settles himself in the master position at the table.]

PHILIP. I'm afraid I've kept you waiting a little. Well, now —

[There is a sharp knock at the door.]

PHILIP. Come.

[It is Belhaven. Belhaven is seventeen, perhaps, on the climb from office boy to clerk, of the usual pattern. Philip greets him pleasantly.]

PHILIP. Oh, good-morning, Belhaven.

BELHAVEN. I've put Major Thomas in your room, sir, as the papers were there, but Mr. Huxtable's is empty, if you'd like . . .

PHILIP. No, this 'll do.

BELHAVEN. Major Thomas said would you speak to him for a minute, as soon as you came.

PHILIP. I'll go in now. BELHAVEN. Thank you, sir.

PHILIP. [To the waiting four.] Excuse

me one minute, please.

[Belhaven bolts back to his outer office by one door — his way of opening and getting through it is a laborsaving invention; and Philip goes to find Thomas through the other. There is silence again, held by these four at a greater tension than ever. At last Mrs. Brigstock, least able to bear it, gives one desperate wriggle-fidget. Brigstock looks at her deprecatingly and says...]

Mr. Brigstock. Will you sit here,

Freda, if you feel the draught?

MRS. BRIGSTOCK [just trusting herself to answer]. No, thank you.

[Silence again, but soon broken by Philip, who comes from the other room, throwing over his shoulder the last of his few words with Thomas, "All right, Tommy." Tommy, even at the dullest business, always pleasantly amuses him. Then he settles himself at the table for the second time, conciliatory, kind.]

PHILIP. Well, now . . .

[Mrs. Brigstock, determined to be first heard, lets slip the torrent of her

MRS. BRIGSTOCK. It's slander, Mr. Madras, and I request that it shall be retracted immediately . . . before everybody . . . in the public press . . . by advertisement.

MR. BRIGSTOCK [in an agonized whisper]. Oh, Freda . . . not so 'eadstrong'.

[Philip is elaborately cool and good-tempered.]

PHILIP. Miss Chancellor.

[MISS CHANCELLOR is even more elaborately cold and dignified.]

MISS CHANCELLOR. Yes, sir.

PHILIP. I think we might inform Mrs. Brigstock that we're sorry the accusation has become so public . . . it has naturally caused her some pain.

Mrs. Brigstock [ascending the scale]. I don't believe it . . . I did n't believe it . . .

f I'd have believed it -

Mr. Brigstock [interposing]. Oh, Freda! MISS CHANCELLOR [very definitely]. I saw them kissing. I did n't know Mr. Brigstock was a married man. And even if I had known it . . . I saw them kissing.

> [Miss Yates, opening her mouth for the first time, shows an easy impatience of their anger and their atti-

tudes, too.]

MISS YATES. Oh . . . what sort of a kiss?

MISS CHANCELLOR. Are there different

sorts of kisses, Miss Yates?

MISS YATES. Well . . . are n't there? Mrs. Brigstock [growing shrill now]. He owns he did that, and he knows he should n't have, and he asked my pardon ... and whose business is it, but mine ...? Mr. Brigstock [vainly interposing this

time]. Oh, Freda!

MRS. BRIGSTOCK [climbing to hysterics]. Hussy to let him . . . hussy . . . hussy!

[Philip adds a little severity to his coolness.]

PHILIP. Mrs. Brigstock.

MISS YATES [as pleasant as possible]. All right . . . Mr. Madras, I don't mind.

PHILIP. But I do. Mrs. Brigstock, I shall not attempt to clear up this business unless we can all manage to keep our tempers.

[Miss Yates collectedly explains.]

MISS YATES. I've been friends with Mr. Brigstock these twelve years. We both came into the firm together . . . and I knew he was married . . . p'raps I'm the only one that did. And when I told him ... all I chose to tell him as to what had happened to me . . . I asked him to kiss me just to show he did n't think so much the worse of me. And he gave me one kiss . . . here. She dabs with one finger the left top corner of her forehead.] And that is the truth of that.

PHILIP. You might have given this ex-

planation to Miss Chancellor.

MISS YATES. She would n't have be-

lieved it.

MISS CHANCELLOR. I don't believe it. Mrs. Brigstock [with gathering force]. William! William!! William!!!

[Brigstock desperately musters a little authority.]

Mr. Brigstock. Freda, be quiet . . . have n't I sworn it to you on the Bible?

[MISS CHANCELLOR now puts her case.]

MISS CHANCELLOR. I may say I have known other young ladies in trouble and whether they behaved properly or improperly under the circumstances . . . and I've known them behave both . . . they did not confide in their gentlemen friends . . . without the best of reasons.

PHILIP. There is no reason that they

should n't, Miss Chancellor.

MISS CHANCELLOR. They did n't. Miss Yates. Well . . . I did.

MISS CHANCELLOR. I had no wish for the scandal to get about. I don't know how it happened.

MISS YATES. Ask your little favorite,

Miss Jordan, how it happened.

[This shot tells. MISS CHANCELLOR'S

voice sharpens.]

MISS CHANCELLOR. Mr. Madras, if I am to be accused of favoritism —

PHILIP. Yes, yes . . . we'll keep to the

point, I think.

MISS CHANCELLOR. If Mr. Brigstock was n't the man —

Mrs. Brigstock [the spring touched]. William!

MISS CHANCELLOR. Why should n't she tell me who it was?

MISS YATES. Why should I?

MISS CHANCELLOR. Am I here to look after the morals of these young ladies, or am I not?

Mrs. Brigstock. A set of hussies.

Mr. Brigstock [in agony]. Freda, you'll

get me the sack.

PHILIP. Brigstock, if I wished to give any one the sack, I should not be taking the trouble to discuss this with you all in -I hope — a reasonable way.

[Mrs. Brigstock, much resenting reasonableness, stands up now to

give battle.]

MRS. BRIGSTOCK. Oh, give him the sack, if you please, Mr. Madras. It's time he had it for his own sake.

Mr. Brigstock. No, Freda!

Mrs. Brigstock. You've got your way to make in the world, have n't you? He 's got to start on his own like other people, has n't he?

MR. BRIGSTOCK [feeling safety and his

situation slipping]. In time, Freda.

MRS. BRIGSTOCK. Now's the time. If you're not sick of the life you lead . . . seeing me once a week for an hour or two . . . then I am. And this libel and slander makes about the last straw, I should think.

PHILIP. How long have you been mar-

ried, Mrs. Brigstock?

Mrs. Brigstock. Four years.

PHILIP. Four years!

MRS. BRIGSTOCK [a little quelled by his

equable courtesy]. Four years!

PHILIP [in amazed impatience]. My dear Brigstock, why not have come to the firm and told them? It could have been arranged for you to live out with your wife.

MR. BRIGSTOCK. Well, I have been thinking of it lately, sir, but I never seem to happen on a really likely moment. I'm afraid I'm not a favorite in my department.

MRS. BRIGSTOCK. No fault of his!

MR. BRIGSTOCK. And it's sometimes a very little thing makes the difference between a feller's going and staying . . . when all those that are n't wanted are cleared out after sale time, I mean, for instance. And, of course, the thirty pound a year they allow you to live out on does not keep you . . . it's no use my saying it does. And when you're married . . .

Mrs. Brigstock [who has gathered her grievances again]. I agreed to it. I have my profession, too. We've been saving quicker. It's three hundred pounds now, all but a bit . . . that's enough to start on. I've got my eye on the premises. It's near here, I don't mind telling you. Why should n't we do as well as others . . . and ride in our carriages when we're fifty!

MR. BRIGSTOCK [deprecating such great optimism]. Well, I've asked advice . . .

MRS. BRIGSTOCK. You think too much of advice. If you'd value yourself higher! Give him the sack, if you please, Mr. Madras, and I'll say thank you.

[She finishes, and suddenly MISS YATES takes up this part of the tale

quite otherwise.

MISS YATES. He has asked my advice, and I've told him to stay where he is.

MRS. BRIGSTOCK [her breath leaving her]. Oh, indeed!

MISS YATES. He's as steady as can be. But his appearance is against him.

Mrs. Brigstock [hardly recovering it]. Well, I never!

Mr. Brigstock. A feller does think of

the future, Marion.

Miss Yates. I would n't if I were you I don't know where we all get to wher we're fifty, and I've never met any on who did. We're not in the shop any longer most of us, are we? And we're not all in our carriages.

Mr. Brigstock [meekly]. I suppose is

can be done.

MISS YATES. Oh . . . premises near here and three hundred pounds. Perfect foolery, and William ought to know it is This firm'll undersell you and eat you up and a dozen more like you . . . and the place that's trusted you for your stock will sell up every stick, and there you'll be in the gutter. I advised him to own up to you [she nods at Mrs. Brigstock] and live our and do the best he could.

MRS. BRIGSTOCK [more drenched with the cold water than she'll own]. I'm much obliged, I'm sure . . . I've my own opin-

ion. . . .

PHILIP [who has been studying her rather anxiously]. You 've no children, Mrs. Brigstock? [Mrs. Brigstock goes white.]

MRS. BRIGSTOCK. No, I've no children. How can you save when you have children? But if it was his child this hussy was going to have, and I thought God would n't strike him dead on the spot, I'd do it myself, so I would . . . and he knows I would.

Mr. Brigstock. Haven't I taken my

oath to you, Freda?

MRS. BRIGSTOCK. How can I tell if he's speaking the truth . . . I ask you how can I tell? I lie awake at night away from him till I could scream with thinking about it. And I do scream as loud as I dare . . . not to wake the house. And if somebody don't open that window, I shall go off.

PHILIP. Open the window, please, Mr.

Brigstock.

[Philip's voice is serious, though he says but a simple thing. Mr. Brigstock opens the window as a man may do in a sick room, helpless, a little dazed. Then he turns back to his wife, who is sitting, head tilted against the sharp back of the plush bench, eyes shut, mouth open. Only Miss Yates is ready with her bit of practical comfort.]

MISS YATES. Look here, don't you worr-

I could have married William if I'd wanted to. That ought to be proof enough.

MR. BRIGSTOCK. There you are, Freda. Miss Yates. Before he knew you.

Mrs. Brigstock [opening her eyes]. Did you ask her?

MISS YATES. No, he never asked me

. . . but you know what I mean.

MISS YATES gives emphasis to this with what one fears must be described as a wink. MRS. BRIGSTOCK looks at the acquiescent Brigstock and acknowledges the implication.]

Mrs. Brigstock. Yes, I know. Oh, I

don't believe it really.

[Comforted, she discovers her handkerchief and blows her nose, after which Miss Chancellor, who has been sitting all this while still, silent, and scornful, inquires in her politest voice . . .]
MISS CHANCELLOR. Do you wish me still

to remain, Mr. Madras? PHILIP. One moment.

MISS YATES. Oh, you'll excuse my back,

PHILIP. I don't think I need detain you any longer, Mr. and Mrs. Brigstock. Your character is now quite clear in the firm's eyes, Brigstock, and I shall see that arrangements are made for you to live out in the future. I apologize to you both for all this unpleasantness.

They have both risen at this, and now Brigstock begins, hesitatingly.]

Mr. Brigstock. Well . . . thank you Mrs. Brigstock. No, William.

Mr. Brigstock. All right, Freda! [He struggles into his prepared speech.] We are very much obliged to you, sir, but I do not see how I can remain with the firm unless there has been, with regard to the accusation, some definite retraction.

PHILIP [near the end of his patience]. My

good man, it is retracted.

Mrs. Brigstock. Publicly.

PHILIP. Nonsense, Mrs. Brigstock.

Mrs. Brigstock [quite herself again]. Is it indeed . . . how would you like it? [Then becoming self-conscious.] Well, I beg pardon. I'm sure we're very sorry for Miss Yates, and I wish she were married.

MISS YATES [with some gusto]. So do I! [Suddenly Miss Chancellor bursts

MISS CHANCELLOR. Then you wicked girl, why didn't you say so before . . . when I wished to be kind to you? And we should n't all be talking in this outrageous, indecent way. I never did in all my life. I don't know how I manage to sit here. Didn't I try to be kind to you?

MISS YATES [unconquerable]. Yes, and you tried to cry over me. No, I don't wish

I were married.

Mr. Brigstock. Of course it's not for me to say, Marion, but will the way you 're going on now stop the other young ladies tattling?

[The tone of the dispute now sharpens

rather dangerously.]

Mrs. Brigstock. How's Mr. Brigstock to remain in the firm if Miss Chancellor

PHILIP. That is my business, Mrs. Brig-

stock.

MISS CHANCELLOR. What . . . when I saw him kissing her . . kissing her! Mrs. Brigstock. William!

PHILIP. That has been explained.

MISS CHANCELLOR. No, Mr. Madras, while I'm housekeeper here I will not countenance loose behavior. I don't believe one word of these excuses.

PHILIP. This is just obstinacy, Miss

Chancellor.

MISS CHANCELLOR. And personally I wish to reiterate every single thing I said.

[And now it degenerates into a wrangle.]

MRS. BRIGSTOCK. Then the law shall deal with you.

MISS CHANCELLOR. You can dismiss me

at once, if you like, Mr. Madras.

Mrs. Brigstock. It's libellous . . . it's slander . . . !

Mr. Brigstock. Oh, Freda, don't! MRS. BRIGSTOCK. Yes, and she can be

put in prison for it. MISS CHANCELLOR. If Miss Yates and

Mr. Brigstock stay with this firm, I go.

MRS. BRIGSTOCK. And she shall be put in prison . . . the cat!

MR. BRIGSTOCK. Don't, Freda!

Mrs. Brigstock. The heartless cat! Do you swear it is n't true, William?

PHILIP. Take your wife away, Brigstock.

[Philip's sudden vehemence causes MRS. BRIGSTOCK to make straight for the edge of her self-control and over it.]

Mrs. Brigstock. Yes, and he takes himself away . . . leaves the firm, I should think so, and sorry enough you'll be before we've done. I'll see what the law will say to her . . . and they 're not a hundred yards off . . . on the better side of the street, too, and a plate glass window as big as yours.

Mr. Brigstock. Do be quiet, Freda! MRS. BRIGSTOCK [in hysterics now]. Three hundred pounds, and how much did Maple have when he started . . . or Whiteley . . . and damages, what's more . . . And me putting up with the life I've led . . . !

[They wait till the fit subsides—PHILIP with kindly impatience, BRIGSTOCK in mute apology — and MRS. BRIG-STOCK is a mass of sobs. Then BRIGSTOCK edges her towards the door.]

PHILIP. Wait . . . wait . . . wait. You can't go into the passage making that noise. MR. BRIGSTOCK. Oh, Freda, you don't

mean it.

MRS. BRIGSTOCK [relieved and contrite]. I'm sure I hope I've said nothing unbecoming a lady . . . I did n't mean to.

PHILIP. Not at all . . . It's natural you

should be upset.

Mrs. Brigstock. And we're very much obliged for your kind intentions to us . . .

PHILIP. Wait till you 're quite calm.

MRS. BRIGSTOCK. Thank you.

[Then with a final touch of injury, resentment, dignity, she shakes off Brigstock's timid hold.

Mrs. Brigstock. You need n't hold me, William.

[WILLIAM follows her out to forget and make her forget it all as best he can. PHILIP comes back to his chair, still good-humored, but not altogether pleased with his own part in the business so far.]

PHILIP. I'm afraid you've put yourself

in the wrong, Miss Chancellor.

MISS CHANCELLOR. One often does, sir, in doing one's duty. [Then her voice rises to a sort of swan song.] Thirty years have I been with the firm . . . only thirty years. I will leave to-morrow.

PHILIP. I hope you recognize it will not

be my fault if you have to.

MISS CHANCELLOR. Miss Yates can obvi-She has only to speak the truth. ate it.

PHILIP now makes another effort to be frank and kindly.]

PHILIP. Miss Chancellor, are we quite appreciating the situation from Miss Yates's point of view? Suppose she were mar-

MISS YATES. I'm not married.

PHILIP. But if you told us you were, we

should have to believe you.

Miss Chancellor. Why, Mr. Madras? PHILIP [with a smile]. It would be good manners to believe her. We must believe so much of what we're told in this world.

MISS YATES [who has quite caught on]. Well, I did mean to stick that up on you ... if any one wants to know. I bought a wedding ring, and I had it on when I saw Dr. Willoughby. But when she came in with her long face and her "What can I do for you, my poor child?" . . . well, I just could n't . . . I suppose the Devil tempted me, and I told her the truth.

PHILIP. That's as I thought, so far, Miss Yates, have you that wedding ring

with you?

MISS YATES. Yes, I have ... it 's not real gold.

PHILIP. Put it on.

[Miss Yates, having fished it out of a petticoat pocket, rather wonderingly does so, and PHILIP turns, maliciously humorous, to MISS CHAN-CELLOR.

PHILIP. Now, where are we, Miss Chan-

cellor?

MISS CHANCELLOR. I think we're mocking at a very sacred thing, Mr. Madras.

MISS YATES. Yes . . . and I won't now.

With a sudden access of emotion she slams the ring upon the table. PHILIP meditates for a moment on the fact that there are some things in life still inaccessible to his lighthearted logic.]

PHILIP. True . . . true . . . I beg both your pardons. But suppose the affair had

not got about, Miss Yates?

MISS YATES. Well ... I should have had a nice long illness. It'd all depend on whether you wanted me enough to keep my place open.

PHILIP. You are an employee of some

value to the firm.

MISS YATES. I reckoned you would. Miss McIntyre'd be pleased to stay on a bit now she's quarreled with her fiance. Of course if I'd only been behind the counter ...

MISS CHANCELLOR [who has drawn the longest of breaths at this calculated immodesty. This is how she brazened it out to me, Mr. Madras. This is just what she told Mr. Huxtable . . . and you'll pardon my saying he took a very different view of the matter to what you seem to be taking.

MISS YATES. Oh, I've got to go, now I'm found out . . . I'm not arguing about

MISS CHANCELLOR [severely]. Mr. Madras, what sort of notions are you fostering in this wretched girl's mind?

PHILIP [gently enough]. I was trying for

a moment to put myself in her place.

MISS CHANCELLOR. You will excuse me saying, sir, that you are a man . . . Philip. Not at all!

[A poor joke, but Miss Chancellor remains unconscious of it.

MISS CHANCELLOR. Because a woman is independent, and earning her living, she's not to think she can go on as she pleases. If she wishes to have children, Providence has provided a way in the institution of marriage. Miss Yates would have found little difficulty in getting married, I gather.

MISS YATES. Living in here for twelve

Miss Chancellor. Have you been a prisoner, Miss Yates? Not to mention that there are two hundred and thirty-five gentlemen employed here.

Miss Yates. Supposing I don't like any

of 'em?

Miss Chancellor. My dear Miss Yates, if you are merely looking for a husband as such . . . well . . . we're all God's creatures, I suppose. Personally, I don't notice much difference in men, anyway.

MISS YATES. Nor did I.

MISS CHANCELLOR. Lack of self-control . . .

MISS YATES. Is it!

MISS CHANCELLOR. . . . And self-respect. That's what the matter is. Are we beasts of the field, I should like to know? I simply do not understand this unladylike attitude towards the facts of life. Is there nothing for a woman to do in the world but to run after men . . . or pretend to run away from them? I am fifty-eight . . . and I have passed, thank God, a busy and a happy and I hope a useful life . . . and I have never thought any more or less of men than I have of any other human beings . . , or any differently. I look upon spinsterhood as an honorable state, as my Bible teaches me to. Men are different. But some women marry happily and well . . . and all women can't . . . and some can't marry at all. These facts have to be faced, I take

Philip. We may take it that Miss Yates

has been facing them.

MISS CHANCELLOR. Yes, sir, and in what spirit? I have always endeavored to influence the young ladies under my control towards the virtues of modesty and decorum . . . so that they may regard either state with an indifferent mind. If I can no longer do that, I prefer to resign my charge. I will say before this young person that I regret the story should have got about. But when any one has committed a fault it seems to me immaterial who knows of it.

Philip [reduced to irony]. Do you really

think so?

Miss Chancellor. Do you require me

any more now?

PHILIP. I am glad to have had your explanation. We'll have a private talk to-

MISS CHANCELLOR. Thank you, sir. I think that will be more in order. Goodmorning.

PHILIP. Good-morning.

MISS CHANCELLOR has expressed herself to her entire satisfaction, and retires in good order. MISS YATES, conscientiously brazen until the enemy has quite disappeared, collapses pathetically. And PHILIP, at his ease at last, begins to scold her in a most brotherly manner.]

MISS YATES. I'm sure she's quite right

in all she says.

PHILIP. She may not be. But are you the sort of woman to have got yourself into a scrape of this kind, Miss Yates?

MISS YATES. I'm glad you think I'm

not, sir.

PHILIP. Then what on earth did you go and do it for?

MISS YATES. I don't know. I did n't

PHILIP. Why are n't you married?

MISS YATES. That's my business. [Then, as if making amends for the sudden snap.] Oh, I've thought of getting married any time these twelve years. But look what

happens . . . look at the Brigstocks . . . Philip. No, no, no . . . that 's not what I mean. Why are n't you to be married even now?

MISS YATES. I'd rather not say.

[Miss Yates assumes an air of reticence natural enough; but there is something a little peculiar in the manner of it, so Phillip thinks.]

PHILIP. Very well.

MISS YATES. I'd rather not talk about that part of it, sir, with you, if you don't mind. [Then she bursts out again.] I took the risk. I knew what I was about. I wanted to have my fling. And it was fun for a bit. That sounds horrid, I know, but it [Philip is watching her.]

PHILIP. Miss Yates, I've been standing

up for you, have n't I?

MISS YATES. Yes.

PHILIP. That's because I have unconventional opinions. But I don't do uncon-

ventional things.

MISS YATES [naïvely]. Why don't you? PHILIP. I should n't do them well. Now you start on this adventure believing all the other people say, so I'm not happy about you. As man to man, Miss Yates . . . were you in a position to run this risk?

MISS YATES honestly thinks before

she speaks.]

MISS YATES. Yes . . . I shall be getting a hundred and forty a year living out. I 've planned it all. [She grows happily confidential. There 's a maisonette at Raynes Park, and I can get a cheap girl to look after it and to take care of . . . I shall call him my nephew, like the Popes of Rome used to . . . or why can't I be a widow? I can bring him up and do him well on it. Insurance'll be a bit stiff in case anything happens to me. But I've got nearly two hundred saved in the bank to see me through till next summer.

PHILIP. Where are you going when you leave here? What relations have you?

MISS YATES. I have an aunt. I hate her. PHILIP. Where are you going for the winter?

MISS YATES. Evercreech.

PHILIP. Where 's that?

MISS YATES. I don't know. You get to it from Waterloo. I found it in the A.B.C. PHILIP [in protest]. But, my dear girl . . .!

MISS YATES. Well, I want a place where nobody knows me, so I'd better go to one which I don't know, had n't I? I always make friends. I'm not afraid of people. And I've never been in the country in the winter. I want to see what it 's like.

> PHILIP surrenders, on this point beaten; but takes up another more

PHILIP. Well... granted that you don't want a husband . . . it's your obvious duty to make the man help you support his child. [Miss Yates is ready for it; serious,

MISS YATES. I dare say. But I won't. I 've known other girls in this sort of mess - one or two . . . with everybody being kind to them and sneering at them. And there they sat and cried, and were ashamed of themselves! What's the good of that? And the fellows hating them. Well, I don't want him to hate me. He can forget all about it if he likes . . . and of course he will. I started by crying my eyes out. Then I thought that if I could n't buck up and anyway pretend to be pleased and jolly well proud, I might as well die. And d'you know when I'd been pretending a bit I found that I really was pleased and proud. . . And I am really proud and happy about it now, sir, . . . I am not pretending. I dare say I've done wrong . . . perhaps I ought to come to grief altogether, but -

At this moment a telephone in the table rings violently, and MISS YATES apologizes — to it, appar-

ently.]

MISS YATES. Oh, I beg pardon.

PHILIP. Excuse me. [Then answering.] Yes. Who? No, no, no . . . State. Mr. State. Put him through. [He is evidently put through.] Morning! Who! My father . . . not yet. Yes, from Marienbad.

[Miss Yates gets up, apparently to withdraw tactfully, but looking a

little startled, too.]

MISS YATES. Shall I . . .

PHILIP. No, no; it's all right.

[Belhaven knocks, comes in, and stands waiting by PHILIP, who telephones on.]

PHILIP. Yes? Well? . . . Who . . . Mark who? . . . Aurelius. No. I've not been reading him lately . . . Certainly I will . . . Thomas is here doing figurer . . . 1'you want him . . . I'll put you through. ... No, wait. I'll call him here, if it's not private. [Then calling out.] Tommy!

Belhaven. Major Thomas is in the

counting-house, sir.

PHILIP. Oh. [Then through the telephone.] If you'll hold the line I can get him in a minute. Say Mr. State's on the telephone

for him, Belhaven.

Belhaven. Yes, sir . . . and Mrs. Madras is below in a taxicab, sir, and would like to speak to you. Shall she come up, or, if you're too busy to be interrupted, will you come down to her?

Philip. My mother?

Belhaven. No, not Mrs. Madras . . .

your Mrs. Madras, sir.

PHILIP. Bring her up. And tell Major

Belhaven. Yes, sir.

[Belhaven achieves a greased departure, and PHILIP turns back to MISS YATES.

PHILIP. Where were we?

MISS YATES [inconsequently]. It is hot in here, is n't it?

PHILIP. The window's open. MISS YATES. Shall I shut it?

[She turns and goes up to the window; one would say to run away from him. Philip watches her steadily.]

PHILIP. What's the matter, Miss Yates? [She comes back more collectedly.]

MISS YATES. Oh, I'm sure Miss Chancellor can't expect me to marry one like that now . . . can she? PHILIP. Marry who?

MISS YATES. Not that I say anything against Mr. Belhaven . . . a very nice young man. And, indeed, I rather think he did try to propose last Christmas. The fact is, y' know, it's only the very young men that ever do ask you to marry them here. When they get older they seem to lose heart . . . or they think it'll cost too much . . . or . . . but anyway, I'm sure it's not important . . .

[This very out-of-place chatter dies away under Philip's sternly in-

quiring gaze.]

There's one more thing I'm Afraid I ought to ask you. This trouble has n't come about in any way by our sending you up to Bond Street, has it?

MISS YATES [diving into many words again]. Oh, of course it was most kind of you to send me to Bond Street to get a polish on one's manners . . . but I tell you . . . I could n't have stood it for long. Those ladies that you get coming in there . . . well, it does just break your nerve. What with following them about, and the things they say, you 've got to hear, and the things they'll say . . . about you half the time . . . that you've got not to hear . . . and keep your voice low and sweet, and let your arms hang down straight. You may work more hours in this place, and I dare say it's commoner, but the customers are friendly with you.

Philip. . . . Because, you see, Mr. Huxtable and I would feel a little more responsible if it was any one connected with us

who . . .

MISS YATES [quite desperately]. No, you need n't . . . indeed you need n't . . . I will say there's something in that other place that does set your mind going about men. What he saw in me I never could think . . . honestly, I could n't, though I think a good deal of myself, I can assure you. But it was my own fault, and so's all the rest of it going to be . . . my very own . . .

[Major Thomas's arrival is to Miss YATES a very welcome interruption, as she seems, perhaps by the hypnotism of Philip's steady look, to be getting nearer and nearer to saying just what she means not to. He comes in at a good speed, glancing back along the passage, and saying . . .]

Thomas. Here's Jessica.

PHILIP. State on the telephone.

THOMAS. Thank you.

[And he makes for it as JESSICA comes to the open door. Philip's wife is an epitome of all that asthetic culture can do for a woman. More: she is the result - not of thirty-three years - but of three or four generations of cumulative refinement. She might be a race horse! Come to think of it, it is a very wonderful thing to have raised this crop of ladyhood. Creatures, dainty in mind and body, gentle in thought and word, charming, delicate, sensitive, graceful, chaste, credulous of all good, shaming the world's ugliness and strife by the very ease and delightsomeness of their existence; fastidious - fastidious - fastidious; also in these latter years with their at-

tractions more generally salted by the addition of learning and humor. Is not the perfect lady perhaps the most wonderful achievement of civilization, and worth the cost of her breeding, worth the toil and the helotage of - all the others? JESSICA MADRAS is even something more than a ladu. for she is conscious of her ladyhood. She values her virtue and her charm; she is proud of her culture, and fosters it. It is her weapon; it justifies her. As she floats now into the ugly room, exquisite from her eyelashes to her shoes, it is a great relief just the sight of her.

Jessica. Am I interrupting? Philip. No, come in, my dear.

THOMAS [into the telephone]. Hullo!

PHILIP. Well, Miss Yates, I want to see, if I can, that you are not more unfairly treated than people with the courage of their opinions always are.

THOMAS. Hullo!

PHILIP. Oh, you don't know my wife. Jessica, this is Miss Yates, who is in our costume room. You're not actually working in your department now, I suppose?

Miss Yates [as defiant of all scandal]. I

THOMAS [still to the unresponsive tele-

phone]. Hullo! Hullo!

PHILIP [finding MISS YATES beyond possibly above him]. Very well. That'll do now.

> [But Miss Yates, by the presence of JESSICA, is now brought to her best costume department manner. She can assume at will, it seems, a new face, a new voice; can become, indeed, a black-silk being of another species.]

MISS YATES. Thank you, sir. I'm sure I hope I've not talked too much. I always was a chatterbox, madam.

PHILIP. You had some important things

to say, Miss Yates.

MISS YATES. Not at all, sir. Goodmorning, madam.

JESSICA. Good-morning.

[And there is an end of MISS YATES. Meanwhile, the telephone is reducing Thomas to impotent fury.]

THOMAS. They 've cut him off.

[While he turns the handle fit to break it, JESSICA produces an opened telegram, which she hands to PHILIP.]

JESSICA. This . . . just after you left. PHILIP. My dear, coming all this wa with it! Why did n't you telephone?

THOMAS [hearing something at last]. Hull . . . is that Mr. State's office ? No! Wel . . . Counting-house, are you still through

to it?

[Jessica is watching, with an amuse

JESSICA. I hate the telephone, especially the one here. Hark at you, Tommy, poo wretch! They put you through from office to office . . . six different clerks . . . al stupid, and all with hideous voices.

> Philip has now read his telegram. and is making a face.]

PHILIP. Well, I suppose she must come if she wants to.

JESSICA. What 'll your father say?

PHILIP. My dear girl . . . she has a right to see him if she insists . . . it's very foolish. Here, Tommy! [He ousts him from the telephone and deals expertly with it. I want a telegram sent. Get double three double O Central, and plug through to my THOMAS [fervently]. Thank yer.

JESSICA. Got over your anger at the

play last night?

THOMAS. Oh, sort of play you must expect if you go to the theater on a Sunday. Scuse me.

[Having admiringly sized up JESSICA and her costume, he bolts. PHILIP sits down to compose his telegram in JESSICA, discovering that there is nothing attractive to sit on,

PHILIP. Can you put her up for the night? JESSICA. Yes.

PHILIP. Shall I ask her to dinner?

JESSICA. She 'll cry into the soup . . . but I suppose it does n't matter.

PHILIP. Dinner at eight? JESSICA. I sound inhospitable.

PHILIP. Well, I 've only said we shall be delighted.

JESSICA. But your mother dislikes me so. It's difficult to see much of her.

PHILIP. You have n't much patience with her, have you, Jessica?

JESSICA. Have you?

PHILIP [whimsically]. I 've known her longer than you have.

JESSICA [with the nicest humor]. I only

wish she would n't write Mildred silly leteters about God.

PHILIP. A grandmother's privilege.

JESSICA. The child sends me on another one this morning . . . did I tell you?

PHILIP. No.

JESSICA. Miss Gresham writes, too. She puts it quite nicely. But it's an awful thing for a school to get religion into it.

[Belhaven slides in.]

BELHAVEN. Yessir.

Philip. Send this at once, please.

Belhaven. Yessir.

Belhaven slides out. Then Philip starts attending to the little pile of letters he brought in with him. JES-SICA, neglected, hovers more widely.]

JESSICA. Will you come out to lunch,

Phil?

PHILIP. Lord! is it lunch time?

JESSICA. It will be soon. I'm lunching with Margaret Inman and Walter Muirhead at the Dieudonné.

PHILIP. Then you won't be lonely.

JESSICA [mischievous]. Margaret may be Y you don't come.

PHILIP. I can't, Jessica. I'm not nearly

through.

[She comes to rest by his table, and starts to play with the things on it, finding at last a blotting roller that gives satisfaction.]

JESSICA. Phil, you might come out with

me a little more than you do.

PHILIP [humorously final]. My dear, not

at lunch time.

JESSICA. Ugly little woman you'd been scolding when I came in.

PHILIP. I did n't think so.

Jessica. Are ugly women as attractive as ugly men?

PHILIP. D' you know . . . I don't find

that women attract me.

JESSICA. What a husband! PHILIP. D' you want them to? JESSICA. Yes . . . in theory. Philip. Why, Jessica?

JESSICA [with charming finesse]. For my own sake. Last day of Walter's pictures. He has sold all but about five . . . and there's one I wish you'd buy.

PHILIP. Can't afford it.

JESSICA. I suppose, Phil, you're not altogether sorry you married me?

[Although Philip is used enough to her

charming and reasoned inconsequence, he really jumps.]

Philip. Good heavens, Jessica! Well, we've got through eleven years, have n't

> [Jessica puts her head on one side and is quite half serious.]

JESSICA. Are you in the least glad you married me?

PHILIP. My dear . . . I don't think about it. Jessica, I cannot keep up this game of repartee.

[She floats away at once, half seriously

snubbed and hurt.

JESSICA. I'm sorry. I know I'm interrupting.

Philip [remorseful at once, for she is so pretty]. No, no! I did n't mean that. These

are n't important.

But he goes on with his letters, and Jessica stands looking at him, her face hardening a little.]

JESSICA. But there are times when I get tired of waiting for you to finish your letters.

PHILIP. I know . . . I never quite finish my letters nowadays. You 've got a fit of the idle-fidgets this morning . . . that's what brings you after me. Shall we hire a motor-car for the week-end?

THOMAS bundles into the tête-à-tête, saying as he comes . . .]

THOMAS, He 'll make you an offer for the place here, Phil. PHILIP. Good!

[Jessica stands there, looking her prettiest.]

JESSICA. Tommy, come out and lunch

. . Phil won't.

THOMAS. I'm afraid I can't.

JESSICA. I've got to meet Maggie Inman and young Muirhead. He 'll flirt with her all the time. If there is n't a fourth I shall be fearfully in the cold.

PHILIP [overcome by such tergiversation].

Oh. Jessica!

[THOMAS is nervous, apparently; at least he is neither ready nor gal-

THOMAS. Yes, of course you will. But

I'm afraid I can't. JESSICA [in cheerful despair]. Well, I won't drive to Peckham again of a morning. Wednesday, then, will you call for me?

THOMAS. Wednesday?

JESSICA. Symphony Concert.

THOMAS [with sudden seriousness]. D' you know, I'm afraid I can't on Wednesday. either.

JESSICA. Why not?

THOMAS [though the pretense withers before a certain sharpness in her question]. Well . . . I'm afraid I can't.

[It is evident that JESSICA has a temper bred to a point of control which makes it nastier, perhaps. She now becomes very cold, very civil, very

JESSICA. We settled it only last night,

What's the time?

PHILIP. Five to one.

Jessica. I must go. I shall be late.

THOMAS [with great concern]. Have you got a cab?

JESSICA. I think so.

THOMAS. We might do the next, per-

JESSICA. All right, Tommy ... don't be conscience-stricken. But when you change your mind about going out with me it's pleasanter if you'll find some excuse. Goodbye, you two.

[And she is gone; Philip calling after

her . . .]

PHILIP. I shall be in by seven, my dear. THOMAS looks a little relieved, and then considerably worried; in fact, he frowns portentously. disposes of his last letter.]

PHILIP. We've so organized the world's work as to make companionship between men and women a very artificial thing.

THOMAS [without interest]. Have we? PHILIP. I think so. What have we got to

settle before this afternoon?

THOMAS. Nothing much. [Then seeming to make up his mind to something.] But I want three minutes' talk with you, old man.

PHILIP. Oh!

[And he gets up and stretches.] THOMAS. D' you mind if I say something caddish?

PHILIP. No.

THOMAS. Put your foot down and don't have me asked to your house quite so much.

[Philip looks at him for half a puzzled minute.]

PHILIP. Why not?

THOMAS. I'm seeing too much of your wife.

He is so intensely solemn about it that

Phillip can hardly even pretend to be shocked.

PHILIP. My dear Tommy!

THOMAS. I don't mean one single word more than I say.

Philip [good-naturedly]. Tommy, you always have flirted with Jessica.

THOMAS. I don't want you to think that I'm the least bit in love with her.

PHILIP. Naturally not . . . you've go a wife of your own.

THOMAS [in intense brotherly agreement]

Right. That 's good horse sense.

PHILIP. And though, as her husband, I'm naturally obtuse in the matter . . . I really don't think that Jessica is in love with you

THOMAS [most generously]. Not for a

single minute.

PHILIP. Then what's the worry, you silly old ass?

> [Thomas starts to explain, a little tortuously.]

THOMAS. Well, Phil, this is such a damned subtle world. I don't pretend to understand it, but in my old age I have gd a sort of rule-of-thumb experience to go by . . . which, mark you, I've paid for.

PHILIP. Well?

THOMAS. Phil, I don't like women, and I never did . . . but I'm hardly exaggerating when I say I married simply to get out of the habit of finding myself once every six months in such a position with one of them that I was supposed to be making love [Philip is enjoying himself.]

PHILIP. What do they see in you,

Tommy?

THOMAS. God knows, old man . . . I don't. And the time it took up! Of course I was as much in love with Mary as you like, or I could n't have asked her to marry me. And I would n't be without her and the children now for all I ever saw. But I don't believe I'd have gone out of my way to get them if I had n't been driven to it, old man, . . . driven to it. I'm not going to start the old game again now.

[And he wags his head wisely.] PHILIP. What's the accusation against Jessica? Let's have it in so many words.

[Thomas gathers himself up to launch the vindicating compliment effectively.

THOMAS. She's a very accomplished and a very charming and a very sweet-natured woman. I consider she's an ornament to

society.

PHILIP [with equal fervor]. You're quite right, Tommy, . . . what are we to do with them?

THOMAS [it's his favorite phrase]. What

d' you mean?

PHILIP. Well . . . what's your trouble

with her?

THOMAS [tortuously still]. There ain't any yet . . . but . . . well . . . I've been dreading for the last three weeks that Jessica would begin to talk to me about you. That's why I'm talking to you about her. Then, with a certain enjoyment of his shocking looseness of behavior.] I am a cad!

PHILIP [still amused — but now rather subacidly]. My standing for the County Coun-

cil must be a most dangerous topic.

THOMAS. But that's just how it begins. Then there's hints ... quite nice ones ... about how you get on with each other. Last night in the cab she was talking about when she was a girl . . .

PHILIP. I walked home. Tactful hus-

band!

THOMAS. Phil . . . don't you be French. [Philip, suddenly serious, turns to him.

PHILIP. But, Tommy, do you imagine

that she is unhappy with me?

THOMAS. No, I don't. But she thinks a lot . . . when she's bored with calling on people, and her music, and her pictures. And once you begin putting your feelings into words . . . why, they grow.

PHILIP. But if she were, I'd rather that

she did confide in you.

[THOMAS shakes his head vehemently.]

THOMAS, No.

PHILIP. Why should n't she? You're friends.

THOMAS. Yes... there's no reason... but I tell you it always begins that way.

PHILIP. You silly ass . . . can't you let a woman talk seriously to you without making love to her?

THOMAS. Damn it, that 's what they say

. . . but it never made any difference.

PHILIP. Tommy, you're a perfect child! I remember when I was THOMAS. twenty-four ... there was one woman ... years older than me . . . had a grown-up son. She took to scolding me for wasting my time flirting. Told me she'd done it herself once . . . then told me why she'd done it. I kept off kissing her for six weeks, and I'll swear she never wanted me to kiss her. But I did.

PHILIP. Did she box your ears?

THOMAS. No . . . she said she could n't take me seriously. Well . . . if I'd gone away that would have been priggish. And if I'd stayed I'd have done it again.

PHILIP [mischievously]. Which did you

do?

THOMAS. Oh . . . never you mind.

PHILIP [with the utmost geniality]. Well . . . you have my permission to kiss Jessica, if you think she wants you to.

THOMAS. Thanks, old man . . . that's very clever and up to date, and all the rest of it . . . but I asked you to chuck me out of the house to some extent.

PHILIP. I'm not going to.

THOMAS. Then you're no friend of mine. Philip. Let us put it quite brutally. If Jessica chooses to be unfaithful to me how am I to stop her . . . even if I've the right to stop her?

THOMAS. If you're not prepared to behave like a decent married man you've no right to be married . . . you're a danger.

PHILIP. Also, Tommy, if you caught me making love to your wife you might talk to me . . . but you would n't talk to her about it.

THOMAS [with a touch of sentiment]. Mary's different. [Then protesting again.] And I'm not making love to your wife. I told you so.

PHILIP. Then if she's making love to

you, run away for yourself.

THOMAS. She is n't making love to me.

But if you can't take a hint –

PHILIP. A hint! Well . . . I'm dashed! THOMAS. Well, old man, I give you fair warning of the sort of fool I am . . . and I'll take no more responsibility in the mat-

Philip [in comic desperation]. Don't warn me . . . warn Jessica. Tell her you're afraid of making a fool of yourself with

her . . .

THOMAS [his eyebrows up]. But that'd be as good as doing it. Good Lord, you can't behave towards women as if they were men!

PHILIP. Why not. THOMAS. You try it. PHILIP. I always do.

THOMAS. No wonder she wants to grumble about you to me.

PHILIP takes him seriously again.]
PHILIP. Look here, Tommy, I know Jessica pretty well. She doesn't want to be made love to.

THOMAS [positively and finally]. Yes, she does. [Then with real chivalry.] I don't mean that unpleasantly . . . but all women do. Some of 'em want to be kissed and some want you to talk politics . . . but the principle 's the same.

PHILIP [finely contemptuous]. What a

world you live in!

THOMAS.... And the difficulty with me is that if I try to talk politics I find they don't know enough about it ... or else that they know too much about it ... and it's simpler to kiss 'em and have done.

PHILIP. Oh, much simpler!

THOMAS [back to his starting-point — pathetic]. But I'm married now, and I want a quiet life . . .

[A knock at the door interrupts him.]
PHILIP. Come in. [It is Belhaven.]
Belhaven. Will you lunch, sir?
PHILIP. What is there?

BELHAVEN. I'm afraid only the Usual,

PHILIP. Can you manage the Usual, Tommy? What is it, Belhaven?

BELHAVEN. Boiled mutton and a jam pudding, I think, sir. [Then, as confessing to a vulgarity.] Roly-poly.

THOMAS [with great approval]. Right. I

hope it's strawberry jam.

PHILIP. Sure to be. Put it in Mr. Huxtable's room, will you . . . that's airy.

Belhaven. Yessir.

THOMAS [as on reflection]. Not plum, y' know . . . plum 's no use.

[Philip gathers up his papers.]
Philip. I'll give the wicked woman your message.

[Thomas takes alarm. He had n't thought of this.]

THOMAS. No . . . do it off your own

bat. She won't mind, then.

PHILIP. Tommy, I cannot assume the turban of the Turk. My sense of humor and my sense of decency towards women won't let me.

THOMAS [frowning]. I believe I'd better not have told you.

PHILIP [unsympathetic]. Why not? Next to telling her, the most common-sense thing to do.

THOMAS. She won't think so.

PHILIP. She'll have to.

[There is something so like cruelty in these three words that Thomas stares at him. Then he says, reflectively.]

THOMAS. Phil, d'you ever thank God you're not a woman?

PHILIP. No.

THOMAS. When I think what most of 'em have to choose between is soft-hearted idiots like me and hard-headed devils like you . . . I wonder they put up with us as they do.

[PHILIP stares at him in turn with a queer smile. Then, as he turns to

PHILIP. You've made it again, Tommy. THOMAS. What?

PHILIP. Your one sensible remark. Come

[And he is gone. Thomas follows, protesting.]

THOMAS. Look here . . . what d'you mean by One Sensible Remark? It's like your infernal . . .

[He pulls the door to after him. The room is alone with its ugliness.]

ACT III

In 1884 the Madras House was moved to it present premises in Bond Street. In those days decoration was mostly a matter of paint and wall-paper, but MR. CONSTANTINE MADRAS, ever daring, proceeded to beautify the home of his professional triumphs. He could neither draw nor color but he designed and saw to it all himself, and being a man of great force of character, produced something which, though extraordinarily wrong, was yet, since it was sincere, in a way effective. It added to his reputation and to the attractiveness of the Madras House.

In twenty-six years there have been changes, but one room remains untouched from then till now. This is the rotunda, a large, lofty, skylighted place, done in the Moorish style. The walls are black marble to the height of a man, and from there to the ceiling the darkest red. The ceiling is of a cerulean blue, and in the middle of the skylight a golden sun, with spiked rays proceeding from its pleasant human countenance,

lakes credit for some of the light it intercepts. An archway with fretted top leads from the rest of the establishment. Another has behind it a platform, a few steps high, hung with black velvet. The necessary fireplace (were there hotwater pipes in 1884?) is disguised by a heavy multi-colored canopy, whose fellow hangs over a small door opposite. On the floor is a Persian carpet of some real beauty. On the walls are gas brackets (1884 again!) the Oriental touch achieved in their crescent shape. Round the wall are divans, many-cushioned; in front of them little coffee-stools. It is all about as Moorish as Baker Street Station, but the general effect is humorous, pleasant, and even not undignified.

In the old, grand days of the Madras House the rotunda was the happy preserve of very special customers, those on whom the great man himself would keep an eye. If you had been there you *poke of it casually; indeed, to be free of the rotunda was to be a well-dressed woman and cecognized by all society as such. Ichabod! Since MR. CONSTANTINE MADRAS retired, the Madras House is on the way to becoming almost like any other shop; the special customers are nobody in particular, and the rotunda is where a degenerate management meet to consider the choice of readymade models from Paris. A large oval table had to be imported and half a dozen Moorish chairs. It seemed, to the surprise of the gentleman who went innocently ordering such things, that there were only that number in existence. Scene of its former glories, this is now to be the scene, perhaps, of the passing of the Madras House into alien hands.

Three o'clock on the Monday afternoon is when the deal is to be put through, if possible, and it is now five minutes to. Major Thomas is there, sitting at the table; papers spread before him, racking his brains at a few final figures. Philip is there, in rather a schoolboyish mood. He is sitting on the table, swinging his legs. Mr. Huxtable is there, too, dressed in his best, important and nervous, and he is talking to

MR. EUSTACE PERRIN STATE.

MR. STATE is an American, and if American magazine literature is anything to go by, no American is altogether unlike him. He has a rugged, blood-and-iron sort of face, utterly belied by his soft, smiling eyes; rightly belied, too, for he has made his thirty or forty millions in the gentlest way — as far as he knows. You would not think of him as a money-maker. As a matter of fact, he has no love of money, and little use for it, for his tastes are simple. But money-making is the honorable career in his own country, and he has the instinct for turning money over and the knack of doing so on a big scale. His

shock of gray hair makes him look older than he probably is; his voice is almost childlike in its sweetness. He has the dignity and aptitude for

command that power can give.

From the little canopied dome comes Mr. WINDLESHAM, present manager of the establishment. He is a tailor-made man; and the tailor only left off for the wax modeler and wigmaker to begin. For his clothes are too perfect to be worn by anything but a dummy, and his hair and complexion are far from human. Not that he dyes or paints them; no, they were made like that. His voice is a little inhuman, too, and as he prefers the French language, with which he has a most unripe acquaintance, to his own, and so speaks English as much like French as his French is like English, his conversation seems as unreal as the rest of him. Impossible to think of him in any of the ordinary relations of life. He is a functionary. Nature, the great inventor, will evolve, however roughly, what is necessary for her uses. Millinery has evolved the manmilliner. As he comes in - and he has the gait of a water-wagtail - MR. HUXTABLE is making conversation.

MR. HUXTABLE. A perfect barometer, as you might say — when your eye gets used to it.

WINDLESHAM. [To PHILIP, and with a wag of his head back to the other room.] They 're just ready.

MR. STATE [smiling benevolently at MR. HUNTABLE]. Is it really? The Crystal Palace! But what a sound that has!

MR. HUXTABLE [with modest pride]. And

a very 'ealthy locality!

PHILIP. Come along and meet State.

[He jumps off the table, capturing
WINDLESHAM'S arm.]

MR. STATE [enthusiastic]. Denmark Hill.

Compliment to Queen Alexandra!

MR. HUXTABLE [struck by the informa-

tion]. Was it, now?

MR. STATE. Herne Hill... Herne the Hunter! That's the charm of London to an American. Association. Every spot speaks.

PHILIP [as he joins them]. This is Mr. Windlesham . . . our manager. He's going to show us some new models.

[Mr. State impressively extends a hand and repeats the name.]

MR. STATE. Mr. Windlesham.

WINDLESHAM. Most happy. I thought you'd like to see the very latest . . . brought them from Paris only yesterday.

MR. STATE. Most opportune! [Then

with a sweeping gesture. Mr. Philip, this room inspires me. Your father's design?

Philip. Yes.

MR. STATE. I thought so.

PHILIP. That used to be his private

Mr. State [reverently]. Indeed! Where the Duchess went on her knees! An historic spot. Interesting to me!

PHILIP. Something of a legend that,

[Mr. State, intensely solemn, seems now to ascend the pulpit of some

philosophic conventicle.

Mr. State. I believe in legends, sir . . . they are the spiritual side of facts. They go to form tradition. And it is not given to man to found his institutions in security of mind except upon tradition. That is why our eyes turn eastward to you from America, Mr. Huxtable.

MR. HUXTABLE [in some awe]. Do they,

now?

Mr. State. Has it never struck you that while the progress of man has been in the path of the sun, his thoughts continually go back to the place of its rising? I have at times found it a very illuminating idea.

PHILIP [not indecently commonplace]. Well, have them in now, Windlesham.

while we're waiting.

WINDLESHAM. You might cast your eyes over these new girls, Mr. Philip . . . the very best I could find, I do assure you. Faces are hard enough to get, but figures ... Well, there! [Reaching the little door, he calls through. Allons, mes'moiselles! Non .. non ... par l'autre porte et à la gauche. [Then back again.] You get the best effect through a big doorway. [He further explains this by sketching one in the air.] One, two and four first.

[He exhibits some costume drawings he has been carrying, distributes one or two, and then vanishes into the other room, from which his voice vibrates.

WINDLESHAM. En avant, s'il vous plait. Numéro un! Eh bien . . . numéro trois. Non, ma'moiselle, ce n'est pas commode... regardez ce corságe la . . .

MR. HUXTABLE [making a face]. What I'm always thinking is, why not have a manly chap in charge of the place up

here.

MR. STATE [with perfect justice]. Mr.

Windlesham may be said to strike a note Whether it is a right note . . . ?

> Through the big doorway WINDLE-SHAM ushers in a costume from Paris, the very last word in discreet and costly finery, delicate in color, fragile in texture; a creation. This is hung upon a young lady of pleasing appearance, preoccupied with its exhibition, which she achieves bu slow and sinuous, never-ceasing movements. She glides into the room. She wears a smile also.

WINDLESHAM. One and two are both Larguillière, Mr. Philip. He can't get in the Soupçon Anglais, can he? Won't ... I tell him. Promenez et sortez, ma'moiselle.

> [The young lady, still smiling and sinuous, begins to circle the room. She seems to be unconscious of its inhabitants, and they, in return, rather dreadfully pretend not to notice her, but only the costume.]

WINDLESHAM. Numéro Deux.

[Another costume, rakishly inclined, with a hat deliberately hideous. The young lady contained in them is again slow and sinuous and vacantly smiling.

WINDLESHAM. But this is chie, is n't it?

Promenez.

MR. STATE [in grave inquiry]. What is the Soupcon Anglais?

PHILIP. A Frenchman will tell you that for England you must first make a design and then spoil it.

THOMAS [whose attention has been riv-

eted]. Don't they speak English?

WINDLESHAM. Oh, pas un mot . . . I mean, not a word. Only came over with me yesterday . . . these three.

THOMAS. Because this frock 's a bit thick,

v' know.

WINDLESHAM. Numéro Trois!

[A third costume, calculated to have an innocent effect. The accompanying young lady, with a sense of fitness, wears a pout instead of a smile.

PHILIP. What's this?

[His eye is on the surmounting hat of straw.

WINDLESHAM [with a little crow of delight]. That 's the new hat. La belle Hélène again.

Mr. State [interested; still grave]. La

belle Hélène. A Parisian firm?

WINDLESHAM [turning this to waggish account]. Well . . . dear me . . . you can almost call her that, can't you? [Suddenly he dashes at the costume and brings it to a standstill.] Oh, mon Dieu, ma'moiselle! La gorgette . . . vous l'avez derangé.

[He proceeds to arrange la gorgette to satisfaction, also some other matters which seem to involve a partial evisceration of the underclothing. The young lady, passive, pouts perseveringly. He is quite unconscious of her separate existence. THOMAS is considerably shocked, and whispers violently to PHILIP.]

THOMAS. I say, he should n't pull her

about like that.

WINDLESHAM [skipping back to admire

the result. Là . . . comme ca.

[The costume continues its round; the others are still circling, veering, and tacking, while WINDLESHAM trips admiringly around and about them. It all looks like some dance of modish dervishes.

PHILIP [heartlessly]. La belle Hélène, Mr. State, is a well-known Parisian cocotte ... who sets many of the fashions which our wives and daughters afterwards as-

Mr. Huxtable [scandalized]. Don't say

that, Phil; it's not nice.

PHILIP. Why?

Mr. Huxtable. I'm sure no ladies are

aware of it.

PHILIP. But what can be more natural and right than for the professional charmer to set the pace for the amateur!

WINDLESHAM [pausing in the dance].

Quite la haute cocotterie, of course.

MR. STATE [solemnly]. Do you infer, Mr. Madras, a difference in degree, but not in kind?

PHILIP [courteously echoing his tone]. I

Mr. STATE. That is a very far-reaching observation, sir.

PHILIP. It is.

THOMAS. Do you know the lady personally, Mr. Windlesham?

[WINDLESHAM turns, with some tag of a costume in his hand, thus unconsciously detaining the occupier.]

WINDLESHAM. Oh, no . . . oh, dear me. no . . . quite the reverse, I do assure you. There's nothing gay in Paris to me. I was blasé long ago.

MR. STATE. But touching that hat, Mr. Windlesham.

WINDLESHAM. Oh, to be sure. Attendez, ${f ma'moiselle}.$

> [Tiptoeing, he dexterously tilts the straw hat from the elaborate head it is perched on.]

WINDLESHAM. It's not a bad story. Sortez.

By this two costumes have glided out. The third follows. State, who has found it hard to keep his eyes off them, gives something of a sigh.]

MR. STATE. If they'd only just smile or wink, I might get over the extraordinary

feeling it gives me.

[Windlesham, caressing the hat, takes up an attitude for his story.]

WINDLESHAM. Well . . . it appears that a while ago, out at the Pré Cathelan . . . there was Hélène, taking her afternoon cup of buttermilk. What should she see but Madame Erlancourt . . . one knows enough about that lady, of course . . . in a hat the very twin of hers . . . the very twin. Well . . . you can imagine! Some one had blundered.

MR. STATE [absorbed]. No, I don't fol-

PHILIP. Some spy in the service of that foreign power had procured and parted with the plans of the hat.

MR. STATE. Madame What 's-her-name might have seen it on her before, and

copied it.

PHILIP. Mr. State, Hélène does n't wear a hat twice.

Mr. State. My mistake!

WINDLESHAM. So there was a terrible scene . . .

THOMAS. With madame . . . ?

WINDLESHAM [repudiating any such vulgarity]. Oh, no. Helène just let fly at her chaperon, she being at hand, so to speak.

Mr. State [dazzled]. Her what! [Then with humorous awe.] No, I beg your par-

don . . . go on . . . go on.

WINDLESHAM. She took off her own hat ... pinned it on the head of the ugliest little gamine she could find, and sent the child walking along the grass in it. Then she sent to the kitchens for one of those baskets they bring the fish in . . . [he twirls the hat] ... you see. Then she ripped a yard of lace off her underskirt and twisted it round. Then she took off both her . . . well . . . La Belle France, you know . . . there is something in the atmosphere! It was her garters she took off . . . blue silk.

Mr. State [Puritan]. In public? WINDLESHAM [professional]. Oh, . . . it can be done. Hooked them together, and fastened the bit of lace round the basket this way. Très simple! That 's what she wore the rest of the afternoon and back to Paris. This is what 's going to be the rage.

[Having deftly pantomimed this creation of a fashion, he hands the hat, with an air, to MR. STATE, who examines it. Philip is smilingly

caustic.

PHILIP. La belle Hélène has imagination, Mr. State. She is also, I am told, thrifty, inclined to religion, a vegetarian, Vichy water her only beverage; in fact, a credit to her profession and externally . . . to ours.

[MR. STATE hands back the hat, with the solemnest humor.]

MR. STATE. Mr. Windlesham, I am much obliged to you for this illuminating anecdote.

WINDLESHAM. Not at all. . . . Will you

see the other three?

MR. STATE. By all means. WINDLESHAM. They won't be long in changing . . . but there 's one I must just pin on.

MR. STATE. No hurry.

He has acquired a new joy in WIN-DLESHAM, whom he watches dance away. Then a song is heard from the next room . . .]

WINDLESHAM. Allons . . . numéro cinq ... numéro sept ... numéro dix. Ma'moiselle Ollivier . . . vous vous mettrez . . .

[And the door closes. Philip looks at his watch.

PHILIP. But it 's ten past three. We 'd better not wait for my father.

[They surround the table and sit down.] MR. STATE. Major Thomas, have you my memoranda?

THOMAS. Here.

[He hands them to State, who clears his throat, refrains from spitting, and begins the customary American oration.

Mr. State. The scheme, gentlemen, for which I desire to purchase the Madras House and add it to the interest of the Burrows enterprise, which I already control, is - to put it shortly - this. The Burrows provincial scheme - you are aware of its purpose - goes well enough as far as the shareholding by the local drapery stores is concerned. It has been interesting to me to discover which aspects of the Burrows scheme suit which cities . . . and why. An absorbing problem in the psychology of local conditions! Now, we have eliminated from the mass a considerable number of cases where the local people will not join with us. And in your Leicesters and Norwiches and Plymouths and Coventrys . . . there the unknown name, the uninspiring name of Burrows, upon a fire-new establishment next door might anyhow be ineffective. But beyond that I have a reason . . . and I hope a not uninteresting reason. to put before you gentlemen . . . why it is in these provincial centers that we should look to establish our Madras Houses . . . New Edition. Is that clear so far?

> [During this Mr. Constantine Ma-DRAS has arrived. He turned aside for a moment to the door that the models came from, now he joins the group. A man of sixty, to whom sixty is the prime of life. Tall, quite dramatically dignified, suave, a little remote; he is one of those to whom life is an art of which they have determined to be master. It is a handsome face, Eastern in type, the long beard only streaked with gray. He does not dress like the ruck of men, because he is not of them. The velvet coat, brick-red tie, shepherd'splaid trousers, white spats and patent boots, both suit him and express him subtly and well - the mixture of sensuous originality and tradition which is the man. PHILIP is purposely casual in greeting him; he has sighted him first. But MR. STATE gets up, impressed. It is part of his creed to recognize greatness; he insists on recognizing it.]

PHILIP. Hullo, father!

MR. STATE. Mr. Madras! Proud to meet you again.

CONSTANTINE [graciously, without emotion]. How do you do, Mr. State.

PHILIP. You know every one, father. Oh

... Hippisly Thomas.

Constantine [just as graciously]. How do you do, sir. [Then, with a mischievous smile, he pats Huxtable on the shoulder.]

How are you, my dear Harry?

[Mr. Huxtable had heard him coming, and felt himself turn purple. This was the great meeting after thirty years! He had let it come upon him unawares; purposely let it, for indeed he had not known what to say or do. He had dreaded having the inspiration to say or do anything. Now, alas, and thank goodness! it is too late. He is at a suitable disadvantage. He need only grunt out sulkily...]

MR. HUXTABLE. I'm quite well, thank

you.

[Constantine, with one more pat in pardon for the rudeness, goes to his chair.]

Mr. State. A pleasant trip on the con-

tinent?

CONSTANTINE. Instructive. Don't let me interrupt business. I shall pick up the

thread.

MR. STATE [serving up a little rewarmed oration]. I was just proceeding to place on the tablecloth some preliminary details of the scheme that has been elaborating since our meeting in June last to consolidate your name and fame in some of the most important cities of England. We had not got far.

[He consults his notes. Constantine produces from a case a slender cigar-

ette holder of amber.]

CONSTANTINE. You've some new models, Phil.

PHILIP. Yes.

CONSTANTINE. The tall girl looks well enough. May I smoke?

Mr. State [whipping out his cigar case].

Allow me.

CONSTANTINE. A cigarette, thank you, of my own.

[He proceeds to make and light one. Mr. State offers cigars generally, and then places one to his own hand.]

Mr. State. I occasionally derive some pleasure from a cold cigar. I was not for the moment entering upon the finance of the matter because I entertain no doubt

that . . . possibly with a little adjustment of the proportion of shares and cash . . . that can be fixed.

MR. HUXTABLE [in emulation of all this ease and grace]. I'll 'ave a cigarette, Phil, . . . if you've got one.

PHILIP has one. And every one makes himself comfortable, while MR.

State continues enjoyably...]

Mr. State. And I suspect that you are no more interested in money than I am, Mr. Madras. Any one can make money, if he has capital enough. The little that I have came from lumber and canned peaches. Now, there was poetry in lumber. The virgin forest... I'd go sit in it for weeks at a time. There was poetry in peaches... before they were canned. Do you wonder why I bought that mantle establishment in the city?

Philip [who is only sorry that some time

he must stop]. Why, Mr. State?

Mr. State. Because, Mr. Philip, I found myself a lonely man. I felt the need of getting into touch with what Goethe refers to as the woman-spirit . . . drawing us ever upward and on. That opportunity occurred, and it seemed a businesslike way of doing the trick.

CONSTANTINE [through a little cloud of smoke]. And satisfying?

MR. STATE. I beg your pardon?

CONSTANTINE. Has the readymade skirt business satisfied your craving for the eternal feminine?

MR. STATE. Mr. Madras . . . that sarcasm is deserved . . . No, sir, it has not. The Burrows business, I discover, lacks all inner meaning . . . it has no soul. A business can no more exist without a soul than a human being can. I'm sure I have you with me there, Mr. Huxtable.

[Poor Mr. Huxtable quite chokes at the suddenness of this summons, but shines his best.]

MR. HUXTABLE. I should say so, quite.
[MR. STATE begins to glow.]

MR. STATE. There was fun, mind you . . . there still is . . . in making these provincial milliners hop . . . putting a pistol to their heads . . . saying Buy our Goods or be Froze Out. That keeps me lively and it wakes them up . . . does them good. But Burrows is n't in the Movement. The Woman's Movement. The Great Modern

Woman's Movement. It has come home to me that the man who has as much to do with Woman as manufacturing the bones of her corsets and yet is not consciously in that Movement is Outside History. Shoveling goods over a counter and adding up profits . . . that's no excuse for cumbering the earth . . . nothing personal, Mr. Huxtable.

[Mr. Huxtable is ready this time.] Mr. Huxtable. No, no . . . I'm listening to you. I'm not too old to learn.

MR. STATE. Mind, I don't say I have n't taken pleasure in Burrows. We 've had Notions . . . caused two Ideas to spring where one sprung before. There was Nottingham.

Mr. Huxtable. I know Nottingham

... got a shop there!

MR. STATE [with wholesome pride]. In two years the Burrows establishment in Nottingham has smashed competition. I've not visited the city myself. The notion was our local manager's. Simple. The Ladies' Department served by gentlemen . . . the Gentlemen's by ladies. Always, of course, within the bounds of delicacy. Do you think there is nothing in that, Mr. Huxtable?

MR. HUXTABLE [round-eyed and open-

mouthed]. Oh . . . well . . .

Mr. State. But are you the Mean Sensual Man?

MR. HUXTABLE [whose knowledge of the French language hardly assists him in this startling translation]. No . . . I hope not.

Mr. State. Put yourself in his place. Surrounded by pretty girls ... good girls, mind you . . . high class. Pay them well . . . let them live out . . . pay for their mothers and chaperons, if necessary. Well ... surrounded by Gracious Womanhood, does the Sensual Man forget how much money he is spending or does he not? Does he come again? Is it a little Oasis in the desert of his business day? Is it a better attraction than Alcohol, or is it not?

Philip [bitingly]. Is it?

Mr. State. Then, sir . . . Audi Alteram Partem. I should like you to see our Ladies' Fancy Department at its best ... just before the football season.

PHILIP. I think I do!

Mr. State. Athletes every one of 'em ... not a man under six foot ... bronzed, noble fellows! And no flirting allowed . . . no making eyes . . . no pandering to any. thing Depraved. Just the Ordinary Courtesies of our Modern Civilization from Pure, Clean-minded Gentlemen towards any of the Fair Sex who step in to buy a shilling sachet or the like. And pay, sir . . . the women come in flocks!

MR. HUXTABLE [bereft of breath]. Is this how you mean to run your new Madras

Houses?

MR. STATE. Patience, Mr. Huxtable. It's but six months ago that I started to study the Woman Question from the point of view of Burrows & Co. I attended women's meetings in London, in Manchester, and in one-horse places as well. Now, Political claims were but the narrowest, drabbest aspect of the matter as I saw it. The Woman's Movement is Woman expressing herself. Let us look at things as they are. What are a Woman's chief means . . . how often her only means of expressing herself? Anyway . . . what is the first thing that she spends her money on? Clothes, gentlemen, clothes. Therefore, I say . . . though at Cannon Street we may palp with good ideas . . . the readymade skirt is out of date ...

[WINDLESHAM, pins in his mouth, fashion plates under his arm, and the fish-basket hat in his hand, shoots out of the other room.

WINDLESHAM. Will you have the others in now? [Then back through the door.] Allons, mes'moiselles, s'il vous plait. Numéro cinq le premier. [Then he turns the hat unside down on the table. I thought you'd like to see that they 've actually left the handles on. But I don't think we can do that here, do you?

> [There comes in as before the most elaborate evening gown that ever was.]

WINDLESHAM [as he searches for the design]. Numéro cinq . . . number five.

THOMAS is much struck.

THOMAS. I say . . . by Jove!

But the cold, searching light seems to separate from the glittering pink affair the poor, pretty, smiling creature exhibiting it, until, indeed, she seems half naked. Mr. WINDLE-SHAM'S æsthetic sense is outraged.]

WINDLESHAM. Mais non, mais non . . . pas en plein jour. Mettez vous par là dans le ... dans l'alcove ... à côté du velour noir.

[The costume undulates towards the

black velvet platform. Thomas is lost in admiration.]

THOMAS. That gives her a chance, don't it? Damn pretty girl!

PHILIP [his eye twinkling]. She 'll under-

stand that, Tommy.

THOMAS [in good faith]. She won't mind.

MR. STATE [who has been studying the undulations]. How they learn to walk like it
... that's what beats me!

[Mr. Windlesham turns on the frame of lights which bear upon the velvet platform. The vision of female loveliness is now complete.]

WINDLESHAM. There . . . that's the coup

d'œil.

[The vision turns this way and that to show what curves of loveliness there may be. They watch, all but CONSTANTINE, who has sat silent and indifferent, rolling his second cigarette, which he now smokes serenely. At last PHILIP'S voice breaks in, at its coolest, its most ironic.]

PHILIP. And are we to assume, Mr. State, that this piece of self-decoration really expresses the nature of any woman? Rather

an awful thought!

THOMAS [in protest]. Why?

PHILIP. Or if it expresses a man's opinion of her... that 's rather worse.

THOMAS. It's damned smart. Ain't it,

Mr. Huxtable?

MR. HUXTABLE [who is examining closely]. No use to us, of course. We could n't imitate that under fifteen guineas. Look at the ... what d' you call it?

WINDLESHAM [loving the very word]. Di-

amanté.

THOMAS [with discretion]. Just for England, of course, you might have the shiny stuff marking a bit more definitely where the pink silk ends and she begins.

MR. HUXTABLE [not to be sordid]. But

it's a beautiful thing.

MR. STATE [sweepingly]. Fitted to adorn the presiding genius of some intellectual and artistic salon. More artistic than intellectual, perhaps... more likely to be the center of Emotion than Thought!

WINDLESHAM. I could almost tell you who we shall sell that to. Mrs. . . . Mrs. Mrs. . . . dear me . . . you'd all know the name.

Assez, ma'moiselle . . . sortez.

[He turns off the light. The vision be-

comes once more a ridiculously expensive dress, with a rather thin and shivering young person half inside it, who is thus unceremoniously got rid of.]

WINDLESHAM. Numéro sept.

[Another costume.]

Mr. State. Nowhere again. Green velvet. Is it velvet?

WINDLESHAM. Panne velvet. Promenez, s'il vous plait.

Mr. State. And ermine.

MR. HUXTABLE. Good Lord . . . more buttons!

Mr. State. The very thing, no doubt, in which some peeress might take the chair at

a drawing-room meeting.

PHILIP [as he eyes the buttons and the ermine]. Either of the Humanitarian or of the Anti-Sweating League. Indeed, no peeress could dream of taking a chair without it.

MR. STATE [in gentle reproof]. Sarcasm,

Mr. Philip

PHILIP [won by such sweetness]. I really beg your pardon.

WINDLESHAM. Numéro dix.

[A third costume.]

PHILIP. What about this?

MR. STATE. Gray with a touch of pink ... severely soft. An Anti-Suffrage Platform.

PHILIP [in tune with him]. No...it's cut square in the neck. Suffrage, I should say.

MR. STATE [rubbing his hands]. Good! There is purpose in this persiflage, Major Thomas. Woman allures us along many paths. Be it ours to attend her, doing what service we may.

CONSTANTINE. You are a poet, Mr.

State.

Mr. State. I never wrote one in my life, sir.

CONSTANTINE. How many poets should cease scribbling and try to live such perfect epics as seems likely to be this purchase of yours of the Madras House!

MR. STATE [much gratified]. I shall be proud to be your successor. [Then he soars.] But it is the Middle Class Woman of England that is waiting for me. The woman who still sits at the Parlor window of her Provincial Villa, pensively gazing through the Laurel bushes. I have seen her on my Solitary Walks. She must have her chance to Dazzle and Conquer. That is every

woman's birthright . . . be she a Duchess in Mayfair or a doctor's wife in the suburbs of Leicester. And remember, gentlemen, that the Middle Class Women of England . . . think of them in bulk . . . they form one of the greatest Money-Spending Machines the world has ever seen.

MR. HUXTABLE [with a wag of the head; he is more at his ease now]. Yes . . . their

husbands' money.

Mr. STATE [taking a long breath and a high tone]. All our most advanced thinkers are agreed that the economic independence of women is the next step in the march of civilization.

MR. HUXTABLE [overwhelmed]. Oh . . .

I beg pardon.

MR. STATE [soaring now more than ever]. And now that the Seed of Freedom is sown in their Sweet Natures . . . what Mighty Forest . . . what a Luxuriant, Tropical, Seented growth of Womanhood may not spring up around us. For we live in an Ugly World. Look at my tie! Consider your vest, Major Thomas! [His eye searches for those costumes, and finds one.] This is all the Living Beauty that there is. We want more of it. I want to see that Poor Provincial Lady burst through the Laurel bushes and dash down the road . . . Clad in Colors of the Rainbow.

[Windlesham has indeed detained the severely soft costume and its young lady, and there she has stood for a while, still smiling, but wondering, perhaps, behind the smile, into what peculiar company of milliners she has fallen. Thomas, suddenly noticing that she is standing there, with the utmost politeness jumps up to hand his chair.]

THOMAS. I say, though . . . allow me. Windlesham. Thank you . . . but she

can't. Not in that corset.

MR. STATE. Dear me, I had not meant to detain mademoiselle. [Then to amend his manners, and rather as if it were an incantation warranted to achieve his purpose.] Bon jour.

[The young lady departs, a real smile quite shaming the unreal.]

Mr. State. You clean forget they're there. We gave some time and money to elaborating a mechanical moving figure to take the place of . . . a real automaton,

in fact. But sometimes it stuck and sometimes it ran away

THOMAS. And the cost!

PHILIP [finely]. Flesh and blood is always cheaper.

MR. STATE. You approve of corsets, Mr

Windlesham?

WINDLESHAM. Oh, yes . . . the figure is the woman, as we say.

MR. STATE. Have you ever gone deeply into the Psychology of the question? A while ago I had a smart young Historian write Burrows a little Monograph on Corsets . . . price one shilling. Conservative, summing up in their favor. And we made up a little Museum of them . . . at Southhampton, I think . . . but that was not a success. Major Thomas . . . we must send Mr. Windlesham a copy of that Monograph. You will find it very interesting.

WINDLESHAM. I'm sure I shall. Can I

do any more for you?

PHILIP. See me before I go, will you? WINDLESHAM. Then it 's au'voir.

[And he flutters away. There is a pause as if they had to recollect where they were. It is broken by Philip saying, meditatively . . .]

PHILIP. I sometimes wonder if we realize what women's clothes are like . . . or our own, for that matter.

MR. HUXTABLE. What's that?

PHILIP. Have you ever tried to describe a costume as it would appear to a strange eye? Can you think of this last? A hat as little like a hat as anything on a creature's head may be. Lace. Flowers of a color it never pleases God to grow them. And a jeweled feather . . . a feather with stones in it. The rest might be called a conspiracy in three colors on the part of a dozen sewing women to persuade you that the creature they have clothed can neither walk, digest her food, nor bear children. Now . . . can that be beautiful?

Mr. STATE [to whom this is the real conversational thing]. Mr. Philip, that notion is a lever thrust beneath the very foundations

of Society.

MR. HUXTABLE [showing off a little]. Oh trying to upset people's ideas for the

sake of doing it . . . silly.

THOMAS [with solid sense]. I think a crowd of well-dressed women is one of the most beautiful things in the world.

PHILIP. Have you ever seen an Eastern woman walk into a Bond Street tea shop? THOMAS. No.

PHILIP [forcefully]. I have.

CONSTANTINE. Ah!

[With one long, meditative exhalation he sends a little column of smoke into the air. Mr. State turns to him deferentially.]

Mr. State. We are boring you, Mr. Madras, I'm afraid. You were Facile Princeps upon all these questions so long ago.

[Constantine speaks in the smooth-

est of voices.]

CONSTANTINE. No, I am not bored, Mr. State . . . only a little horrified.

MR. STATE. Why so?

CONSTANTINE. You see . . . I am a Mohammedan . . . and this attitude towards the other sex has become loathsome to me.

> [This bombshell, so delicately exploded, affects the company very variously. It will be some time before MR. Huxtable grasps its meaning at all. Thomas simply opens his mouth. Mr. State has evidently found a new joy in life. Philip, to whom it seems no news, merely says in light protest . . .]

PHILIP. My dear father!

Mr. State [as he beams round]. A real

Mohammedan?

CONSTANTINE. I have become a Mohammedan. If you were not, it would be inconvenient to live permanently at Hit . . . a village upon the borders of Southern Arabia . . . that is my home. Besides, I was

THOMAS [having recovered enough breath]. I did n't know you could become a Moham-

medan.

CONSTANTINE [with some severity]. You

can become a Christian, sir-

THOMAS [a little shocked]. Ah . . . not

quite the same sort of thing.

MR. STATE [who feels that he really is rediscovering the Old World]. But how very interesting! To a broadminded man . . . how extraordinarily interesting! Was it a sudden conversion?

CONSTANTINE. No . . . I had been searching for a religion . . . a common need in these times . . . and this is a very fine one,

Mr. State.

MR. STATE. Is it? I must look it up.

The Koran! Yes, I've never read the Koran . . . an oversight.

He makes a mental note. And slowly. slowly, the full iniquity of it has sunk into MR. HUXTABLE. His face has gone from red to white and back again to red. He becomes at ticulate and vehement. He thump the table.

MR. HUXTABLE. And what about Amelia?

MR. STATE [with conciliatory calm]. Who is Amelia?

PHILIP. Afterwards, uncle.

MR. HUXTABLE [thumping again]. What about your wife? No, I won't be quiet, Phil! It's illegal.

CONSTANTINE [with a half-cold, halfkindly eye on him. Harry . . . I dislike

to see you make yourself ridiculous.

[Only this was needed.]

MR. HUXTABLE. Who cares if I 'm ridiculous? I've not spoken to you for thirty years . . . have I? That is . . . I've not taken more notice of you than I could help. And I come here to-day full of forgiveness ... and curiosity ... to see what you 're really like now ... and whether I 've changed my mind . . . or whether I never really felt all that about you at all . . . and damned if you don't go and put up a frest game on me! What about Amelia? Religion this time! Mohammedan, indeed . . . at your age! Can't you ever settle down! I beg your pardon, Mr. State. All right Phil, afterwards! I've not done . . . bu' you're quite right . . . afterwards.

[The gust over, Mr. State, who is o little be-blown by it at such closs quarters, says, partly with a peacemaking intention, partly in curiosity . . .

MR. STATE. But do you indulge in a ${
m Harem}$?

> [Mr. Huxtable is on his feet, righteously strepitant.

MR. HUXTABLE. If you insult my sister by answering that question . . .

> [With a look and a gesture Constan-TINE can silence him. Then with the coldest dignity he replies . . .]

CONSTANTINE. My household, sir, is that of the ordinary Eastern gentleman of my position. We do not speak of our women in public.

Mr. State. I'm sure I beg your pardon. Constantine. Not at all. It is five years since I definitely retired from business and decided to consummate my affection for the East by settling down there. This final visit to Europe . . . partly to see you, Mr. State . . . was otherwise only to confirm my judgment on the question.

MR. STATE. Has it?

Constantine. It has. I was always out of place amongst you. I was sometimes tempted to regret my scandalous conduct... [A slight stir from Mr. Huxtable.] Hush, Harry...hush! But I never could persuade myself to amend it. It is some slight personal satisfaction to me to discover... with a stranger's eye...that Europe in its attitude towards women is mad.

MR. STATE. Mad! CONSTANTINE. Mad.

THOMAS [who is all ears]. I say!

CONSTANTINE. You possibly agree with me, Major Thomas.

Thomas [much taken aback]. No . . . I

don't think so.

Constantine. Many men do, but — poor fellows — they dare not say so. For instance, Mr. State, what can be said of a community in which five men of some ability and dignity are met together to traffic in . . . what was the numéro of that aphrodisiae that so particularly attracted Major Thomas?

[Thomas is shocked even to violence.] Thomas. No . . . really. I protest —

Mr. State [utterly calm]. Easy, Major Thomas. Let us consider the accusation philosophically. [Then with the sweetest smile.] Surely that is a gross construction to put on the instinct of every beautiful woman to adorn herself.

Constantine. Why gross? I delight in pretty women, prettily adorned. To come home after a day's work to the welcome of one's women folk . . . to find them unharassed by notions of business or politics . . . ready to refresh one's spirit by attuning it to the gentler, sweeter side of life . . .

THOMAS [making hearty atonement]. Oh!

Quite so . . . quite so.

CONSTANTINE. I thought you would agree with me, Major Thomas. That is the Mohammedan gentleman's domestic ideal.

THOMAS [brought up short]. Is it?

CONSTANTINE. But you don't expect to find your wife dressed like that . . . the diamanté and the . . .

THOMAS [mental discomfort growing on him]. No . . . that was a going-out dress.

Philip [greatly enjoying this contest]. Oh

. . . Tommy! Tommy!

THOMAS [in tortuosity of mind—and conscience]. But I tell you if my wife would ... that is, if any chap's wife will ... I mean... [Then he gets it out.] If a woman always kept herself smart and attractive at home, then a man would have no excuse for gadding about after other women.

[MR. HUXTABLE joins the fray, sud-

denly, snappily.]

MR. HUXTABLE. She sits looking after his children . . . what more does he want of her?

CONSTANTINE. Harry is a born husband, Major Thomas.

MR. HUXTABLE. I'm not a born libertine, I hope.

THOMAS. Libertine be damned.

Mr. State [pacifically]. Gentlemen, gentlemen . . . these are abstract propositions.

Mr. Huxtable. Gadding after another man's wife, perhaps! Though I don't think you ever did that, Constantine . . . I'll do you justice . . . I don't think you ever did.

CONSTANTINE. I never did.

PHILIP [with intense mischief]. Oh, Tommy, Tommy . . . can you say the same?

[Thomas is really flabbergasted at the indecency.]

THOMAS. Phil, that ain't nice . . . that ain't gentlemanly. And I was n't thinking of that, and you know I was n't. And . . . we ain't all so unattractive to women as you are.

[Mr. State loses himself in enjoyment of this repartee.]

Mr. State. Ah . . . Sour Grapes, Mr. Philip. We must n't be personal . . . but is

it Sour Grapes?

PHILIP [very coolly on his defense]. Thank you, Tommy . . . I can attract just the sort of woman I want to attract. But as long as it's Numéro Cinq, Six, or Sept that attracts you . . . well . . . so long will Madras Houses be an excellent investment for Mr. State.

{That is the end of that little breeze,

and Constantine's voice completes the quieting.]

CONSTANTINE. Phil is a cold-blooded egotist, and if women like him that is their misfortune. I know his way with a woman . . . coax her on to the intellectual plane, where he thinks he can better her. You have my sympathy, Major Thomas. I also am as susceptible as Nature means a man to be . . . as all women must wish him to be. And I referred to these going-out dresses because - candidly - I found myself obliged to leave a country where women are let loose with money to spend and time to waste. Encouraged to flaunt their charms on the very streets . . . proud if they see the 'busmen wink . . .

MR. HUXTABLE. Not 'busmen.

[He is only gently deprecating now.] Constantine. Proud, my dear Harry, if they see a cabman smile.

> [Mr. Huxtable looks around, and then nods solemnly and thought-

fully.

MR. HUXTABLE. Yes, it 's true. I'd deny it any other time, but I've been thinking a bit lately . . . and the things you think of once you start to think! And it's true. [But with great chivalry.] Only they don't know they do it. They don't know they do it. [Then a doubt occurring.] D' you think they know they do it, Phil?

PHILIP. Some of them suspect, uncle.

MR. HUXTABLE [his faith unspoiled]. No, what I say is it's Instinct . . . and we've just got to be as nice-minded about it as we can. There was Julia, this summer at Weymouth . . . that's one of my daughters. Bought herself a dress . . . not one of the numéro sort, of course . . . but very pretty . . . orange color, it was . . . stripes. But you could see it a mile off on the parade . . . and her sisters all with their noses out of joint. I said to myself . . . Instinct . . .

[Suddenly Mr. State rescues the dis-

cussion.

Mr. State. Yes, sir . . . the noblest Instinct of all . . . the Instinct to Perpetuate our Race. Let us take High Ground in this matter, gentlemen.

CONSTANTINE [unstirred]. The very highest, Mr. State. If you think that to turn Weymouth for a month a year into a cockpit of haphazard love-making, with all the consequences that custom entails, is the best way of perpetuating your race . . . well, I disagree with you . . . but it's a point of view. What I ask is why Major Thomas and myself . . . already perhaps in a creditable state of marital perpetuation . . . should have our busy London lives obsessed by . . . What is this thing?

Philip. La belle Hélène's new hat, fa-

CONSTANTINE. Now, that may be ugly . . . I hope I never made anything quite so ugly myself . . . but it's attractive.

PHILIP [with a wry face]. No, father. CONSTANTINE. Is n't it, Major Thomas? THOMAS [honestly]. Well . . . it makes you look at 'em when you might not other-

Constantine. Yes . . . it's provocative. Its intention is that none of the world's work shall be done while it's about. And when it's always about I honestly confess again that I cannot do my share. It's a terrible thing to be constantly conscious of women. They have their uses to the world . . . as you so happily phrased it, Mr. State . . . their perpetual use . . . and the world's interest is best served by keeping them strictly to it. Are these provocative ladies [he fingers the hat again] remarkable for perpetuation nowadays?

> [Once more Mr. State bursts in this time almost heart-brokenly.

Mr. State. I can't bear this, sir . . . I can't bear to take such a view of life . . . no man of feeling could. Besides, it's Reactionary . . . you're on the wrong tack. You must come back to us, sir. You gave us Joy and Pleasure . . . can we do with-out them? When you find yourself once more among the Loveliness you helped us to Worship you'll change your mind. What was the end of that little story of the Duchess? How, on the appointed night, attired in her Madras Creation, she swept into the the Ballroom with a frou-frou of silk skirt, wafting Perfume as she came . . . while her younger rivals Pale before the Intoxication of her Beauty, and every man in the room . . . young and old . . . struggles for a Glimpse . . . a Word . . . a Look. [Once again he starts to soar.] A Ballroom, sir . . . is n't it one of the Sweetest Sights in the World? When bright the lamps shine o'er Fair Women and Brave Men

Music arises with its Voluptuous Swell. Soft eyes look Love to eyes which speak again. And all goes Merry as a Marriage Bell! Byron, gentlemen, taught me at my mother's knee. The poet of Love and Liberty . . . read in every school in America.

[At the end of this recitation, which Mr. Huxtable barely refrains from applicating, Constantine

goes coolly on.]

CONSTANTINE. Mr. State, that is my case. The whole of our upper class life, which every one with a say in the government of the country tries to lead . . . is now run as a ballroom is run. Men swaggering before women . . . the women ogling the men. Once a lad got some training in manliness. But now from the very start . . .! In your own progressive country . . mixed education . . oh, my dear sir . . . mixed education!

Mr. State. A softening influence.

CONSTANTINE [unexpeciedly]. Of course it is. And what has it sunk to, moreover . . . all education nowadays? Book-learning. Because woman's a dab at that . . . though it's of quite secondary importance to a man.

THOMAS [feelingly]. That's so.

Constantine. And moral influence. Woman's morality . . . the worst in the world.

PHILIP. Slave morality.

CONSTANTINE. Yes. Read Nietszche . . . as my friend Tarleton says. [All one gathers from this cryptic allusion is that Mr. Hux-TABLE, at any rate, reprobates Tarleton, and, inferentially, Nietszche.] At Oxford and Cambridge it grows worse . . married professors . . . Newnham and Girton . . suffrage questions . . . purity questions.

MR. HUXTABLE. Of course, some of the

novels . . .

Constantine. From seventeen to thirty-four . . . the years which a man should consecrate to the acquiring of political virtue . . . wherever he turns he is distracted, provoked, tantalized by the barefaced presence of women. How's he to keep a clear brain for the larger issues of life? Why do you soldiers, Major Thomas, volunteer with such alacrity for foreign service?

THOMAS [with a jump]. Good God . . .

I never thought of that.

CONSTANTINE. What's the result?

Every great public question . . . all politics, all religion, all economy is being brought down to the level of women's emotion. Admirable in its way . . . charming in its place! But softening, sentimentalizing, enervating . . . lapping the world, if you let it, in the nursery cotton wool of prettiness and pettiness. Men don't realize how far rotted by the process they are . . . that's what's so fatal. We're used to a whole nation's anger being vented in scoldings . . . or rather we're getting used to the thought that it's naughty to be angry at all. Justice degenerates into kindness . . . that does n't surprise us. Religion is a pretty hymn tune to keep us from fear of the dark. You four unfortunates might own the truth just for once . . . you need n't tell your wives.

MR. STATE. I am not married.

CONSTANTINE. I might have known it.
MR. STATE [a little astonished]. But no matter.

Constantine [with full appreciation of what he says]. Women haven't morals or intellect in our sense of the words. They have other incompatible qualities quite as important, no doubt. But shut them away from public life and public exhibition. It's degrading to compete with them . . . it's as degrading to compete for them. Perhaps we're too late already . . . but, oh, my dear sentimental sir [he addresses the pained though admiring Mr. State], if we could replant the laurel bushes thick enough we might yet rediscover the fine manly world we are losing.

[Except PHILIP, who sits detached and attentive, they are all rather depressed by this judgment upon them. Thomas recovers sufficiently to ask...]

THOMAS. Are you advocating polygamy in England?

Constantine. That is what it should come to.

THOMAS. Well, I call that rather shocking. [Then with some hopeful interest.] And is it practical?

CONSTANTINE. I did not anticipate the reform in my lifetime . . . so I left for the East. PHILIP [finely]. You did quite right,

PHILIP [finely]. You did quite right, father. I wish everyone of your way of thinking would do the same.

[Constantine is ready for him.]

CONSTANTINE. Are you prepared for so much depopulation? Think of the women who'd be off to-morrow.

[Mr. Huxtable wakes from stupefaction to say with tremendous emphasis . . .]

MR. HUXTABLE. Never!

CONSTANTINE. Wrong, Harry.

Mr. Huxtable. No, I'm not wrong just because you say so! You ought to listen to me a bit sometimes. I always listened to you.

CONSTANTINE. Bless your quick temper.
[Who could resist Constantine's smile... Well, not Huxtable.]

Mr. Huxtable. Oh . . . go on . . . tell me why I'm wrong . . . I dare say I am.

CONSTANTINE. Even if you have liked bringing up six daughters and not getting them married . . . how have they liked it? You should have drowned them at birth, Harry . . .

MR. HUXTABLE. You must have your

joke, must n't you?

CONSTANTINE. Therefore, how much pleasanter for you... how much better for them... if you'd only to find one man ready, for a small consideration, to marry the lot.

MR. HUXTABLE [with intense delight]. Now if I was to tell my wife that she

would n't see the 'umor of it.

Constantine. The woman emancipator's last ditch, Mr. State, is the trust that women will side with him. Don't make any mistake. This is a serious question to them
... of health and happiness ... and sometimes of bread and butter. Quite apart from our customers here ... kept women, every one of them ...

MR. STATE [in some alarm]. You don't

sav!

CONSTANTINE [gently lifting him from the little trap]. Economically. Kept by their husbands . . . or if they live on their dividends, kept by Society.

PHILIP. What about men who live on

their dividends?

MR. STATE. No . . . now don't let us go

on to politics.

CONSTANTINE.... And apart from the prisoners in that chaste little fortress on Denmark Hill... we used to employ, Harry, between us... what?... two or three hundred free and independent

women . . . making clothes for the others, the ladies. They are as free as you like . . . free to go . . . free to starve. How much do they rejoice in their freedom to earn their living by ruining their health and stifling their instincts? Answer me, Harry, you monster of good-natured wickedness.

MR. HUXTABLE. What's that? CONSTANTINE. You keep an industrial

seraglio.

MR. HUXTABLE. A what!

Constantine. What else is your Roberts and Huxtable but a harem of industry. Do you know that it would sicken with horror a good Mohammedan? You buy these girls in the open market . . . you keep them under lock and key . . .

MR. HUXTABLE. I do?

Constantine. Quite right, Harry, no harm done. [Then his voice sinks to the utmost seriousness.] But you coin your profits out of them by putting on exhibition for ten hours a day... their good looks, their good manners, their womanhood. Hired out it is to any stranger to hold as cheap for a few minutes as common decency allows. And when you've worn them out you turn them out... forget their very names... would n't know their faces if you met them selling matches at your door. For such treatment of potential motherhood, my Prophet condemns a man to hell.

MR. HUXTABLE [breathless with amazement]. Well, I never did in all my born days! They can marry respectably, can't

they? We like 'em to marry.

PHILIP. Yes, uncle . . . I went into that question with Miss Yates and the Brigstocks this morning.

Constantine [completing his case]. I ask you all . . . what is to happen to you as a nation? Where are your future generations coming from? What with the well-kept women you flatter and æstheticize till they won't give you children, and the free women you work at market rates till they can't give you children . . .

MR. HUXTABLE [half-humorously sulky].

Miss Yates has obliged us, anyhow.

PHILIP [quickly capping him]. And we're going to dismiss her.

[Mr. Huxtable flashes again into protestation.]

Mr. Huxtable. What else can we do? • But I said you were n't to be hard on the

girl. And I won't be upset like this. I want to take things as I find 'em . . . that is as I used to find 'em . . . before there was any of these ideas going around . . . and I'm sure we were happier without 'em. Stifling their instincts . . it's a horrid way to talk. And I don't believe it. I could send for every girl in the shop, and not one of 'em would hint at it to me. [He has triumphed with himself so far, but his newborn intellectual conscience brings him down.] Not that that proves anything, does it? I'm a fool. It's a beastly world. But I don't make it so, do I?

PHILIP. Who does?

MR. HUXTABLE. Other people. [PHILLY'S eye is on him.] Oh, I see it coming. You're going to say we're all the other people or something. I'm getting up to you.

CONSTANTINE [very carefully]. What is

this about a Miss Yates?

PHILIP. A little bother down at Peckham.

I can tell you afterwards if you like.

CONSTANTINE. No . . . there is no need.

[Something in the tone of this last makes Phillp look up quickly. But Mr. State, with a sudden thought, has first dired for his watch, and then, at the sight of it, gets up from the table.]

Mr. State. Gentlemen, are you aware of the time? I may mention that I have

a City appointment at four o'clock.

Constantine [polite, but leisurely]. Are we detaining you, Mr. State? Not universal or compulsory polygamy, Major Thomas. That would be nonsense. The very distribution of the sexes forbids it. But its recognition is one of the logical outcomes of the aristocratic method of government. And that's the only ultimate method . . . all others are interim plans for sifting out various aristocracies. The community of the future will specialize its functions. Women will find, I hope, some intellectual companions like my son, who will, besides, take a gentle interest in the County Council. There will be single-hearted men like Harry, content with old-fashioned domesticity. There will be poets like you, Mr. State, to dream about women and to dress them . . . their bodies in silks and their virtues in phrases. But there must also be such men as Major Thomas and myself . . .

[Thomas rises, yet again, to this piece of chaff.]

THOMAS. No, no! I'm not like that ... not in the least. Because a fellow has been in the Army! Don't drag me in.

MR. STATE. As stimulating a conversation as I remember. A little hard to follow at times . . . but worth far more than the sacrifice of any mere business doings.

[Constantine takes the hint graciously, and is apt for business at

CONSTANTINE. My fault! Shall we agree, Mr. State, to accept as much of your offer as you have no intention of altering? We are dealing for both the shops?

Mr. State. Yes. What are we proposing to knock off their valuation, Major

Thomas?

THOMAS. Eight thousand six hundred. CONSTANTINE. Phil, what were we prepared to come down?

PHILIP. Nine thousand.

CONSTANTINE. A very creditable margin. Your offer is accepted, Mr. State.

[Mr. State feels he must really play up to such magnificent conducting of business.]

Mr. State. I should prefer to knock you down only eight thousand.

CONSTANTINE [keeping the advantage]. Is n't that merely romantic of you, Mr. State . . . not in the best form of business art?

THOMAS. But the conditions, you know? CONSTANTINE. We accept your conditions. If they won't work you'll be only anxious to alter them. So the business is done. [Mr. Huxtable's eyes are wide.]

Mr. HUXTABLE. But look here.

PHILIP. Uncle Harry has something to say . . .

MR. HUXTABLE [assertively]. Yes. Constantine. Something different to

say, Harry?
Mr. Huxtable [after thinking it over]
No.

[So Constantine returns happily to his subject.]

Constantine. What interests me about this Woman Question . . . now that I 've settled my personal share in it . . . is to wonder how Europe, hampered by such an unsolved problem, can hope to stand up against the Oriental revival.

THOMAS. What's that?

CONSTANTINE. You'll hear of it shortly. Up from the Persian gulf to where I live

we could grow enough wheat to feed the British Empire. Life there is simple and spacious . . . the air is not breathed out. All we want is a happy, hardy race of men, and under a decent government we shall soon beget it. But you Europeans! Is this the symbol you are marching to the future under. [He has found again, and lifts up, la Belle Hélène's new hat.] A cap of slavery! You are all idolaters of women . . . and they are the slaves of your idolatry.

MR. STATE [with undisguised admiration]. Mr. Madras, I am proud to have met you again. If I say another word, I may be so interested in your reply that I shall miss my appointment. My coat? Thank you, Mr. Philip. I have to meet a man about a new system of country-house drainage that he wants me to finance. I can hardly hope for another Transcendental Discussion upon

CONSTANTINE. Why not?

Mr. State. If you were he! Good-bye, sir. Good-day, Mr. Huxtable. Till to-mortow, Major Thomas. No, Mr. Philip, don't see me down.

[He is off for his next deal. Philip civilly takes him past the door, saying . . .]

PHILIP. Your car's at the Bond Street

entrance, I expect.

[And then he comes back. Constantine is keeping half a friendly eye on Huxtable, who fidgets under it. Thomas takes breath and expounds a grievance.]

THOMAS. That 's how he settles business. But leaves us all the papers to do. I shall take mine home. The four-thirty gets me indoors by a quarter to six. Time for a cup of tea! Phil, have you got China tea?

PHILIP. Downstairs.

MR. HUXTABLE. I must be getting back, I think.

CONSTANTINE. Harry . . . you're run-

ning away from me.

MR. HUXTABLE [in frank amused confession]. Yes . . . I was. Habit, y' know . . .

CONSTANTINE [with the most friendly condescension]. Suppose I go with you... part of the way. How do you go?

MR. HUXTABLE. On a 'bus.

CONSTANTINE. Suppose we go together . . on a 'bus.

MR. HUXTABLE [desperately cunning]. It's all right . . . they won't see me with you. We don't close till seven.

[CONSTANTINE'S face sours.] CONSTANTINE. No, to be sure. Phil, I

can't come to dinner, I 'm afraid.

PHILIP. Oh, I was going to tell you. Mother will be there. Tommy, you know the tea room.

THOMAS [all tact]. Oh, quite!

Philip. Straight downstairs, first to the left and the second passage. I'll follow.

[Thomas departs. Constantine says, indifferently . . .]

CONSTANTINE. Then I'll come in after dinner.

Philip. You don't mind?

CONSTANTINE. No.

[There stands Mr. Huxtable, first on one foot and then on the other, desperately nervous. Constantine smiling at him. Philip cannot resist it. He says...]

PHILIP. It's afterwards now, uncle. Fire

away.

[And is off. Constantine still smiles. Poor Mr. Huxtable makes a desperate effort to do the proper thing by this reprobate. He forms his face into a frown. It's no use; an answering smile will come. He surrenders.]

Mr. Huxtable. Look here . . . don't

let 's talk about Amelia.

CONSTANTINE. No . . . never rake up the past.

MR. HUXTABLE. Lord! What else has a

chap got to think of?

CONSTANTINE. That's why you look so old.

MR. HUXTABLE. Do I, now?

CONSTANTINE. What age are you?

MR. HUXTABLE. Sixty.

[The two sit down together.]
CONSTANTINE. You should come and stay with me at Hit . . . not far from Hillel . . . Hillel is Babylon, Harry.

MR. HUXTABLE [curious]. What 's it like

 ${
m there}\ ?$

CONSTANTINE. The house is white, and there are palm trees about it . . . and not far off flows the Euphrates.

MR. HUXTABLE. Just like in the Bible

[His face is wistful.] Constantine.

CONSTANTINE. Yes, Harry.

MR. HUXTABLE. You've said odder

things this afternoon than I 've ever heard you say before.

CONSTANTINE. Probably not.

Mr. Huxtable [wondering]. And I have n't really minded 'em. But I believe it 's the first time I 've ever understood you ... and p'r'aps that 's just as well for me.

CONSTANTINE [encouragingly]. Oh . . .

why, Harry?

Mr. HUXTABLE. Because . . . d' you think it's only not being very clever keeps

us . . . well-behaved?

CONSTANTINE. Has it kept you happy? MR. HUXTABLE [impatient at the petty word]. Anyone can be happy. What worries me is having got to my age and only just beginning to understand anything at all. And you can't learn it out of books, old man. Books don't tell you the truth . . . at least not any that I can find. I wonder if I'd been a bit of a dog like you...? But there it is . . . you can't do things on purpose. And what's more, don't you go to think I'd have done them if I could . . . knowing them to be wrong. Then comes a discovery. But I was always jealous of you, Constantine, for you seemed to get the best of everything . . . and I know people could n't help being fond of you . . . for I was fond of you myself, whatever you did. That was odd to start with. And now here we are, both of us old chaps . . .

CONSTANTINE [as he throws back his

head]. I am not old.

MR. HUXTABLE [with sudden misgiving]. You don't repent, do you?

CONSTANTINE. What of?

Mr. HUXTABLE. Katherine said this morning that you might have . . . but I was n't afraid of that. [Now he wags his head wisely.] You know . . . you evildoers . . . you upset us all, and you hurt our feelings, and of course you ought to be ashamed of yourself. But . . . well . . . it's like the only time I went abroad. I was sick going . . . I was 'orribly uncomcortable . . . I 'ated the cooking . . . I was sick coming back. But I would n't have missed it . . . !

CONSTANTINE [in affectionate good fellow-

ship]. Come to Arabia, Harry.

MR. HUXTABLE [humorously pathetic about it]. Don't you make game of me. My time 's over. What have I done with it, now? Married. Brought up a family. Been master to a few hundred girls and fellows who never really cared a bit for me. I 've been made a convenience of . . . that 's my life. That's where I envy you. You've had your own way . . . and you don't look now as if you'd be damned for it, either.

CONSTANTINE [in gentlemanly defiance].

I shan't be.

[MR. HUXTABLE shakes a fist, somewhat, though unconsciously, in the direction of the ceiling.]

MR. HUXTABLE. It's not fair, and I don't care who hears me say so.

CONSTANTINE. Suppose we shout it from the top of the 'bus.

[As they start, Mr. Huxtable returns to his mundane, responsible

MR. HUXTABLE. But you know, old man, . . . you'll excuse me, I'm sure . . . and it's all very well having theories and being able to talk . . . still, you did treat Amelia very badly . . . and those other ones, too . . . say what you like! Let go my arm, will you!

Constantine. Why?

MR. HUXTABLE [his scruples less strong than the soft touch of CONSTANTINE'S hand]. Well, p'r'aps you need n't. [A thought strikes him.] Are you really going away for good this time?

CONSTANTINE. To-morrow.

Mr. Huxtable [beaming on him]. Then come home and see mother and the girls.

[Major Thomas comes back, looking about him.]

Thomas. Excuse me . . . I left my hat. Constantine. It will make them very uncomfortable.

MR. HUXTABLE [his smile fading]. D' you think so? Won't it do 'em good . . broaden their minds?

[Philip comes back, too.]

MR. HUXTABLE. Phil . . . shall I take your father 'ome to call?

PHILIP [after one gasp at the prospect, says with great cheerfulness . . .] Certainly.

CONSTANTINE. I'll be with you by nine, Phil.

> [Mr. Huxtable's dare-devil heart fails once more.]

Mr. Huxtable. I say . . . better not be too friendly through the shop.

[Constantine smiles still, but does not loose his arm. Off they go.]

THOMAS [still searching]. Where the devil did I put it?

PHILIP. Pity you can't take father's place at dinner, Tommy.

> [Thomas stops and looks at him aggrievedly.]

THOMAS. Are you chaffing me? PHILIP. We might get some further ight on the Woman Question. My mother's opinion and Jessica's upon such men s you and my father.

[He picks up some papers and sits to

them at the table.

THOMAS. Look here, Phil . . . don't ou aggravate me into behaving rashly. Here it is.

[He has found his hat on a gas-bracket — and he slams it on.]

PHILIP. With Jessica?

THOMAS [with ferocious gallantry]. Yes

. . a damned attractive woman.

PHILIP. After all . . . as an abstract proposition, Tommy . . . polyandry is just s simple a way . . . and, as far as we now, as much Nature's way as the other. We ought to have put that point to the entle Mohammedan.

THOMAS [after vainly considering this for moment]. Phil, I should like to see you n love with a woman . . . It'd serve you

ight.

[Suddenly Philip drops his mocking tone and his face grows gentle and

grave.]

PHILIP. Tommy . . . what's the purose of it all? Apart from the sentimental vallowings of Mr. Eustace Perrin State . . and putting that Lord of Creation, ny father, on one side for a moment . . . what do we slow-breeding, civilized people et out of love . . . and the beauty of vomen . . . and the artistic setting that eauty demands? For which we do pay ather a big price, you know, Tommy. Vhat do we get for it?

THOMAS [utterly at sea]. I don't know.

PHILIP. It's an important question.

hink it over in the train.

THOMAS. Old chap . . . I beg your ardon . . . the County Council is the best lace for you. It'll stop your addling over hese silly conundrums.

PHILIP [subtly]. On the contrary.

THOMAS [his favorite phrase again]. Vhat do you mean?

PHILIP. Get out . . . you'll miss that four-thirty.

> [Thomas gets out. Philip gets desperately to loathed business.]

ACT IV

Philip, his mother, and Jessica, are sitting, after dinner, round the drawing-room fire in Phillimore Gardens. Jessica, rather, is awar. upon the bench of her long, black piano, sorting bound books of music, and the firelight hardly reaches her. But it flickers over MRS. MADRAS. and though it marks more deeply the little bitter lines on her face, it leaves a glow there in recompense. She sits, poor, anxious old lady, gazing, not into the fire, but at the shining copper fender, her hands on her lap, as usual. Every now and then she lifts her head to listen. Philip is comfortable upon the sofa opposite; he is smoking, and is deep, besides, in some weighty volume, the Longman Edition of the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission, perhaps.

It is a charming room. The walls are gray, the paint is a darker gray. The curtains to the two long windows are of the gentlest pink brocade; the lights that hang on plain little brackets from the walls are a soft pink, too, and there is no other color in the room, but the maziness of some Persian rugs on the floor and the mellowed brilliancy of the Arundel prints on the walls. There is no more furniture than there need be: there is no more light than there need be; yet it is not empty or dreary. There is just nothing to jar, nothing to prevent a sensitive soul finding

rest there.

The parlor maid comes in; she is dressed in gray, too, capless, some black ribbons about her-[Really, Jessica's home inclines to be a little precious! She brings letters, one for Jessica. two for Philip, and departs.

PHILIP. Last post.

Jessica. Half past nine. I suppose your father means to come?

PHILIP. He said so.

MRS. MADRAS. Is your letter interesting, Jessica?

JESSICA. A receipt.

MRS. MADRAS. Do you run bills?

JESSICA. Lots.

Mrs. Madras. Is that quite wise? JESSICA. The tradesmen prefer it.

[With that she walks to her writing table. Jessica's manner to her mother-in-law is over-courteous, an unkind weapon against which the old lady, but half conscious of it,

is quite defenseless. PHILLIP has opened his second letter, and whistles, at its contents, a bar of a tune that is in his head.]

JESSICA. What's the matter, Phil?

[To emphasize his feelings he performs the second bar with variations.]

JESSICA. As bad as that?

[For final comment he brings the matter to a full close on one expressive note, and puts the letter away. JESSICA flicks at him amusedly.]

MRS. MADRAS. How absurd! You can't

tell in the least what he means.

JESSICA. No.

[With forced patience she wanders

back to her piano.]

MRS. MADRAS. You might play us something, Jessica . . . just to pass the time.

[Unobserved, Jessica casts her eyes up to the ceiling.]

JESSICA. What will you have?

Mrs. Madras. I am sure you play all the latest things.

JESSICA. I'm afraid you don't really

like my playing.

MRS. MADRAS. I do think it's a little professional. I prefer something softer.

[Jessica leaves the piano.] Jessica. I'm afraid we are giving you

a dull evening.

MRS. MADRAS [with that suddenness which seems to characterize the HUXTABLE family]. Why do you never call me mother, Jessica?

JESSICA. Don't I?

MRS. MADRAS [resenting prevarication]. You know you don't.

JESSICA. I suppose I don't think of you

just like that

Mrs. Madras. What has that to do with

Jessica [more coldly courteous than ever].

Nothing . . . mother.

Mrs. Madras. That's not a very nice manner of giving way, either, is it?

JESSICA [on the edge of an outburst]. It

seemed to me sufficiently childish.

MRS. MADRAS [parading a double injury]. I don't know what you mean. It's easy to be too clever for me, Jessica.

PHILIP mercifully intervenes.]
PHILIP. Mother, what do you think parents
gain by insisting on respect and affection
from grown-up children?

MRS. MADRAS. Is n't it their right?

PHILIP. But I asked what they gained.
MRS. MADRAS. Is n't it natural? When
an old woman has lost her husband, or
worse, if she's to lose her children, too,
what has she left?

JESSICA [recovering a little kindness]. Her

womanhood, mother.

PHILIP. Her old-womanhood. You know, it may be a very beautiful possession.

[The parlor maid announces "ME. CONSTANTINE MADRAS." Ther stands CONSTANTINE in the brighlight of the hall, more dramatically dignified than ever. As he come in, though, it seems as if there we the slightest strain in his charmin manners. He has not changed he clothes for the evening. He goestraight to JESSICA, and it seem that he has a curious soft way of shaking hands with women.]

CONSTANTINE. How do you do, Jessica?

I find you looking beautiful.

[JESSICA acknowledges the complement with a little disdainful benefit the head and leaves him, the with a glance at PHILIP leaves throom. Constantine comes towards his wife. She does not look up but her face wrinkles pathetically. So he speaks at last.]

CONSTANTINE. Well, Amelia?

[For Mrs. Madras it must be resentment or tears, or both. Resentment comes first.]

MRS. MADRAS. Is that the way to speal

to me after thirty years?

CONSTANTINE [amicably]. Perhaps it in a n't. But there is not much variety of choice in greetings, is there?

[Philip, nodding to his father, had edged to the door, and now edges or

of it.]

CONSTANTINE. They leave us alone. W

might be an engaged couple.

[She stays silent, distressfully avoiding his eye. He takes a chair and sits by her. He would say [as Jessic would no doubt say of herself] the he speaks kindly to her.]

Constantine. Well, Amelia? I beg you pardon. I repeat myself, and you dislik the phrase. I hope, though, that you are quite well? Don't cry, dear Amelia . unless, of course, you want to cry. Well then . . . cry. And, when you've finished.

crying . . . there 's no hurry . . . you shall tell me why you wished to see me . . . and run the risk of upsetting yourself like this.

Mrs. Madras [dabbing her eyes]. I don't often cry. I don't often get a chance.

CONSTANTINE. I fear that is only one way of saying that you miss me.

The handkerchief is put away, and

she faces him.

Mrs. Madras. Are you really going back to that country to-morrow?

CONSTANTINE. To-morrow morning.

Mrs. Madras. For good?

CONSTANTINE [with thanksgiving]. Forever.

Mrs. Madras [desperately resolute]. Will you take me with you?

> [It takes Constantine just a moment to recover.]

CONSTANTINE. No, Amelia, I will not. MRS. MADRAS [reacting a little hysterically]. I'm sure I don't want to go, and I'm sure I never meant to ask you. But you have n't changed a bit, Constantine . . . in spite of your beard. [Then the voice saddens and almost dies away.] I have.

CONSTANTINE. Only externally,

sure.

Mrs. Madras. Why did you ever marry me? You married me for my money.

CONSTANTINE [sighting boredom]. It is so

long ago.

MRS. MADRAS. It is n't . . . it seems like yesterday. Did n't you marry me for my money?

CONSTANTINE. Partly, Amelia, partly.

Why did you marry me?

Mrs. Madras. I wanted to. I was a

fool.

CONSTANTINE [evenly still]. You were a fool, perhaps, to grumble at the consequence of getting what you wanted. It would have been kinder of me, no doubt, not to marry you. But I was more impetuous then, and, of course, less experienced. I did n't realize you never could change your idea of what a good husband must be, nor how necessary it would become that you should.

MRS. MADRAS. How dare you make ex-

cuses for the way you treated me?

CONSTANTINE. There were two excuses. I was the first. I'm afraid that you ultimately became the second.

MRS. MADRAS [with spirit]. I only stood

ap for my rights.

CONSTANTINE. You got them, too. We separated, and there was an end of it.

Mrs. Madras. I've never been happy

since.

CONSTANTINE. That is nothing to be proud of, my dear.

Mrs. Madras feels the strangeness between them wearing off.]

MRS. MADRAS. What happened to that woman and her son . . . that Flora?

CONSTANTINE. The son is an engineer ... promises very well, his employers tell me. Flora lives at Hitchin . . . quite comfortably, I have reason to believe.

MRS. MADRAS. She was older than me. Constantine. About the same age, I

Mrs. Madras. You've given money?

CONSTANTINE [his eyebrows up]. Certainly . . . they were both provided for.

MRS. MADRAS. Don't you expect me to be jealous?

Constantine [with a sigh]. Still, Ame-

Mrs. Madras. Do you ever see her now?

CONSTANTINE. I have n't seen her for

Mrs. Madras. It seems to me she has been just as well treated as I have . . . if not better.

Constantine. She expected less.

Mrs. Madras. And what about the others?

CONSTANTINE [his patience giving out]. No, really, it's thirty years ago . . . I cannot fight my battles over again. Please tell me what I can do for you beyond taking you back with me.

Mrs. Madras [cowering to the least harshness]. I did n't mean that. I don't know what made me say it. But it's dreadful seeing you once more and being alone with

Constantine. Now, Amelia, are you going to cry again?

MRS. MADRAS [setting her teeth]. No. CONSTANTINE. That 's right.

[Mrs. Madras really does pull herself together, and becomes intensely reasonable.

MRS. MADRAS. What I really want you to do, if you please, Constantine, is not to go away. I don't expect us to live together ... after the way you have behaved I could not consent to such a thing. But somebody must look after you when you are ill, and, what's more, I don't think you ought to go and die out of your own country.

CONSTANTINE [meeting reason with reason]. My dear . . . I have formed other ties.

MRS. MADRAS. Will you please explain exactly what you mean by that?

CONSTANTINE. I am a Mohammedan.

Mrs. Madras. Nonsense!

CONSTANTINE. Possibly you are not acquainted with the Mohammedan marriage

Mrs. Madras. D' you mean to say you're

not married to me?

CONSTANTINE. No . . . though it was not considered necessary for me to take that into account in conforming to it . . . I did.

Mrs. Madras. Well . . . I never thought you could behave any worse. Why were n't you satisfied in making me un-happy? If you've gone and committed blasphemy as well . . . I don't know what 's to become of you, Constantine.

CONSTANTINE. Amelia, if I had been a Mohammedan from the beginning you might be living happily with me now.

MRS. MADRAS. How can you say such a horrible thing? Suppose it were true?

CONSTANTINE. I came from the East. MRS. MADRAS. You did n't.

Constantine. Let us be quite accurate. My grandfather was a Smyrna Jew.

MRS. MADRAS. You never knew him. Your mother brought you up a Baptist.

CONSTANTINE. I was an unworthy Baptist. As a Baptist I owe you apologies for my conduct. What does that excellent creed owe me for the little hells of temptation and shame and remorse that I passed through because of it?

Mrs. Madras [in pathetic wonder]. Did

you, Constantine?

Constantine. I did.

MRS. MADRAS. You never told me.

CONSTANTINE [with manly pride]. I should think not.

MRS. MADRAS. But I was longing to have you say you were sorry, and let me forgive you. Twice and three times I'd have forgiven you . . . and you knew it, Constantine.

[CONSTANTINE recovers his humor,

his cool courtesy, and his inhumanity, which he had momentarily lost.

CONSTANTINE. Yes, it was n't so easy to escape your forgiveness. If it were n't for Mahomet, the Prophet of God, Amelia, I should hardly be escaping it now.

[Philip comes delicately in.]

PHILIP. I beg pardon . . . only my [Which he takes from the piano.] book. CONSTANTINE. Don't go, Phil.

So PHILIP joins them, and then, as silence supervenes, says, with obvious cheerfulness . . .]

PHILIP. How are you getting on?

Mrs. Madras [her tongue released]. Philip, don't be flippant. It 's just as your cousin Ernest said. Your father has gone and pretended to marry a lot of wretched women out in that country you showed me on the map, and I don't know what 's to be done. My head 's going round.

CONSTANTINE. Not a lot, Amelia.

MRS. MADRAS. And if anybody had told me, when I was a girl at school, and learning about such things in history and geography, that I should ever find myself in such a situation as this, I would n't have believed them. [She piles up the agony.] Constantine, how are you going to face me Hereafter? Have you thought of that? Was n't our marriage made in Heaven? I must know what is going to happen to us . . . I simply must. I have always prayed that you might come back to me, and that I might close your eyes in death. You know I have, Philip, and I've asked you to tell him so. He has no right to go and do such wicked things. You're mine in the sight of God, Constantine, and you can't deny it.

Without warning, CONSTANTINE loses his temper, jumps up and

thunders at her.]

CONSTANTINE. Woman . . . be silent. Then, as in shame, he turns his back on her and says in the coldest voice . . .] Philip, I have several things to talk over with you. Suggest to your mother that she should leave us alone.

PHILIP [protesting against both temper and dignity]. I shall do nothing of the sort. While my father 's in England, and you 're in our house, he can at least treat his wife with politeness.

MRS. MADRAS [with meek satisfaction]. I'd rather he did n't . . . it's only laughing at me. I'll go to bed. I'd much rather he lost his temper.

> [She gets up to go. Constantine's bitter voice stops her.]

Constantine. Phil . . . when you were a boy . . . your mother and I once quarreled in your presence.

Philip [in bitterness, too]. I remember.

CONSTANTINE. I'm ashamed of it to this day.

Mrs. Madras [quite pleasantly]. Well ... I'm sure I don't remember it. What about?

CONSTANTINE. Oh . . . this terrible country. Every hour I stay in it seems to rob me of some atom of self-respect.

[Mrs. Madras joins battle again at

MRS. MADRAS. Then why did you come back? And why have n't you been to see me before . . . or written to me?

CONSTANTINE [in humorous despair]. Amelia, don't aggravate me any more. Go to bed, if you're going.

MRS. MADRAS. I wish I'd never seen

you again.

PHILIP. Good-night, mother.

[Philip gets her to the door and kisses her kindly. Then CONSTANTINE says, with all the meaning possible

CONSTANTINE. Good-bye, Amelia.

[She turns, the bright hall light falling on her, looks at him hatefully, makes no other reply, goes. Philip comes back to the fire. All this is bitter to him, too. He eyes his father.

CONSTANTINE. I'm sorry. I'm upset.

I was upset when I came here.

PHILIP. What about? The visit to Denmark Hill?

CONSTANTINE [who has apparently forgotten that]. No. . . I did n't go there, after all.

PHILIP. Funked it?

CONSTANTINE [accepting the gibe]. I dare say. Once we were off the 'bus, Harry began to mutter ahout hurting their feelings. I dare say I was funking it, too. I told him to tell them how unbendingly moral he had been with me. He shed three tears as we parted.

PHILIP. Yes . . . my mother was alone here. She's a disappointed woman . . . peevish with ill health. One has her at a disadvantage. But Aunt Kate . . . unveiled and confident, with six corseted daughters to back her!

CONSTANTINE. You think, of course, that I've always treated your mother badly?

PHILIP. I can't help thinking so. Was it

the only way to treat her?

CONSTANTINE. Was I meant to pass the rest of a lifetime making her forget that she was as unhappy as people who have out-

lived their purpose always are?

PHILIP. Personally, I have this grudge against you both, my dear father. As the son of a quarrelsome marriage, I have grown up inclined to dislike men and despise women. You're so full of this purpose of getting the next generation born. Suppose you thought a little more of its upbringing.

CONSTANTINE. What was wrong with

yours?

PHILIP. I had no home.

CONSTANTINE. You spent a Sunday with me every month. You went to the manliest school I could find.

PHILIP. Never mind how I learned Latin and Greek. Who taught me that every pretty, helpless woman was a man's prey . . . and how to order my wife out of the

Constantine [with a shrug]. My dear boy . . . they like it.

PHILIP. Do they?

CONSTANTINE. Well . . . how else are

you to manage them?

PHILIP. Father, don't you realize that . . . in decadent England, at least, this manliness of yours is getting a little out of date . . . that you and your kind begin to look foolish at last?

Constantine [voicing the discomfort that possesses him]. I dare say. Thank God, I shall be quit of the country to-morrow! I got here late this evening because I traveled three stations too far in that Tube, sitting opposite such a pretty little devil. She was so alive . . . so crying out for conquest . . . she had that curve of the instep and the little trick of swinging her foot that I never could resist. How does a man resist it? Yes. That 's ridiculous and ignominious and degrading. I escaped from England to escape from it. Old age here . . . a loose lip and a furtive eye. I'd have asked you to shoot me first.

PHILIP. Was it that upset you? CONSTANTINE. No.

[He frowns; his thoughts are much elsewhere. There is a moment's silence. Philip breaks it.]

PHILIP. Father, what do you know about this Miss Yates affair?

[Constantine gives him a sharp look; then carefully casual . . .]

CONSTANTINE. What you've told me.

PHILIP. No more?

CONSTANTINE. Is there more to know?

[Philif fishes out and hands across
the letter over which he whistled.]

PHILIP. This has just come from Miss Chancellor.

CONSTANTINE. Who's she?

PHILIP. The housekeeper at Peckham, who rashly accused Brigstock of being the other responsible party.

CONSTANTINE. Is he?

PHILIP. I think not. But she incloses a letter she has just had from Brigstock's solicitors, to the effect that both an apology and compensation is due to him unless the slander is to come into court. Hers faithfully, Meyrick & Hodges.

CONSTANTINE. I don't know them.

PHILIP. We were all still making personal remarks at half past twelve to-day . . . so by their expedition I should say they both are and are not a first-class firm. But suppose the whole thing is made public . . . then the question of the parentage must be cleared up. Miss Yates says it's nobody's business but hers. That's an odd idea, in which, if she chooses to have it, the law seems to support her.

[The steady eye and the steady voice have seemed to make the tension unbearable, and Philip has meant them to. But he hardly expected this outburst. Constantine, in his own dramatically dignified way,

has a fit of hysterics.]

CONSTANTINE. Phil, I saw the little baggage when the shop closed. I insisted on her meeting me. You know how I've always behaved over these matters. No one could have been kinder. But she refused money.

PHILIP [calling on the gods to witness this occasion]. Well... I might have guessed. Oh... you incorrigible old man!

CONSTANTINE. She insulted me . . . said

she 'd done with me . . . denied me the right to my own child. I 'd even have taken her away. But you 're helpless. I never felt so degraded in my life.

PHILIP. Serve you right!

CONSTANTINE. . . . But the girl's mad! Think of my feelings. What does it make of me? Did she know what she was saying?

PHILIP [framing his thoughts at last]. Possibly not . . . but I'm thankful some woman's been found at last to put you in

your place.

[These parental-filial passages have brought the two of them face to face, strung to shouting pitch. They become aware of it when JESSICA walks in very gently.]

JESSICA. Your mother gone?

PHILIP. To bed.

JESSICA [conscious of thunder]. Am I intruding? I sent Phil in for his book a while ago. He did n't return, so I judged that he was. Perhaps I'm not?

[CONSTANTINE is master of himself again, though the hand holding the letter which Philip gave him does

tremble a little still.

CONSTANTINE. Well . . . what does Miss Chancellor want?

PHILIP. She asks my advice. CONSTANTINE. Dismiss Baxter. PHILIP. D'you mean Brigstock?

CONSTANTINE. Brigstock, then. Dismiss

him

PHILIP. What's he done to deserve it?

CONSTANTINE. He seems a nonentity of a fellow, and without grit enough to own up to his wife and risk his place. D'you want to protect a man from the consequences of what he is?

Philip. Society conspires to.

CONSTANTINE. Then pay him fifty pounds for the damage to his silly little reputation. That 'll be a just consequence to you of sentimentalizing over him.

PHILIP. And stick to Miss Chancellor? CONSTANTINE. Certainly. Thank her

CONSTANTINE. Certainly. Thank her from the firm for nosing out such a scandal.

PHILIP. And what about Miss Yates?

JESSICA. The girl in your office this morning?

PHILIP. Yes.

JESSICA. In the usual trouble?

PHILIP. How d'you know that?

JESSICA. By the tone of your voice.

CONSTANTINE [more slowly, more carefully, a little resentfully]. Dismiss Miss Yates. Keep your eye on her . . . and in a year's time find her a better place . . . if you can . . . in one of these new Madras Houses of State's. He seems to pay very well. [Then with a breath of relief he becomes his old charming self again.] Let us change

JESSICA. Growing.

Constantine. I ve an appointment with my solicitor to-night... ten o'clock. There will be two or three thousand pounds to come to that young lady by my will. I mean to leave it as a dowry for her marriage... its interest to be paid to her if she's a spinster at thirty... which Heaven forbid.

the subject. How is Mildred, Jessica?

PHILIP. What are you doing with the

rest, father?

CONSTANTINE. There are one or two... legacies of honor, shall I call them? What remains will come to you.

PHILIP. Yes . . . I don't want it, thank

you.

CONSTANTINE. It is n't much.

PHILIP. Take it to Hit, that charming village on the borders of Southern Arabia. Stick it in the ground . . . let it breed more corn and oil for you. We've too much of it already . . . it breeds idleness here.

CONSTANTINE. Dear me!

[They settle into a chat.]
JESSICA. We 're discussing a reduction of

our income by a few hundreds a year.

PHILIP. I'm refusing State's directorship.

JESSICA. Though I'm waiting for Phil
to tell me where the saving's to come in.

PHILIP. We ought to change that school of Mildred's, for one thing.

JESSICA. Nonsense, Phil!
PHILIP. My dear father, I spent a day
there with the child, and upon my word, the
only thing she's being taught which will not
be a mere idle accomplishment is gardening. And even in their gardens... No
vegetables allowed!

Jessica. Phil, I don't mean to have any nonsense with Mildred about earning her living. Accomplished women have a very good time in this world . . . serious women

don't. I want my daughter to be happy.

Philip. If we've only enough life left to

be happy with we must keep ourselves decently poor. [Constantine gets up.] Constantine. Could you get me a taxi,

I wonder? It had started raining when I

came.

PHILIP. There'll be one on the stand opposite.

CONSTANTINE. I must n't be too late for Voysey. He makes a favor of coming after

Jessica. I frankly cultivate expensive tastes. I like to have things beautiful around me. I don't know what else civilization means.

CONSTANTINE. I am sure that Philip can

refuse you nothing.

PHILIP. If I do dismiss Miss Yates, I wonder if I could do it brutally enough to induce her to accept some compensation.

JESSICA. What for?

PHILIP. She won't take money from this gentleman . . . whoever he is . . . that is, she won't be bribed into admitting her shame.

Jessica. When a woman has gone wrong may n't it be her duty to other women to

own up to it?

CONSTANTINE [who has stood still the while, stroking his beard]. If your auditors won't pass any decent sum, I should be happy to send you a check, Phil.

PHILIP [with a wry smile]. That would be

very generous of you, father.

CONSTANTINE. Good-bye, Jessica.

Jessica. Good-bye.

CONSTANTINE. Philip is fortunate in his marriage.

JESSICA. So good of you to remind him

of that.

CONSTANTINE. You have a charming home. I wonder how much of your womanly civilization it would have needed to conquer me. Well . . . I leave you to your conversation. A pleasant life to you.

[He bends over her hand as if to kiss it. She takes it, as if fastidiously, out of his soft grasp. So he bows

again and leaves her.]

CONSTANTINE. Victoria at eleven o'clock to-morrow, Philip.

PHILIP. Yes . . . I 'll see you off.

CONSTANTINE. I have to do a little shopping quite early.

PHILIP. Shopping! What can the West

send the East?

CONSTANTINE. I must take back a trinket or two.

PHILIP. To be sure. We do the same on our travels.

[Philip sees him through the hall to the front door, hails a stray cab, and is quit of him. Jessica moves about as if to free the air of this visitation, and when Philip comes back...]

JESSICA. Does your father usually scatter checks so generously and carelessly?

PHILIP. Jessica, while I have every respect for that young lady's independence . . . still, two hundred pounds would be all to the good of the child's upbringing . . . and why should n't Miss Yates keep her secret?

Jessica. Yes. I don't like your father. And I'm sometimes afraid that you're only an intellectual edition of him. It's very vital, of course, to go about seducing everybody to your own way of thinking. But really it's not quite civilized. You ought to learn to talk about the weather.

PHILIP. I cannot talk about what can't

be helped.

[He had settled to a chair and a cigarette, but on the impulse he abandons both and starts a lively argument instead. PHILIP's excited arguments are carried on in short dashes about the room and with queer un-English gestures.]

PHILIP. And I wonder more and more what the devil you all mean by civilization. This room is civilization. Whose civilization? Not ours.

JESSICA [in mock despair]. Oh, dear!

PHILIP. Cheer up. Did n't you marry me because I thought more of Bach than Offenbach? Why should n't you share a fresh set of convictions? This sort of marriage is worth while, you know. Even one's quarrels have a certain dignity.

PHILIP [shaking his fist at the world in general]. Whitechapel High Street's our

civilization.

JESSICA. I don't know it.

PHILIP. Therefore you don't much matter, my dear... any more than my father did with his view of life as a sort of lovechase. [He surveys the charming room that is his home.] Persian carpet on the floor. Last

Supper, by Ghirlandajo, over the mante's piece. The sofa you're sitting on was made in a forgotten France. This is a museum. And down at that precious school what are they cultivating Mildred's mind into but another museum . . . of good manners and good taste and . . . [He catches Jessica's half scornful, half kindly-quizzical look.] Are we going to have a row about this?

JESSICA. If you Idealists want Mildred to live in the Whitechapel Road . . . make

it a fit place for her.

PHILIP [taking the thrust and enjoyably returning it]. When she lives in it it will become so. Why do I give up designing dresses and running a fashion shop to go on the County Council . . . if I can get on? And not to cut a fine figure there, either. But to be on a committee or committees. Not to talk finely even then . . . Lord keep me from the temptation . . . but to do dull, hard work over drains and disinfectants and . . .

JESSICA. Well . . . why, Phil? I may

as well know.

PHILIP. To save my soul alive.

JESSICA. I'm sure I hope you may. But what is it we're to cultivate in poor Mildred's soul?

[Philip stops in his walk, and then

PHILIP. Why not a sense of ugliness? Have you ever really looked at a London street . . . walked slowly up and down it three times . . . carefully testing it with every cultured sense?

Jessica. Yes . . . it's loathsome. Philip. Then what have you done?

JESSICA. What can one do?

PHILIP. Come home to play a sonata of Beethoven! Does that drown the sights and the sounds and the smell of it?

JESSICA. Yes . . . it does.

PHILIP [in fierce revolt]. Not to me . . .

my God . . . not to me!

Jessica [gently bitter]. For so many women, Phil, art has to make life possible.

PHILIF. Suppose we teach Mildred to look out of the window at the life outside. We want to make that impossible. Neither Art nor Religion nor good manners have made of the world a place I 'll go on living in if I can help it. [He throws himself into a chair.] D' you remember in my young

days when I used to spend part of a holiday lecturing on Shelley?

Jessica. Yes. Philip. I remember once traveling in the train with a poor wretch who lived . . . so he told me . . . on what margins of profit he could pick up by standing rather incompetently between the cornfield and the baker . . . or the coal mine and the fire . . . or the landowner and the tenant . . . I forget which. And he was weary and irritable and unhealthy. And he hated Jones . . . because Jones had done him out of a half per cent on two hundred and fifty pounds . . . and if the sum had been bigger he'd have sued him, so he would. And the end of Prometheus was running in my head . . .

This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be Jood, great and joyous, beautiful and free . . .

and I thought him a mean fellow. And then he told me how he dreaded bankruptcy, and how his uncle, who had been a clerk, ad come to the workhouse . . . and what disgrace that was. And I'm afraid he was a little drunk. And I wondered whether it would be possible to interest him in the question of Shelley's position as a prosodist ... or whether even the beauties of Prometheus would comfort him at all. But when he asked me what I was going to Manchester for . . . do you know, I was ashamed to tell him?

There falls a little silence.

voices hardly break it.]

Jessica. Yes . . . a terrible world . . an ugly, stupid, wasteful world. A hateful

world!

PHILIP. And yet we have to teach Mildred what love of the world means, Jessica. Even if it's an uncomfortable business. Even if it means not adding her to that aristocracy of good feeling and good taste . . . the very latest of class distinctions. I tell you I have n't come by these doubts so easily. Beautiful sounds and sights and thoughts are all of the world's heritage I care about. Giving them up is like giving my carefully created soul out of my keeping before I die.

JESSICA [with a sudden fling of her hands].

And into whose?

PHILIP [shaking his head at the fire]. I'm afraid into the keeping of everybody we are at present tempted to dislike and despise. For that's Public Life. That's Democracy. But that's the Future. [He looks across at his wife half curiously.] I know it's even harder for you women. You put off your armor for a man you love. But otherwise you've your Honor and Dignity and Purity

JESSICA. Do you want a world without

that, either?

PHILIP. I rather want to know just what the world gets by it. Those six thin girls at my uncle's . . . what do we get from them or they from the world? Little Miss Yates, now . . . her transgressions may be the most profitable thing about her . . .

JESSICA. Two wrongs don't make a right. PHILIP [quaintly]. They often do . . . properly mixed. Of course you women could serve yourselves up to such lords of creation as my father quite profitably, in one

sense, if you would.

JESSICA [her lip curling]. Thank you . . .

we're not cattle.

PHILIP. No. Then there's a price to be paid for free womanhood, I think . . . and how many of you ladies are willing to pay it? Come out and be common women among us common men? [He leans towards her, and his voice deepens.] Jessica, do you feel that it was you shot that poor devil six months ago? . . . that it's you who are to be hanged to-morrow?

JESSICA. I don't think I do.

PHILIP. That it's your body is being sold on some street this evening?

[She gives a little most genuine shud-

JESSICA. I hate to think about such

things.

PHILIP [summing up]. Then there 's precious little hope for the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth. I know it sounds mere nonsense, but I'm sure it's true. If we can't love the bad as well as the beautiful . . . if we won't share it all out now . . . fresh air and art . . . and dirt and sin . . . then we good and clever people are costing the world too much. Our brains cost too much if we don't give them freely. Your beauty costs too much if I only admire it because of the uglier women I see . . . even your virtue may cost too much, my dear. Rags pay for finery and ugliness for beauty, and sin pays for virtue. Why can nothing keep

for long more beauty in a good man's eyes than the ugliest thing on earth? Why need no man be wiser than the biggest fool on earth? Why does it profit neither man nor woman to be more righteous than the greatest sinner on earth? [He clenches his hands.] These are the riddles this Sphinx of a world is asking me. Your artists and scholars and preachers don't answer them . . . so I must turn my back for a bit on artist and scholar and preacher . . . all three.

> [Jessica looks at him as he completes his apologia, sympathetic, if not understanding. Then she rallies

him cheerfully.

JESSICA. Meanwhile, my dear Phil, I shall not stop subscribing to the London Symphony Concerts . . . and I shall expect you to take me occasionally.

PHILIP [jumping back from his philosophic world]. Oh . . . that reminds me . . . I 've

a message for you from Tommy.

JESSICA. Have you? He was really irri-

tating this morning.

PHILIP. We must take Tommy with a sense of humor. It was n't so much a message as one of those little bursts of childlike confidence . . . he endears himself to one with them from time to time.

Jessica. About me? Philip. Yes. What it comes to is this. Will you please not flirt with him any more, because he has n't the time, and he 's too fond both of me and his wife to want to find himself seriously in love with you.

> [Now Philip has not said this unguardedly, and Jessica knows it. She'll walk into no little trap set for her vanity or the like. Still, it is with hardly a steady voice that she says simply . . .]

JESSICA. Thank you for the message.

[Philip goes cheerfully on; he is turning the pages of his book.

PHILIP. He does n't at all suppose you are in love with him . . . seriously or otherwise.

JESSICA [steadily]. Do you?

PHILIP. No.

Jessica [her tone sharpening still]. And is this the first time you've discussed me with Tommy or any one? Please let it be the last.

Phillip. Are you angry, Jessica? JESSICA. I'm more than angry.

PHILIP. I'm sorry.

Having kept her temper successfully, if not the sense of humor which Philip warned her he was appealing to, Jessica now allows herself a deliberate outburst of indignation.]

Jessica. I despise men. I despised them when I was fifteen . . . the first year I was conscious of them. I've been through many opinions since . . . and I come back to despising them.

PHILIP. He was afraid you wouldn't be pleased with him. But he has my sym-

pathies, Jessica.

Jessica [throwing back her head]. Has

PHILIP. Tommy is what the entertaining State called this afternoon the Mean Sensual Man.

JESSICA [with utter contempt]. Yes. When we're alone, having a jolly talk about things in general, he 's all the time thinking I want him to kiss me.

PHILIP. While what you really want is to have him wanting to kiss you but never to kiss vou.

JESSICA [in protest]. No.

PHILIP [fixing her with a finger.] Oh, yes, Jessica.

> [Jessica's sense of humor returns for a moment.]

Jessica. Well . . . I can't help it if he

PHILIP. You can, of course. And the Mean Sensual Man calls it being made a fool of.

> [She puts a serious face on it again: not that she can keep one with Philip's twinkling at her.

JESSICA. I give you my word I've never tried to flirt with Tommy . . . except once or twice when he has been boring me. And perhaps once or twice when I was in the dumps . . . and there he was . . . and I was boring him. I know him too well to flirt with him . . . you can't flirt with a man you know well. But he's been boring me lately, and I suppose I've been a bit bored. But suppose I have been flirting with him . . . Î thought he was safe enough. That attempt failing, there is a tack left, and on this she really manages to work herself back to indignation.] And a caddish thing to go speaking to you about it.

PHILIP. So he said . . . so he said.

JESSICA. Worse than caddish . . . outrageous! I never heard of such a thing . . . you should n't have let him.

PHILIP. Should I have knocked him down when he mentioned your name?

Jessica. Yes . . . I wish you had.

PHILIP. Little savage!

JESSICA. I can't laugh about this. I'm hurt.

PHILIP. My dear, if you have any sense at all, you'll ask him to dinner and chaff him about it . . . before me.

JESSICA. Have you any understanding of what a woman feels when men treat her like this? Degraded and cheapened.

> But the high moral tone Philip will not stand. He drops chaff and tackles her.]

PHILIP. I can tell you what the man feels. He'll be either my father or me. That's your choice. Tommy's my father when you've put on your best gown to attract him, or he's me when he honestly says that he'd rather you wouldn't. Do you want him to be me or my father? That's the first question for you.

JESSICA. I want a man to treat a woman

with courtesy and respect.

PHILIP. And what does that come to? My dear, don't you know that the Mean Sensual Man . . . no, not Tommy for the moment, but say Dick or Harry . . . looks on you all as choice morsels . . . with your prettinesses, your dressings-up, your music and art, as so much sauce to his appetite? Which only a mysterious thing called your virtue prevents him from indulging . . . almost by force, if it were n't for the police, Jessica? Do you like that?

JESSICA. I don't believe it.

PHILIP. Do you really believe that most men's good manners towards most pretty women are anything else but good manners?

JESSICA. I prefer good manners to yours. Then, both fine taste and sense of humor to the rescue again.] No . . . that 's rude.

PHILIP [with much more affection than the words convey]. I treat you as a man would treat another man . . . neither better nor worse. Is the compliment quite wasted?

Jessica [as amazed at this unreasonable world]. I want to be friends with men. I'd sooner be friends with them. It's they who flirt with me. Why?

PHILIP [incurably mischievous]. Of course

I've forgotten what you look like, and I never notice what you have on . . . but I suspect it's because you're rather pretty and attractive.

JESSICA. Do you want women not to be?

PHILIP. No.

JESSICA. It's perfectly sickening. Of course, if I had dozens of children, and grew an old woman with the last one, I should be quite out of danger. But we can't all be like that . . . you don't want us to be.

Philip [purely negative]. No.

[He leaves her free to justify herself.] JESSICA. I do my share of things. make a home for you. I entertain your friends. It may cost your precious world too much . . . my civilization . . . but you want all this done. [Then with a certainly womanly reserve. And Phil . . . suppose I'm not much nicer by nature than some of you men? When I was a baby, if I'd not been fastidious I should have been a sad glutton. My culture . . . my civilization . . . may n't be quite up to keeping the brilliant Tommy a decent friend to me, but it has its uses.

But Philip means to laugh this out

of court, too.]

PHILIP. Look here, if it's only your culture keeps you from kissing Tommy . . . kiss him.

> [To be so driven from pillar to post really does exasperate her.]

JESSICA. Phil . . . I sometimes think I'd sooner have been married to your father.

PHILIP. Why?

JESSICA. If you went on as he did instead of as you do . . . I should be sorry . . . I should despise you . . . but it would string me up and add to my self-respect enormously! [Then a little appealingly.] But it's when you're inhuman, Phil . . . that I'm ever so little tempted.

Philip [contrite at once]. I know I am. Then he gets up to stand looking into the fire, and what he says is heartfelt.] But I do so hate that farmyard world of sex . . . men and women always treating each other in this unfriendly way . . . that I'm afraid

it hardens me a bit.

Jessica [from her side, gently, with just a look at him]. I hate it, too . . . but I happen to love you, Phil.

[They smile at each other.

PHILIP. Yes, my dear. If you'd kindly come over here . . . I should like to kiss you.

JESSICA. I won't. You can come over to

me.

Philip. Will you meet me halfway?

[They meet halfway, and kiss as husband and wife can. They stand together, looking into the fire.]

PHILIP. Do you know the sort of world I want to live in?

JESSICA. Should I like it?

PHILIP. Has n't Humanity come of age at last?

JESSICA. Has it?

Philip. May n't we hope so? Finery sits so well on children. And they strut and make love absurdly . . . even their quarreling is in all good faith and innocence. But I don't see why we men and women should not find all happiness . . . and beauty, too, . . . in soberer purposes. And with each other . . . why not always some touch of the tranquil understanding which is yours and mine, dear, at the best of moments?

Jessica [happily]. Do you mean when we sometimes suddenly want to shake

hands?

PHILIP [happily, too]. That's it. And I want an art and a culture that shan't be just a veneer on savagery . . . but it must spring in good time from the happiness of a whole people.

[Jessica gives herself one little shake of womanly common sense.]

JESSICA. Well, what's to be done?
PHILIP [nobody more practical than he].
I've been making suggestions. We must

learn to live on a thousand a year . . . put Mildred to a sensible school . . . and I must go on the County Council. That's how these great spiritual revolutions work out in practice, to begin with.

JESSICA [as one who demands a right].

Where 's my share of the job?

PHILIP [conscious of some helplessness]. How is a man to tell you? There's enough to choose from.

JESSICA [the burden of her sex's present fate upon her]. Ah, you're normal. Nobody sizes you up as a good man or a bad man . . . pretty or plain. There's a trade for bad women and several professions for plain ones. But I've been taught how to be charming and to like dainty clothes. And I dare say I'm excitable and emotional . . . but I can't help it. I'm well off, married to you, I know. You do make me forget I'm a female occasionally.

PHILIP. Male and female created He them . . . and left us to do the rest. Men and women are a long time in the making

. . . are n't they?

Jessica [enviously]. Oh . . . you're all right.

PHILIP [with some humble knowledge of himself]. Are we?

JESSICA. But I tell you, Phil, it is n't so easy for us. You don't always let us have the fairest of chances, do you?

PHILIP. No, I grant it's not easy. But

it's got to be done.

JESSICA. Yes . .

She does n't finish, for really there is no end to the subject. But for a moment or two longer, happy together, they stand looking into the fire.

THE HOUR-GLASS A MORALITY

By W. B. YEATS

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A WISE MAN
A FOOL
SOME PUPILS
AN ANGEL

THE WISE MAN'S WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN



THE HOUR-GLASS

Scene: A large room with a door at the back and another at the side opening to an inner room. A desk and a chair in the middle. An hour-glass on a bracket near the door. A creepy stool near it. Some benches. The Wise Man sitting at his desk.

Wise Man Sturning over the pages of a book]. Where is that passage I am to explain to my pupils to-day? Here it is, and the book says that it was written by a beggar on the walls of Babylon: "There are two living countries, the one visible and the one invisible; and when it is winter with us it is summer in that country; and when the November winds are up among us it is lambing-time there." I wish that my pupils had asked me to explain any other passage, for this is a hard passage. [The Fool comes in and stands at the door, holding out his hat. He has a pair of shears in the other hand. It sounds to me like foolishness; and yet that cannot be, for the writer of this book, where I have found so much knowledge, would not have set it by itself on this page, and surrounded it with so many images and so many deep colors and so much fine gilding, if it had been foolishness.

Fool. Give me a penny.

WISE MAN. [Turns to another page.] Here he has written: "The learned in old times forgot the visible country." That I understand, but I have taught my learners better.

FOOL. Won't you give me a penny?

WISE MAN. What do you want? The words of the wise Saracen will not teach you much.

FOOL. Such a great wise teacher as you are will not refuse a penny to a Fool.

WISE MAN. What do you know about wisdom?

FOOL. Oh, I know! I know what I have

geen.

Wise Man. What is it you have seen?
FOOL. When I went by Kilcluan where
the bells used to be ringing at the break of

every day, I could hear nothing but the people snoring in their houses. When I went by Tubbervanach where the young men used to be climbing the hill to the blessed well, they were sitting at the crossroads playing cards. When I went by Carrigoras where the friars used to be fasting and serving the poor, I saw them drinking wine and obeying their wives. And when I asked what misfortune had brought all these changes, they said it was no misfortune, but it was the wisdom they had learned from your teaching.

WISE MAN. Run round to the kitchen, and my wife will give you something to

eat.

FOOL. That is foolish advice for a wise man to give.

WISE MAN. Why, Fool?

FOOL. What is eaten is gone. I want pennies for my bag. I must buy bacon in the shops, and nuts in the market, and strong drink for the time when the sun is weak. And I want snares to catch the rabbits and the squirrels and the hares, and a pot to cook them in.

Wise Man. Go away. I have other things to think of now than giving you

pennies.

FOOL. Give me a penny and I will bring you luck. Bresal the Fisherman lets me sleep among the nets in his loft in the winter-time because he says I bring him luck; and in the summer-time the wild creatures let me sleep near their nests and their holes. It is lucky even to look at me or to touch me, but it is much more lucky to give me a penny. [Holds out his hand.] If I was n't lucky, I'd starve.

WISE MAN. What have you got the

shears for?

FOOL. I won't tell you. If I told you,

you would drive them away.

Wise Man. Whom would I drive away? Fool. I won't tell you.

Wise Man. Not if I give you a penny?

WISE MAN. Not if I give you two pennies.

FOOL. You will be very lucky if you give me two pennies, but I won't tell you. Wise Man. Three pennies?

FOOL. Four, and I will tell you!

WISE MAN. Very well, four. But I will not call you Teigue the Fool any longer.

FOOL. Let me come close to you where nobody will hear me. But first you must promise you will not drive them away. [Wise Man nods.] Every day men go out dressed in black and spread great black nets over the hills, great black nets.

WISE MAN. Why do they do that?

FOOL. That they may catch the feet of the angels. But every morning, just before the dawn, I go out and cut the nets with my shears, and the angels fly away.

WISE MAN. Ah, now I know that you are Teigue the Fool. You have told me that I am wise, and I have never seen an angel.

FOOL. I have seen plenty of angels. WISE MAN. Do you bring luck to the

angels too.

FOOL. Oh, no, no! No one could do that. But they are always there if one looks about one; they are like the blades of grass.

WISE MAN. When do you see them? Foor. When one gets quiet; then something wakes up inside one, something happy and quiet like the stars - not like the seven that move, but like the fixed stars.

[He points upward.]

WISE MAN. And what happens then? FOOL. Then all in a minute one smells summer flowers, and tall people go by, happy and laughing, and their clothes are the color of burning sods.

Wise Man. Is it long since you have

seen them, Teigue the Fool?

FOOL. Not long, glory be to God! I saw one coming behind me just now. It was not laughing, but it had clothes the color of burning sods, and there was something shining about its head.

WISE MAN. Well, there are your four pennies. You, a fool, say "Glory be to God," but before I came the wise men said it. Run away now. I must ring the bell for

my scholars.

FOOL. Four pennies! That means a great deal of luck. Great teacher, I have brought you plenty of luck!

[He goes out shaking the bag.]

WISE MAN. Though they call him Teigue the Fool, he is not more foolish than everybody used to be, with their dreams and their preachings and their three worlds; but I have overthrown their three worlds with the seven sciences. [He touches the books with his hands. With Philosophy that was made for the lonely star, I have taught them to forget Theology; with Architecture, I have hidden the ramparts of their cloudy heaven; with Music, the fierce planets' daughter whose hair is always on fire, and with Grammar that is the moon's daughter, I have shut their ears to the imaginary harpings and speech of the angels; and I have made formations of battle with Arithmetic that have put the hosts of heaven to the rout. But, Rhetoric and Dialectic, that have been born out of the light star and out of the amorous star, you have been my spearman and my catapult! Oh! my swift horseman! Oh! my keen darting arguments, it is because of you that I have overthrown the hosts of foolishness! [An ANGEL, in a dress the color of embers, and carrying a blossoming apple bough in his hand and with a gilded halo about his head, stands upon the threshold. Before I came, men's minds were stuffed with folly about a heaven where birds sang the hours, and about angels that came and stood upon men's thresholds. But I have locked the visions into heaven and turned the key upon them. Well, I must consider this passage about the two countries. My mother used to say something of the kind. She would say that when our bodies sleep our souls awake, and that whatever withers here ripens yonder, and that harvests are snatched from us that they may feed invisible people. But the meaning of the book must be different, for only fools and women have thoughts like that; their thoughts were never written upon the walls of Babylon. [He sees the ANGEL.] What are you? Who are you? I think I saw some that were like you in my dreams when I was a child - that bright thing, that dress that is the color of embers! But I have done with dreams, I have done with dreams.

ANGEL. I am the Angel of the Most High

God. WISE MAN. Why have you come to me? ANGEL. I have brought you a message.

WISE MAN. What message have you got for me?

ANGEL. You will die within the hour. You will die when the last grains have fallen [He turns the hour-glass.] in this glass.

WISE MAN. My time to die has not come. I have my pupils. I have a young wife and children that I cannot leave. Why must I

die? ANGEL. You must die because no souls have passed over the threshold of heaven since you came into this country. The threshold is grassy, and the gates are rusty, and the angels that keep watch there are lonely.

WISE MAN. Where will death bring me

ANGEL. The doors of heaven will not open to you, for you have denied the existence of heaven; and the doors of purgatory will not open to you, for you have denied the existence of purgatory.

WISE MAN. But I have also denied the

existence of hell!

ANGEL. Hell is the place of those who

deny.

Wise Man [kneeling]. I have indeed denied everything and have taught others to deny. I have believed in nothing but what my senses told me. But, oh! beautiful Angel, forgive me, forgive me!

ANGEL. You should have asked forgive-

ness long ago.

WISE MAN. Had I seen your face as I see it now, oh! beautiful Angel, I would have believed, I would have asked forgiveness. Maybe you do not know how easy it is to doubt. Storm, death, the grass rotting, many sicknesses, those are the messengers that came to me. Oh! why are you silent? You carry the pardon of the Most High; give it to me! I would kiss your hands if I were not afraid — no, no, the hem of your dress!

ANGEL. You let go undying hands too

long ago to take hold of them now.

WISE MAN. You cannot understand. You live in that country people only see in their dreams. You live in a country that we can only dream about. Maybe it is as hard for you to understand why we disbelieve as it is for us to believe. Oh! what have I said! You know everything! Give me time to undo what I have done. Give me a year a month - a day - an hour! Give me to this hour's end, that I may undo what I have done!

ANGEL. You cannot undo what you have done. Yet I have this power with my message. If you can find one that believes before the hour's end, you shall come to heaven after the years of purgatory. For, from one fiery seed, watched over by those that sent me, the harvest can come again to heap the golden threshing-floor. But now farewell, for I am weary of the weight of time.

WISE MAN. Blessed be the Father, blessed be the Son, blessed be the Spirit, blessed be the Messenger They have sent!

ANGEL [at the door and pointing at the hour-glass]. In a little while the uppermost glass will be empty. [Goes out.]

WISE MAN. Everything will be well with me. I will call my pupils; they only say they doubt. [Pulls the bell.] They will be here in a moment. I hear their feet outside on the path. They want to please me; they pretend that they disbelieve. Belief is too old to be overcome all in a minute. Besides, I can prove what I once disproved. [Another pull at the bell. They are coming now. I will go to my desk. I will speak quietly, as if nothing had happened.

He stands at the desk with a fixed look

in his eyes.]

[Enter Pupils and the Fool.]

FOOL. Leave me alone. Leave me alone. Who is that pulling at my bag? King's son, do not pull at my bag.

A Young Man. Did your friends the angels give you that bag? Why don't they

fill your bag for you?

FOOL. Give me pennies! Give me some

pennies!

A Young Man. Let go his cloak, it is coming to pieces. What do you want pennies for, with that great bag at your waist?

FOOL. I want to buy bacon in the shops, and nuts in the market, and strong drink for the time when the sun is weak, and snares to catch rabbits and the squirrels that steal the nuts, and hares, and a great pot to cook them in.

A Young Man. Why don't your friends

tell you where buried treasures are?

Another. Why don't they make you dream about treasures? If one dreams three times, there is always treasure.

FOOL [holding out his hat]. Give me pen-

nies! Give me pennies!

They throw pennies into his hat. He is standing close to the door, that he may hold out his hat to each newcomer.]

A Young Man. Master, will you have

Teigue the Fool for a scholar?

Another Young Man. Teigue, will you give us pennies if we teach you lessons? No, he goes to school for nothing on the mountains. Tell us what you learn on the mountains, Teigue?

WISE MAN. Be silent all. [He has been standing silent, looking away.] Stand still in your places, for there is something I would

have you tell me.

[A moment's pause. They all stand round in their places. TEIGUE still stands at the door.

WISE MAN. Is there any one amongst you who believes in God? In heaven? Or in purgatory? Or in hell?

ALL THE YOUNG MEN. No one, Master!

No one !

Wise Man. I knew you would all say that; but do not be afraid. I will not be angry. Tell me the truth. Do you not believe? A Young Man. We once did, but you

have taught us to know better.

WISE MAN. Oh! teaching, teaching does not go very deep! The heart remains unchanged under it all. You believe just as you always did, and you are afraid to tell me.

A Young Man. No, no, master.

WISE MAN. If you tell me that you believe I shall be glad and not angry.

A Young Man. [To his neighbor.] He

wants somebody to dispute with.

HIS NEIGHBOR. I knew that from the

beginning.

A Young Man. That is not the subject for to-day; you were going to talk about the words the beggar wrote upon the walls of Babylon.

WISE MAN. If there is one amongst you that believes, he will be my best friend. Surely there is one amongst you. [They are all silent.] Surely what you learned at your mother's knees has not been so soon forgotten.

A Young Man. Master, till you came, no teacher in this land was able to get rid of foolishness and ignorance. But every one has listened to you, every one has learned the truth. You have had your last disputation.

ANOTHER. What a fool you made of that monk in the market-place! He had not a word to say.

WISE MAN. [Comes from his desk and stands among them in the middle of the room. Pupils, dear friends, I have deceived you all this time. It was I myself who was ignorant. There is a God. There is a heaven. There is fire that passes, and there is fire that lasts for ever.

[Teigue, through all this, is sitting on a stool by the door, reckoning on his fingers what he will buy with his money.

A Young Man [to another]. He will not be satisfied till we dispute with him. [To the Wise Man. Prove it, master. Have you seen them?

WISE MAN [in a low, solemn voice]. Just now, before you came in, some one came to the door, and when I looked up I saw an angel standing there.

A Young Man. You were in a dream. Anybody can see an angel in his dreams.

Wise Man. Oh, my God! It was not a dream. I was awake, waking as I am now. I tell you I was awake as I am now.

A Young Man. Some dream when they are awake, but they are the crazy, and who would believe what they say? Forgive me, master, but that is what you taught me to say. That is what you said to the monk when he spoke of the visions of the saints and the martyrs.

Another Young Man. You see how

well we remember your teaching.

WISE MAN. Out, out from my sight! I want some one with belief. I must find that grain the Angel spoke of before I die. I tell you I must find it, and you answer me with arguments. Out with you, or I will beat you with my stick! [The young men laugh.]

A Young Man. How well he plays at faith! He is like the monk when he had

nothing more to say.

WISE MAN. Out, out, or I will lay this stick about your shoulders! Out with you, though you are a king's son!

[They begin to hurry out.] A Young Man. Come, come; he wants us to find some one who will dispute with him. [All go out.]

WISE MAN [alone. He goes to the door at the side]. I will call my wife. She will believe; women always believe. [He opens the door and calls.] Bridget! Bridget! [BRIDGET comes in wearing her apron, her sleeves turned up from her floury arms.] Bridget, tell me

the truth; do not say what you think will please me. Do you sometimes say your

prayers?

BRIDGET. Prayers! No, you taught me to leave them off long ago. At first I was sorry, but I am glad now, for I am sleepy in the evenings.

WISE MAN. But do you not believe in

God?

BRIDGET. Oh, a good wife only believes

what her husband tells her!

Wise Man. But sometimes when you are alone, when I am in the school and the children asleep, do you not think about the saints, about the things you used to believe in? What do you think of when you are alone?

BRIDGET [considering]. I think about nothing. Sometimes I wonder if the pig is fattening well, or I go out to see if the crows are picking up the chickens' food.

WISE MAN. Oh, what can I do! Is there nobody who believes? I must go and find somebody! [He goes toward the door but stops with his eyes fixed on the hour-glass.] I cannot go out; I cannot leave that!

BRIDGET. You want somebody to get up

an argument with.

WISE MAN. Oh, look out of the door and tell me if there is anybody there in the street. I cannot leave this glass; somebody might shake it! Then the sand would fall more quickly.

BRIDGET. I don't understand what you

Bridget. I don't understand what you are saying. [Looks out.] There is a great crowd of people talking to your pupils.

WISE MAN. Oh, run out, Bridget, and see if they have found somebody that believes!

BRIDGET [wiping her arms in her apron and pulling down her sleeves]. It's a hard thing to be married to a man of learning that must be always having arguments. [Goes out and shouts through the kitchen door.] Don't be meddling with the bread, children, while I'm out.

WISE MAN. [Kneels down.] "Salvum me fac, Deus—salvum—salvum..." I have forgotten it all. It is thirty years since I have said a prayer. I must pray in the common tongue, like a clown begging in the market, like Teigue the Fool! [He prays.] Help me, Father, Son, and Spirit!

(Bridget enters, followed by the Fool, who is holding out his hat to her.)

FOOL. Give me something; give me a

penny to buy bacon in the shops, and nuts in the market, and strong drink for the time when the sun grows weak.

BRIDGET. I have no pennies. [To the WISE MAN.] Your pupils cannot find anybody to argue with you. There is nobody in the whole country who had enough belief to fill a pipe with since you put down the monk. Can't you be quiet now and not always be wanting to have arguments? It must be terrible to have a mind like that.

Wise Man. I am lost! I am lost!

BRIDGET. Leave me alone now; I have to make the bread for you and the children.

WISE MAN. Out of this, woman, out of this, I say! [BRIDGET goes through the kitchen door.] Will nobody find a way to help me! But she spoke of my children. I had forgotten them. They will believe. It is only those who have reason that doubt; the young are full of faith. Bridget, Bridget, send my children to me!

Bridget [inside]. Your father wants you;

run to him now.

[The two children come in. They stand together a little way from the threshold of the kitchen door, looking timidly at their father.]

WISE MAN. Children, what do you believe? Is there a heaven? Is there a hell? Is there a purgatory?

FIRST CHILD. We have n't forgotten, father.

THE OTHER CHILD. Oh, no, father. [They both speak together as if in school.] There is no heaven; there is no hell; there is nothing we cannot see.

FIRST CHILD. Foolish people used to think that there were, but you are very learned and you have taught us better.

WISE MAN. You are just as bad as the others, just as bad as the others! Out of the room with you, out of the room! [The children begin to cry and run away.] Go away, go away! I will teach you better—no, I will never teach you again. Go to your mother—no, she will not be able to teach them. . . . Help them, O God! [Alone.] The grains are going very quickly. There is very little sand in the uppermost glass. Somebody will come for me in a moment; perhaps he is at the door now! All creatures that have reason doubt. O that the grass and the planets could speak! Somebody has said that they would wither if

they doubted. O speak to me, O grass blades! O fingers of God's certainty, speak to me. You are millions and you will not speak. I dare not know the moment the messenger will come for me. I will cover the glass. [He covers it and brings it to the desk, and the FOOL is sitting by the door fiddling with some flowers which he has stuck in his hat. He has begun to blow a dandelion head.] What are you doing?

FOOL. Wait a moment. [He blows.]

Four, five, six.

WISE MAN. What are you doing that for? FOOL. I am blowing at the dandelion to

find out what time it is.

Wise Man. You have heard everything! That is why you want to find out what hour it is! You are waiting to see them coming through the door to carry me away. [Fool goes on blowing. Out through the door with you! I will have no one here when they come. [He seizes the Fool by the shoulders, and begins to force him out through the door, then suddenly changes his mind. No, I have something to ask you. [He drags him back into the room. Is there a heaven? Is there a hell? Is there a purgatory?

FOOL. So you ask me now. I thought when you were asking your pupils, I said to myself, if he would ask Teigue the Fool, Teigue could tell him all about it, for Teigue has learned all about it when he has

been cutting the nets.

WISE MAN. Tell me; tell me!

FOOL. I said, Teigue knows everything. Not even the owls and the hares that milk the cows have Teigue's wisdom. But Teigue

will not speak; he says nothing.

WISE MAN. Tell me, tell me! For under the cover the grains are falling, and when they are all fallen I shall die; and my soul will be lost if I have not found somebody

that believes! Speak, speak!

FOOL [looking wise]. No, no, I won't tell you what is in my mind, and I won't tell you what is in my bag. You might steal away my thoughts. I met a bodach on the road vesterday, and he said, "Teigue, tell me how many pennies are in your bag. I will wager three pennies that there are not twenty pennies in your bag; let me put in my hand and count them." But I pulled the strings tighter, like this; and when I go to sleep every night I hide the bag where no one knows.

WISE MAN. Goes toward the hour-glass as if to uncover it. No, no, I have not the courage! [He kneels.] Have pity upon me, Fool, and tell me!

FOOL. Ah! Now, that is different. I am not afraid of you now. But I must come near you; somebody in there might hear what the Angel said.

WISE MAN. Oh, what did the Angel tell

vou?

FOOL. Once I was alone on the hills, and an Angel came by and he said, "Teigue the Fool, do not forget the Three Fires: the Fire that punishes, the Fire that purifies, and the Fire wherein the soul rejoices for

ever!"

Wise Man. He believes! I am saved! Help me. The sand has run out. I am dying. . . . [FOOL helps him to his chair.] I am going from the country of the seven wandering stars, and I am going to the country of the fixed stars! Ring the bell. [FOOL rings the bell.] Are they coming? Ah! now I hear their feet. . . . I will speak to them. I understand it all now. One sinks in on God: we do not see the truth; God sees the truth in us. I cannot speak, I am too weak. Tell them, Fool, that when the life and the mind are broken, the truth comes through them like peas through a broken peascod. But no, I will pray — yet I cannot pray. Pray, Fool, that they may be given a sign and save their souls alive. Your prayers are better than mine.

> FOOL bows his head. WISE MAN'S head sinks on his arm on the books. Pupils enter.

A Young Man. Look at the Fool turned

bell-ringer!

ANOTHER. What have you called us in for, Teigue? What are you going to tell-

Another. No wonder he has had dreams! See, he is fast asleep now. Goes over and touches the WISE MAN.] Oh, he is dead!

FOOL. Do not stir! He asked for a sign that you might be saved. [All are silent for a moment.] Look what has come from his mouth . . . a little winged thing . . . a little shining thing. It has gone to the door. The Angel appears in the doorway, stretches out her hands and closes them again.] The Angel has taken it in her hands . . . she will open her hands in the Garden of Paradise. [They all kneel.]

RIDERS TO THE SEA A PLAY IN ONE ACT By JOHN MILLINGTON SYNGE

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PERSONS

Maurya, an old woman
Bartley, her son
Cathleen, her daughter
Nora, a younger daughter
Men and Women



RIDERS TO THE SEA

Scene. — An Island off the west of Ireland. Cottage kitchen, with nets, oil-skins, spinning-wheel, some new boards standing by the wall, etc. Cathleen, a girl of about twenty, finishes kneading cake, and puts it down in the pot-oven by the fire; then wipes her hands, and begins to spin at the wheel. NORA, a young girl, puts her head in at the door.

NORA [in a low voice]. Where is she? CATHLEEN. She's lying down, God help her, and may be sleeping, if she 's able.

NORA comes in softly, and takes a bundle from under her shawl.]

CATHLEEN [spinning the wheel rapidly].

What is it you have?

Nora. The young priest is after bringing them. It's a shirt and a plain stocking were got off a drowned man in Donegal.

> [Cathleen stops her wheel with a sudden movement, and leans out to

NORA. We're to find out if it's Michael's they are, some time herself will be down

looking by the sea.

CATHLEEN. How would they be Michael's, Nora? How would he go the length of that

way to the far north?

Nora. The young priest says he's known the like of it. "If it's Michael's they are," says he, "you can tell herself he's got a clean burial by the grace of God, and if they 're not his, let no one say a word about them, for she 'll be getting her death," says he, "with crying and lamenting."

The door which NORA half closed is

blown open by a gust of wind.] CATHLEEN [looking out anxiously]. Did you ask him would he stop Bartley going this day with the horses to the Galway fair?

NORA. "I won't stop him," says he, "but let you not be afraid. Herself does be saying prayers half through the night, and the Almighty God won't leave her destitute," says he, "with no son living."

CATHLEEN. Is the sea bad by the white

rocks, Nora?

NORA. Middling bad, God help us. There's

a great roaring in the west, and it's worse it'll be getting when the tide's turned to the wind. [She goes over to the table with the bundle.] Shall I open it now?

CATHLEEN. Maybe she'd wake up on us, and come in before we'd done. [Coming to the table.] It 's a long time we'll be, and the

two of us crying.

NORA. [Goes to the inner door and listens.] She 's moving about on the bed. She 'll be

coming in a minute.

CATHLEEN. Give me the ladder, and I'll put them up in the turf-loft, the way she won't know of them at all, and maybe when the tide turns she'll be going down to see would he be floating from the east.

> [They put the ladder against the gable of the chimney; Cathleen goes up a few steps and hides the bundle in the turf-loft. MAURYA comes from the inner room.]

MAURYA [looking up at CATHLEEN and speaking querulously]. Is n't it turf enough you have for this day and evening?

CATHLEEN. There's a cake baking at the fire for a short space [throwing down the turf and Bartley will want it when the tide turns if he goes to Connemara.

[Nora picks up the turf and puts it

round the pot-oven.

MAURYA [sitting down on a stool at the fire. He won't go this day with the wind rising from the south and west. He won't go this day, for the young priest will stop him surely.

NORA. He'll not stop him, mother, and I heard Eamon Simon and Stephen Pheety and Colum Shawn saying he would go.

MAURYA. Where is he itself?

NORA. He went down to see would there be another boat sailing in the week, and I'm thinking it won't be long till he's here now, for the tide 's turning at the green head, and the hooker's tacking from the

CATHLEEN. I hear some one passing the

big stones.

NORA [looking out]. He's coming now,

and he in a hurry.

BARTLEY. [Comes in and looks round the room; speaking sadly and quietly.]. Where is the bit of new rope, Cathleen, was bought in Connemara?

CATHLEEN [coming down]. Give it to him, Nora; it's on a nail by the white boards. I hung it up this morning, for the pig with the black feet was eating it.

NORA [giving him a rope]. Is that it,

MAURYA. You'd do right to leave that rope, Bartley, hanging by the boards. [BARTLEY takes the rope.] It will be wanting in this place, I'm telling you, if Michael is washed up to-morrow morning, or the next morning, or any morning in the week, for it's a deep grave we'll make him by the grace of God.

BARTLEY [beginning to work with the rope]. I've no halter the way I can ride down on the mare, and I must go now quickly. This is the one boat going for two weeks or beyond it, and the fair will be a good fair for horses I heard them saying below.

MAURYA. It's a hard thing they'll be saying below if the body is washed up and there's no man in it to make the coffin, and I after giving a big price for the finest white boards you'd find in Connemara.

[She looks round at the boards.]

BARTLEY. How would it be washed up, and we after looking each day for nine days, and a strong wind blowing a while back

from the west and south?

MAURYA. If it was n't found itself, that wind is raising the sea, and there was a star up against the moon, and it rising in the night. If it was a hundred horses, or a thousand horses you had itself, what is the price of a thousand horses against a son where there is one son only?

BARTLEY [working at the halter, to CATH-LEEN]. Let you go down each day, and see the sheep are n't jumping in on the rye, and if the jobber comes you can sell the pig with the black feet if there is a good price

going.

MAURYA. How would the like of her get

a good price for a pig?

BARTLEY. [To CATHLEEN.] If the west wind holds with the last bit of the moon let you and Nora get up weed enough for another cock for the kelp. It's hard set we'll

be from this day with no one in it but one man to work.

MAURYA. It's hard set we'll be surely the day you 're drownd'd with the rest. What way will I live and the girls with me, and I an old woman looking for the grave?

BARTLEY lays down the halter, takes off his old coat, and puts on a newer one of the same flannel.]

BARTLEY. [To NORA.] Is she coming to the pier?

NORA [looking out]. She's passing the green head and letting fall her sails.

Bartley [getting his purse and tohacco]. I 'll have half an hour to go down, and you 'll see me coming again in two days, or in three days, or maybe in four days if the wind is

MAURYA Sturning round to the fire, and putting her shawl over her head. Is n't it a hard and cruel man won't hear a word from an old woman, and she holding him from the sea?

CATHLEEN. It's the life of a young man to be going on the sea, and who would listen to an old woman with one thing and she saying it over?

BARTLEY [taking the halter]. I must go now quickly. I'll ride down on the red mare, and the gray pony'll run behind me.

. . . The blessing of God on you.

[He goes out.]

MAURYA [crying out as he is in the door]. He's gone now, God spare us, and we'll not see him again. He 's gone now, and when the black night is falling I'll have no son left me in the world.

CATHLEEN. Why would n't you give him your blessing and he looking round in the door? Is n't it sorrow enough is on every one in this house without your sending him out with an unlucky word behind him, and a hard word in his ear?

MAURYA takes up the tongs and begins raking the fire aimlessly without looking round.

NORA [turning toward her]. You're tak-

ing away the turf from the cake.

CATHLEEN [crying out]. The Son of God forgive us, Nora, we're after forgetting his bit of bread. [She comes over to the fire.]

NORA. And it's destroyed he'll be going till dark night, and he after eating nothing since the sun went up.

CATHLEEN [turning the cake out of the

oven]. It's destroyed he'll be, surely. There's no sense left on any person in a house where an old woman will be talking forever. [Maurya sways herself on her stool.]

Cathleen [cutting off some of the bread and rolling it in a cloth; to MAURYA]. Let you go down now to the spring well and give him this and he passing. You'll see him then and the dark word will be broken, and you can say "God speed you," the way he'll be easy in his mind.

MAURYA [taking the bread]. Will I be in

it as soon as himself?

CATHLEEN. If you go now quickly.

Maurya [standing up unsteadily]. It's

hard set I am to walk.

CATHLEEN [looking at her anxiously]. Give her the stick, Nora, or maybe she'll slip on the big stones.

NORA. What stick?

CATHLEEN. The stick Michael brought

from Connemara.

MAURYA [taking a stick NORA gives her]. In the big world the old people do be leaving things after them for their sons and children, but in this place it is the young men do be leaving things behind for them that do be old.

> [She goes out slowly. Norm goes over to the ladder.

CATHLEEN. Wait, Nora, maybe she'd turn back quickly. She's that sorry, God help her, you would n't know the thing she'd do.

NORA. Is she gone round by the bush? CATHLEEN [looking out]. She 's gone now. Throw it down quickly, for the Lord knows

when she'll be out of it again.

NORA [getting the bundle from the loft]. The young priest said he'd be passing tomorrow, and we might go down and speak to him below if it's Michael's they are surely.

CATHLEEN [taking the bundle]. Did he

say what way they were found?

NORA [coming down]. "There were two men," says he, "and they rowing round with poteen before the cocks crowed, and the oar of one of them caught the body, and they passing the black cliffs of the north."

CATHLEEN [trying to open the bundle]. Give me a knife, Nora, the string's perished with the salt water, and there 's a black knot on it you would n't loosen in a

week.

NORA [giving her a knife]. I've heard

tell it was a long way to Donegal.

CATHLEEN [cutting the string]. It is surely. There was a man in here a while ago — the man sold us that knife — and he said if you set off walking from the rocks beyond, it would be seven days you'd be in Donegal.

NORA. And what time would a man take,

and he floating?

[Cathleen opens the bundle and takes out a bit of a stocking. They look at them eagerly.]

CATHLEEN [in a low voice]. The Lord spare us, Nora! is n't it a queer hard thing

to say if it's his they are surely?

NORA. I'll get his shirt off the hook the way we can put the one flannel on the other. She looks through some clothes hanging in the corner. It's not with them, Cathleen, and where will it be?

CATHLEEN. I'm thinking Bartley put it on him in the morning, for his own shirt was heavy with the salt in it [pointing to the corner]. There 's a bit of a sleeve was of the same stuff. Give me that and it will do.

[Nora brings it to her and they com-

pare the flannel.]

CATHLEEN. It's the same stuff, Nora; but if it is itself are n't there great rolls of it in the shops of Galway, and is n't it many another man may have a shirt of it as well as Michael himself?

NORA [who has taken up the stocking and counted the stitches, crying out]. It's Michael, Cathleen, it's Michael; God spare his soul, and what will herself say when she hears this story, and Bartley on the sea?

CATHLEEN [taking the stocking]. It's a

plain stocking.

NORA. It's the second one of the third pair I knitted, and I put up threescore stitches, and I dropped four of them.

CATHLEEN. [Counts the stitches.] It's that number is in it [crying out]. Ah, Nora, is n't it a bitter thing to think of him floating that way to the far north, and no one to keen him but the black hags that do be flying on the sea?

NORA [swinging herself round, and throwing out her arms on the clothes]. And is n't it a pitiful thing when there is nothing left of a man who was a great rower and fisher. but a bit of an old shirt and a plain stock-

ing?

CATHLEEN [after an instant]. Tell me is herself coming, Nora? I hear a little sound on the path.

NORA [looking out]. She is, Cathleen.

She's coming up to the door.

CATHLEEN. Put these things away before she'll come in. Maybe it's easier she'll be after giving her blessing to Bartley, and we won't let on we've heard anything the time he's on the sea.

NORA [helping CATHLEEN to close the bundle]. We'll put them here in the corner.

[They put them into a hole in the chimney corner. Cathleen goes back to the spinning-wheel.]

Nora. Will she see it was crying I was? CATHLEEN. Keep your back to the door

the way the light'll not be on you.

[Nord sits down at the chimney corner, with her back to the door. MAURYA comes in very slowly, without looking at the girls, and goes over to her stool at the other side of the fire. The cloth with the bread is still in her hand. The girls look at each other, and Nord points to the bundle of bread.]

CATHLEEN [after spinning for a moment]. You did n't give him his bit of bread?

[Maurya begins to keen softly, without

turning round.]

CATHLEEN. Did you see him riding down? [MAURYA goes on keening.]

CATHLEEN [a little impatiently]. God forgive you; is n't it a better thing to raise your voice and tell what you seen, than to be making lamentation for a thing that's done? Did you see Bartley, I'm saying to you.

MAURYA [with a weak voice]. My heart's

broken from this day.

CATHLEEN [as before]. Did you see Bart-ley?

MAURYA. I seen the fearfulest thing.

CATHLEEN. [Leaves her wheel and looks out.] God forgive you; he's riding the mare now over the green head, and the gray pony behind him.

MAURYA. [Starts, so that her shawl falls back from her head and shows her white tossed hair. With a frightened voice.] The gray pony behind him.

CATHLEEN [coming to the fire]. What is

it ails you, at all?

MAURYA [speaking very slowly]. I 've seen the fearfulest thing any person has

seen, since the day Bride Dara seen the dead man with a child in his arms.

CATHLEEN AND NORA. Uah.

[They crouch down in front of the old woman at the fire.]

NORA. Tell us what it is you seen.

MAURYA. I went down to the spring well, and I stood there saying a prayer to myself. Then Bartley came along, and he riding on the red mare with the gray pony behind him. [She puts up her hands, as if to hide something from her eyes.] The Son of God spare us, Nora!

CATHLEEN. What is it you seen. MAURYA. I seen Michael himself.

CATHLEEN [speaking softly]. You did not, mother; It was n't Michael you seen, for his body is after being found in the Far North, and he's got a clean burial by the

grace of God.

MAURYA [a little defiantly]. I'm after seeing him this day, and he riding and galloping. Bartley came first on the red mare; and I tried to say, "God speed you," but something choked the words in my throat. He went by quickly; and "the blessing of God on you," says he, and I could say nothing. I looked up then, and I crying, at the gray pony, and there was Michael upon it—with fine clothes on him, and new shoes on his feet.

CATHLEEN. [Begins to keen.] It 's destroyed we are from this day. It's destroyed, surely.

NORA. Did n't the young priest say the Almighty God would n't leave her destitute

with no son living?

MAURYA [in a low voice, but clearly]. It's little the like of him knows of the sea. . . . Bartley will be lost now, and let you call in Eamon and make me a good coffin out of the white boards, for I won't live after them. I've had a husband, and a husband's father, and six sons in this house - six fine men, though it was a hard birth I had with every one of them and they coming to the world - and some of them were found and some of them were not found, but they 're gone now the lot of them. . . . There were Stephen, and Shawn, were lost in the great wind, and found after in the Bay of Gregory of the Golden Mouth, and carried up the two of them on the one plank, and in by that door.

[She pauses for a moment, the girls

start as if they heard something through the door that is half open behind them.]

NORA [in a whisper]. Did you hear that, Cathleen? Did you hear a noise in the

northeast?

CATHLEEN [in a whisper]. There's some

one after crying out by the seashore.

MAURYA. [Continues without hearing anything. There was Sheamus and his father, and his own father again, were lost in a dark night, and not a stick or sign was seen of them when the sun went up. There was Patch after was drowned out of a curagh that turned over. I was sitting here with Bartley, and he a baby, lying on my two knees, and I seen two women, and three women, and four women coming in, and they crossing themselves, and not saying a word. I looked out then, and there were men coming after them, and they holding a thing in the half of a red sail, and water dripping out of it — it was a dry day, Nora - and leaving a track to the door.

[She pauses again with her hand stretched out toward the door. It opens softly and old women begin to come in, crossing themselves on the threshold, and kneeling down in front of the stage with red petticoats

over their heads.]

MAURYA [half in a dream, to CATHLEEN].

Is it Patch, or Michael, or what is it at all?

CATHLEEN. Michael is after being found in the Far North, and when he is found there how could he be here in this place?

MAURYA. There does be a power of young men floating round in the sea, and what way would they know if it was Michael they had, or another man like him, for when a man is nine days in the sea, and the wind blowing, it's hard set his own mother would be to say what man was it.

CATHLEEN. It's Michael, God spare him, for they're after sending us a bit of his

clothes from the Far North.

[She reaches out and hands Maurya the clothes that belonged to Michael. Maurya stands up slowly, and takes them in her hands. Nora looks out.]

NORA. They're carrying a thing among them and there's water dripping out of it and leaving a track by the big stones.

CATHLEEN [in a whisper to the women who have come in]. Is it Bartley it is?

ONE OF THE WOMEN. It is surely, God rest his soul.

[Two younger women come in and pull out the table. Then men carry in the body of BARTLEY, laid on a plank, with a bit of a sail over it, and lay it on the table.]

CATHLEEN [to the women, as they are doing so]. What way was he drowned?

ONE OF THE WOMEN. The gray pony knocked him into the sea, and he was washed out where there is a great surf on the white rocks.

[Maurya has gone over and knelt down at the head of the table. The women are keening softly and swaying themselves with a slow movement. Cathleen and Nora kneel at the other end of the table. The men kneel near the door.]

Maurya [raising her head and speaking as if she did not see the people around her]. They 're all gone now, and there is n't anything more the sea can do to me. . . . I'll have no call now to be up crying and praying when the wind breaks from the south, and you can hear the surf is in the east, and the surf is in the west, making a great stir with the two noises, and they hitting one on the other. I'll have no call now to be going down and getting Holy Water in the dark nights after Samhain, and I won't care what way the sea is when the other women will be keening. [To Nora.] Give me the Holy Water, Nora, there's a small sup still on the dresser.

MAURYA. [Drops MICHAEL's clothes across BARTLEY's feet, and sprinkles the Holy Water over him.] It is n't that I have n't prayed for you, Bartley, to the Almighty God. It is n't that I have n't said prayers in the dark night till you would n't know what I'd be saying; but it's a great rest I'll have now, and it's time surely. It's a great rest I'll have now, and great sleeping in the long nights after Samhain, if it's only a bit of wet flour we do have to eat, and maybe a fish that would be stinking.

[She kneels down again, crossing herself, and saying prayers under her

CATHLEEN. [To an old man.] Maybe yourself and Eamon would make a coffin when the sun rises. We have fine white boards herself bought, God help her, think-

ing Michael would be found, and I have a new cake you can eat while you'll be working.

THE OLD MAN [looking at the boards].

Are there nails with them?

CATHLEEN. There are not, Colum; we didn't think of the nails.

Another Man. It's a great wonder she would n't think of the nails, and all the coffins she's seen made already.

CATHLEEN. It's getting old she is, and

broken.

[Maurya stands up again very slowly and spreads out the pieces of Michael's clothes beside the body, sprinkling them with the last of the Holy Water.]

NORA [in a whisper to CATHLEEN]. She's quiet now and easy; but the day Michael was drowned you could hear her crying out from this to the spring well. It's fonder she was of Michael, and would any one

have thought that?

CATHLEEN [slowly and clearly]. An old woman will be soon tired with anything she will do, and is n't it nine days herself is

after crying and keening, and making great sorrow in the house?

MAURYA. [Puts the empty cup mouth downwards on the table, and lays her hands together on Bartley's feet.] They're all together this time, and the end is come. May the Almighty God have mercy on Bartley's soul, and on Michael's soul, and on the souls of Sheamus and Patch, and Stephen and Shawn [bending her head]; and may He have mercy on my soul, Nora, and on the soul of every one is left living in the world.

[She pauses, and the keen rises a little more loudly from the women, then sinks away.]

MAURYA [continuing]. Michael has a clean burial in the Far North, by the grace of the Almighty God. Bartley will have a fine coffin out of the white boards, and a deep grave surely. What more can we want than that? No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied.

[She kneels down again and the curtain falls slowly.]

THE RISING OF THE MOON By LADY GREGORY

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PERSONS

SERGEANT

POLICEMAN X

POLICEMAN B

A RAGGED MAN



THE RISING OF THE MOON

Scene: Side of a quay in a seaport town. Some posts and chains. A large barrel. Enter

three policemen. Moonlight.

SERGEANT, who is older than the others, crosses the stage to right and looks down steps. The others put down a pastepot and unroll a bundle of placards.

POLICEMAN B. I think this would be a

good place to put up a notice.

[He points to barrel.] POLICEMAN X. Better ask him. [Calls to SERGEANT.] Will this be a good place for a placard? [No answer.]

POLICEMAN B. Will we put up a notice here on the barrel? [No answer.]

SERGEANT. There's a flight of steps here that leads to the water. This is a place that should be minded well. If he got down here, his friends might have a boat to meet him; they might send it in here from outside.

POLICEMAN B. Would the barrel be a

good place to put a notice up?

SERGEANT. It might; you can put it [They paste the notice up.]

SERGEANT [reading it]. Dark hair dark eyes, smooth face, height five feet five - there's not much to take hold of in that - It's a pity I had no chance of seeing him before he broke out of jail. They say he's a wonder, that it's he makes all the plans for the whole organization. There is n't another man in Ireland would have broken jail the way he did. He must have some friends among the jailers.

POLICEMAN B. A hundred pounds is little enough for the Government to offer for him. You may be sure any man in the force

that takes him will get promotion.

SERGEANT. I'll mind this place myself. I would n't wonder at all if he came this way. He might come slipping along there [points to side of quay], and his friends might be waiting for him there [points down steps], and once he got away it's little chance we'd have of finding him; it's maybe under a load of kelp he'd be in a fishing boat, and not one to help a married man that wants it to the reward.

POLICEMAN X. And if we get him itself, nothing but abuse on our heads for it from the people, and maybe from our own relations.

SERGEANT. Well, we have to do our duty in the force. Have n't we the whole country depending on us to keep law and order? It's those that are down would be up and those that are up would be down, if it was n't for us. Well, hurry on, you have plenty of other places to placard yet, and come back here then to me. You can take the lantern. Don't be too long now. It's very lonesome here with nothing but the

Policeman B. It's a pity we can't stop with you. The Government should have brought more police into the town, with him in jail, and at assize time too. Well, good luck to your watch. [They go out.]

SERGEANT. [Walks up and down once or twice and looks at placard. A hundred pounds and promotion sure. There must be a great deal of spending in a hundred pounds. It's a pity some honest man not to be the better of that.

[A ragged man appears at le, and tries to slip past. Sergeant suddenly

SERGEANT. Where are you going? MAN. I'm a poor ballad-singer, your honor. I thought to sell some of these [holds out bundle of ballads] to the sailors.

[He goes on.] SERGEANT. Stop! Did n't I tell you to

stop? You can't go on there.

MAN. Oh, very well. It's a hard thing to be poor. All the world 's against the poor.

SERGEANT. Who are you?

Man. You'd be as wise as myself if I told you, but I don't mind. I'm one Jimmy Walsh, a ballad-singer.

SERGEANT. Jimmy Walsh? I don't know

that name.

MAN. Ah, sure, they know it well enough in Ennis. Were you ever in Ennis, ser-

SERGEANT. What brought you here?

MAN. Sure, it 's to the assizes I came, thinking I might make a few shillings here or there. It 's in the one train-with the judges I came.

SERGEANT. Well, if you came so far, you may as well go farther, for you'll walk out

of this.

Man. I will, I will; I'll just go on where I was going. [Goes toward steps.]

SERGEANT. Come back from those steps; no one has leave to pass down them to-

night.

MAN. I'll just sit on the top of the steps till I see will some sailor buy a ballad off me that would give me my supper. They do be late going back to the ship. It's often I saw them in Cork carried down the quay in a hand-eart.

SERGEANT. Move on, I tell you. I won't have any one lingering about the quay to-

night.

MAN. Well, I'll go. It's the poor have the hard life! Maybe yourself might like one, sergeant. Here's a good sheet now. [Turns one over.] "Content and a pipe"—that's not much. "The Peeler and the goat"—you would n't like that — "Johnny Hart"—that's a lovely song.

SERGEANT. Move on.

MAN. Ah, wait till you hear it. [Sings.]

There was a rich farmer's daughter lived near the town of Ross;

She courted a Highland soldier, his name was

Johnny Hart;

Says the mother to her daughter, "I 'll go distracted mad

If you marry that Highland soldier dressed up in Highland plaid."

SERGEANT. Stop that noise.

[MAN wraps up his ballads and shuffles toward the steps.]

SERGEANT. Where are you going?

MAN. Sure you told me to be going, and l am going.

SERGEANT. Don't be a fool. I didn't tell you to go that way; I told you to go back to the town.

MAN. Back to the town, is it?

SERGEANT [taking him by the shoulder and shoving him before him]. Here, I'll show you the way. Be off with you. What are you stopping for?

MAN [who has been keeping his eye on the notice, points to it]. I think I know what

you're waiting for, sergeant.

SERGEANT. What's that to you?

Man. And I know well the man you're waiting for — I know him well — I'll be going.

[He shuffles on.]

SERGEANT. You know him? Come back

here. What sort is he?

Man. Come back is it, sergeant? Do you want to have me killed?

SERGEANT. Why do you say that?

MAN. Never mind. I'm going. I would n't be in your shoes if the reward was ten times as much. [Goes on off stage to left.] Not if it was ten times as much.

SERGEANT [rushing after him]. Come back here, come back. [Drags him back.] What sort is he? Where did you see him?

Man. I saw him in my own place, in the County Clare. I tell you you would n't like to be looking at him. You'd be afraid to be in the one place with him. There is n't a weapon he does n't know the use of, and as to strength, his muscles are as hard as that board [slapping barrel].

SERGEANT. Is he as bad as that?

MAN. He is then.

SERGEANT. Do you tell me so?

MAN. There was a poor man in our place, a sergeant from Ballyvaughan. — It was with a lump of stone he did it.

SERGEANT. I never heard of that.

Man. And you would n't, sergeant. It's not everything that happens gets into the papers. And there was a policeman in plain clothes, too. . . . It is in Limerick he was. . . . It was after the time of the attack on the police barrack at Kilmallock. . . . Moonlight . . . just like this . . . waterside. . . . Nothing was known for certain.

SERGEANT. Do you say so? It's a terri-

ble county to belong to.

MAN. That's so, indeed! You might be standing there, looking out that way, thinking you saw him coming up this side of the quay [points], and he might be coming up this other side [points], and he'd be on you before you knew where you were.

SERGEANT. It's a whole troop of police they ought to put here to stop a man like

that.

MAN. But if you'd like me to stop with you, I could be looking down this side. I could be sitting up here on this barrel.

SERGEANT. And you know him well,

too?

MAN. I'd know him a mile off, sergeant.

SERGEANT. But you would n't want to share the reward?

MAN. Is it a poor man like me, that has to be going the roads and singing in fairs, to have the name on him that he took a reward? But you don't want me. I'll be safer in the town.

SERGEANT. Well, you can stop.

MAN [getting up on barrel]. All right, sergeant. I wonder, now, you're not tired out, sergeant, walking up and down the way you

SERGEANT. If I'm tired I'm used to it. Man. You might have hard work before you to-night yet. Take it easy while you can. There's plenty of room up here on the barrel, and you see farther when you're higher up.

SERGEANT. Maybe so. [Gets up beside him on barrel, facing right. They sit back to back, looking different ways.] You made me feel a bit queer with the way you talked.

MAN. Give me a match, sergeant [he gives it, and MAN lights pipe]; take a draw yourself? It'll quiet you. Wait now till I give you a light, but you need n't turn round. Don't take your eye off the quay for the life of you.

SERGEANT. Never fear, I won't. \[Lights pipe. They both smoke. Indeed, it's a hard thing to be in the force, out at night and no thanks for it, for all the danger we're in. And it's little we get but abuse from the people, and no choice but to obey our orders, and never asked when a man is sent into danger, if you are a married man with a family.

MAN. [Sings.]

As through the hills I walked to view the hills and shamrock plain,

I stood awhile where nature smiles to view the rocks and streams,

On a matron fair I fixed my eyes beneath a

fertile vale, As she sang her song it was on the wrong of poor old Granuaile.

SERGEANT. Stop that; that's no song to

se singing in these times.

MAN. Ah, sergeant, I was only singing to keep my heart up. It sinks when I think of him. To think of us two sitting here, and he creeping up the quay, maybe, to get

SERGEANT. Are you keeping a good look-

out?

MAN. I am; and for no reward too. Am n't I the foolish man? But when I saw a man in trouble, I never could help trying to get him out of it. What's that? Did something hit me? [Rubs his heart.] Sergeant [patting him on the shoulder].

You will get your reward in heaven. MAN. I know that, I know that, sergeant,

but life is precious.

SERGEANT. Well, you can sing if it gives you more courage.

MAN. [Sings.]

Her head was bare, her hands and feet with iron bands were bound, Her pensive strain and plaintive wail mingles

with the evening gale, And the song she sang with mournful air, I am

old Granuaile. Her lips so sweet that monarchs kissed . . .

SERGEANT. That's not it. . . . "Her gown she wore was stained with gore." . . . That 's it — you missed that.

MAN. You're right, sergeant, so it is; I missed it. [Repeats line.] But to think of a man like you knowing a song like

SERGEANT. There's many a thing a man might know and might not have any wish

MAN. Now, I dare say, sergeant, in your youth, you used to be sitting up on a wall, the way you are sitting up on this barrel now, and the other lads beside you, and you singing "Granuaile"? . . .

SERGEANT. I did then.

MAN. And the "Shan Bhean Bhocht"?

SERGEANT. I did then.

MAN. And the "Green on the Cape"? SERGEANT. That was one of them.

MAN. And may be the man you are watching for to-night used to be sitting on the wall, when he was young, and singing those same songs. . . . It's a queer world. . . .

SERGEANT. Whisht! . . . I think I see something coming. . . . It's only a dog.

MAN. And is n't it a queer world? . . . Maybe it 's one of the boys you used to be singing with that time you will be arresting to-day or to-morrow, and sending into the dock. . .

SERGEANT. That's true, indeed.

MAN. And maybe one night, after you had been singing, if the other boys had told you some plan they had, some plan to free the country, you might have joined with them . . . and maybe it is you might be in trouble now.

SERGEANT. Well, who knows but I might? I had a great spirit in those

days.

MAN. It's a queer world, sergeant, and it's little any mother knows when she sees her child creeping on the floor what might happen to it before it has gone through its life, or who will be who in the end.

SERGEANT. That's a queer thought now, and a true thought. Wait now till I think it out . . . If it was n't for the sense I have, and for my wife and family, and for me joining the force the time I did, it might be myself now would be after breaking jail and hiding in the dark, and it might be him that's hiding in the dark and that got out of jail would be sitting up where I am on this barrel. And it might be myself would be creeping up trying to make my escape from himself, and it might be himself would be keeping the law, and myself would be breaking it, and myself would be trying maybe to put a bullet in his head, or to take up a lump of a stone the way you said he did . . . no, that myself did . . . Oh! [Gasps. After a pause.] What's that? [Grasps Man's arm.]

MAN. [Jumps off barrel and listens, looking out over water.] It's nothing, sergeant.

SERGEANT. I thought it might be a boat. I had a notion there might be friends of his coming about the quays with a boat.

MAN. Sergeant, I am thinking it was with the people you were, and not with the law you were when you were a young man.

SERGEANT. Well, if I was foolish then,

that time 's gone.

MAN. Maybe, sergeant, it comes into your head sometimes, in spite of your belt and your tunic, that it might have been as well for you to have followed Granuaile.

SERGEANT. It's no business of yours

what I think.

MAN. Maybe, sergeant, you'll be on the

side of the country yet.

SERGEANT. [Gets off barrel.] Don't talk to me like that. I have my duties and I know them. [Looks round.] That was a boat; I hear the oars.

[Goes to the steps and looks down.]

MAN. [Sings.]

Oh, then, tell me, Shawn O'Farrell, Where the gathering is to be. In the old spot by the river

Right well known to you and me!

SERGEANT. Stop that! Stop that, I tell you!

MAN. [Sings louder.]

One word more, for signal token, Whistle up the marching tune, With your pike upon your shoulder, At the Rising of the Moon.

SERGEANT. If you don't stop that, I'll arrest you.

[A whistle from below answers, repeating the air.]

SERGEANT. That's a signal. [Stands between him and steps.] You must not pass this way. . . . Step farther back. . . . Who are you? You are no ballad-singer.

Man. You need n't ask who I am; that placard will tell you. [Points to placard.]

Sergeant. You are the man I am look-

ing for.

MAN. [Takes off hat and wig. SERGEANT seizes them.] I am. There's a hundred pounds on my head. There is a friend of mine below in a boat. He knows a safe place to bring me to.

SERGEANT [looking still at hat and wig]. It's a pity! You deceived me

You deceived me well.

MAN. I am a friend of Granuaile. There is a hundred pounds on my head.

SERGEANT. It's a pity, it's a pity!

MAN. Will you let me pass, or must I

make you let me?

SERGEANT. I am in the force. I will not let you pass.

MAN. I thought to do it with my tongue [Puts hand in breast.] What is that?

Voice of POLICEMAN X outside. Here, this is where we left him.

SERGEANT. It's my comrades coming.

MAN. You won't betray me . . . the

friend of Granuaile. [Slips behind barrel.]

Voice of POLICEMAN B. That was the

last of the placards.

POLICEMAN X [as they come in]. If he makes his escape it won't be unknown he'll make it.

[Sergeant puts hat and wig behind his back.]

POLICEMAN B. Did any one come this way?

SERGEANT [after a pause]. No one. POLICEMAN B. No one at all?

SERGEANT. No one at all.

POLICEMAN B. We had no orders to go back to the station; we can stop along with

SERGEANT. I don't want you. There is nothing for you to do here.

POLICEMAN B. You bade us to come back

here and keep watch with you.

SERGEANT. I'd sooner be alone. Would any man come this way and you making all that talk? It is better the place to be

Policeman B. Well, we'll leave you the lantern anyhow. [Hands it to him.] SERGEANT. I don't want it. Bring it with

you.

POLICEMAN B. You might want it. There are clouds coming up and you have the darkness of the night before you yet. I'll leave it over here on the barrel.

[Goes to barrel.]

SERGEANT. Bring it with you I tell you. No more talk.

POLICEMAN B. Well, I thought it might be a comfort to you. I often think when I Lave it in my hand and can be flashing it about into every dark corner [doing so] that it's the same as being beside the fire at home, and the bits of bogwood blazing up now and again.

[Flashes it about, now on the barrel,

now on Sergeant.]

SERGEANT [furious]. Be off the two of you, yourselves and your lantern!

[They go out. Man comes from behind barrel. He and SERGEANT stand looking at one another.]

SERGEANT. What are you waiting for? MAN. For my hat, of course, and my wig. You would n't wish me to get my death of cold? [Sergeant gives them.]

MAN [going toward steps]. Well, goodnight, comrade, and thank you. You did me a good turn to-night, and I'm obliged to you. Maybe I'll be able to do as much for you when the small rise up and the big fall down . . . when we all change places at the Rising [waves his hand and disappears of the Moon.

SERGEANT [turning his back to audience and reading placard. A hundred pounds reward! A hundred pounds! [Turns toward audience.] I wonder now, am I as

great a fool as I think I am?



THE TRUTH A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS By CLYDE FITCH

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TO

MARIE TEMPEST WITH GRATEFUL ADMIRATION FOR HER TRIUMPHANT BECKY ON APRIL 6, 1907 C. F.

THE PERSONS IN THE PLAY

ROLAND
LINDON
SERVANT AT THE WARDERS'
BECKY WARDER

EVE LINDON

WARDER

LAURA FRASER

Mrs. Genevieve Crespigny

Messenger Boy

ACT I. At the Warders', New York (Thursday Afternoon)

ACT II. At the Warders'
(Saturday Afternoon, just after lunch)

ACT III. AT STEPHEN ROLAND'S, BALTIMORE (Saturday Night)

ACT IV. AT STEPHEN ROLAND'S (Monday Morning)

THE TRUTH

ACT I

At Mrs. Warder's. An extremely attractive room, in the best of taste, gray walls with dull soft green moldings, old French chintz curtains, furniture painted to match the walls and covered with the same chintz. Some old colored engravings are on the mantel-shelf and a couple of eighteenth-century French portraits on the wall. On the left is a mantel, and near it a large writing table against the back of a low sofa which faces the audience; on the table a telephone; an arm-chair and a small table on the left; a baby grand piano in the upper left corner of the room. Some consols and tables in the room; four windows at the back, through which one sees the park. Doors, right and left; books, photographs, flowers, etc., on the tables and consols.

A smart, good-looking man-servant, Jenks, shows in Mrs. Lindon and Laura Fraser. The former is a handsome, nervous, overstrung woman of about thirty-four, very fashionably dressed; Miss Fraser, on the contrary, a matter-of-fact, rather commonplace type of good humor — wholesomeness united to a kind sense of humor. Mrs. Lindon is the sort of woman warranted to put any one on edge in the course of a few hours' consecutive association, while friction with Miss Fraser is equally certain

to smooth down the raw edges.

Mrs. Lindon [coming in to a chair near the center with quick determination]. You have no idea when Mrs. Warder will be in? Servant. No, madam.

Mrs. Lindon. She was lunching out?

SERVANT. Yes, madam.

LAURA [with a movement to go]. Come! She may be playing bridge and not come home for hours.

MRS. LINDON [firm, though irritable]. I will wait till half past five. [To Servant.] If Mrs. Warder comes in before that, we will be here.

[Nervously picks up check-book from the writing-table, looks at it but not in it, and puts it down.]

SERVANT. Very good, madam.

[Goes out left.]

LAURA. [Goes to EVE.] My dear, you must control yourself. That man, if he has half a servant's curiosity, could easily see you are excited.

Mrs. Lindon. Yes, but think! She's been meeting Fred probably every day for the last two months, although she knew I had left his house, and always pretended to

me she never saw him!

[Sitting beside the writing-table.]
LAURA [sitting left]. You should n't have come here at once. You should have waited till you had time to think over your information and calm yourself a little.

Mrs. Lindon. I could n't wait! Becky! One of my oldest friends! One of my

bridesmaids!

Laura. What!

Mrs. Lindon. No, she was n't, but she might have been; she was my next choice if any one had backed out.

LAURA. Probably Fred 's appealing to her sympathy, — you know your own hus-

band!

MRS. LINDON [with a disagreeable half-laugh]. Yes, I know him better than she does! What I don't like is her secrecy about it after I'd made her the confidante of my trouble!

LAURA. I thought I was that?

MRS. LINDON. You are — another! But you must n't forget that I have gone to Becky in hysterics and begged her to make it up for me with Fred.

LAURA. Were you perfectly frank with

her?

MRS. LINDON. Perfectly! I told her the truth, and more too! I told her I loved Fred in spite of his faults — Good Heavens! if a woman had to find a faultless man to love! — I've asked her advice.

[Rising nervously and going to the

sofa.

LAURA. You have n't taken it!

MRS. LINDON. That does n't make any

difference! Who ever does? [Sitting on the sofa.] She owed me her loyalty instead of flirting with Fred behind my back.

[She opens the cigar box on the writingtable behind her and then bangs it

shut.]

LAURA. Perhaps she's really trying to make peace between you in her own way!

MRS. LINDON. Does it look like it? Actually telling me yesterday she would n't trust herself in his presence for fear she'd lose her control and tell him what she thought of him!—and all the time she had an appointment to meet him this afternoon—in the Eden Musée, if you please!

LAURA [with comic disgust]. Oh! Hor-

rors!

Mrs. Lindon. Yes, in the chamber of them! If that is n't compromising!

LAURA. Eve!

Mrs. Lindon. And Tom Warder so aice! Everybody likes him!

[Picks up stamp box amd bangs it

down.

LAURA. Including Becky. That's the point. Becky loves her own husband. What does she want of yours?

Mrs. Lindon. She loved Tom Warder when she married him, but that was in 1903! Besides, Becky always liked having men fond of her whether she cared for

them or not.

LAURA. Nonsense!

MRS. LINDON. She's what the French call an "allumeuse"—leads them on till they lose their heads, then she gets frightened and feels insulted!

LAURA. But you claim she does care for

Fred!

Mrs. Lindon. My dear, a magnetic man like Fred has a way of winding himself around a woman and keeping himself wound as long as he wishes! even when she does n't wish, —look at me! I'd give anything to throw him off for good, but I can't stop being in love with him!

LAURA [who has moved over to the chair beside the sofa, pats Eve's hand]. Poor old Eve! Well, when she comes, what are you

going to do?

MRS. LINDON. Give her one more chance to tell me the truth! I'll ask her outright

when she saw Fred last.

LAURA. But if she keeps on with her "bluff" of not seeing him, you can't tell

her she lies without making a horrid scene, and what good would that do?

Mrs. Lindon. Exactly! She'd never acknowledge she was lying but just go on! I may appeal to Tom Warder himself!

[Rises and goes to mantel, looking at the fly-leaves of two books on a table which she passes.]

LAURA. No!

MRS. LINDON. Why not? We 've been friends since babies.

LAURA. You would n't!

MRS. LINDON. I don't accuse Becky of anything dreadful! Besides, it will be for his good too, as well as mine, —he knows Fred, and I'll wager anything he'll be as eager as I to stop any excess of friendship with him. [Goes up to the window.] Sh! here she is! and a man with her!

LAURA. [Rises, excited, and joins her.]

Who?

MRS. LINDON [going to the other window] I can't see.

LAURA [joining her at the second window]

Suppose it should be —

MRS. LINDON. Exactly! If she hears I'n here, she'll never let him in. [She start with a new idea and goes to the door right.] The window in that hall juts out; perhaps we can see the front door from there. Come quickly! [Tries to pull LAURA out right.]

LAURA. I don't approve of what you're

doing at all.

MRS. LINDON. Oh, come!

[They go out and close the door behind

them.

The Servant shows in Becky and Lindon, left. Becky is a pretty, charming, volatile young woman, sprightly, vivacious, lovable. She is dressed ultra-smartly, and in the best of taste. Lindon is dapper, rather good-looking, though not particularly strong in character, and full of a certain personal charm. He also wears very fashionable clothes. He is a man whose chief aim in life is to amuse himself.

SERVANT. Mrs. Lindon and Miss Fraser were waiting to see you, madam; they must

have gone.

Becky [with a humorous raising of the eyebrows and a look to Lindon]. Oh!—I'm so soffy! [The Servant goes out.]

LINDON. Gee! what a narrow escape.

LAURA [off stage right, pleading loudly]. Eve! Eve!! Come!!!

Mrs. Lindon [off stage right, loudly]. I will not. I will run my own affairs my own

BECKY [who has heard this, with an amused, mischievous expression]. They are there! Do

you suppose they saw you?

[They lower their voices slightly.]
LINDON. Well,— Eve can see through
most things, but not through the walls!
Good-bye.

[He starts to hurry out, but Becky

stops him.]

BECKY. You must come back! That's what I brought you home with me to-day for—to talk about Eve. This estrangement has gone on long enough. I've come to the conclusion you're as much to blame as she is—or more.

LINDON. I like that from you!

BECKY. I mean it, and if she wants you

back, you've got to go.

LINDON. Well, let me get a cocktail

BECKY. I'm serious.

LINDON. So'll I be if Eve comes in and catches me. [Going.]

Becky [going with him]. I'll let you out — but I expect you here again in half an hour. Do you understand? [They go out left. Off stage.] You're to come back at six.

LINDON [off stage, at a distance]. All

right.

[Eve comes in excitedly from the right.]

Mrs. Lindon. I think it is Fred! Watch from the window! I 'll stay here in case Becky comes in. [She comes to the writing-table.] I'd like to scratch her eyes out!

[LAURA comes in and goes to right of the sofa.]

LAURA. It was Fred.

Mrs. Lindon. [Gives a tigerish, half-controlled, kushed cry of rage.] The wretched little beast!

[Becky comes in with a start of surprise. She beams.]

BECKY. My dears! What a pleasant surprise! Why did n't Jenks tell me? Where in the world did you drop from? Laura, darling!

[She kisses Laura, who is very unresponsive, having pressed Mrs. Linpon's hand as she passed her.] Mrs. Lindon. We heard you come in,—we thought with some one,—and as I'm rather upset, we went in there till you should be alone. If you are busy, don't let us interrupt.

[Becky shows that she is relieved when she hears they don't know Fred was

there.]

Becky. Oh, dear, no, I'm not busy. I came home alone, — you must have heard me talking with the servant. I've been playing bridge since luncheon.

[Becky and Laura sit on the sofa.]

Mrs. Lindon. Where?

Becky. Clara Ford's, our usual four.

[LAURA and Eve exchange glances.]
MRS. LINDON. Why! I saw her lunching

at Sherry's.

BECKY [quickly, after only a second's hesitation]. Yes, she could n't play to-day, but it was her turn at her house, so we went all the same — and — er — er — Belle Prescott took her place.

[Another surreptitious look passes between Laura and Mrs. Lindon.]

LAURA. Did you win?

Becky. Yes, a hundred and fifty!

LAURA. A hundred and fifty? Good!

MRS. LINDON [who has seated herself in
the chair beside the sofa]. Becky, Laura
knows all my troubles; she's the bosom I
weep them out on.

BECKY. Oh, come, I've gathered a few dewy diamonds off my laces! Well, how is Fred behaving? Has he shown any sign

vet

MRS. LINDON. Not one. I thought perhaps you'd have some news.

BECKY [looking away]. I? How should I have?

[Leans over and smooths her skirt. Mrs. Lindon exchanges a look with Laura.]

Mrs. Lindon. You said two days ago for me to keep silent and wait, and Fred

would make an advance.

BECKY. And so he will, I'm sure! unless you do what you threatened. [To LAURA.] I tell Eve if she starts a suit for separation or does anything of that sort publicly, Fred may be furious and accept the situation, no matter how much of a bluff it might be on Eve's part.

LAURA. Very likely.

MRS. LINDON. I thought perhaps you

meant to see Fred and have a talk with

Becky. No! [Mrs. Lindon and Laura exchange glances, as Becky, rising, rings bell right.] What good would that do? To have the reconciliation mean anything it must be of his own volition. He must come for you, Eve, because he misses you, because he wants you back. [Mrs. Lindon joins Laura on the sofa and talks in a loud and excited whisper to her as to Becky's very evident prevarication. Servant enters right; Becky speaks to him aside, amusedly watching them, and then comes above table. As she comes back.] Well?

Mrs. Lindon. I believe there's another

woman in it!

BECKY [laughing]. I knew she was jealous! [To Mrs. Lindon.] That's just the sort of thing that has made quarrels all along between you and Fred.

Mrs. Lindon. Well, if you knew all I ve had to forgive Fred, and all I have forgiven, you'd realize I had good reason always for my share of the quarrels.

Becky. Listen to me, Eve. You 're a

luckier woman than you know!

MRS. LINDON [startled]. How do you mean?

[Laura puts her hand on Eve's shoulder to calm her.]

Becky. Because, instead of having the forgiveness always on his side, you have the blessed privilege of doing the forgiveness yourself. [Mrs. Lindon gives a falsetto snort.] You may smile if you like—

Mrs. Lindon [interrupting]. Oh, no, thank you. I don't feel at all like smiling!

BECKY. Well, honestly, I envy you. Takes Eve's hands in hers. Mrs. LINDON looks once at LAURA questioningly, and back again quickly to BECKY. You know I love Tom with my whole heart — and it 's a big heart for a little woman - and yet I keep him forgiving me — forgiving me something or other all the time. I'd be afraid his forgiveness would wear out, only it's in his soul instead of his body, and if our bodies wear out, our souls don't - do they? Already at the very beginning of our life together I owe him more dear forgiveness than I can ever repay, and believe me, Eve. such a debt would be unbearable for a woman unless she adored her husband.

MRS. LINDON. You've too much senti

ment — I 'm practical.

BECKY [sitting down in the chair at center]. Does being practical give you one half the happiness my "sentiment" gives me?

Mrs. Lindon. Nonsense! My sympathies are with the one who has the forgiv-

ing to do.

Becky. You mean, like all selfish people, you sympathize with yourself, so you'll never be happy, even if you get Fred back.

Mrs. Lindon [startled, angry]. If? What

do you mean by that?

[Looks at Becky, then at Laura, sharply, then back at Becky.]

Becky [smiling]. Say when instead!—when you get Fred back. Trust me, teach yourself to be grateful that it is you who have to forgive, and not the other way round.

MRS. LINDON. [Rises, facing her, almost triumphantly, fully persuaded that Becky is in the wrong.] I knew when I came here you'd make excuses for him.

Becky [smiling]. You've misunderstood me. I'm trying to make them for you.

MRS. LINDON. Thank you. You need excuses more than I do.

LAURA. [Rises, alarmed.] Eve!

Mrs. Lindon. I am perfectly well aware that I made a very serious mistake in coming to you of all women!

Becky. [Rises.] In that case I think it best to consider the matter closed between us.

Mrs. Lindon. You can think what you please, but I have no such intention!

LAURA. Eve! [She sits again on the sofa.] Really Becky has shown herself reasonable and kind, and you've said enough to-day. We'd better go.

Becky. I should have to ask you to excuse me in any case, as I have an engage-

ment in a few minutes.

[Mrs. Lindon looks meaningly at Laura.]

MRS. LINDON. [To BECKY.] I intend to have the whole thing out now!

[Warder enters left. Warder is a strong and sensible, unsuspicious man, — no nerves and no "temperament," nothing subtle about him; he is straightforward and lovable.]

WARDER. Oh, excuse me!

BECKY. No, come in, Tom; it's Laura and Mrs. Lindon.

[LAURA and MRS. LINDON say "Hor

do you do," as Warder comes into the room. He greets them in turn. Becky writes in pencil on a sheet of paper on the desk.]

Tom. I wanted to ask Becky if she wished

to go to a theater to-night.

Becky. Yes, I should like to. [She indicates to Tom that she wants Eve and Laura to go, and having finished writing, comes to him.] I'm sorry, but you really must excuse me. [Slipping into Warder's hand the note she had secretly written.] Mrs. Lindon and Laura are going. What are you going to do now?

[Mrs. Lindon looks again meaningly at Laura.]

WARDER. I thought I'd go round to the

club till dinner.

BECKY [relieved]. That's right. I shall be engaged till half past six, — er — Mrs. Clayton is coming to see me about the Golf Club at Roslyn — and — lots of things. You need n't hurry back.

[She gives him an affectionate little squeeze of the arm and goes out right. He looks down at the paper slyly

and reads it.]

Mrs. Lindon. [Rises and goes to Tom.] Tom, if you've nothing in particular on at the club, would you give me half an hour?

LAURA. [Rises and goes to EVE.] Eve, you have n't the time yourself; you must

come with me.

WARDER [suppressing a smile as he finishes reading the note; he is a little embarrassed]. Well — really — Eve — I don't know, — I'll tell you how it is —

Mrs. Lindon. Oh, I don't mean here! I know Becky wrote you a note telling you

not to let me stay, did n't she?

WARDER [laughing]. She did — you see, she has an engagement. [Reading from the paper, good-naturedly.] "Get rid of Eve, I want the room."

Mrs. Lindon. At six o'clock.

[Glances meaningly at LAURA.]

WARDER [casually]. Is it?

Mrs. Lindon. To see Fred in!

LAURA. Eve! be sensible!

WARDER. No, it's for Mrs. Clayton

about Roslyn.

Mrs. Lindon. Then, why must she be rid of me? Georgia Clayton and I are the best of friends, and I have as much to do with Roslyn as Becky.

WARDER [still pleasantly]. I suppose Becky has a good reason, if she cared to tell us.

Mrs. Lindon. I know Becky has an appointment here, at six, with Fred.

LAURA. You don't know it, Eve!

Mrs. Lindon. I do.

WARDER [still pleasantly]. In any case that is Becky's and Fred's business, is n't it?

MRS. LINDON. You know Fred?

WARDER. Yes!

Mrs. Lindon. Well?

WARDER. You don't want my opinion of Fred, at this late day! I also know Becky! Mrs. Lindon. Becky and Fred meet every single day.

LAURA. [Interpolates.] She thinks so.

WARDER. What are you talking about? MRS. LINDON. What I know! And if you'll wait here with me a few minutes now, in spite of what Becky said, you'll see Fred and not Mrs. Clayton arrive.

WARDER. If your husband is really coming, it was probably to spare you that Becky spoke of Mrs. Clayton, and I should n't think of embarrassing her by waiting.

Mrs. Lindon [disagreeably, irritatingly].

Oh, you don't mind, then?

WARDER. Almost any man, my dear Eve, would mind your husband meeting his wife every day! I only think you've been misinformed, or only half informed, that's all.

MRS. LINDON. You are aware that Fred and I have been separated for two months?

WARDER. Yes, Becky told me.

LAURA [looking at her watch]. It's almost six now. Come, Eve.

WARDER [going toward the door, left].

Yes, I'm afraid I must ask you -

[Rings electric bell on wall beside the door.]

MRS. LINDON [going to him]. Tom, for the sake of our boy and girl friendship, walk home with me, and let me speak plainly.

LAURA [on the other side of WARDER].

Mr. Warder, please don't go.

MRS. LINDON. [To LAURA, angrily.] What do you mean? [To WARDER, pleadingly.] I've no other man in the world to go to; I need advice. Won't you give me yours?

WARDER, [Looks at her a moment, hesi-

tates, then says.] My advice? Of course, if you wish that. [The SERVANT appears in the doorway in answer to the bell. To SERVANT.] My hat and coat—and say to Mrs. Warder I'm walking home with Mrs. Lindon. [He goes out left.]

SERVANT. Yes, sir. [Follows him out.]
[LAURA looks significantly at Mrs.

LINDON.]

LAURA. If you keep on, there soon won't be a soul left in New York whose advice you have n't asked and not taken!

MRS. LINDON. Well, it's my own trouble; I can do what I like with it. What are you

going to do now?

[She sits in the armchair at the left.]

LAURA [going to her]. Don't tell him all
you think you know about Becky.

MRS. LINDON. Think!

LAURA. It will be a very great mistake.

MRS. LINDON. Laura, I'll tell you the
truth; I've had Fred watched by private
detectives for over a month, and I have a
list of dates and places of their meetings to
more than prove what I say.

LAURA. How dreadful of you!

Mrs. Lindon. Oh, wait till you get a husband, and then you'll sympathize more with a woman who is trying to keep one!

LAURA. But these places where they

meet?

Mrs. Lindon. Are respectable so far as I know. But daily meetings my dear, daily / Laura. And you'll tell Mr. Warder?

Mrs. Lindon. I don't know yet how much I shall tell. What are you going to do now?

LAURA. Wait till to-morrow! Give your-

self time to recover, to consider.

Mrs. Lindon. [Simply repeats.] What are you going to do now?

LAURA. [Deliberately crosses to the chair at center and sits.] Stay and see Becky.

Mrs. Lindon. [Rises, delighted.] Oh, do! Stay till Fred comes, and catch her!

LAURA. No, no! I 've finished with this now. I don't sympathize with what you're going to do.

WARDER [with hat and coat, in the door-

way left]. Ready?

Mrs. Lindon. Yes.

WARDER. Good-bye, Laura.

LAURA. Good-bye. [Mrs. LINDON goes out left with WARDER. After the outside door is heard to close BECKY comes into the room hurriedly. She stops suddenly on seeing LAURA, turns and tries to steal out. Just as she gets to the door, LAURA catches her.] Becky!

[Becky turns and their eyes meet. Becky laughs, realizing she is caught.]

BECKY. Oh, you did n't go with them?

LAURA. No!

BECKY. Had enough of Eve to-day?

LAURA. Not enough of you.

BECKY. [Sings instead of speaks.] "Thank you!"

[She puts her arm around LAURA, and they sit on the sofa.]

LAURA. Becky, why won't you be frank with Eve?

BECKY. I was.

LAURA. No, you did n't tell the truth about seeing Fred.

BECKY. Oh, that! LAURA. Yes, that!

BECKY. I may have seen him once or twice, that's all.

LAURA. Exactly what Eve says -- you

don't tell the truth!

BECKY. It's false! I never told a malicious lie in my life. I never told a fib that hurt any one but myself!

LAURA. Tell Eve the truth. Make her have confidence in you. She says if you cross the ferry to Jersey City, you say

you've been abroad.

BECKY [laughing]. Well, so I have! Laura! I'm doing my best to make Eve happy. I can't do any more than my best, and if I do it at all, I must do it my own way!

LAURA. You've seen Fred to-day.

Becky. No, I have n't.

LAURA. Becky! He came home with you just now!

BECKY. What makes you think so?

LAURA. I saw his back on the steps with you.

Becky. Oh, I see — spying on me? Well, you made a mistake in the back.

LAURA. I know it was Fred Lindon.

BECKY. And I know it was n't.

LAURA. You're not seeing him every day?

BECKY. Certainly not! But what affair is it of yours, if I do?

LAURA. We're all friends, and you're

making Eve wildly jealous.

BECKY. That is entirely her own fault, not mine.

The Servant enters left with a bill on a small silver tray.

SERVANT. Pardon me, madam, a man with a box and a bill to collect.

BECKY [taking bill]. A bandbox?

[She opens bill.]

SERVANT. Yes, madam.

BECKY. [To LAURA.] Oh, my dear, such a duck of a hat! And only sixty-five dollars. I saw it on my way here and could n't resist buying. Are hats a passion with you?

LAURA [uninterested]. Yes, rather.

BECKY. I told them to send it C.O.D., but I did n't suppose it would come till tomorrow and I have n't a cent!

LAURA. I thought you said you won a

hundred and fifty at bridge?

Becky. No, no, my dear, you misunderstood me; I lost. [To Servant.] Tell the man if he can't leave the box, to take it back and call later; say Mrs. Warder is out.

SERVANT. Yes, madam.

[Goes out with the bill, left.]

LAURA. You said you won at bridge! BECKY. Oh, you tedious person! You hang on to anything like a terrier, don't you! I said I won because I did n't want Eve to think I'd lost; I never can bear to own up I've lost anything before Eve. [Laughs, pulls LAURA by the arm.] Goodbve!

LAURA. I won't go yet.

Becky [urging her]. You must. I have an engagement.

LAURA. With Fred Lindon!

BECKY. It is not. [SERVANT enters and announces "MR. LINDON." LINDON follows in. He is surprised to see LAURA, but instantly covers his surprise. Going to LINDON, quickly.] Oh, what a surprise!

LINDON. Surprise? Am I early?

BECKY [indicating LAURA]. Sh! Yes, surprise. [LINDON sees LAURA and makes an amused grimace.] But I can only give you a very few minutes. I have an engagement, have n't I, Laura?

[As they shake hands.]

LINDON. Oh, hello, Laura! LAURA [very dryly]. How d' you do, Fred?

LINDON. How's Eve?

LAURA [embarrassed]. Very well — at least not very - yes, she is of course very well! She's just left here.

[She adds this pointedly.]

LINDON. Oh! sorry I missed her! Give her my regards when you see her, and say I 'm glad she 's well.

[He goes to the piano, sits on the bench,

and plays.]

LAURA. [Rises indignant.] I shall do nothing of the kind.

She starts to leave the room. LIN-DON runs what he is playing into "Good-bye, little girl, Good-bye."]

Becky [offering her hand]. Good-bye. LAURA. [Pretends not to see BECKY'S hand. Good-bye. [She goes out left.] Becky [going to the piano]. They both

saw you come back with me!

LINDON [still playing, improvising. Laugh-

ing]. No! Did they? BECKY [laughing]. Yes, but it's no laugh-

ing matter! Eve is jealous.

LINDON. [Stops playing.] What right has she? Did she expect me to sit alone in the drawing-room for two months straining my ears to hear her ring the front door bell?

[He continues playing.] Becky. They know we've been meeting every day - at least they think so. Have

LINDON [still playing]. No! BECKY. Yes we have! Haven't we?

LINDON. [Stops playing.] Well, yes, if you want the truth.

BECKY. [Goes to sofa and sits.] There's no use telling a story about it. I've nothing to be ashamed of — I did it with the best of motives.

LINDON. [Goes to BECKY.] Oh, don't spoil it all, Becky, with motives!

[He leans over the arm of the sofa to

talk to her.]

[Laughs.]You know Eve BECKY. must n't be jealous of me!

LINDON [earnestly]. Now you're not going to let her break up our little -

BECKY [interrupting]. Fred, how much do vou like me?

LINDON [smiling]. I dare n't tell you!

BECKY. No, I mean really!

LINDON. So do I!

Becky. I believe you are fond of me.

LINDON. I am!

BECKY. And I like you to be.

LINDON [placing his hand on hers on the sofa's arm]. Because?

Becky slowly drawing her hand from his]. I like men to like me, even though it really means nothing.

LINDON. Nothing? [Rather chagrined.] BECKY [amused]. I like it for myself, and besides I think it's a compliment to

LINDON [mockingly]. Oh! Oh! I say!

Becky!

[He moves to the chair right beside Becky and drawing it nearer sits facing her.]

BECKY. But with you there was a special

reason.

LINDON. [Is encouraged. Draws a little

nearer to her. Yes?

BECKY. Of course you have perfectly understood why I've seen so much of you.

LINDON. You've been my friend. Becky. I've sympathized with you.

LINDON. You've been the only real glimpse of happiness I've had for months in my life.

BECKY. Don't be rhetorical! no man sounds sincere, when he talks pictures. I'll tell you why I wanted you to come back this afternoon.

LINDON [taking her two hands]. To make

me happy!

Becky [pulling her hands away, and patting his half seriously]. Yes [he leans over toward her], by making you realize it's time you went to Eve and asked her to come back.

LINDON [sinking back in his chair]. Nonsense; Eve's made a row and frightened

you.

Becky. How frightened me? I always meant when I'd got you where I wanted you, to influence you to make it up with Eve. She adores you!

LINDON. She has an odd way of show-

ing it.

[He rises and leans against the mantel beside the sofa.]

BECKY. You don't want every woman to show her love in the same way.

LINDON. I don't want any other woman to show me she loves me in Eve's way.

BECKY. Come now, you're unfair to Eve! I'm going to sympathize with her a little. Granted that she is jealous, granted that she does n't always control her temper! - what woman worth while does!

LINDON [laughing]. But she ought to

trust me — as you do.

Becky [laughing]. Oh, I'm not your wife. I would n't trust you for a minute if I were married to you!

LINDON. How about Tom? BECKY. Of course I trust Tom. LINDON. And I trust Eve. [Laughing.]

BECKY. Oh! but it 's not the same thing. You trust Eve because you don't care enough. I trust Tom because - well, in one little word, he is perfect and I adore $\lim !$

LINDON. Sounds boring!

BECKY. Eve's proved she loves you with a big love! She 's proved it by forgiveness. That's the proof of a love it's not easy to get and even harder to deserve! You've got it — [he moves toward her]. We won't go into the deserving part! But if only half that she says and one quarter of what every one else says of you is true, you ought to go on your knees to her in gratitude if she is willing to take you back.

LINDON. Sits on the arm of sofa, half laughing.] She will! She's left before.

BECKY. You love her, Fred?

LINDON [casually]. No, I love you!

Becky. Nonsense! I mean really! Promise me you'll go to Eve to-morrow and ask her to come back.

LINDON. [Slides down on to sofa.] Not yet - give me another month!

BECKY. You'll lose her!

LINDON. No, there are certain things you can't lose - try as hard as you like!

BECKY. That is n't funny.

LINDON. She 's been urging you to de this.

BECKY. Nothing of the sort! She's too proud. And she must n't dream I've had anything to do with your going to her. No woman really wants to accept her happiness like a pauper at the Lady Bountiful hands of another woman. She might think she was grateful to me, but she would n't be! With a disposition like Eve's you'd have another quarrel inside a fortnight. No! Eve must think you've come to her spontaneously because you can't live without her. [He whistles. She rises.] You can whistle, but you'll never get another woman half so good to you as Eve! Make her think you want her back. Make yourself think you want her back, and you don't know how

happy you'll be - first in making her happy, and second in finding you are yourself.

He takes hold of her hand; she draws it away quickly and sits in the armchair on the opposite side of the

LINDON. What are you doing away over there?

Becky. Oh, I thought it was getting a

little crowded on the sofa.

LINDON. And must I give up my visits with you?

BECKY. Of course.

LINDON. Oh, well, if that's the price, I don't want happiness, it costs too much!

BECKY. You won't need sympathy any more. You can write me a little note and say: "Becky, I thought I loved you, but it was only a heart being caught on the rebound. Thank you for being sensible and pitching the heart back! Thank you for seeing my real happiness was in making Eve happy."

LINDON. You know that doesn't sound

like me!

BECKY. Not like your foolish old you, but like your sensible new you, who has found out you can have a woman friend without getting sued for damages, - which has been your usual experience, I believe!

LINDON. Becky! Don't rob the graves!

BECKY. Well, will you go to Eve and beg her to come back?

LINDON. [Rises.] No! BECKY. Fred! The price of my friendship is your peace with Eve!

LINDON [going to BECKY]. But if I con-

sent, I may come to see you?

BECKY. Yes.

LINDON. Eve, my darling wife, forgive me! Come to my arms and stay there for five minutes - consider it done! Where, to-morrow?

Becky. The Metropolitan?

LINDON. No, let me come here to-mor-

row, and what time?

BECKY. [Rises.] Four — but to say Goodbye! [She means it.] The last visit!

LINDON. Oh! well, we won't cross that bridge till we come to it! and I'll make you a bet if you ever do send me away for good, do you know what will happen?

BECKY [amused]. No, what?

LINDON. In a day or two you'd send for me to come again after all!

Becky [laughing]. Why?

LINDON. Because you like me better than you think you do?

Becky [going to the writing-table]. Oh,

really!!

LINDON [following her]. Yes, really! and you know — though you may not acknowledge it to yourself, still you know just how strong my feeling is for you.

BECKY [turning toward him]. But I do acknowledge it, and I am grateful and pleased

to have you care for me.

[She pulls the chair beside the table in front of her.

LINDON [pushing chair away]. "Care for

Becky [pulling chair back]. Yes! and I want to show my appreciation by making you happy.

LINDON. Eve's jealousy has frightened you, but you'll forget it to-morrow!

Becky [really not understanding]. How

do you mean?

[She looks at him questioningly, innocently. He looks back knowingly with a half smile, not believing her. A pause. WARDER comes in left. He looks from one to the other, then speaks pleasantly.]

WARDER. Oh! How are you, Lindon?

LINDON. Good-evening, Warder.

[Both men stand; an awkward pause.] Becky [sitting in the armchair right]. Sit down, Tom.

[He does so on the chair by the table. LINDON sits on the sofa. A mo-

ment's pause.]

LINDON. Do you come uptown generally as late as this?

WARDER. Oh, no, I've been up some [Second awkward pause.] time.

Becky. Did you get the theater tickets? WARDER. No, I forgot; I didn't go to the club. I'll telephone from here. [Very casually. | Has Mrs. Clayton gone?

BECKY. Who?

WARDER. Mrs. Clayton. You said -

[Becky interrupting.] BECKY. Mrs. Cl-? Oh! Yes! She's [Awkward pause.]

gone. LINDON. Have you been to the club?

WARDER [very casually]. No, I walked back with your wife to her mother's.

[Awkward pause. Becky and Lin-DON exchange glances.]

Lindon [half-humorously]. I hear Eve is

looking very well. [Pause.]
WARDER. By the way, will you have a whiskey and soda, a cocktail or something?
BECKY. Or tea?

LINDON. Tea? — poison to me! No, thanks, I must be getting on.

[All rise; then, after a moment of embarrassment, WARDER speaks.]

WARDER. Yes?

LINDON. I 've an early, melancholy, bachelor's dinner at seven.

BECKY. It's your own fault! Think how well Eve looks in a dinner dress, and what

a delightful hostess she always is.

LINDON. Yes, Eve's all right in a crowd! [Shaking hands. To WARDER.] Forgive my domestic affairs intruding. Mrs. Warder has been kind enough to advise me a little! Good-bye! [Going.]

WARDER. I'm sure her advice is good.

You'd better take it!

LINDON. Perhaps! — but in homeopathic doses! [To Becky.] Good-bye! [To Warder.] Bye, Warder.

[Laughing, he goes out. Warder and Becky, alone, look at each other — Becky questioningly, Warder half puzzled.]

BECKY. Well! Has Eve been weeping

on your bosom, too?

WARDER. No, I think she scratched it, if

she did anything!

BECKY [half amused, half worried]. How do you mean? [The SERVANT enters with a letter which he gives to BECKY.] When did this come?

SERVANT. A little while ago, but madam

gave orders not to be interrupted.

[He goes out. Warder gives Becky a quick, sharp look, which, however, she does n't notice.]

BECKY. From father! He can't want

more money already!

WARDER. You sent him how much two

days ago?

BECKY. [Goes above the writing-table as she opens the letter.] You sent him, you generous darling, three hundred dollars. I had given him his allowance the beginning of the month.

WARDER. And gone already! Of course, he's been at the races this week! No more. Becky—is it true you've been seeing Lindon every day lately?

Becky [while she reads her letter]. No!—
yes! [Looks up at him.] I mean no, certainly not!

WARDER [smiling]. Which is it? — or do

I take my choice?

Becky [with a little laugh]. I 've seen something of him. I 'm sorry for him.—Father's in more trouble.

WARDER. That's an old story, and this is something new. Eve is jealous of

you

BECKY. [Looks up at him.] Are you, of Fred Lindon?

WARDER. No!

Becky. [Goes quickly to him and kisses him and pushes him down on to the sofa.] Bless you! You're right, and that's my answer to Eve!—Father does want more money!

WARDER. We send no more till next month, not one penny. Come here! [He makes her sit on the arm of the sofa beside him. She puts her arm about his neck and hugs him. WARDER continues.] You have n't seen Lindon almost daily for the past month, have you?

BECKY. No.

WARDER. You have n't met him by appointment at the Metropolitan, Eden Musée,

or any such places?

Becky. Eve's jealousy gives her the most ridiculous ideas! When I have been with Mr. Lindon, it has been principally to talk about Eve, and entirely with the desire to try and reconcile them.

WARDER. Grant that! But it's not true

about all these appointments?

BECKY. No!

Warder [with his arm about her waist]. I believe you love me better than all the world?

Becky. Than all the world, and every world, and all the planets put together, Mars, Saturn, and Venus. Yes. I love you even more than Venus!

[Laughing and giving him another caress.]

WARDER. I have every confidence in you and your motives. But I have none in Lindon's — so I want to-day's visit to be his last, my dear.

BECKY [rising, a little uncomfortable]. All

right.

WARDER. Own up, now, has n't he tried to make love to you?

BECKY [leaning on the back of the chair, facing him]. No!

WARDER. Not a bit?

Becky [smiling]. Well — maybe — just

tiny bit - but not in earnest.

WARDER [rising, angrily]. I was sure of t! the damn puppy! Becky, I've heard im swear there's no such thing as a decent woman if a man goes about it in the right way!

BECKY. Oh, you men are always hard on

nother man whom women like.

WARDER. I know what I'm talking about

his time, and you don't.

Becky [with dignity]. I judge by his sehavior to me. He may have led me o believe he likes me very much, — he bught to like me, I've been very nice to him, — and I suppose it flattered me — smiling] it always does flatter me when nen like me, — and I think one feeling I have is pride that you have a wife whom ther men admire! If Mr. Lindon has made—er—respectful love to me, that 's a combiment to you. [Warder laughs, sincerely mused.] But he has not insulted me.

Warder [smiling]. That 's your fault.

WARDER [smiling]. That's your fault. You are the kind of woman he does n't believe exists, and he can't make up his mind

ust what tactics to adopt.

BECKY. He knows perfectly, unless he's leaf and blind, that my seeing him — a ew times only — has been solely to recon-

ile him with Eve.

WARDER. That sort of man is deaf and clind except to his own rotten mental suggestions. He is incapable of believing in our philanthropic motive, so let it go,

Becky. [Places the letter on the writingable and sits behind it.] Eve has frightened

ou!

WARDER. [Walks away.] Not a bit; I aughed at her fears that you were fascilated by her precious worm! But I do onsider that unwittingly you have been claying a dangerous and —forgive me, arling — [going to her] a very foolish tame. Already some one believes you've been seeing Lindon every day. You have n't! But that does n't make any difference! Every one will believe you have seen him wice a day in another month if you continue seeing him at all. No woman can have the "friendship" of a man like Lindons

don for long without — justly or unjustly — paying the highest price for it. [He places his hand tenderly on her shoulder.] You would n't know what the price was till the bill came in — and then no matter how well you knew and those who love you knew you had not danced, all the same the world would make you pay the piper!

Becky. I do your sex greater justice than you! I don't believe there's any man, no matter what he has been, whom some sincere woman can't waken to some good

that is in him!

WARDER [smiling]. That 's all right, but you please let Eve wake up Lindon! [He moves away.] Had you made any arrangements to ring a little friendly alarm on him to-morrow?

BECKY. No! And that, of course, was

Eve's suggestion!

WARDER. Well, never mind so long as it's understood his visits here are at an end. You don't expect him to-morrow, and should he come, you won't see him, eh?

BECKY. Exactly! [Smiling.] When I told him to-day his visits were over, what

do you think he said?
WARDER. I could n't guess.

BECKY. He said I'd change my mind and send for him!

WARDER. And if you did, do you know what he would do?

BECKY. No - what?

Warder. Consider it a signal of capitulation—and ten to one take you in his arms and kiss you!

Becky. [Rises.] He would n't dare!

WARDER. I'm not sure, but at any rate I am serious about one thing in this discus-

BECKY. [Goes to him and places her hands lovingly on his arms.] Our first "domestic

WARDER. [Turns her about and holds her in his arms — she leans against him.] And last!

Becky. Amen!

WARDER [very seriously]. And I echo the sentiment, I know, of every sane husband in New York — Lindon's attentions to a man's wife are an insult, and as your husband I won't have them.

BECKY [leaving his arms, pushes him playfully into a chair and sits near him in the corner of the sofa]. Well, give me my

woman's last word. I still think you are unfair to him — but I love you all the same!!

WARDER. You'd better!

BECKY. I'm so afraid you'll get — not tired, but — well — too used to me!

WARDER. Not till I find you twice the same! Now — what about your father?

BECKY. He only wants fifty dollars, and says he must have it; let's send it.

WARDER. No, that 's the way it 's been always. Our "no" has always ended "yes," so of course he has n't believed in it. This time it must stay "no."

BECKY [plaintively]. You won't send

it?

WARDER. No, and you must n't.

BECKY. Oh, I have n't got a cent. But he says he's in real trouble and he must

ave it.

Warder. It's always the same thing! And we must put a stop to his inveterate, indiscriminate gambling. If we don't teach him the lesson he needs soon, before we know it he will be in real trouble that ten thousand times fifty dollars might n't get him out of.

Becky. But he promises not to —

WARDER [interrupting]. My dear! He has given his word over and over again, and broken it twice as many times! If it is n't a race course, it's a bucket shop — or some cheap back door roulette table, and it's got to stop! Stop now!

BECKY. But, Tom -

WARDER [interrupting]. Now, Becky! You know how hard it is for me to refuse you.

BECKY. It's only-

WARDER [interrupting]. You must trust my judgment, and your father must learn, and a small matter of fifty dollars is a good chance to begin; it can't be so very serious! so that 's ended.

Becky [half-humorously, half-discour-

agedly]. Yes, I guess it's ended!

WARDER. Now, will you try to realize that I only want to do what's best and right?

BECKY. [Kisses him.] Yes, but I can't help feeling sorry for father. [Smiling.] [The SERVANT enters left with a bill and a bandbox.]

SERVANT. Beg pardon, madam, but the man has come back.

BECKY. [Takes the bill.] Oh, my hat! Very well, I'll ring when I'm ready. Leave the box on the chair.

SERVANT. [Puts bandbox on the chair a left.] Very good, madam. [He goes out. BECKY [smiling, embarrassed]. I'm nearly

as bad as father!

WARDER. Lose at bridge to-day?

BECKY. No, I did n't play to-day, but I could n't resist a hat, my dear, the most adorable hat! [WARDER laughs "Oh Becky."] No, honestly! Much more beautiful than the one I bought day before yesterday! I'm ashamed, but I did order it to come home, and I have n't a penny.

WARDER [teasing her]. Send it back! BECKY. Oh, you wouldn't be so heartless!—and what would they think at the

shop?
WARDER [getting out his pocketbook]

How much is it?

BECKY. [Hesitates a moment.] Fifty dol-

WARDER [with a slight quizzing look]

Just what your father wants.

Becky. Yes! Give the money to father

and I'll send back the bonnet.

WARDER. No, my darling. You know is n't the money with your father, it 's the principle of the thing. I've not got the money, I must write a check.

[He looks for the check-book. She quickly gets a check-book from table and hides it behind her back.]

Becky. Your check-book's upstairs.

[She rings the bell on the desk. Warder. I thought perhaps yours wa

here?
BECKY. No, mine's used up, as usual!

BECKY. No, mine's used up, as usual! WARDER. All right.

[He goes out right, as the SERVAN enters.]

Becky [opening the bandbox]. Send the man here, Jenks.

SERVANT. Yes, madam.

BECKY. [Takes out the hat and looks a it admiringly.] What a duck! [Heaves of great sigh and puts it back and starts to re-tiethe strings, as the MAN enters.] I want you to take this back to Mme. Flora, and say Mrs. Warder is extremely sorry, but Mr Warder has taken a violent dislike to the hat, so she cannot have it. She will be it later to choose another.

MAN. Yes, ma'am.

[He goes out with the bandbox, left. Becky sits down and starts to write a letter hurriedly. Warden comes in with check. Becky hides the letter she is writing.]

WARDER [coming to the table]. Here's the check, all but the name of the payee.

Where 's the bill?

Becky. Make it out to me, and I 'll indorse it.

WARDER. Why?

BECKY. [Half worried, half smiling.] Oh, dear! I told you a sort of fib! The hat was only thirty-five dollars, but I wanted the extra fifteen for something else. Please

don't be angry —

Warder [laughing]. I'm not angry, though you know I dislike even little fibs. Why didn't you tell me if you're hard up? I'll give you this and make out another for the bonnet shop.

Becky. No, you need n't do that; the nan's gone now for the change — I told

im.

WARDER. [Finishes the check and gives it o her.] Becky! you're not going to send his to your father? I forbid that.

BECKY. No, no, darling! [Takes the heck.] And now you get dressed. I'll be up in a minute. You know it always takes you twice as long as it does me when you wear a white tie! It's a long play and be-

ins early. WARDER. I'll bet you I'll be dressed efore you start! [He hurries out, right.] Becky. [Rings the telephone on the desk.] Hello! Hello, 6304-72d. [Writes on her nterrupted letter with one hand and listens with the receiver in the other. After a monent.] Hello! 6304-72d? Is Mr. Lindon - yes, ask him to come to the 'phone and peak to 2759-38th. [Listens as she writes.] Hello! Is that you? Yes — yes — Oh laughs], don't be silly! I called you to ay I am very sorry, but our engagement or to-morrow is off! O double f! No, for ood! For Good! [She adds very quickly.] food-bye! [Hangs up the receiver and rites. In a moment the telephone bell rings furiously; at first she ignores it; then she takes a grimace at it; then she takes up the eceiver.] Hello! No, Central, I was n't cut ff. No, I don't want the number back;

hank you, I hung up the receiver. I can't

help that! You need n't re-connect us—say the line is busy! [Hangs up the receiver.] Mercy! when you don't want them!! [Rings the electric bell on the desk, indorses the check, puts it in the letter, and seals the envelope. The Servant enters as she addresses letter.] I want you to take this at once and put a special delivery stamp on it. I want it to reach my father in Baltimore to-night.

SERVANT. Yes, madam.

Becky. Have you any idea whether it would be delivered there to-night or to-morrow morning?

Servant. One or the other, madam.

Becky [smiling]. That I know! Make haste.

[The Servant goes out left, as War-Der all dressed, save that his tie hangs loose, rushes in, right. She rises quickly.]

WARDER. Who 's ready first?

Becky [laughing]. Oh, you've raced! But while you're tying your tie I'll—

WARDER. [Interrupts.] No, I came down purposely to get you to tie it for me!

[He stands ready.]

Becky. [Ties it during the following speeches.] You forgive me for telling you that little fib?

WARDER. Yes, if it 's to be your last one.

Becky. My very last.

WARDER. No more of those wicked little white lies, even, that you know you do amuse yourself with, and distress me?

BECKY. No, no! Really! I've opened the cage door and let all the little white

mice fibs out for good!

WARDER. And you do love me?

BECKY. Do you want to know how much I love you?

WARDER. Yes, how much?

BECKY. How deep is the ocean in its deepest spot?

WARDER. As deep as your love for me. BECKY. Oh, that is n't fair! You're stealing my thunder! There! [The tie is finished, and she pushes him playfully into the chair by the writing-table.] One good turn deserves another. [With her arms about his neck she slides on to his knee, like a child.] I've let Perkins go out, and you must hook me up the back.

[And both laugh gayly as he embraces her and the curtain falls.]

ACT II

At the Warders' early Saturday afternoon,

just after lunch.

The same scene as Act I. Becky and War-DER are sitting on the sofa, both drinking coffee after lunch. WARDER puts his coffee-cup on the table as the curtain rises.

BECKY. Are n't you going to smoke, darling?

[Putting her coffee on the table behind her.

[Getting out cigar.] WARDER. Yes. BECKY. Give it to me. [She takes it, and cuts the tip with a gold jeweled cutter which she wears on a chain about her neck. For six years you've not smoked a cigar in my presence that I have n't clipped, have you?

WARDER. No. And how about anybody else's cigars? That has n't cut off any tips

for - Lindon, I hope !

BECKY. No, indeed! He only smokes

zigarettes.

WARDER [amused]. Is that the only rea-

BECKY. Oh, you darling! I believe you are a little jealous of Lindon and I adore you for it. [Hugging and kissing him.]

WARDER. Well, you go on adoring, but

I'm not a bit jealous of Lindon.

[Rises, and lights his cigar with a match from the table behind them.]

You're not going back to the office? It's Saturday.

WARDER. No - I think I'll have a game

of racquets with Billy Weld.

Becky. Do! You love it so. I 've regretted their invitation to dine with them next week, Friday. I said we're going out

WARDER. But we're not. We've people

dining here, have n't we?

BECKY. Yes, but I think going out of town sounds so much more interesting. Besides, then they can't possibly be offended that they are n't asked here. Grace'll be consumed with curiosity, too, as to where we're going! [Amused.]

WARDER. But if they see us Friday? Becky. They'll think we have n't gone

yet.

WARDER. But if Billy meets me down-

town Saturday morning?

BECKY. He'll think you took an early train back.

WARDER. The truth's so simple, so much easier - why not tell it?

BECKY. Don't worry, it 'll be all right. I'm sorry I told you if you're going to

[He goes to kiss her; she stops him.] WARDER [sitting beside her]. What's up?

BECKY. I've decided I kiss you too often. I'm a shopkeeper with only one line of goods - no variety, and I'm cheapening my wares. [WARDER laughs.] I don't want you to feel you 're getting a left-over stock of stale, shopworn kisses! I want you to feel the supply does n't equal the demand.

She kisses him. The SERVANT enters and they move apart.]

Mrs. Lindon to see Mr. SERVANT.

Warder. BECKY, [To WARDER.] Eve! [To SERV-ANT. Ask her to come in here and have a cup of coffee and a cigarette.

SERVANT. Yes, madam. Goes out. Becky [beaming]. Come to tell us of the

reconciliation!

WARDER. Why she did n't let him go and be thankful! I don't see what she can love in a little outsider like Lindon!

Becky. Thank Heaven, all women don't love the same kind of a man! [Steals of caress. Think what an awful fight there'd

SERVANT [coming back]. Mrs. Lindon sends this message — she wishes to see Mr ${f Warder.}$

> BECKY and WARDER look at each other, surprised and amused. BECK makes a grimace.]

WARDER. Very well, show Mrs. Lindon in.

SERVANT. Yes, sir. Goes out.

WARDER. More trouble! BECKY. They 've quarreled again already! It must have been his fault.

[SERVANT shows in Mrs. LINDON and goes out.

MRS. LINDON. [To WARDER, not noticing Becky.] How do you do?

WARDER. How do you do, Eve?

BECKY. How do you do, Eve! Sit down MRS. LINDON. I wish to see Tom for moment, Becky.

BECKY. What for?

Mrs. Lindon. I wish to see him alone.

BECKY. Why?

MRS. LINDON. That, Becky, is my affai - and his, perhaps!

BECKY. Oh, really! I suppose I ought to secome very jealous now, and do dreadful hings. [Smiles.] But don't have me for a noment on your mind, Tom.

> [Kisses her finger, puts it to Tom's lips, he kisses it, and she goes out

right.

WARDER. What is it, Eve? You know have no earthly secrets from Becky.

Mrs. Lindon. It's about her secrets

rom you!

WARDER. Nonsense! [Half laughs.] Mrs. Lindon [sitting in the chair by the able near center]. I only hinted at things he other day - and only hinted at one half he truth.

WARDER [sitting on the sofa]. Excuse me, Eve, but you've got hold of the wrong half. asked Becky outright - that is our way lways. She denied practically all you said. MRS. LINDON. You can't make me beieve you've lived as long as you have with Becky Roland and not found out—she ies.

WARDER. [Rises quickly in anger.] It's because you're a woman you dare say that o me, but you know I don't have to listen o you, so don't push our old friendship's

laim too far.

Mrs. Lindon. I said Becky and Fred

net often on the sly.

WARDER [sitting again]. Which is n't rue!

Mrs. Lindon. No! They meet every lay!

WARDER. Eve, I think your trouble has

gone to your brain.

MRS. LINDON [still quietly, but with the quiet of the crater when the volcano is alive beneath. I can prove to you that Becky has seen Fred every day and more than that! When we had our talk two days ago, they had agreed together that he was to go through a form of reconciliation with me for appearance' sake, and their meetings were to continue. She had an appointment with him for yesterday.

WARDER. That I know is n't true, for

she swore to me the opposite.

MRS. LINDON. Yes, you frightened her off and she broke the engagement by telephone, which made Fred perfectly furious!

WARDER [rising, goes to mantel and knocks his cigar ashes into the grate; absolutely unconvinced, he continues with a cynical smile]. And how did you obtain this decidedly intimate information?

Mrs. Lindon [in an outburst, the volcance becoming a little active]. From him! I knew they had n't met for two days -

WARDER [interrupting]. How?

[He looks up curiously.] MRS. LINDON. [Rises and turns away, a little ashamed. I've had Fred watched for weeks!

WARDER [astonished, rises]. You mean vou 've ---[He hesitates.]

MRS. LINDON. Yes! [Coming to the desk, and speaking across it to him. I took their not meeting for a sign that after all Becky had given him up, and I had the impulse to go to him — to go back home. He turned on me like a wolf — said I'd meddled with his affairs once too often --- that I'd frightened Becky into breaking off with him — that he had been on the point of making up with me for the reason I've told you, but now it was done for! I'd raised your suspicions, I'd given the whole thing away to everybody, and I could congratulate myself on having broken off his and my relations for good - forever! Oh, how could be insult me so when it was only his love I was asking for?

[She sinks down in the chair above the table, and buries her face in her

hands and sobs.

WARDER. [Forgets himself and exclaims.] But can you - how can you still care for him after everything you 've gone through? It's beyond my understanding!

[He throws his cigar angrily into the

fireplace.]

Mrs. Lindon. The history of the world is full of women who love like me, but no men - I don't know why; but I suppose that's why you can't understand it. Why could n't he realize it is for happiness not appearances I 've been fighting? And now it's over, for I know when he means what he says - and he told me, like a low brute, I could go to - where you can imagine for all he cares, or for all he'll ever live [Her voice fills up again.] with me again.

WARDER. I should think if you went to the address he proposed, it would insure

at least an eventual meeting!

MRS. LINDON [who has not heard and does

not understand]. What?
WARDER. I beg your pardon! I made

a foolish joke! Well? [With a hearty long breath of relief.] Now do you feel better?

Mrs. Lindon [feebly, not understanding].

Better?

WARDER. Yes, now you've got it all "off your chest"? To-morrow you'll be all right and ready to forgive again. Shall I call Becky?

[Going toward the bell beside the

mantel.]

Mrs. Lindon. [Rises.] You're going to

accuse her before me?

WARDER. [Stops and turns.] Accuse her? [Laughs.] No — I don't believe a word you've told me. I'd take Becky's unspoken denial against Fred's sworn statement any

day.

MRS. LINDON [going to him]. Then here's yesterday's report from the agency!—and Thursday's, and Thursday's includes the report of the telephone central who connected Becky with our house when she broke off the appointment with Fred—that telephone girl has told us many inter-

esting things!

WARDER. Stop! Stop this! I won't listen to you—at any rate, not behind Becky's back. I'm not a jealous, suspicious woman with good reason to believe the worst. I'm a straightforward, decent man, I hope, and I know I've every reason to believe absolutely in my wife, God bless her! [He moves away and then turns upon her.] Why have you come and told me this, anyway?

MRS. LINDON [staggered]. Why — why? WARDER [angry]. Yes, why? — to me of all people! I was the last person you should have told, as a matter of breeding, as a matter of tact, as a matter of the friendship you talk about.

Mrs. Lindon. But that was just it!

WARDER. Do you dream what it would mean to me to shake even by a miserable tremor my confidence in my wife? But you have n't!

Mrs. Lindon. I thought, and I still think, it's to your advantage to know.

WARDER [with a complete change of voice, from anger to the tone one adopts with a silly child]. My dear Eve, while I don't for a minute excuse him, still I do now understand, perhaps, how even Fred Lindon must have found your ideas of devotion at times over the endurance line.

MRS. LINDON. You don't understand -

I thought if you knew everything, together we could separate them — could arrange something.

WARDER. Eve! Believe me, there's nobody to separate in this case; there's nothing, so far as I and mine are concerned, to arrange.

[He goes again to the bell by the mantel.]

Mrs. Lindon. Who are you going to ring for?

WARDER. You know.

Mrs. Lindon [stopping him quickly]. Not before me! I don't want to see her humiliated. I don't want a public revenge or triumph; that's not the feeling I have.

WARDER. What in the world do you mean? [He rings.] Becky will deny the—

Mrs. Lindon [interrupting]. Very likely! But these proofs are uncombatable, and if that's her attitude, I shall go straight from your door to the divorce court.

[She places the envelope of reports on

the table with a blow.]

WARDER. [Goes to her.] You're mad! If your proofs are all right, then Becky'll not deny, she'll explain them. You forget you can only see everything red now, but I'm sane and quiet and sure [smiling], and I see things in their true color. You must be guided by me in this. [He takes her hand almost cruelly and speaks strongly, with the manner and voice of the man who is and means to remain master.] Do you understand that? [She draws her hand away as if in pain.] I beg your pardon. I am afraid you are one of those dangerous "well-meaning" persons who do more harm than the people who are purposely malicious. You are to take no step without my sanction.

[Becky comes in with a certain air of

bravado.]

BECKY. Excuse me, I heard the bell and I was waiting — am I right!

WARDER. [Goes to her.] Come right in, dear.

Becky. Well! Has Eve thrown a bomb, or a trump card? Am I to be taken into the secret or conspiracy or what?

WARDER [after a second's pause, in which he thinks how to begin]. Eve has convinced herself, and would convince me, of some very—[he thinks for the word]—wrong—worse than wrong things, but I prefer to be convinced of the contrary by you. And

I prefer to come to you with my confidence, my conviction complete. And together we'll try to keep Eve from harming others as well as herself and Lindon — the latter seems unavoidable. [Eve pushes her papers on the desk pointedly nearer to him. He ignores them. Eve says you've not been seeing Lindon often, but every day.

Becky. Do you want me to deny it? WARDER [indulgently]. I want you to tell

the truth.

Becky. Of course, the accusation and the idea behind it are absurd. [WARDER turns and looks at Mrs. Lindon, who meets his glance and then looks down at the evidence on the table, pushing the papers a little farther toward him. He does not follow her glance. BECKY half laughs.] It 's like a trial, is n't it! By what right does Eve -

Mrs. Lindon [interrupting]. The supreme right of any married woman who cares for her husband. Shall I be more ex-

plicit?

BECKY. No, you need n't trouble! What

next, Tom?

WARDER. Eve claims you had an engagement with Fred -

[Hesitates, trying to remember the day.] Mrs. Lindon [quickly]. Day before yes-

WARDER. Which you broke off over the

telephone.

Becky. How does she know that? Does she tap our wire? Merciful Heavens, Eve, vou 've become so morbid over your trouble your mind 's diseased on the subject of Fred - and everybody else apparently.

Mrs. Lindon. Ha!

WARDER. But is this true, Becky? Becky [to gain time]. Is what true? WARDER. About this appointment with Fred which you broke over the —

BECKY [interrupting]. Of course not!

WARDER [who begins to doubt her]. If it were, you could easily explain it, I'm sure. [Hoping to suggest this course to her.]

Becky [her head lost]. Of course — but there's nothing to explain! The whole thing's false! What do you take me for, Eve? If you think I'm a home destroyer, you've made a mistake in the bird! And what do you mean by coming into my precious home and trying to make trouble for me?

[Sitting on the sofa, frightened, and almost in tears.

WARDER. Wait a minute, Becky, it 's partly my fault.

BECKY. It is not! I know whose fault it is, and I must say that, at last, I don't blame Fred Lindon!

Mrs. Lindon. Oh!

Becky. There! I'm sorry I said that. When I'm excited like this I speak the truth straight out, no matter what happens!

WARDER. Well, really it was I who insisted on your joining us, against Eve's will. [To Mrs. Lindon.] Your way was best. It was my man's point of view — [To Becky.] And you are right, under the circumstances, no doubt, to answer as you do.

Becky. My dear Tom, there's no other

way to answer.

Warder. [Looks at her, then takes up the envelope containing the detective reports and holds them tightly in his hand. He comes down to Mrs. Lindon. If you will leave us alone, I will go over the whole matter with Becky - by ourselves will be much better.

Mrs. Lindon. I need hardly tell you those papers are most valuable to me.

Becky [looking up, her curiosity aroused].

What papers?

[Nobody answers her. She tries to see.] Mrs. Lindon. Will you promise me not to let them out of your hands till you put them back into mine?

WARDER. I will.

Mrs. Lindon [as she moves to go, stops]. You will find the entries which are of particular interest to you marked on the margin with a red cross!

WARDER [satirically]. Thank you!

[Becky rises and rings for the Serv-ANT. Mrs. Lindon goes out.]

BECKY [coming to meet WARDER]. I think I'm a pretty good-natured woman to let Eve -

Warder. | Stands before Becky with his hands on her shoulders, making her look straight into his eyes.] Now be careful, dearest. You've married a man who does n't understand a suspicious nature - who has every confidence in you and the deepesta confidence that could n't be easily disturbed; but once it was shaken, every unborn suspicion of all the past years would spring to life full-grown and strong at their birth, and God knows if my confidence could ever come back. It never has in any of the smaller trials of it I've made in my life

So you'll be careful, won't you, dearest? I mean even in little things. My faith in you is what gives all the best light to my life, but it's a live wire—neither you nor I can afford to play with it.

[Goes to the writing-table and takes the papers out of Eve's envelope.]

BECKY. Tom, you frighten me! Eve has made you jealous again. [Goes to him and puts both arms about his neck.] Now, my darling, I give you my word of honor I love only you and never have loved Fred Lindon and never could! Say you believe

WARDER. Have n't I always believed

you?

Becky. Ye-s.

WARDER. But if I find your word of honor is broken in one thing, how can I ever trust it in another?

BECKY. Of course you can't — but you seed n't worry, because it won't be broken.

WARDER. Then, now we're alone, tell me the truth, which you did n't tell me shen you said you'd not seen Lindon ften.

BECKY. [Turns away.] It was the truth.

I have n't — so very often.

WARDER. Not every day?

BECKY. [Sits in the chair by the writing-

table. How could I?

WARDER. Nor telephoned him Thursday, breaking off an engagement after you told me absolutely you'd parted with him for good—and had no appointment?

BECKY. Of course not? The idea! [But she shows she is a little worried.] Eve Lindon

never could tell the truth!

WARDER. The telephone girl must have lied, too, or else the statement was made out of whole cloth.

[Throwing the envelope on the desk.]

BECKY. What statement?

WARDER [sitting on sofa]. From these letectives.

[He begins to look through the papers.]

Becky. Detectives! [Stunned.] What detectives?

[Picks up envelope and looks at it, puts it back on desk.]

WARDER. Eve's, who have shadowed her husband for the past two months.

Becky [thoroughly alarmed]. You don't

mean -

WARDER. [Interrupts, not hearing what

BECKY says; his thoughts on the papers which he is reading, he speaks very quietly.] These certainly do make out a case of daily meetings for you two.

BECKY. It's not true!

WARDER. Though not so very many here. [Turning over a fresh paper.]

Becky. [Rises, gets above desk.] All! All the meetings there have been—practically. This is simply awful! Eve is capable of making the most terrific scandal for nothing. Don't let her, Tom, will you? Tear those things up!

WARDER [smiling indulgently, not taking

her seriously]. Becky!

BECKY [leaning over the table, stretches out her hand toward him]. Well, let me! Let me take them from you without your noticing till it's too late!

WARDER [seriously]. You 're not serious?

BECKY. I am!

WARDER. You heard me give Eve my word?

BECKY. To a mad woman like that it does n't count.

WARDER. I wonder just how much your word does count with you, Becky!

Becky [with great and injured dignity].

It counts everything!

WARDER. They seem to have hit on some very out-of-the-way places for your rendezvous. [He smiles.] Where is Huber's Museum?

Becky. Why, it's down on Fourteenth — [She interrupts herself quickly.] I don't

know where it is!

[She moves away to collect herself.]
WARDER [still smiling]. And why the
Washington Heights Inn in February? Or
the Eden Musée ever?

Becky. Of course, some one else has

been mistaken for me.

WARDER. [Looks up.] Ah! yes, that's a

very possible idea.

Becky. [Goes to the sofa and sits beside him.] Tom, don't read any more of the horrid things! Listen to me, don't let Eve go on. She'll ruin everything if she does. He'll never forgive her, never take her back.

WARDER [reading and smiling]. I did n't

know you skated!

Becky. I always loved skating. I only gave it up because it bored you. But I did n't skate then!

WARDER. When?

BECKY. I - I don't - oh, whenever that

east says!

WARDER. St. Nicholas Rink, Friday, February eighteenth. [He has noticed the lip she made, but hides the fact; he speaks is he goes on reading.] Eve and her hustand have had a big row, and he swears se'll never see her again, not even in the ther place, that she's come between you and him and that he'll never forgive.

[He finishes seriously, his bantering

manner gone.]

BECKY. Oh, how untrue! I don't believe the said any such thing. Eve's jealous mind has distorted something else. The reason for our friendship—[he rises with a half-ingry movement, goes above the table looking for the envelope]—such as it is—was to bring Eve and him together.

WARDER. From your point of view.

Becky. No, believe me, he is n't as bad as you think.

WARDER [showing the papers]. And what

bout these? They agree with me.

Becky. If you believe those papers about him, then you must believe them about

Warder [coming to her]. Heaven forbid, Becky! They would prove you a liar and a cerrible one — which you're not, are you?

BECKY. How can you ask?

Warder. If these were true—if I chought you had deceived me to such an extent—I could never trust you again so ong as I lived, Becky.

BECKY. Shall you speak to Mr. Lindon

about them?

Warder. No, I would n't insult you by discussing you with Lindon, unless I was convinced every word and more here was true. I will see Eve to-morrow and perhaps get hold of these detectives myself.

Beeky [almost trembling with dread]. And now go and have your game. You need it! You're getting morbid. You'll be believing these beastly things if you don't get

some exercise.

WARDER. What time is it?

BECKY. [She looks at clock on the mantel, and speaks with her face still away from him.] Three. When will you be back?

[She conceals her anxiety to hear his

answer.]

WARDER. Oh, six, I suppose.

BECKY [facing him with a certain relief].

Not till six — you're sure?

WARDER. Yes, you know your father's coming and there's no necessity of my seeing him.

Becky. Oh! I forgot all about father's telegram! If it's money, I'm to be firm?

WARDER. Absolutely.

BECKY [taking hold of the envelope which he has in his left hand away from her]. What are you going to do with those?

WARDER. You heard me tell Eve they should n't go out of my hands except into

hers

[He gently but firmly removes her hand from the envelope.]

BECKY. And you meant it?

WARDER. Don't you mean a promise you give like that?

Becky. Yes, of course . . .

WARDER [taking out his keys]. I'm going to put them away in my room. I want to have a thorough, careful look through them later. Of course I can't let it rest here. The detectives must learn their mistake at once.

Becky. Yes, of course. But you are going to the Welds' now for your game?

WARDER. Yes, good-bye.

[Presses her hand. Gives her a tender but questioning look, but does not kiss her, and then goes out.]

BECKY. He's begun to distrust me already. Dear God in Heaven, if I ever get out of this, I'll never tell another lie so long as I live! [She turns to the window. Smiles to WARDER outside and throws him a kiss, but afterward her face at once assumes its frightened look. Coming from the window, she sinks upon the piano stool. He's got to save me! Now he can prove that he is worthy a decent woman's friendship. [She goes to the telephone and calls.] Hello! Hello! [She suddenly realizes.] But I can't use the telephone! Central has told things already! She hangs up the receiver. The telephone bell rings. I must write him. [The bell rings again. She takes up the receiver and speaks angrily.] Hello? . . . No, I did n't ring. You've made a mistake. [Hangs up the receiver.] You telltale toad you! [She writes.] "If this note reaches you in time, please come over"—I ought to be able to get rid of father in half an hour [she looks up at the clock] - "at half past three." [Seals note

and addresses it.] "Important." [Which she underlines.]

Servant [entering left, announces]. Mr.

Roland.

[ROLAND is an elderly, dried-up little man with an air of the dandy jockey still clinging to him underneath his gray hairs and dyed mustache. A vivid carnation is in his buttonhole and a somewhat rusty springiness in his gait.]

ROLAND [coming in jauntily]. Hello

Beck!

Becky [with fictitious spirit]. Father!

[He starts to kiss her, forgetting the ever-present cigarette in his mouth; then he stops to remove it, and does kiss her.]

ROLAND. How are you?

Becky. I'm awfully glad to see you, but you can't stay long. Excuse me just a moment. Jenks, I want you to ring for a messenger and give him — [stops] — no, when he comes, send him to me.

[She has started to give Jenks the note, but changes her mind. Jenks

bows and turns to leave.]

ROLAND. I say, Becky, might I have a glass of brandy? I took coffee after lunch on the train and it's poisoned me. Must have been canned coffee!

Becky. Very well, Jenks.

[The Servant goes out left.]
ROLAND [lolling on the sofa]. What the devil did you mean by sending me fifty dollars instead of five hundred?

Becky [surprised]. I read it fifty! I never dreamed you'd ask for five hundred more! [Going toward him.]

ROLAND. I wrote five hundred and I

must have it!

Becky. My dear father, it 's impossible. I tried as it was to get a little more from Tom, but he said "no," to send you the fifty dollars, with his love, but not one penny more, and to make you understand—and, father, he means it—that for the future you must keep within your allowance.

[The Servant enters with the brandy on a salver, and pours out a liqueur

glass full.

ROLAND. But you'll help me?

Becky [sitting on the opposite end of the sofa]. No, he forbids it, and in the future I'm going to do what Tom wishes, and never deceive him even in a little thing

again. [To the SERVANT who hands the glass of brandy to ROLAND.] The messenger boy has n't come yet?

SERVANT. No, madam.

Becky. If he does n't come in five minutes, ring again.

SERVANT. Yes, madam.

[Starting to go, ROLAND stops him.]

ROLAND. Not so fast!

[He points to the glass which he has emptied and the Servant pours out another glass. Roland takes it and puts it on the table behind him. The Servant busies himself with gathering up the after-dinner coffee-cups and trying to overhear all that he can.]

BECKY. How is Mrs. Crespigny?

ROLAND. That woman will be the death

or the marriage of me!

Becky. Don't be absurd, father! She's given you the most comfortable home you've had for years. In that letter she wrote me she said she'd been a real mother to you.

ROLAND. The mother is a blind, a false lead to hide her hand! her trumps are

marriage.

Becky. Nonsense! Mrs. Crespigny must

realize the difference in your positions.

ROLAND. You have n't lived with her social souvenirs as I have for four years! [The SERVANT starts to take up the glass which ROLAND has put aside, but the latter stops him. The SERVANT has delayed over his work as long as he dares in his desire to listen, and now goes out left.] Becky, are you and Tom hungering for a mother-in-law?

BECKY. I don't know what you mean?

ROLAND. It's a question of five hundred dollars for me or a new Mrs. Roland!

Becky [astounded]. You don't mean you

owe Mrs. Crespigny that money?
ROLAND. Well, I 've not paid my board
bill as regularly as I might have wished.

Becky. [Rises, indignant.] I'm ashamed

of you!

ROLAND. I'm ashamed of myself, but shame won't pay bills; if it would, there'd have been many an unpaid debt washed off the slate in this world.

[The Servant returns with a messen-

ger boy.]

SERVANT. The messenger, madam.

[Becky goes to the boy. During

Becky's talk with the messenger, Roland fills his pocket with cigars from the box on the table.]

BECKY. I want you to take this note to s address, but only leave it in case the entleman is in. Do you understand?

MESSENGER. Yes, ma'am.

BECKY. And come back and tell me. Messenger. Yes, ma'am.

[He goes out with the Servant, who has waited for him,

ROLAND. I confess, my child, I have rted a little with the dame in question.

Becky. Father!

ROLAND. I have, in a way, led her on! Becky. And you always told me my other's memory was the one precious ing left, that you meant to keep always

atouched by your life!
ROLAND. I don't deny, Becky, I'd be shamed of it. I don't pretend Mrs. Cresgny would be a solace or a substitute; she ould, at the best, perhaps, be a resource, - but what she threatens to become unless pay is a legal necessity!

BECKY, Could she do that?

ROLAND. I have been obliged at times desperate need of ready money to sugest to her certain things as probabilities hich were barely remote possibilities! nd unfortunately — unfortunately — once

twice in writing. BECKY. She has compromising letters of

ours?

ROLAND. She has a large collection of lustrated postal cards from every place 've been since I lodged with her - they e her chief artistic dissipation - and a ouble set of Baltimore Duplicates, which I n afraid are the most foolish; as I am in e habit of making up with her in that ay after little tiffs when she takes the and of not being on speaking terms with me. BECKY. Father! You 've been a terrible iot.

ROLAND. I have, my dear!

BECKY. Can't you get those cards back? ROLAND. The rent due is "Mother's" rice for them. [Rising.] You will make om give it to me, won't you? and I'll comise not to make such a fool of myself gain.

> (Sitting on the arm of the sofa, drawing Becky toward him and putting

both his arms about her.]

BECKY. Tom's idea now is that you deserve all you get. He'll say you deserve Mrs. Crespigny.

[Leaving him, she goes above the table.] ROLAND. Oh, come, she 's not so bad as

Becky. How old is she?

ROLAND. She has told me several ages. The general average would make her about forty-seven and a quarter.

Becky. Pretty?

ROLAND. A fine figure of a woman and

plays an A-one game of piquet.

Becky. I see! When did her husband die? ROLAND. He did n't die. He stole from the bank in which he was employed and went to jail, and she says for social reasons she was naturally obliged to take advantage of the divorce law. I have a suspicion myself he may have preferred jail!

Becky. [Comes quickly to him.] Father, I would never forgive you if you did such a thing! It's degrading to me and to my mother's memory for you to accept any sort of indulgence at that woman's hands! When we get her paid, you must leave her

house.

ROLAND. That I can't and won't do, because I'm far too comfortable!

Servant [entering left, announces]. Mrs. Crespigny!

ROLAND. [Jumps up.] Mrs. who?

[Mrs. Crespigny comes in flamboyantly. She is a woman past the age of uncertainty, dressed gaudily, with an hour-glass figure; she has innumerable bracelets and bangles, and an imitation jeweled chain flaunts a heavy pair of lorgnettes, like a gargoyle hanging over a muchcurved bust. Enormous wax pearls in her ears are in direct contrast to the dark beginnings of her otherwise russet-gold hair. Neither her shoes nor her stays fit, and both are too tight. She is brightly rouged, and yet the very failure of the façade reveals, somehow, the honest interior of a human if forlornly foolish female.]

MRS. CRESPIGNY. Excuse me for intruding myself which I know is not social good

form. Mis' Warder, I take it?

[Becky bows.] ROLAND [angrily]. What do you mean by following me here?

MRS. CRESPIGNY [after a severe look at him, turns back to BECKY]. I want you to know the facts as between your father and me, and just how the matter is, and get your support that I done right! [To ROLAND.] I know your daughter is a lady if you ain't, and being a lady myself I have a certain pride. [To BECKY.] I've had a good deal of trouble persuading your father that though a lady sometimes takes in a paying guest she still holds her own in the social scale. I have friends of my own in the New York Smart Set! My niece married a Mr. Gubenhamers and lives in a perfectly elegant house of her own on Lennox Avenue. Do you know her? One thousand two hundred and fifty-three?

BECKY. No.

Mrs. Crespigny. Oh, don't you? Well, of course I know New York is big. Still, perhaps you know her husband's cousin, who is also in a way a relation? You will know her by name—Mrs. Otto Gurtz, President of the West Side Ladies' Saturday Afternoon Social Gathering?

Becky. No, I'm afraid I don't know her. Mrs. Crespigny. Well! I guess you don't read the Harlem society notes in the papers; if you did, you'd know what she

stands for socially.

Becky. Suppose we keep to the reason of your visit—I understand my father owes you money—[Mrs. Crespigny turns sharply to Roland]—and that you insist

on being paid, which is natural -

MRS. CRESPIGNY. A trumped-up story! [Going to ROLAND.] I guess I done just about the right thing to chase on here after you! I'm sorry to say it, Mis' Warder, 'specially as it ain't exactly ladylike, but your father, with all his superfine qualities, is a liar! Yes, ma'am, between us two as ladies, he 's an ornery liar!

[Sinks into a chair in tears. ROLAND lights a cigarette angrily and goes up

to the window.

BECKY. Mrs. Crespigny, would n't it be better to behave more like a lady and talk less about one? Why break into the house of a woman you don't know and make a scene over a matter of rent due you—

MRS. CRESPIGNY. It ain't the rent! It's all a question of horses. When he left my house this morning, he said he was leaving for good unless I let him have—

ROLAND [interrupting her]. Mrs. Crespigny! You're hysterical! You're saying things you'll regret —

SERVANT [entering, left]. The messenger

has come back, madam.

BECKY. Oh, I want to see that boy! Excuse me a minute.

[She hurries out and the SERVAN]

follows her.]

ROLAND. I knew you were in the train; that's why I stayed in the smoker. And idecided me to keep my word never to go back to your house!

He sits determinedly in the armchair

at left.

MRS. CRESPIGNY. And you told her

was dunning you for the rent!

ROLAND. She has no more sympathy with my betting than you have! I would n't tell her the money was to put on Wet Blanket, Monday!

MRS. CRESPIGNY. [Rises and goes to him.] No, you'd rather let her think I was grasping harpy, when you know, if the truth's told, you owe me at least five times five hundred dollars with your borrowing and your losses at cards!

ROLAND [smilingly]. You have n't won

lately.

MRS. CRESPIGNY. Do you know why? ROLAND. Oh, of course! You got out of the wrong side of the bed or you dreamed of a black horse!

MRS. CRESPIGNY [pathetically and a little ashamed]. No. I 've let you win a-purpose—because I was ashamed for you to owe me any more money. I'm trying to keep a little pride in you somehow, even if I have to cheat to do it.

[She almost breaks down again, and turning away, takes a powder puff from a little gilt box and powders he nose to cover up the traces of tears.]

Roland. Well, do you think it's pleasant for me to owe you money? A kind friend like you! [Going to the mantel and flicking his cigarette ash in the fireplace.] One reason I want to take advantage of this tip for Monday is to pay you if I win.

MRS. CRESPIGNY. Yes, and then go board somewhere else? Is that your idea? Or to

stay here?

ROLAND. Well, my daughter and her husband want me. [Leaning on the mantel. They say their home is my home.

MRS. CRESPIGNY [going toward him, ularmed]. But you won't stay, will you? [left word with Josephine to have your avorite meenoo cooked for a late supper in case you'd come back. We'll have a game to-night. I'll play you a rubber for the five hundred — it's against my concience to give it to you outright for horse-racing.

ROLAND. Loan it to me!

MRS. CRESPIGNY. Yes, of course! I always mean loan. Oh, the flat'd be just too dreadful lonesome without you! Say you'll come back! Quick, before Mis' Warder comes in! Won't you?

Description of the state of the

ROLAND [coming toward her]. Well, if you make it a personal favor to you in this way, I can't exactly refuse! And that ends he most serious quarrel we've had yet.

MRS. CRESPIGNY [embarrassedly]. If we was man and wife, there would n't be any need of such quarrels. The money'd be ours then to do as you liked with.

ROLAND. Don't tempt me! You know ou're a great deal too kind to me as it is and I'm no good to take as much advantage

f you as I do.

MRS. CRESPIGNY. Oh, pshaw! Say! I rish you'd help me to get on the right side f your daughter. You're too delicate to ay anything, but I always suspect it's her hat stands between us.

BECKY [coming back]. I'm very sorry, ut you must go at once. I have an important engagement here in a few minutes and must change my dress. I will promise you,

Irs. Crespigny —

ROLAND. [Interrupts.] I have made an rrangement with Mrs. Crespigny that is greeable to her, without Tom's and your ssistance—

Becky [alarmed]. Father, not —

ROLAND. [Shakes his head.] It seems I xaggerated my indebtedness a little and frs. Crespigny exaggerated her desire to e paid this month and —

MRS. CRESPIGNY. Yes, I was just mad lean through and would have said any-

ing!

BECKY. Well, I'm glad it's settled, but seems a pity you could n't have accomlished it without the railway journey, espeally as I must ask you to excuse me at once.

[She guides Mrs. Crespigny toward the door left, but Mrs. Crespigny,

instead of going out, makes a circle around an armchair and settles herself in it. Becky goes despairingly to ROLAND.]

MRS. CRESPIGNY. Oh, I don't regret the trip over, because I 've been dying to meet you, Mis' Warder, ever since I had the pleasure of knowing your father in a taty-taty sort of way. And we can catch the four-fifteen.

BECKY. Good! [Crossing to her, and holding out her hand.] I'm sorry I can't

ask you to stay.

MRS. CRESPIGNY. Oh, I can come over nearly any day! I've got such a perfectly lovely servant girl now. I give her every night out and she works like a dog all day—and you can trust her with everything! Can't you, Mr. Roland?

ROLAND. You can trust her with me all right. [Mrs. Crespigny laughs loudly.]

Becky. Father!

MRS. CRESPIGNY. Ain't he killing! Do you inherit his sense of humor? He can get anything he wants out of me with just one of them wittycisms. [ROLAND winks aside to BECKY.] Of course, I won't say that he ain't an expensive boarder — [BECKY sinks in the chair near center, discouraged] but I consider he cuts both ways and at the finish the ends meets.

Becky. I think I gather what you mean

I'm afraid you'll lose your train!

MRS. CRESPIGNY. I mean it's hard for a lady what's got it in her blood, to take boarders, because usually the boarders is beneath what the lady's been accustomed to and she don't feel at home with 'em. Now with your father it's different, because he's a Roland and I'm a Crespigny.

BECKY. Oh, is that your own name? I

thought -

ROLAND [interrupting]. No, Mrs. Cres-

pigny's maiden name was Ruggles.

MRS. CRESPIGNY. Yes, mamma made what we'd call a messyliance, — married beneath her, you know. But she never descended, nor allowed us to neither, to papa's social level. Mamma was a O'Roorke. You know, one of them early high-toned families that came over from Amsterdam in the Mayflower.

BECKY. I see!

MRS. CRESPIGNY. Mamma often said to me, says she, "Jennie —"

Becky [with her patience exhausted, jumps up, interrupting her]. I must say good-bye now — I've no time to dress.

[She hurries out right.]
MRS. CRESPIGNY [rising]. Well, do you think I made any sort of a hit with her?

ROLAND. My dear friend, I've told you before, you're not quite my daughter's style.

MRS. CRESPIGNY. But why not? She seems real refined.

[Roland groans. Warder comes in left. He does not see Mrs. Crespigny on his entrance.]

WARDER. Hello, father! I didn't think I was going to have this pleasure. I had an engagement to play racquets with Billy Weld, but he broke down in his motor somewhere between Tuxedo and here and I could n't wait.

[Mrs. Crespigny comes a few steps and beckons to Roland to introduce Warder.]

ROLAND. Mrs. Crespigny, Mr. Warder. Mrs. Crespigny. [Bows.] Pleased to

make your acquaintance.

[She turns away with a rather grand manner. Warder looks from her to ROLAND and shakes his head, then goes to the writing-table with some letters he has brought in from the hall.]

ROLAND. Excuse me one moment. [Beckons to Mrs. Crespigny and whispers to her aside.] Wait for me!

MRS. CRESPIGNY. In the hall?

ROLAND. Lord, no! At the station!

MRS. CRESPIGNY. Oh! [Going, she turns at door to bid WARDER good-bye.] If you should ever be coming over to Baltimore, Mr. Warder, why, just drop in!

[She goes out left.]

WARDER. Where's Becky?

ROLAND [going to him]. She's upstairs. I just wanted to thank you for the money you sent me day before yesterday.

WARDER. What money?

ROLAND. The check for fifty dollars Becky mailed me.

WARDER. [Starts, but controls it immediately.] Oh, a check for fifty dollars —

ROLAND. The joke on me is that what I wanted was five hundred!

[Digs Tom in ribs.]

WARDER [looking off where BECKY went, absorbed in his thoughts]. Oh, five hundred!

ROLAND. Yes, just five hundred. [Ho looks at Warder, and waits; hums a song and dances a few steps.] Nothing doing, I suppose?

WARDER. No. Father, the fact is -

ROLAND. Yes, I know, Becky told me. Excuse me, I've got to catch a train. Good-bye, my boy.

WARDER [with his thoughts elsewhere].

Good-bye!

[Roland goes out whistling "Waiting at the Church." Warder stands a moment thinking, then takes out his key-chain.]

SERVANT [entering, shows in LINDON]. Mr. Lindon to see Mrs. Warder, sir.

[Warder looks up with a start, which he immediately controls, and disguises completely his thoughts and emotions.]

LINDON. How are you, Warder?

WARDER. [Speaks very casually and pleasantly, with complete self-control.] Good afternoon, Lindon. [Sees SERVANT about to go to BECKY, stops him.] Jenks! [JENKS goes to him. WARDER gives him a key from his chain.] Go to my room and get me a large blue envelope from the upper righthand drawer of the desk.

JENKS. Yes, sir. [He goes out left.] WARDER. Excuse me, Mrs. Warder is out. She'll be sorry.

LINDON [surprised]. Out?

WARDER. Yes.

LINDON. But surely there must be some mistake?

WARDER. No, I'm sorry. I assure you she's out.

LINDON. Oh! Then do you mind if I

Warder. Is that scarcely worth while? I must be off at once, and I imagine Mrs. Warder is out for her usual bridge afternoon.

LINDON. I think, on the contrary, she must be surely coming back, and if you don't mind, I'll wait.

WARDER [with an apparently good-natured laugh]. I don't like to insist against

your apparently superior knowledge—

LINDON [also smiling]. No, no, it's only a note I received a few moments ago at the club. Here it is. [Takes it from his pocket.] That she must see me this afternoon. You know your wife is kindly acting

as intermediary between Eve and myself. It is in regard to that. THe hands the note to WARDER, who glances at it and returns it without reading. As it only came half an hour ago, I feel sure Mrs. Warder must expect to return soon.

SERVANT [entering with an envelope, which he gives to WARDER]. That is all I can find,

WARDER [humorously]. That's all I want, so it 's all right. Jenks, am I wrong in understanding that Mrs. Warder is out?

SERVANT. Yes, sir. Mrs. Warder is in,

WARDER. Oh! I beg your pardon, Lindon.

LINDON. That 's all right.

WARDER. [To JENKS.] Jenks, say to Mrs. Warder, Mr. Lindon is here. You need n't say anything about me. I'm off.

SERVANT. Yes, sir. [Goes out right.] LINDON. I'm not driving you away, I

WARDER. Oh, no, I have some important papers to go over. Make yourself comfortable. Good-bye.

LINDON. Thanks, old man. Good-bye.

[He sits on the sofa, as Warder goes out left.

LINDON. Well! She did send for you, Freddy, old son! Now's your chance!

SERVANT [reëntering]. Mrs. Warder will

be down at once.

LINDON. Thank you. [The SERVANT goes out left. LINDON goes to the piano and sings a verse of a song, "Everything comes to him who waits," etc. An idea comes to him. He weighs it, accepts it, smiles, and stops playing.] I will! By George, I will!

[He rises.] Becky hurries in from the right and goes quickly toward him, crying, "Fred!" in a tone of distress and excitement. She leaves the door open behind her. LINDON, before she realizes what he is doing, has met her, taken her in his arms, and kissed her. She forces herself away from him, standing for a moment speechless with rage and astonishment.

LINDON. I told you, did n't I, Becky.

[Tries to embrace her again.]

BECKY [slowly and deliberately]. That's just exactly what Tom said you'd do!

LINDON. What!

Becky. Ten to one, he said, if I sent for you again, you'd kiss me.

LINDON [in alarm and astonishment]. Yes,

but what -

Becky. But I would n't believe him! I said, and I believed, he did you an injus-

LINDON. So you talked me all over with him, did you! Then why did you send for me to-day?

Becky. Because I was a fool, if you want the true reason!

LINDON. My dear Becky -

Becky. Oh, you'll hear more and worse than that if you stay to listen! I advise you to go! You can't help me. I don't trust you. You might even make matters worse. It may have been all done purposely as it is.

Lindon. Oh!

BECKY. You see I'm ready to believe all I've heard of you, now that you've shown your true silly self to me in that one sickening moment, and I'd rather not be saved at all than be saved by you!

[She leans for a second against the corner of the writing-table.]

LINDON. How saved? From what? Becky. Never mind! I only want to say one more thing to you and then go, please. But I want this to ring in your ears so long as you remember me! There is only one man in this world I love, and that's Tom, and there's only one man I despise, and that's you! Lindon, Fred Lindon! You know who I mean! I know now what our friendship meant to you and I wish I could cut out of my life every second of every hour I've spent with you! I 've been a fool woman, and you 've been a cad, - but, thank God, there are men in the world — real men — and one is my husband. Now, go, please! Eve's a fool not to jump at the chance of getting rid of you and I shall tell her so.

> [She turns away from him with a movement of dismissal.]

LINDON [going toward her]. Do! For

that, at least, I shall thank you, as well as for our delightful friendship, which I am sorry to have end so contrary to my expectations.

Becky [with her eyes down, speaks in a low, shamed voice. This room is too small for you and me at this moment, - which leaves?

> [He smiles, hesitates a moment, then sits in the armchair at left. BECKY gives a half-smothered exclamation of rage and starts to leave the room. LINDON rises quickly.]

LINDON. No. no. I was only joking! I'm sorry you take the whole affair so seriously. Allow me.

[He bows and goes out left.]

BECKY. Stands quietly thinking a moment, then makes up her mind.] Eve herself is the one to help me! But I can't go to her till I'm sure she'll listen and understand — Laura! [She sits by the table and takes up the receiver of the telephone. Seven eight Plaza. Yes! It's a lady this time, so I hope you won't have to listen! Hello! Is Miss-Oh, is that you, Laura? Can you come over at once? I am in dreadful trouble! Oh, well, after dinner, then! No, I was going out, but I won't - it 's too important. You were right - and Eve's right, too. Never mind, I can't tell you over the 'phone. I'll explain everything to-night, only don't fail me. You can prevent a real catastrophe that has no need to happen. — Oh, that 's all right, don't stop another minute, then. Thank you with all my heart. [She hangs up the receiver, gives a long sigh, and sits worriedly thinking. WARDER comes in, serious but calm. Looking at him, half frightened, she makes a great effort to be natural, and to be in a good humor.] Hello, Tom! Your game finished already?

WARDER. We did n't play. Weld did n't

get back to town. Any callers?

BECKY. No.

WARDER. I thought I saw some one leaving — from the top of the street.

BECKY. Did you? Oh! it was probably

father; he came.

WARDER. No, I spoke with your father some fifteen minutes ago. He told me about the money you gave him.

[A second's pause; Becky looks down

and then up at him.

Becky. Are you angry?

WARDER. You gave me your word you would n't.

Becky. But I was so sorry for him that 's why he came to-day; he said he must have it; I could n't refuse him and you were n't here!

WARDER. He said you mailed him my check day before yesterday.

> Becky is silent, trapped, frightened. A pause, then she speaks in a low roice.

Becky. I'm so sorry-

[A second's pause ' WARDER. It looked to me like Free

Lindon.

[Becky, more frightened, realizin! what is hanging over her, like c drowning person who cannot swim, flounders helplessly about in the next few speeches, trying to save herself by any and every means that she thinks may help her for the moment.

BECKY. Well, I'll be honest, it was Fred

WARDER [anger getting the best of him]. After everything - your word of honor, Eve's accusations, my absolute desire you sent for him to come and see you!

BECKY. No, no, you must n't think that. Tom! He came of his own accord, of course, -I suppose to see if I would see him! I

did n't know it!

WARDER [wary, suspicious, to lead her on]. Then, why did you see him? You could easily excuse yourself.

BECKY. No, you don't understand. [Sh. flounders hopelessly.] I did n't know it was

he! Don't you see?

WARDER. No, I don't see!

[Watches her with a face growing harder and harder with each lie she

Becky. But I'm telling you - it was just like this; I was upstairs and Jenks came and said a gentleman wanted to see me in the drawing-room. Just that, don't you see -a gentleman. [She sees the doubting look in his face and, mistaking it, tries to make her story more plausible.] I was surprised, too, and said, "Who?" and Jenks said the gentleman gave no name - [He turns sharply away from her, unable to face her as she tells the lies.] Yes, I know it was funny - I thought so then. I suppose Jenks considered it a joke, — and I suppose he did n't give his name for that very reason, for fear I would n't see him - [WARDER, looking up as if to stop her, sees the door right open and quickly closes it.] Of course the moment I came into the room and saw who it was, I excused myself, and he left.

WARDER [in a voice not loud but full of anger and emotion. Lies! all of it! Every word a lie, and another and another and another!

Becky [breathless with fright, gasping].

WARDER [going to her]. You sent for him! [She is too frightened to speak, but she shakes her head in a last desperate effort at denial.] Don't shake your head! I know what I'm talking about and for the first time with you, I believe! [She puts up her kands helplessly and backs away from him.] I saw your note to him! [She starts with a sense of anger added to her other emotions. I read it here, in this room; he gave it to me before you came down.

Becky. The beast!

WARDER [with biting satire]. You're going

to misjudge him too!

BECKY. No, Tom, I'll tell you the truth and all of it!

WARDER. Naturally, now you 've got to! Becky. No - wait! I did send for him — it was to tell him about those papers of

WARDER. Yes, you must plan your escape

pgether!

BECKY. No! because I still believed he vas decent. I thought it was his duty, that ne would claim it as his right, to prevent uch a scandal as Eve threatened to make, which he knew I did n't deserve.

WARDER. Hah!

Becky. You may sneer, but I don't! Yes, I broke my promise to you — what else could I do? You would n't let me send for him! And he came! And he did what you said he would. He took me in his arms before I could stop him, and kissed me.

She bends over the back of the chair at center on which she is leaning, and

Warder. Goes to her, speaking with biter irony. Charming! And you turned on him, of course! Played the shocked and surprised wife and ordered him out of the house!

Becky. Yes. But I did! Why do you

peak as if I did n't?

WARDER. Do you expect me to believe his, too?

Becky [facing him]. I don't expect, -

you've got to!

WARDER. Do you think you can go on

telling lies forever and I'll go on blindly believing them as I have for three years?

Becky. Even you could n't have turned on him with more anger and disgust than I did!

WARDER. I could n't believe vou if I wanted to! You've destroyed every breath of confidence in me!

Becky. It's the truth I'm telling you

now!

WARDER. In everything — everything that has come up since my eyes were first forced half open — you have told me a lie! BECKY. It's the truth! It's the truth!

WARDER. [Continues, hardly hearing her.] The money to your father, the first lie, and to-day made a double one! All this rotten evidence of Eve's - another dozen! Your promise that Lindon's visit Thursday should be his last, the next!

Becky. I meant it then - I meant it

truthfully.

Warder [ignoring her interruption]. His visit after all to-day -- that led of course to a mass of lies! And then the truth! He kissed you! And then another lie and another dozen to try and save yourself!

Becky [quietly, in a hushed, frightened voice]. By everything in this world and in the next that I hold dear and reverence.

I've told you the truth at last.

WARDER. You don't know what's true when you hear it or when you speak it! I could never believe in you again! Never have confidence! How could I? Ask any man in the world, and his answer would be the same!

[He turns and goes away from her, to control his anger, which threatens to

get the best of him.]

BECKY [sobbing]. No, no, Tom! Don't! don't say that! You must believe in me! You must believe in me!

Warder [after a pause, collects himself and comes to the writing-table. Becky, you and I must say good-bye to each other. We must finish separately. [A silence. She looks at him in dumb horror and surprise.] Do you understand?

Becky [in a low voice]. No!

WARDER. We must separate. Quietly no fuss, no divorce unless you wish it. $\lceil A \rceil$ pause; she does not answer. He goes toward her and repeats.] No divorce unless you wish it.

BECKY [with simple but deep pathos]. I

love you.

WARDER. You must stay on in the house for the present, till you can make your plans. That will help keep the thing quiet,

BECKY. Tom! Do you really mean all you 're saying? Do you realize what it must mean for me - for both of us?

WARDER. Yes.

Becky. To-morrow, perhaps -?

WARDER. No. I shall go to Boston tonight for a few days; when I come back, you may have settled on something. If you have n't, I can manage all right. I don't want to press you about that, only -

Becky. I will not stay in your house one

single day without you.
WARDER. You'll have to! My price for hushing up Lindon and Eve, and every one else, is that you on your side act with dignity, and as I think wisest.

Becky [going to the armchair at left]. No! A woman like me whose heart is breaking, whether she's right or wrong, can't act

like that. She can't do it!

[She sinks into the chair, bursting into

WARDER [beside her]. Try. For your sake as well as mine. Good-bye, Becky.

Becky [with the tears choking her voice]. I told you the truth the last time. Oh, can't you believe me?

WARDER. No — good-bye. BECKY. I love you and only you and you

WARDER. [Turns in the doorway.] The

club address will reach me!

[He goes out, closing the door behind him. Becky sits still a moment thinking; then she goes to the writing-table, rings the bell, and takes up a time-table. Her hands drop upon the table in utter dejection and her head lowers as the tears come again fast and thick.

Servant [entering left]. Yes, madam? Becky [controlling her emotion and hiding as best she can the traces of it]. Tell Perkins to pack my small trunk and hand-bag. I am going to Baltimore to spend a day or so with my father.

SERVANT. Yes, madam.

Becky. And then come back, please. SERVANT. Very good, madam. [Goes out.]

BECKY [taking up the telephone]. Hello! 78 Plaza. [As she listens for the answer she looks about the room, the control goes from her face, and the tears come once more; she brushes them away and tries to speak in a conventional tone without displaying her emotion, which is, however, plainly evident.] Hello; I want Miss Fraser please. . . . Oh, ask her to call me the minute she's free, please. Mrs. Warder. [She hangs up the receiver and writes.] "I am leaving now. You will at least believe that I cannot turn you out of your house, nor can I live in it one single day without you. It is ready waiting for you as I shall be all the rest of my life if you can ever again believe —"

[She stops as the SERVANT enters and

comes to her.]

SERVANT. Madam?

[Becky finishes writing silently.] BECKY [sealing the note]. Has Mr. Warder gone yet?

SERVANT. Only just this second went out, madam. He told me to pack his bag and

meet him at the station with it. Becky [rising]. Give this to Mr. Warder with his things. [Gives the note.]

SERVANT. Yes, madam.

[He goes out left. The telephone bell

rings.

Becky. [Goes to the table, sits, and takes up the receiver. Again she does her best to keep the emotion out of her voice, but only partly succeeds.] Hello! Laura? I'm so sorry, after all, I can't see you to-night. Tom has been called to - Chicago suddenly on business - yes, is n't it too bad? And I've had a telegram that father is n't very well, so I am taking the five-twenty train for Baltimore. Yes, I'll write. No, I don't think he 's seriously ill. Good-bye!

[She hangs up the receiver, dropping her head on the table and sobbing heart-brokenly as the curtain falls.]

ACT III

The same night.

Mr. Roland's rooms in Mrs. Crespigny's flat in Baltimore. This is the parlor of a cheap flat, with the bedroom, through an arch, originally intended for the dining-room and lit by a narrow window on a well. There is red paper on the walls and red globes for the electric lights. An ugly set of furniture, with many tidies, a

trange conglomeration of cheap feminine knick-knacks," relieved by a sporting print r two, a frame of prize ribbons, and a few other rasculine belongings which have been added the original condition of the room, like a nin coat of paint. At back is a bow-window eside a sofa. On the left is the opening into the edroom, and beside this a door leads to the hall. There is a center-table with chairs on either side nd a Morris chair down on the right. A side-

pard in the upper left corner. ROLAND and Mrs. Crespigny are playing iquet at the center-table. A "Teddy-Bear" rith a pink ribbon bow about its neck is sitting n the table near Mrs. Crespigny. They play n through part of the scene. Roland stops to ght a cigarette, and Mrs. Crespigny takes dvantage of the pause to powder her face and

reen herself in a pocket mirror.

Mrs. Crespigny. You don't think you

moke too many of them?

ROLAND. If my smoking is disagreeable you, I might spend my evenings at the lub.

Mrs. Crespigny. You know different! ou can't make that an excuse for skinning ut of spending your evenings at home. I nly wish 't I smoked 'em myself. I 've ead in the papers that real ladies do now - but I guess it's the fast set, and I alavs was conservative.

ROLAND [playing]. Don't talk; study our cards. If you don't take care, you'll

in!

MRS. CRESPIGNY. Will I? Excuse me, I as n't thinking. [She plays a card, and as COLAND takes the trick she takes up her miror and examines wrinkles.] I believe I'll ave massage. I heard of a fine massoor esterday.

ROLAND. Masseuse, you mean, I hope. Mrs. Crespigny. Massoor! Massoose is lural. The singular is massoor. You forget was educated in New Orleans.

[She rises and goes to the sideboard and pours out a brandy and soda.] ROLAND. Where's my brandy and soda? MRS. CRESPIGNY. I'm getting it.

[Bringing the glass down to the table.] ROLAND. That's a good girl. Thank you,

rs. Crespigny.

MRS. CRESPIGNY. Ain't it funny, good iends as we've been for so long now, e 've kep' on calling each other "Mr." nd "Mrs."? S'pose it would n't be etiquay call each other by our first names.

ROLAND. Etiquette.

Mrs. Crespigny. Etiquay! You can correct my English when you want to, but my French I've kep' pure since school, and I remember perfeckly — all words ending in e-t you pernounce A.

ROLAND. What is your first name?

Mrs. Crespigny. Genevieve, but I was always called Jenny by my first h-!] mean - I was always called Jenny by my schoolgirl friends.

ROLAND [playing]. Very interesting. MRS. CRESPIGNY [playing]. I think your

first name's real pretty!

ROLAND [taking the trick]. Tut, tut! You 're getting too skittish, Mrs. Cres-[She laughs a little embarrassedly.]

Mrs. Crespigny. It's your fault! ROLAND [playing card and laughing].

Then I apologize!

Mrs. Crespigny [playing card, and gig-

gling]. Oh, you need n't!

Roland [laughing more at her than with her, but realizing that she will not know the difference]. I insist. [He takes the trick.]

Mrs. Crespigny. Anybody 'd think we was engaged to be married or something of that sort, would n't they?

ROLAND. I hope not!

Mrs. Crespigny. Oh, I don't know! I remember some postal cards what I've read that might be construed to lean that way. ROLAND rises and gets a cigarette from the box on the table in the bow-window. There was one from Atlantic City that was just too sweet for anything! You sent it after we had that ridickerlous quarrel on the Board Walk.

ROLAND. What about?

Mrs. Crespigny. I lost my self-respect and asked you to kiss me, 'cause you said you was grateful for the fifty dollars I gave you for your poker losses the night before. And you handed me back my money and said if that was the price of the loan — oh, how you hurt my feelings!

[With a touch of futile emotion.] ROLAND [coming back to his chair]. That was only a bluff! Come along, I'll play you a game for the whole bunch of postal cards. [Takes up the second deck and shuffles.]

Mrs. Crespigny [rising, speaks rather grandly]. Nobody won't never get them postal cards from me except over my dead body. Cuts the cards, and Roland deals.

And I intend to refer to 'em every chance I get in hopes that some day — just in a desperate fit, maybe - you'll up and marry me to stop me. [Sits again.]

ROLAND. Go on, play.

Mrs. Crespigny. You've owned up you're comfortable in my cute little flat and I don't nag.

Both take up their hands, both play, and she takes trick.]

ROLAND. You have n't the right, but as

my wife - nay, nay, Pauline. MRS. CRESPIGNY. You've got the best rooms here, and if you ever do pay any

board, don't I lend it right back to you the next day?

ROLAND. Is n't it a little indelicate to re-

mind me of that, Mrs. Crespigny?

[Playing.] Mrs. Crespigny [getting a little angry]. Well, I guess the indelicacy's even! [She plays and starts to take the trick. He stops her and takes it himself.] Oh, excuse me, I'm at your beck and nod, and I've even so far forgot my family pride as to hint that you was n't unacceptable to me in a nearer relation.

ROLAND. There you go again! Keep off

the thin ice!

Mrs. Crespigny. [Throws down her cards and loses her temper outright. Well, why won't you marry me? I may have forgot my pride, but I never forget myself. You know you would n't dare step over the invisible line between the dumb-waiter and the bathroom, what separates your apartment from mine in the flat.

ROLAND. One moment, please. Have I ever even hinted at taking the slightest advantage of your unprotected position in this house? [He rises in mock dignity.] Who's kept further from that invisible

line, you or I?

MRS. CRESPIGNY. Well, I must say you've always behaved toward me like a perfect gentleman. [He sits again and takes another cigarette.] But jes' let's speak the truth - if you can about anything! [He fumbles in his vest pockets. Matches? [She rises, goes to the sideboard, and finding a box of matches, brings it back to the table. During the first part of the following speech she makes nervous and ineffectual efforts to strike matches. in each case breaking off the heads without any result. You know you ain't wanted at

your clubs; that's why you first took to playin' evenings with me - that, and 'cause I was easy! You know that here in Balti more you're called a tout, a broken-down gambler, and a has-been, but I 've always hoped you was a will-be for me. [Irri tated by her repeated failures, he takes the match-box from her and lights his cigarette with the first match he strikes.] You know your old friends 'd rather go 'round the block than stop and talk to you in the street Yes, you know it as well as I do! And you've lived off me, borrowed money of me, led me to caring for you, let me take care of you as if you was - my own child and I've saved you from bein' a drunker sot! [Her voice fills with tears, but her anger gets the best of her, and she finishes strongly striking the table with her beringed hand as she leans across toward him. Now, why ain't] good enough for you?

ROLAND [rising, really angry, and his dignity offended]. Mrs. Crespigny -

MRS. CRESPIGNY. Oh, you need n't get on your high horse or I 'll win this rubber for the five hundred! I know you 're worthless, and I know you don't always tell the truth, but through it all you've been a rea gentleman to me, and I realized yesterday when I thought you was gone for good what it meant to me. I'm a decent woman Mr. Roland, if I am a fool, and I swear I'm good enough for you!

ROLAND. So far as that goes, you're too good for me, but I 've got others to consider

My daughter -

Mrs. Crespigny [interrupting him]. Yes I know she's against me. [She sits again and with determination.] Well, I'm against her, and perhaps some day I'll have a chance to pay her back!

ROLAND. That's talking foolishly! In the first place, my allowance would stop the

day I married.

MRS. CRESPIGNY. Well, have n't I go enough for two? It's looked mighty like it the last couple a years.

> [She nervously takes the "Tedda Bear" from the table to hide he embarrassment at her boldness, and laying it flat on her knee, face down ward, reties the pink bow on it neck.

Roland sitting, he gathers the cards to gether and shuffles them]. Come, come, here we are again on one of those useless discustions. Come along, give me another brandy and soda.

MRS. CRESPIGNY [resignedly]. All right. [Rises, and takes his glass, replacing the "Teddy Bear" on the table.] This will be your second before twelve o'clock and it's got to be a little weakish. [She goes to the sideboard. The front doorbell is heard ring.] My goodness! who can that be?

[The bell rings again.]
ROLAND. Don't know, old girl, but go

on, I'll deal for you.

Mrs. Crespigny [going to the table, cuts the cards]. I just love to have you call me "old girl"—it seems so nice and familiar.

[The bell rings again, and Mrs. Crespigny, taking the "Teddy Bear" with her, places it on the side table at left and goes out. Roland deals. After a moment's pause Becky comes in, carrying a handbag. She enters with an air of bravado, which fades instantly when she observes Roland does not see her. But her pathetic, timid look vanishes immediately when he looks up.]

ROLAND [going on dealing, without looking up]. Who was it?

BECKY [with forced gayety]. Hello, father!

ROLAND. Good Heavens!

Becky [putting her bag on the table at eft]. Are n't you surprised?

ROLAND [dryly]. Very. Becky. And pleased?

ROLAND. Where in the world did you come from?

Becky. New York; the next train after you. Give me a kiss. How are you?

[Kisses him.]

ROLAND. What have you come for? Where are you stopping?

BECKY. Here!

ROLAND. At what hotel?

Becky. No hotel — here with you!

ROLAND, Nonsense! There's no place

for you in the flat.

BECKY. Why not? I gave my check to the expressman and my trunk will be around

in the morning.

ROLAND. These two rooms are all I have. [Showing the opening to the left.] Take a look at the bedroom—a beastly, dark little hole with one window that does n't look out—it

looks in! The bedroom of the flat we use for a dining-room. Mrs. Crespigny sleeps in the servant's room — so she tells me.

Becky. Father!

ROLAND. Now you can see what nice sort of surroundings your poor old father's had

to put up with these last years.

BECKY. [Takes off her hat and cloak and puts them on sofa at right.] You have only yourself to blame! You could live splendidly on the allowance Tom makes you in the one club you 've got left.

ROLAND. You need n't take off your

things; you can't stay here.

Becky. Oh, can't I? I've come to pay you a little visit, and here I stay to-night and several nights.

[Comes to the center-table and starts to

collect cards.]

ROLAND. Be careful! That's Genevieve's hand and we must finish this some time—I'm well ahead. [Carefully places the cards, properly divided, on the table at left.] And really, Becky, you can't stay here. You can go to a hotel if you want to, or back to New York. You're in the way here! I'm an old man; this sort of thing upsets me! There's no room and there's no bed for you. [Crosses to the Morris chair and sits.] What the devil do you mean, turning up here well toward midnight, and threatening to stay, when for years I've been trying to get you to come to Baltimore, and you know you were ashamed to come?

BECKY [sitting in the chair left of the center-table]. That is n't true, father; I always said I'd come if you'd give up cer-

tain things.

ROLAND. Well, I have n't given them up, so why have you come? What's the joke?

And where 's Tom?

BECKY [after a second's pause]. That's just it. Tom has been called to — San Francisco — suddenly — just after you left, on business — and the idea came to me, at last I'll make that visit to father! It'll be a good chance for me to settle Mrs. Crespigny, too!

ROLAND. You could n't have come at a more inopportune time! I was very busy

this evening.

BECKY. Yes, I know—piquet with Mrs. C.! I'll finish it with you.

[Rises and goes to get the cards.]
ROLAND. No, you won't! You'll go to a

hotel for the night and I'll come and have a decent lunch with you to-morrow.

BECKY. I can't go to a hotel. I've come away without a penny. I had to borrow half the money for my ticket from Perkins.

ROLAND. Where is Perkins?

BECKY. In New York. I knew, of course, there'd be no place for her here.

ROLAND. Any of the hotel people here

will trust you.

BECKY. I won't ask them. I forgot to get Tom's address, so I can't send to him for any money. I've got to stay with you, father.

> [She sits on the arm of the Morris chair and puts her arm about her father.]

ROLAND. You're a very boring person! BECKY. That 's a kind welcome for a dear and only daughter!

ROLAND. And I'm not going to have myself made uncomfortable by you!

Becky. Please let me stay for a day or two, maybe a little longer or maybe not so long. I'll promise not to be any trouble; I'll sleep on the sofa!

ROLAND. Humph! You don't know that sofa! That was made in the antebellum and the antespringum days! Even a cat could n't

sleep on it without chloroform.

BECKY. Well, I don't expect to sleep, father, and if I don't, you won't know it. I've got to stay.

[Rises and goes away and stands by the table with her back toward him.]

Roland. [Looks at her, suddenly suspicious.] Becky, you're not telling me the truth. Something's the matter.

Becky [turning toward him, taking a high

moral stand]. Really, father!

There's something wrong. ROLAND. What is it?

Becky. Nothing.

ROLAND. Oh, come, I'm your father, and I know the look in your eyes when you're not telling the truth; you get that look from me! You're telling me a lie - tell me the truth. What does it mean?

Becky after a second's pause, bursts out with all her pent-up feelings, which she has been trying to hide]. I've left Tom.

ROLAND. How do you mean — "Left Tom"?

Becky. Left him for good. I'll never live with him again.

ROLAND. Nonsense

BECKY. Never! You don't understand.

She sits again beside the table, leaning her elbows upon it and resting her face between her two hands.]

ROLAND. No. I don't! and I don't want to!

Becky. I've left his house in New York for good.

ROLAND. What's your reason? What's he done?

BECKY. He's deceived me.

ROLAND [rising]. Tom! Never!

BECKY. Father, I can't go back to him; I can't! Don't ask me any more questions, only keep me with you - please, keep me with you. . .

ROLAND [going to her]. You're upset about matters. You've had a quarrel, that 's all, and you 're going back to-night.

BECKY. No. I've told him I'll never come back and I've come to stay - with

ROLAND. But I won't have it! In the first place, Mrs. Crespigny would n't have it either. She'd be jealous of your being here — and after all it 's her flat. And I don't believe what you tell me about Tom.

BECKY. We can go somewhere else. Who is Mrs. Crespigny? [Rises, and going to him takes hold of his sleeve.] And I'm your daughter. Besides, Tom's allowance will stop. From now on you and I must get on together with the little money I have from mother.

ROLAND. Nothing of the sort. Even if you did leave Tom, you can make him take

care of you.

Becky. I won't take any money from Tom! No more money! Do you hear me,

ROLAND [becoming more angry]. No, I don't hear you! And I have something to say about my end of all this, which is that you've got to go back to your husband before it's too late for him to take you back, and give him a chance to explain! You'll go back to Tom to-night!

[He goes determinedly to the sofa and gets her hat and cloak for her.]

Becky. [Takes her hat from him and puts it on the center-table with equal determination.? I shall sleep here, in this room, to-night!

ROLAND. You'll sleep in a Pullman car and wake up to-morrow, happy and in your right senses, in Jersey City.

Becky. [Moves back from him a little.] You can't turn me out!

> [A pause. Roland reads the real trouble in her face and becomes seri-

ous and sympathetic.]

ROLAND. Becky, you don't really believe what you say about Tom? [She lowers her head in assent.] You know? [She lowers her head again. There must be a mistake somewhere! [Puts the cloak on the Morris chair.] If I ever knew a man who loved his wife! Go back, Becky!

Becky. It 's impossible!

ROLAND [going to her]. I speak to you with years of bitter experience behind me, and it's only what good there is left in me that is urging me to say this to you. I know in the end that you'll be nearer happiness than you ever can be any other way. Go back to Tom.

Becky. No, no, I tell you, father, I've left Tom for good! Keep me with you -

[A knock on the door.]

ROLAND. Come in!

Mrs. Crespigny comes in left and Becky sinks down into the Morris

Mrs. Crespigny [worried]. It's getting pretty late! I did n't know as Mis' Warder knew the street car don't run past here after twelve-thirty.

ROLAND. That's all right. Mrs. Warder is taking the one o'clock train to New York.

We'll catch the last car.

Mrs. Crespigny [relieved, smiles]. Oh, well, then, you've got plenty of time. I'd better let you have my latchkey, though. I'll leave it on the hall table. [To BECKY.] Would you like anything? A glass of raspberry vinegar and a piece of jell cake?

BECKY. No, thanks.

Mrs. Crespigny [offended]. Good-even-

BECKY. Good-evening. MRS. CRESPIGNY goes out.] Why did you say I was going? I'm not!

ROLAND. You are. If you love Tom, you'll go. [He goes to her and puts his arm around her shoulder.] Do you love Tom still?

Becky. Yes, father.

ROLAND. Then go back, Becky!

BECKY. No.

ROLAND. Your religion teaches you that the greatest love always carries with it the power of forgiveness.

Becky [eagerly]. Oh, it's what I want to believe. If it's only true — if it's only

true of us!

ROLAND. You've got to make it true by going back! [He moves away.] Good God! you shan't repeat your mother's and my mistake and make a miserable failure of both your lives! [Becky looks up surprised.]

Becky. What mistake?

ROLAND [quietly, ashamed]. Your mother left me, just as you want to leave Tom.

Becky. Mother — [rises] — left you? ROLAND. And for the same reason, do you understand me - that you want to leave Tom.

Becky. But you never told me!

ROLAND. No.

Becky. How long before she died?

ROLAND. A year. BECKY. And how long were you and mother happy together?

ROLAND. A few months — not many. Becky. Tom and I have been blissfully

happy for six years!

ROLAND. That 's an argument for me!

Go back!

Becky. What a lot of lies you 've always told me about yourself and mother - all my life! You always said you were an ideal couple and that it was sorrow over her death that made you what you are!

ROLAND. I was ashamed when you found me out — I wanted some excuse to try and keep your sympathy and affection Besides, what good would it have done to have told

you the truth?

[He crosses to the table left, and taking up a photograph of his wife, stands

looking at it.]

BECKY. If you had always told me the truth about everything, I think it would have saved me this night. I've about decided that the truth in everything is the best for everything in the end — if one could only learn to tell it.

ROLAND. You must begin young and you

did n't.

BECKY. By whose fault? [ROLAND turns away from her, feeling the sting. Tell me now about you and mother.

[She sits again in the Morris chair.] ROLAND [by the center-table]. Well, your mother accused me as you do Tom. But it was n't true of me, Becky! it was n't true — then.

BECKY. I'm afraid I don't believe you, father.

ROLAND. You don't believe me when, even now, after all these years, I tell you it

wasn't true?

BECKY. No. I want to believe you, father, but I can't! You 've just admitted you 've lied to me all my life about you and mother! Why should I believe you would suddenly turn around and tell me the truth now?

ROLAND. At last, one trait in you like your mother! Do all that I could, swear by everything she or I held holy, I could n't persuade her I was telling the truth!

Becky. Perhaps you had already destroyed her confidence in you! You can do that, even with some one who loves you, in

a day, in an hour, in even less!

ROLAND. It did look ugly against me, and your mother was already disappointed in me. I could n't live up to her standard. [He smiles.] I was sort of good-looking, when she married me, - too foppish, perhaps, - and I rode my own horses, generally to win, too, - and what part of my income I didn't make on the race-track I made with the ace and right bower! I promised your mother to give up the gambling side of it—but I couldn't; it was in my blood; I tried, Becky, but I failed. I lied to her about it and she found me out and began to distrust me. She was a crank on the subject of lying, anyway. One of those straightforward, narrow-minded, New England women who think everything that is n't the truth is a lie! I always hated the plain truth. I liked to trim it up a little.

BECKY [with a nervous, pathetic little

laugh]. Like me!

ROLAND. Yes. I remember how we used to laugh at you as a child! Almost the first words you spoke were fibs, and gad, the fairy stories you used to tell about yourself!

[Goes up to table.]

Becky. Yes. Do you remember the time, father, after I'd been reading Grimm's fairy tales about the wicked step-parents, how I told all over Baltimore you were my stepfather and beat me? It made me a real heroine, to the other children, and I loved it! And you found it out, and gave me my choice of being punished or promising never to tell another story! Do you remember?

ROLAND. [Sits on the arm of the chair

and puts his arm about her.] I could never bear to punish you!

BECKY. I always made up stories about everything. I did n't see any harm — then —

ROLAND. Well, your mother said I'd proved I could n't tell the truth! She did n't often use plain and ugly words, but she called me a liar, and I've never heard the word since without hearing her voice and seeing her face as she said it!

BECKY. You loved her! Oh, I know how

it must have hurt!

ROLAND. She would n't believe me, she would n't forgive, and she left me! I don't blame her; it was my own fault at bottom! But it 's true as land and water, Becky, as true as you're my daughter, God help you, and that I've loved you in my useless, selfish old way, I was true to your mother. I loved her, and no other woman existed for me then. I was willing to own up I had broken my word and was a gambler! I was willing to own up I was a liar, even, and perhaps I deserved all I got, but I loved your mother, and when she went back or me and believed the one thing about me that was n't true, I gritted my teeth like (damn fool and said, "To hell with wome" and to the dogs for me!"

Becky. And it was n't true! Father!

believe you, it was n't true!

ROLAND. No; but it was true enough soon after! I kept my word to myself and gave her plenty of reasons not to love me afterwards—and that was the beginning of the end of me.

Becky. But if you'd only waited, if you'd only given her a chance, would n't

she have realized?

Roland [going to her, puts his hand on her shoulder]. Yes, and that 's why you must go back to Tom to-night. Do you want to repeat your mother's and my story? Go back, Beeky!

BECKY. I can't.

ROLAND. Well, I can tell you what Tom'll do if you put off going back to him till it's too late. He'll let you go, and help you to divorce him, so he can marry some other woman, your opposite, and be happy the rest of his life.

Becky. Father!

[Becky shows a new element, jealousy, added to her trouble.]

ROLAND. Or else he'll grow hard and

sitter about all women, and the gold years of a man's life will be brass in his mouth

- thanks to you!

Becky. Yes, and I'll live here with you and grow dowdy and slattern, till I'm slovenly all through — body and soul! I won't care how I look or what company I keep in place of the friends who will surely drop me. I'll take up your life here, and my face'll grow flabby and my heart dry and my spirit fogged, and I'll have nobody to thank for the dead end but myself!

ROLAND. But I won't have it! You've got to go back to Tom to-night! You were happy enough with him this afternoon! He's been a wonderful husband to you and I know the run of them! I don't blame him for not wanting me around — a father-inlaw who was a disgrace to his wife. He did right to keep me here where I'm an old story and nobody cares. I'll own up to this now that you want to turn your back on him. But you shan't do it! You shan't break up his home with a beastly scandal and spoil your whole life and perhaps his, all in one hysterical hour! Listen! | He goes to her and places his two hands on her shoulders. It's true that no one was to blame for what I 've sunk to but myself. Still, it's also true that in the beginning, perhaps, a great deal of patience, and more forgiveness, might have made both your mother's life and mine a little more worth living!

[He turns aside, surprised by a welling up of an almost forgotten emotion.]

BECKY. You don't dream how every word you say cuts and saws into me! But I can't go back!

ROLAND. You will. For if it comes down

to this point, I won't keep you here!

Becky. But I can't go to a hotel. I have n't any money.

ROLAND. I have enough for your ticket, and I'll take you to the station and send a telegram to Tom to expect you in the morning.

Becky. No, I can't - I can't.

ROLAND [sternly]. You've got to! You can't stay here and I won't give you a cent to stay anywhere else!

BECKY. You would n't turn me out into

the streets!

ROLAND. Yes, I will, if I must to force you to go back to your husband.

[He gets her cloak.]

Becky. [Rises, desperate.] Father!
ROLAND [struck by her tone, pauses].
Well?

Becky. [Drops her head and with a great effort speaks, her voice sinking almost to a whisper.] I have n't left Tom—it's Tom's left me—

[A pause. Roland stands looking at her and her cloak drops from his hand, as he slowly takes in what she means.]

ROLAND. What do you say?

Becky. Tom has left me — now you know why I can't go back.

ROLAND. What for?

Becky. He called me what mother called you. He 's lost confidence in me. He believes — there 's some one else.

[The last in agony of shame and grief.]
ROLAND. No wonder you made me worm
out the truth! I would n't have believed it
of you, Becky! I would n't have believed
it of you!

Becky [frightened]. But it is n't true,

father!

ROLAND. Why didn't you tell me the right story in the beginning?

BECKY [aghast]. Father! Don't you be-

lieve me?

ROLAND. You denied it to him, I suppose?

BECKY. Of course.

BOLAND. And he turned you out all the

ROLAND. And he turned you out all the same?

Becky. He did n't turn me out; he only refused to stay in the house with me. I came away!

ROLAND. Well, if your husband does n't believe in you, how can you expect me to, who 've known all your life you could n't tell the truth?

BECKY. Father, I've told you the truth now! For God's sake, believe me, for if you won't believe me either, what will become of me?

ROLAND. I can help you better if you'll be honest with me. A man like Tom Warder is n't putting the wife he's been a slave to out of his life without good reason.

[He turns away from her.]

BECKY. You said you knew the look in my face when I lied, because it was your look. [Goes to him and stands close, facing him.] Look in my face now and tell me what you see there. [She speaks very simply and clearly.] I love Tom and only Tom and

never have loved any other man and have never been anything but faithful and true in my love for him. [ROLAND stands silently looking into her face, still unconvinced, I stand with Tom exactly, father, where you stood the day mother left you -

His face begins to change. A knock

on the door left.]

MRS. CRESPIGNY [outside]. If Mis' Warder wants to catch that train, I hear the car coming!

Becky [breathlessly seizing hold of him

with her two hands]. Father!
ROLAND. Mrs. Warder's changed her mind. She's stopping here to-night.

[Putting his arms about her.]

BECKY. Father!

[Her tension gives way, and she lies limp in his arms, her slender body shaking with the emotion which now masters her as the curtain falls.

ACT IV

Mr. Roland's rooms in Mrs. Crespigny's flat, the following Monday. The sun pours in through the bow-window; folded bedclothes and a pillow are placed neatly on one end of the sofa. BECKY and ROLAND are having coffee together at the center-table. The cloth is soiled, other things in the room are in disorder, and everything is decidedly unappetizing. ROLAND is wearing a slovenly bathrobe; a newspaper is propped against the coffee-pot before him.

Becky. How horrid and messy every-

thing is!

ROLAND [who is smoking a cigarette as he eats]. Oh, you'll get used to it. Before you know it you'll like things best this way.

BECKY. Not if I can help it. I shall fight

against it.

ROLAND. You think so now; you've

only had one day at it.

Becky. To begin with, my dear father, you must n't come to breakfast with me in that disgusting bathrobe.

ROLAND. If you imagine for a minute I'm going to let you come here and upset everything to rob me of my comfort, you'll

have your hands full.

[Mrs. Crespigny is heard playing a piano in a farther room through most of the scene. Her repertoire is varied, and consists of an old waltz, a coon song, the "Melody in F. and "Waiting at the Church."]

BECKY [with an effort at a smile]. It will be another fight then, father, such as we used to have. Only this time I'm stronger by six years' life with a splendid character, which will help me bring you and myself up to Tom's level, rather than go down with you to this.

ROLAND [to change the subject]. Have you written Tom?

Becky [sighing]. A hundred letters, I should think.

ROLAND. And no answer? Becky. No, there is n't time. ROLAND. Yes, he could telegraph.

BECKY. But I did n't send any of the

letters.

ROLAND [looking up from his newspaper].

You aren't eating anything.

BECKY [rising in disgust, goes and sits in Morris chair Father, we can't live here. can we? You must tell Mrs. Crespigny, and I'll find a little flat, just for us two-

ROLAND [irritably]. I knew it would come to that! Not satisfied with upsetting Warder's existence and your own, you've got to come here and upset mine! No, sir! I'll marry Mrs. C. before I'll leave here.

BECKY. That's a threat I know you won't carry out. I've had two long, long nights to think things over. I wish I could die, but I know one can't die when one wants to. I know sorrow, however heartbreaking, does n't kill, - and I'm so horribly healthy I'll probably live forever. I may even have to stand aside and see Tom happy with some one else. Well, all the same I mean to live exactly as I would if I were still with Tom. I'm going to live as if every day, every hour, I was expecting him back. I'm going to live so that if he ever should come back to me - I will be ready to go home with him.

[The music stops for a moment.] ROLAND. That 's all very well for you, but I don't see why I should have to live a life to please Tom — just so you can leave me in the lurch when he comes back after you. The odds are pretty strong against his wanting me to go home with him too! I've never ridden yet according to his rules, and I don't intend to begin now.

> Goes to far table in the bow-window and takes a fresh cigarette and changes his paper for another.] -

BECKY [rising, takes the bedclothes from the sofa]. Don't forget, father, what little money we have is mine, so you'll have to live as I wish. And in the end I believe you'll thank me. [She goes into the bedroom.]

ROLAND. But in the beginning I'll damn you, and in the end, too! I'm too old a

leopard to change my spots.

[He makes himself comfortable in the

Morris chair.]

Becky [coming out of the bedroom]. I'm going to try just as hard as I can not to tell even little lies, no matter how small, just to see if I can't get into the habit of always telling the truth. Because he might come back, father, don't you think so? Don't you think maybe he'll come back?

ROLAND. I'm doing my best to make

Becky [surprised and eager]. How?

ROLAND. Never mind how. I'll tell you

if it works.

Becky [piling the breakfast dishes on the tray. I hoped he'd answer the note I sent by Jenks, but he did n't. No; when Tom says a thing, he means it. I'm going out for a little while.

[She places the tray on the table left.]

ROLAND. Where?

Becky. There's a small empty flat two doors below here; I'm going to look it over. I think it may do for us.

[She goes into the bedroom.] ROLAND. Don't be gone long, because I

might need you.

Becky [in the bedroom]. For what? ROLAND. To help receive Tom!

Becky [coming out quickly]. Father!

ROLAND. Don't get your expectations too high, but I telegraphed him yesterday to come here.

The piano is heard again, but stops during Becky's long speech.]

Becky. If he would n't come for me, he

would n't come because you asked him. ROLAND. I feel if only you could get face to face with him, Becky, especially now when he's had time to think things over, to realize calmly, away from the heat of anger, that whatever your faults might

Becky. [Interrupts eagerly, going toward]

him. Yes, yes-

ROLAND. Lack of love for him and faithiessness could n't be among them.

Becky. Yes, if I could see him! [She kneels on the floor beside him, her arms on the arm of the chair.] I feel that if there's left in the bottom of his heart - no matter how deep down - just a little love for me, if it's only the memory of what he once had, wouldn't my own love be some sort of a magnet to bring his back? If I could sit and talk to him, hold his hand, go back over our life a little, could n't I make him see that I loved him — and only him, that what I'd done had been foolish - wrong not to do as he wished - but only that wrong - and that I've learned something by this terrible lesson? And if I promised to try with all my might and main not to lie any more, if I promised I would n't be discouraged with failure if he would n't be, but would keep on trying, would n't he on his side try to have a little confidence again? Would n't he let me come back into his life just for that trial anyway? . . .

ROLAND. I think so. A man like Warder can't get over loving a woman all in a moment, especially if he finds out before it's too late he's misjudged her. Wrong as you may have been, we know you're not so

wrong as he thinks.

BECKY. But he won't come. You see you have n't heard from him — he won't come.

[She goes up to the bow-window and looks out.

ROLAND. I'm a little worried myself. I told him to telegraph and said it was urgent.

Becky. How - urgent?

ROLAND. Well, my dear, as you say, if I had simply said, "Come and see Becky," of course he would n't have paid any attention. I had to make the telegram so he would come.

Becky. Yes, but how did you?

ROLAND. It was a stroke of genius! I said, "Becky is dying. Come at once!"

BECKY [going to the sofa and sitting on it]. But I'm not dying. He'll find out as

soon as he gets here.

ROLAND. No, he must n't. My idea was that he would think you had tried to kill yourself - don't you see? It would rouse his sympathies — perhaps some remorse and he would hurry on.

> [Dropping the paper carelessly on the floor, he rises.]

BECKY. But he has n't!

ROLAND. He could n't get here till this morning; still, I ought to have had an answer to the telegram.

[He goes into the bedroom.]
Becky. [Rises and goes toward the open-

ing. 7 And if he should come?

ROLAND [coming out of the bedroom in his shirt-sleeves, without the bathrobe]. Well, you must be careful not to give me away till you are solid with him again. You must be weak and ill—just getting over it—the doctor's saved you! Anyway, I thought that might bring him.

BECKY. I don't like it.

ROLAND [going back into the bedroom offended]. I did my best!

Becky. But it seems to me as if I would

be telling Tom a lie again.

ROLAND. Not at all. I'm telling it. And besides, does n't the end justify the means?

BECKY. I think Tom'd call it a lie. I don't want to do it!

ROLAND. Well, if he comes in answer to my telegram, you've got to do it!

Becky. No, father, I won't!

ROLAND. Nonsense! You can't get out of it. And, good Heavens, why should you, if it's going to give you back what you want and prevent a terrible upheaval?

Becky. Well, anyway, he has n't answered, so perhaps he won't come. I 'm

going out. [Gets her hat from table left.]
ROLAND. Don't be long in any case. He might have forgot to send word, or not have time, or even have suspected something and not answered purposely, and be coming all the same on this morning's train!

BECKY [putting on her hat]. I'll see the flat and come straight back. [She starts to go, stops and turns in the doorway.] Thank you, father, for trying to help me. If he only will come! [She goes out left.]

Roland [lighting another cigarette]. Move into another flat! To live with everything so filthy clean you can't be easy and let things go! Ta, ta to the bucket-shop, and never a cent to put on anything again! Nothing but cleanth and economy! No, no, Stephen Roland, not at your age. [He stands gazing at a portrait of Mrs. Crespigny on the right wall, with a half-humorous expression of resignation, then crosses to the electric bell on the left wall.] Listen, don't you hear

wedding bells? [He rings the bell.] Do you hear them, Stephen! [He rings again. The piano off stage stops.] Wedding bells! [He turns and walks toward the portrait again, nodding his head definitely. A knock on the door left.] Come in — Jennie!

[Mrs. Crespigny comes in.]

Mrs. Crespigny. Did you ring?

ROLAND. I believe I did.

MRS. CRESPIGNY. What's the matter? My piano-playing disturb Mis' Warder? ROLAND. Oh—is the pianola mended?

Mrs. Crespigny. Yes. The man said I worked the pedals too emotionally.

ROLAND. I wanted to see you.

MRS. CRESPIGNY [pulling her belt down and her marcel wave out]. Well, I'm visible! ROLAND. Mrs. Crespigny, I'm in trouble.

MRS. CRESTIGNY [going to him]. Now, look here, Mr. Roland, true as Gospel I can't let you have another cent, not before the first of the month. Your daughter's here now; you've got to go to her.

ROLAND. Not so fast, please! It is n't money. At least that is n't this moment's trouble. My daughter and her husband

have quarreled.

MRS. CRESPIGNY. I suspected something was wrong. [She starts, aghast and angry at a new idea which comes to her.] She don't mean to come here and live?

ROLAND. No, she wants to take me

away to live with her.

Mrs. Crespigny. Didn't I always tell you she'd separate us if she could! Now show your character! I guess you're your own boss, ain't you? You won't go, Mr. Roland?

ROLAND. But you see if they don't make up their quarrel, my allowance stops and I won't have a cent. I'll have to live where

my daughter wants me.

MRS. CRESPIGNY [taking from the bosom of her shirt-waist a second-hand natural rose with a wired stem and destitute of green leaves, she twists the wired part nervously about]. Why ain't one woman's money just as good as another's for you to live on?

ROLAND. Mrs. Crespigny, you've come straight to the point, and you 've come pretty bluntly, but that's just as well in view of the poor figure I cut in the matter.

[He turns up toward the center-table and places on it his newspaper, which he has nicked up from the floor.]

Mrs. Crespiony. Why, I think, condering your age, your figger's great!

ROLAND [looking at her despairingly]. I spoke figuratively! Now I'm doing my pest to bring about a reconciliation. Of course, if I succeed, I can keep on living ere just as usual - I'll have my allowance.

Mrs. Crespigny. But if you don't bring

about the reconciliation? . . .

ROLAND. Well, in that case, frankly, I

hould have to leave you or marry you!

MRS. CRESPIGNY [going to the table]. Look here, Mr. Roland, I want this in black and white! Are you proposing to me?

ROLAND. Well, Mrs. Crespigny, in a

Mrs. Crespigny. But there's a string

o it?

ROLAND. You know you have once or wice delicately suggested that a marriage would n't be altogether disagreeable to you, out it's a poor bargain for you, and in case he proposal should ever be definitely made, want to be sure you know what you're

retting!

Mrs. Crespigny. I guess I know well enough. I ain't lived in the same flat with you for four solid years without finding out whether or not you was worth it to me. I know your faults, Mr. Roland, but they're

well faults.

ROLAND. [He goes to the table in the winlow to get a cigarette. Mrs. Crespigny, supoose you keep to the point, which is, if I narry - if you marry me, you do it with your eyes open. I'm to have all the liberty I've ever had. None of my habits are to be nterfered with, none of my ways of spendng money.

MRS. CRESPIGNY. All right. I know I won't be marrying a hero, but I'll be geting a high-toned name and the company I want for keeps, for if once we 're married, your daughter nor nobody else won't sneak you away from me, and you can't get no-

thing in this world for nothing.

[She sits right of the table with a lugubrious expression on her poor

powdered face.]

ROLAND. Very well, then [coming down o her], if there's no reconciliation to-day, we'll consider it settled without another word.

MRS. CRESPIGNY. And if she does make t up with her husband?

ROLAND. We'll let that stand for the present. I would still have my allowance and I would n't have to leave the flat.

Mrs. Crespigny. Then, so far as I 'm

concerned, — and I don't make no bones about saying it, - I 'd rather they kep'

separate.

ROLAND. Don't be selfish! I think you'll win without that. [He lifts her head tenderly, smiling sweetly; then, as he turns away from her, the sweetness fades, and he looks at least twenty years older. Mrs. Crespigny, happy but embarrassed, tears the faded rose to pieces petal by petal.] I don't understand it. I ought to have had a telegram long ago!

Mrs. Crespigny. [Starts and rises.] A telegram! My stars! This telegram came before you was up and I forgot all about it.

[Giving him a telegram.] ROLAND. That won't do! You 'll have to be more thoughtful than that! [Reading the telegram.] He's coming! He's due here any minute! And Beck out! Quick! help me make this look like a sick-room.

Mrs. Crespigny. A sick-room? ROLAND. I'll put this chair here for

Becky to sit in!

[Moving the Morris chair near to the

Mrs. Crespigny. And I'll put a towel on the table. [Getting one from the bedroom.] But why a sick-room, Mr. Roland. Who 's sick?

ROLAND. That 's how I got him here. Telegraphed Becky was dying - and it 's worked — he 's coming!

Mrs. Crespigny. You ought to have

some bottles for medicine!

ROLAND. Bottles? Here's a couple!

[Getting a whiskey bottle and a brandy bottle from the sideboard.

Mrs. Crespigny [taking the bottles from him]. You don't want him to think she's been on a spree, do you? [She puts them on the table left. Put a glass of water on the table. [He gets a glass from the sideboard.] And I'll put this saucer and spoon on top —that'll look like homœopathic stuff. [She places a saucer on the table and breathes on the spoon and polishes it on a corner of tablecloth. Roland gets a pillow and a blanket from the bedroom and arranges them in the Morris chair. Do you know what we ought to have on that table? An orange on a plate! I don't know why it is, but it a

ways looks like sick folks, having an orange on a plate by 'em! Wait a minute. I 've got a marble orange just like real. I'll get it. I'll take the tray. [Mrs. Crespigny with the tray at the door left.] Josephine! Josephine! Oh, never mind if your hands are in the suds! [ROLAND gets a hassock, which he places in front of the Morris chair. He pulls down the window shades, takes the siphon, and fills the glass on the table, putting the saucer and spoon on top of it. MRS. Crespigny enters with an imitation orange on a plate. Here it is! And I brought a knife with it - don't it look natural?

[The front bell rings.]

ROLAND. Becky!

Mrs. Crespigny. No—I let her take

ROLAND. Maybe it's he! And Becky not back! Don't let Josephine open the door

Mrs. Crespigny. \[Opens the left door \] and calls.] Josephine! Josy! I'll tend door; you go on with your washing!

[She shuts the door.]

ROLAND. Show him here -

Mrs. Crespigny. Huh, huh?

ROLAND. And I'll tell him the doctor's with Becky -

MRS. CRESPIGNY. Huh, huh?

ROLAND. Then you watch for her, and when she comes, knock on the door and tell me the doctor's gone —

MRS. CRESPIGNY [doubtfully].

ROLAND. Then I 'll go "to find out if she feels able to see him," and bring her in as if from her bedroom.

> [He goes to the Morris chair and arranges the pillow and blanket.

Mrs. Crespigny. It 's lucky I don't have to tell him all that! You know, I have n't got your — imagination!

ROLAND. That 's all right - you'll see,

— they 'll be reconciled!

[Gets a fan from behind the book-rack on the back wall and puts it on the

Mrs. Crespigny. Reconciled!

ROLAND. Yes, yes, they'll be reconciled! Mrs. Crespigny. Our marriage is as

good as off, then!

ROLAND. Yes, yes — I mean we'll see! [The front bell rings again.] Don't keep him waiting - he might get suspicious!

MRS. CRESPIGNY [turning the matter over in her mind, speaks very abstractedly]. Our marriage is as good as off, then !

> She goes out slowly, weighing this sudden complication in her affairs.]

ROLAND. Well, you never know your luck! No, no, don't close the door! I'll be here, expecting him.

MRS. CRESPIGNY [off stage]. How do you

do? Won't vou come right in?

[Warder enters.]

ROLAND. So you've come, Tom?

WARDER [very serious]. How is she, father?

ROLAND. The doctor is with her now. Mrs. Crespigny will let me know when he's gone. I have n't let her know I telegraphed you.

WARDER. But will she get well? Is she

ROLAND. We have every hope of her getting well.

WARDER. [He turns aside to control a sudden flood of emotion.] Thank God!

ROLAND. I think a good deal now depends upon you. [WARDER faces ROLAND. ROLAND goes to him.] Are you ready to take my daughter back?

WARDER [very quietly, soberly]. Yes.

ROLAND. For good?

WARDER. If I can only feel sure Becky will try - only try - to be straightforward and honest with me, that's all I ask. God knows what I've suffered these two days, and when your message came - oh, to have that on my shoulders too - it would have been more than a man could bear!

ROLAND. Whatever Becky's faults may have been, you did her one terrible injus-

WARDER. Yes, I know that now! Becky - never! Father, hour after hour since the one in which I left her, I've paced up and down my room, or sat and gritted my teeth in the train, and thought - and thought and thought - till the anger died out of me and I began to see things white and clear both ahead and behind me. And all the time Becky's final words kept ringing in my ears, and they rang true: "I love you, and only you, and you always." . . . And the further away from the excitement and anger I got, the saner I grew. And as I passed over our life together, second by

second of happiness, I found only proof after proof of her love for me! Yes, I did Becky one great injustice, and I want to ask her to forgive me.

ROLAND [his better self moved. Takes

Tom's hand]. Tom —

WARDER. After all, life is made up of compromises and concessions, and if Becky will only try, and let me help her -

ROLAND. I believe you love her still? WARDER. I can only answer you by say-

ing that I want more than anything else in the world to believe in her again — to have at least the beginning of confidence.

> [With a knock on the door, Mrs. Crespigny comes in, frightened at what she is going to do. ROLAND hesitates one moment, but his old habit soon reasserts itself.

ROLAND. The doctor gone? [Mrs. Cres-

PIGNY nods her head.] Excuse me.

[He hurries out left. Mrs. Crespigny stands looking after ROLAND, evidently trying to nerve herself up to the task of telling Warder the truth. She makes several ineffectual gasping efforts to speak, and finally gets started, rushing her words and not daring to speak slowly for fear she'd

Mrs. Crespigny. I'm going to do something awful, and I only hope I won't be punished for it all the rest of my life. Lord knows, seems as if I'd been punished enough in advance. Can I trust you?

WARDER. In what way?

MRS. CRESPIGNY. As a gentleman. If I tell you something - something that you ought to know - will you promise to see it through and not let on I told you?

WARDER. I don't know if I can promise that. Is it anything you have a right to tell

Mrs. Crespigny [going toward him]. It won't do you no harm to pertect me, and I give you my sacred word of honor it's the truth instead of the lie you've been told! And all I ask is that you'll pertect me as regards Mr. Roland.

WARDER [astounded, bewildered, but his suspicions rearoused. What lie? Go on. I

give you the promise!

MRS. CRESPIGNY. [Whispers.] She ain't

sick!

WARDER. Who?

Mrs. Crespigny. Mis' Warder! She ain't been sick - that was all a story to

WARDER [catching her two hands by the wrists and holding them tight, so she can't get away from him]. No! Don't say that!

Mrs. Crespigny. Ssh! I will say it! It's true! The doctor was n't here when you came! Mis' Warder was out and only came in when I knocked on the door just now!

WARDER. Do you realize what you're

saying?

Mrs. Crespigny. Perfeckly!

WARDER. And you're telling me the truth?

Mrs. Crespigny. Keep your eyes open and judge for yourself, that's all! Maybe

you think that's the truth!

[Snatching up the imitation orange from the table, she smashes it on the floor. WARDER moves to go; she stands in front of the door to stop

WARDER. Let me go! I won't stay for

this brutal farce!

Mrs. Crespigny. You promised to pertect me, and if you go now Mr. Roland'll catch on, and I want him to marry me! Now you know —

WARDER. Was this his idea or hers?

Mrs. Crespigny. His, and she —

[Listens.]

WARDER [eagerly]. She what —

MRS. CRESPIGNY [moving away from the door]. Ssh! they're here!

[Warder controls himself and goes to the other side of the room. ROLAND comes, bringing Becky, who leans on him. Her eyes are down. WAR-DER stands immovable and watches.]

ROLAND [pointedly]. Thank you, Mrs.

Crespigny.

She goes out unwillingly. BECKY looks up and sees WARDER. He stands motionless, watching her.]

BECKY [as she meets WARDER'S eyes, breaks away from ROLAND]. No, father! I can't do it! I won't do it!

ROLAND [frightened]. Becky!
BECKY. No! I tell you it's only another lie and a revolting one!

ROLAND. You're ill! You don't know

what you're saying!

Becky. No, I'm not ill, and you know it, and I have n't been! And if I can't win his love back by the truth, I'll never be able to keep it, so what's the use of getting it back at all?

[The tears fill her eyes and her throat.]

WARDER. Becky!

[He wants to go to her, but still holds himself back. His face shows his joy, but neither BECKY nor ROLAND see this.]

Becky [continuing after a moment, pathetically]. I thought I might creep back, through pity, first into your life, and then into your heart again. But, after all, I can't do it. [She sits in the Morris chair, hopelessly.] Something's happened to me in these two days—even if I tell lies, I've learned to loathe them and be afraid of them, and all the rest of my life I'll try—

WARDER [in a choked voice]. Thank

[He goes to her, almost in tears himself. ROLAND looks at WARDER, and realizes what it means; a smile comes over his own face, and at the same time his eyes fill with his almostforgotten tears.]

Becky. You can't forgive me!

WARDER. We don't love people because they are perfect.

[He takes her two trembling hands in his, and she rises.]

BECKY. Tom!

WARDER. We love them because they are themselves.

[And he takes her in his arms close to him, as the final curtain falls.]

THE GREAT DIVIDE A PLAY IN THREE ACTS By WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

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TO HENRY MILLER IN GRATITUDE AND FRIENDSHIP

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

PHILIP JORDAN
POLLY JORDAN, Philip's wife
MRS. JORDAN, his mother
RUTH JORDAN, his sister
WINTHROP NEWBURY
DR. NEWBURY, Winthrop's father
STEPHEN GHENT
LON ANDERSON
BURT WILLIAMS
DUTCH
A MEXICAN
A CONTRACTOR
AN ARCHITECT
A BOY

THE GREAT DIVIDE

ACT I

Interior of PHILIP JORDAN'S cabin in southern Arizona, on a late afternoon in spring. A large coom rudely built, adorned with blankets, pottery, veapons, and sacred images of the local Indian ribes, and hung with trophies of the chase, torether with hunting-knives, saddles, bridles, nosepags for horses, lariats, and other paraphernalia of frontier life. Through a long, low window at he back the desert is seen, intensely colored, and covered with the uncouth shapes of giant cacti, lotted with bunches of gorgeous bloom. The en-rance door is on the left (from the spectator's standpoint), in a projecting elbow of the room; arther to the left is a door leading to the sleepingmarters. On the right is a cook-stove, a cupboard or dishes and household utensils, and a chimvey-piece, over which hangs a bleached cow's kull supporting a rifle.

At a rude table in the center sits PHILIP JOR-DAN, a man of thirty-four, mending a bridle. POLLY, his wife, kneels before an open trunk, asristed in her packing by WINTHROP NEWBURY, recent graduate of an Eastern medical college, RUTH JORDAN, PHILIP'S sister, a girl of nineteen,

tands at the window looking out.

WINTHROP [as he hands the last articles to POLLY]. What on earth possessed you to oring such a load of duds to Arizona?

Polly. They promised me a good time, neaning one small shindig — one — in the three months I've spent in this unholy place.

[Philip makes an impatient movement with the bridle; speaks gruffly.] PHILIP. You'd better hurry. It's getting

RUTH [from the window]. It's getting cooler, which is more to the point. We can nake the railroad easily by sunrise, with

his delicious breeze blowing. POLLY. Gives the finishing touches to the runk and locks the lid. There, at last!

Heaven help the contents.

Philip [gruffly, as he rises]. Give me a

ift with the trunk, Win.

They carry the trunk outside. Polly, with the aid of a cracked mirror, puts on her traveling-hat and cloak.]

RUTH. My, Pollikins! You'll be the talk of all the jackrabbits and sage hens between here and the railroad.

Polly. Phil is furious at me for going, and it is rather mean to sneak off for a visit in a grand house in San Francisco, when you poor dears have to slave on here. But

really, I can't endure this life a day longer.

RUTH. It is n't in nature that you should Fancy that [she indicates Polly with a grandiose gesture] nourishing itself on salt pork, chickory beans, and air-tight!

Polly. Do you really mean to say that apart from your pride in helping your brother, making the project go, and saving the family fortunes, you really enjoy

yourself here?

RUTH. Since Phil and I came out, one day has been more radiantly exciting than the other. I don't know what 's the matter with me. I think I shall be punished for being so happy.

POLLY. Punished for being happy! There's your simonpure New Englander.

RUTH. True! I was discovered at the age of seven in the garret perusing The Twelve Pillars and Four Cornerstones of a Godly Life.

Polly [pointing at Ruth's heart, speaks with mock solemnity. If Massachusetts and Arizona ever get in a mixup in there, woe be! — Are you ever going to have that coffee done?

RUTH. I hope soon, before you get me

analyzed out of existence.

POLLY [as RUTH busies herself at the stove]. The main point is this, my dear, and you'd better listen to what the old lady is a-tellin' of ye. Happiness is its own justification, and it's the sacreder the more unreasonable it is. It comes or it does n't, that 's all you can say about it. And when it comes, one has the sense to grasp it or one has n't. There you have the Law and the Prophets.

[WINTHROP and PHILIP enter from

outside. RUTH, who has set out the coffee and sandwiches on the table, bows elaborately, with napkin over arm.]

Ruth. Messieurs et Mesdames!

WINTHROP. Coffee! Well, rather, with an all-night ride in the desert ahead of us. They drink their coffee, Philip

standing sullenly apart.

Where do we get our next feed?

RUTH. With luck, at Cottonwood Wash. WINTHROP. And how far may Cottonwood Wash be?

RUTH. Thirty miles.

WINTHROP [sarcastically]. Local meas-

POLLY [poking PHILIP]. Phil, for Heaven's sake, say something. You diffuse the gloom of the Pit.

PHILIP. I've had my say out, and it makes absolutely no impression on you.

Polly. It's the impression on the public I'm anxious about.

PHILIP. The public will have to excuse

Polly. I am horribly sorry for you two poor dears, left alone in this dreadful place. When Dr. Newbury goes, I don't see how you'll support life. I should like to know how long this sojourn in the wilderness is going to last, anyhow.

> [During the following, Ruth takes a candle from the shelf, lights it, and brings it to the table. The sunset glow has begun to fade.

RUTH. Till Cactus Fiber makes our eternal fortune.

WINTHROP. And how long will that be? RUTH. [Counts on her fingers.] Two years to pay back the money we raised on mother's estate, two years of invested profits, two years of hard luck and marking time, two years of booming prosperity. Say eight years!

Polly. Shades of the tomb! How long do you expect to live?

RUTH. Forever!

[The sound of a galloping horse is heard, muffled by the sand.

WINTHROP. Listen. What's that?

[A boy of fifteen, panting from his rapid ride, appears at the open door.]

PHILIP [rising and going toward the door]. What's the matter?

Boy. I've come for the doctor.

PHILIP. Who wants the doctor?

Boy. Your man Sawyer, over to Lone Tree. - He 's broke his leg.

RUTH. Broken his leg! Sawyer? Our

PHILIP. There's a nice piece of luck!-

How did it happen?

Boy. They was doin' some Navajo stunts on horseback, pullin' chickens out of the sand at a gallop and takin' a hurdle on the upswing. Sawyer's horse renigged, and lunged off ag'in' a 'dobe wall. Smashed his leg all to thunder.

> [Winthrop looks vaguely about for his kit and traveling necessaries, while POLLY gives the boy food, which he accepts shyly as he goes outside with PHILIP. RUTH has snatched saddle and bridle from their peg.]

RUTH. I'll have Buckskin saddled for you in a jiffy. How long will it take you to

set the leg?

WINTHROP. Perhaps an hour, perhaps

three.

RUTH. It's a big détour, but you can catch us at Cottonwood Wash by sunrise, allowing three hours for Sawyer. Buckskin has done it before. [She goes out.]

POLLY [pouting], This will spoil all our fun! Why can't the creature wait till you

get back?

WINTHROP Did you ever have a broken

Polly. Well, no, not exactly a leg. But I've had a broken heart! In fact, I've got one now, if you're not going with us.

WINTHROP. To tell you the truth, mine is broken too. [Pause.] Did you ever dream of climbing a long hill, and having to turn back before you saw what was on the other side? [Polly nods enthusiastically.] I feel as if I'd had my chance to-night to see what was over there, and lost it.

Polly. You'll excuse me if it sounds personal, Dr. Newbury, but did you expect to discern a - sort of central figure in the outrolled landscape?

WINTHROP [embarrassed, repenting of his

sentimental outburst]. No. That is -

POLLY [with a sweep of her arm]. Oh, I see. Just scenery!

> [She laughs and goes into the inner room, left. Ruth reënters. The sky has partly faded and a great full moon begins to rise.

RUTH. Buckskin is ready, and so is the soon. The boy knows the trails like an Inian. He will bring you through to Cottonood by daylight.

WINTHROP [taking heart]. We shall have no ride back together, at any rate.

RUTH. Yes.—I would go with you, and y to do something to make poor Sawyer omfortable, but we have n't another horse nat can do the distance. [She holds out her

and.] Good-bye. Winthrop [detaining her hand]. Won't

ou make it up to me?

[He draws her toward him.]
RUTH [gently but firmly]. No Win. Please

WINTHROP. Never?

RUTH. Life is so good just as it is! Let s not change it.

change in

[He drops her hand, and goes out, without looking back. Polly reënters. The women wave Winthrop goodbye.]

POLLY, [Takes RUTH by the shoulders and tooks at her severely.] Conscience clear?

RUTH [humoring her]. Crystal!

POLLY. [Counts on her fingers.] Promising young physician, charming girl, lonely anch, horseback excursions, spring of the ear!

RUTH. Not guilty.

POLLY. Gracious! Then it's not play,

RUTH. Neither the one nor the other.

t's just your little blonde romantic noddle.

[She takes POLLY's head between her hands and shakes it as if to show its

emptiness.]

o you think if I wanted to flirt, I would elect a youth I've played hookey with, nd seen his mother spank? [Suddenly so-ered.] Poor dear Win! He's so good, so entle and chivalrous. But—[with a movement of lifted arms, as if for air]—ah, me, e's—finished! I want one that is n't finished!

Polly. Are you out of your head, you

oor thing?

RUTH. You know what I mean well nough. Winthrop is all rounded off, a ompleted product. But the man I sometimes see in my dreams is — [pausing for a imile] — well, like this country out here, on't you know —?

She breaks off, searching for words,

and makes a vague outline in th air, to indicate bigness and incom pletion.]

Polly [dryly]. Yes, thank you. I do

know. Heaven send you joy of him!

RUTH. Heaven won't, because, alas, he does n't exist! I am talking of a sublime abstraction — of the glorious unfulfilled — of the West —the Desert.

POLLY. [Lifts Ruth's chin, severely.] We have n't by chance, some spring morning, riding over to the trading-station or elsewhere — just by the merest chance beheld a sublime abstraction — say in blue overalls and jumper? [Ruth shakes her head.] Honest?

[More emphatic head-shaking. POLLY drops RUTH'S chin with a shrug of the shoulders. PHILIP enters.]

RUTH [putting on her riding-hat]. Is

Pinto saddled?

PHILIP. Pinto is gone.

RUTH [astonished]. Gone where?

PHILIP. To that Mexican blow-out over at Lone Tree. Every man-jack on the ranch has disappeared, without leave asked or notice given, except this paper which I just found nailed to the factory door.

[Ruth takes the note and reads it anxiously. Then she slowly removes her hat and lays it away.]

What are you up to now? We 've no time to lose!

RUTH [with quiet determination]. I am not going.

POLLY [as PHILIP turns in surprise]. Not going?

RUTH. I must stay and look after the

PHILIP. Oh, come, that 's out of the ques-

RUTH. We have put all mother's money into this venture. We can't take any risks.

Philip. The men will be back to-morrow. It's not to be thought of — your staying here all alone.

POLLY. [Seats herself with decision.] One thing is certain: either Ruth goes or I stay.

PHILIP. [Takes off his hat and sets down the provision basket.] That suits me perfectly!

POLLY [hysterical]. But I can't stay! I won't stay! I shall go mad if I spend another night in this place.

RUTH. No, you must n't stay. You would

never get us worked up to the point of letting you go, another time.

[She lifts Polly, and with arm around her waist leads her to the door.]

PHILIP. I refuse to leave you here alone, just to satisfy a whim of Polly's. That 's flat!

RUTH. But, Phil, you forget the stores you 're to fetch back. They will be dumped out there on the naked sand, and by tomorrow night -

She blows across her palm, as if scat-

tering thistledown.]

PHILIP. Well, what of it? A few hun-

dred dollars' worth of stuff!

RUTH. A few hundred dollars means sink or swim with us just now. — Besides, there 's poor Sawyer. He'll be brought back here to-morrow, and nobody to nurse him. Then inflammation, fever, and good-bye Sawyer.

[Philip, with a gesture of accepting the inevitable, picks up the grain-

sacks and basket.]

Polly [at the door, embracing Ruth]. Good-bye, dear. Are n't you really afraid to stay?

RUTH. I'm awfully sorry to miss the fun, but as for danger, the great Arizona Desert is safer than Beacon Hill.

Polly. You're sure?

RUTH. If maurauders prowl, I'll just fire the blunderbuss out the window, and they won't stop running this side of the Great Divide.

Polly [kissing her]. Good-bye, dear.

RUTH. Good-bye. [Polly goes out.] PHILIP [pausing beside RUTH, at the door]. Mind you put out the light early. It can be seen from the Goodwater Trail. There 's no telling what riff-raff will be straggling back that way after the dance.

RUTH. Riff-raff! They're my sworn

knights and brothers.

Philip. In that case, what makes you un-

easy about the property?

RUTH. Oh, property! That's different. PHILIP. Well, you mind what I say and put out the light.

RUTH. Yours for prudence!

[She puts her arm around his waist and draws him to her, kissing him tenderly.]

Good-bye, Phil.

[He kisses her and starts to go. She still detains him. When she speaks again, her voice is softened an awed.]

What a lovely night! Who would eve think to call this a desert, this moonlit ocea of flowers? What millions of cactus bloom have opened since yesterday!

PHILIP [looking at her dubiously]. What'

the matter with you to-night?

RUTH. Nothing. Everything. Life! -I don't know what's got into me of late I'm just drunk with happiness the whole

PHILIP. Well, you're a queer one.-Good-bye. I shall get back as soon as horse flesh will do it. [He goes out.

RUTH [as the rumble of the wagon i heard. Good-bye! Good-bye, Pollikins

Good-bye!

[She takes the candle from the tabl and stands in the door for a time then raises the light in one hand and waves her handkerchief with th other. She sets the candle again or the table, goes to the mantel-shelf and takes down a photograph.]

Dear Win! I forgot how disappointed you

were going to be.

[Pause, during which she still gaze at the picture.]

Clear, kind heart!

[After a moment she replaces i brusquely on the mantel-shelf, and raises her arms above her head with a deep breath. She stands thus, with arms crossed behind her head, look ing at the photograph. Her gaze becomes amused and mischievous, she points her finger at the picture and whispers mockingly.]

Finished! Finished!

[She begins to prepare for bed, taking down her hair, and re-coiling is loosely during the following. She hums a tune vaguely and in snatches. then with a stronger rhythm; at last she sings.]

Heart, wild heart, Brooding apart,

Why dost thou doubt, and why art thou sullen?
Flower and bird

Wait but thy word -

[She breaks off, picks up a photograph from the table, and looks at it for a moment in silence.]

Poor little mother! You look out at me with such patient, anxious eyes. There are tter days coming for you, and it 's troubleme me that's bringing them. Only you ist me!

[A man's face appears at the edge of the window, gazing stealthily in. As RUTH turns, he disappears. She lays down the picture and sings again.]

This is the hour, And thine is the power. Heart, high heart, be brave to begin it. Dare you refuse? Think what we lose!

Think what we gain

The words grow indistinct as she takes up the candle and passes into the other room, from which her voice sounds from time to time in interrupted song. The man again appears, shading his face with a peaked Mexican hat so as to see into the darkened room. He turns and waves his hand as if signaling distant persons to approach, then enters through the open door. looks cautiously about the room, tiptoes to the inner door and listens, then steals softly out, and is seen again at the window, beckoning. Ruth reënters, carrying the candle. She is shod in moccasins, and clad in a loose, dark sleeping-dress, belted at the waist, with wide, hanging sleeves and open throat. As she crosses to the table she sings.

Heart which the cold Long did enfoldrk, from the dark eaves the night thaw drummeth!

Now as a god, Speak to the sod,

y to the sky that the miracle cometh!

[She passes her hand over a great bunch of wild flowers on the table.] still, you beauties! You'll drive me to

traction with your color and your odor. I take a hostage for your good behavior. [She selects a red flower, puts it in the

dark mass of her hair, and looks out at the open door.]

hat a scandal the moon is making, out ere in that great crazy world! Who but me ald think of sleeping on such a night?

[She sits down, folds the flowers in her arms, and buries her face in them. After a moment she starts up, listens, goes hurriedly to the door, and peers out. She then shuts and bolts

the door, draws the curtains before the window, comes swiftly to the table, and blows out the light. The room is left in total darkness. There are muttering voices outside, the latch is tried, then a heavy lunge breaks the bolt. A man pushes in. but is hurled back by a taller man, with a snarling oath. A third figure advances to the table, and strikes a match. As soon as the match is lighted Ruth levels the gun, which she has taken from its rack above the mantel. There is heard the click of the hammer, as the gun misses fire. It is instantly struck from her hand by the first man (DUTCH), who attempts to seize her. She evades him, and tries to wrest a pistol from a holster on the wall. She is met by the second man (Shorty), who frustrates the attempt, pocketing the weapon. While this has been going on the third man (GHENT) has been fumbling with the lamp, which he has at last succeeded in lighting. All three are dressed in rude frontier fashion; the one called SHORTY is a Mexican half-breed, the others are Americans. GHENT is younger than DUTCH, and taller, but less powerfully built. All are intoxicated, but not sufficiently so to incapacitate them from rapid action. The MEXI-CAN has seized RUTH and attempts to drag her toward the inner room. She breaks loose, and flies back again to the chimney-place, where she stands at bay. GHENT remains motionless and silent by the table, gazing at her.

DUTCH [uncorking a whiskey flask]. Plucky little catamount. I drink its health. [Drinks.]

RUTH. What do you want here?

DUTCH. [Laughs, with sinister relish.] Did you hear that, Steve?

[He drinks again, and reaches out the flask to Ruth.]

Take one, and pull in its purty little claws, eh? Jolly time. No more fuss and fury.

[Ruth reaches for a knife, hidden behind the elbow of the chimney. DUTCH wrests the knife from her and seizes her in his arms.]

Peppery little devil!

[With desperate strength she breaks

from his clutch and reels from him in sickness of horror. Ghent remains gazing at her in a fascinated semi-stupor. Meanwhile, after closing the door, the Mexican has taken dice from his pocket, and, throwing them into a small vase on the table, shakes them and holds out the vase to Dutch. He takes it and turns to Ghent; the latter has moved a step or two toward Ruth, who in her retreat has reached the chimney-piece and stands at bay.]

DUTCH. Come, get into the game, curse you, Steve! This is going to be a free-for-

all, by God!

[As he rattles the dice, Ruth makes a supplicating gesture to Ghent.]

RUTH. Save me! save me!

[Her gesture is frozen by his advancing toward her. She looks wildly about, shrinking from him, then with sudden desperate resolution speaks.]

Save me, and I will make it up to you!
[GHENT again advances; she goes on

pantingly, as she stands at bay.]
Don't touch me! Listen! Save me from
these others, and from yourself, and I will
pay you—with my life.

GHENT [with dull wonder]. With - your

life?

RUTH. With all that I am or can be. GHENT. What do you mean?—[Pause.] You mean you'll go along with me out of

this? Stick to me—on the square? Ruth [in a tragic whisper]. Yes.

GHENT. On the dead square? RUTH. Yes.

GHENT. You won't peach, and spoil it?

[Pause, during which he looks at her fixedly.]

GHENT. Give me your hand on it!

[She gives him her hand. The other men, at the table, have drawn their weapons, and hold them carelessly, but alert to the slightest suspicious movement on the part of GHENT.]

DUTCH [as GHENT turns to them]. Shorty and me's sittin' in this game, and interested,

eh, Shorty?

[The Mexican nods. Ghent comes slowly to the table, eyeing the two. Dutch holds out the vase containing the dice.]

Shake for her!

GHENT. Shake how?

DUTCH. Any damn way! Sole and excl sive rights. License to love and cherish of

the premises!

[GHENT takes the vase, shakes the di meditatively, is about to throw, th sets the vase down. He search through his pockets and produces few bills and a handful of silve which he lays on the table.]

GHENT. There's all I've got in m clothes. Take it, and give me a free fiel

will you?

DUTCH [leaning over the table to GHENT: plaintive remonstrance]. You don't mea me, Steve!

GHENT. [To the MEXICAN.] Well, vo

then!

[The MEXICAN spreads the money car lessly with his left hand to asce tain its amount, then thrusts it awa with a disgusted grunt of refusal.

DUTCH. Don't blame you, Shorty! ornery luck of a dirt-eatin' Mojave 'd pa

more 'n that for his squaw.

[RUTH covers her face shuddering!.
GHENT stands pondering, watchir the two men under his brows, an slowly gathering up the money. A if on a sudden thought, he opens h shirt, and unwinds from his neck string of gold nuggets in the rough strung on a leather thread.]

GHENT. Well, it ain't much, that 's sur But there 's a string of gold nuggets I gues is worth some money. [He throws it on the table, speaking to both men.] Take that, an

clear out.

DUTCH. [Draws up angrily.] I've giv

you fair warning!

GHENT. We'll keep everything friendl between me and you. A square stand-u shoot, and the best man takes her.

DUTCH [mollified]. Now you're comin' to GHENT. [To the MEXICAN.] Then it

up to you, and you'd better answer quick THE MEXICAN [eyeing GHENT and RUTH points to the gun lying on the floor]. I tak him, too.

GHENT. No, you don't. You leave every

thing here the way you found it.
THE MEXICAN. Alla right.

[He pockets the chain and starts for the

GHENT. Hold on a minute. You've go to promise to tie the man who falls, o

is horse, and take him to Mesa Grande. Bargain? [The MEXICAN nods.] and mouth shut, mind you, or -

[He makes a sign across his throat.]

THE MEXICAN. [Nods.] Alla right.

He goes out.

GHENT [motioning toward the door]. Outide.

Dutch [surprised]. What for? GHENT [sternly]. Outside!

They move toward the door. Dutch stops and waves his hand to RUTH.]

DUTCH. Don't worry, my girl. Back soon. GHENT [threateningly]. Cut that out!

DUTCH. What 's eatin' you? She ain't ours yet, and I guess she won't be, not till ell freezes over.

[He taps his pistol and goes out. GHENT picks up the rifle which has previously missed fire; he unloads it, throws it on the window-seat, and follows Dutch. Ruth stands beside the table, listening. Four shots are heard. After a short time GHENT appears and watches from the door the vanishing horses. He comes to the table opposite Ruth.]

RUTH [in a low voice]. Is he dead? GHENT. No; but he'll stay in the coop

or a while.

She sinks down in a chair. GHENT seats himself at the other side of the table, draws a whiskey flask from his pocket, and uncorks it awkwardly, using only his right hand.]

RUTH [as he is about to drink]. Don't! GHENT [lowers the bottle and looks at her n a dazed way]. Is this on the square?

RUTH. I gave you my promise.

[Gazing at her, he lets the bottle sink slowly by his side; the liquor runs out, while he sits as if in a stupor. Ruth glances toward the door, and half starts from her seat, sinking back as he looks up.]

GHENT. Give me a drink of water.

[She brings the water from a bucket in the corner. He sets the empty bottle on the table, drinks deeply of the water, takes a handkerchief from his neck, wets it, and mops his face.]

GHENT. Where are your folks?

RUTH. My brother has gone out to the ailroad.

GHENT. Him and you ranching it here by yourselves?

Ruth. Yes.

GHENT. Write him a note. [He shoves paper, pen, and ink before her.] Fix it up any way you like.

RUTH. Tell me first what you mean to

do with me.

GHENT. [Ponders awhile in silence.] Have you got a horse to ride?

RUTH. Yes.

GHENT. We can reach San Jacinto before sun-up. Then we're off for the Cordilleras. I've got a claim tucked away in them hills that 'll buy you the city of Frisco some day, if you have a mind to it!

[She shrinks and shudders.]

What you shivering at?

Ruth does not answer, but begins to write. GHENT, still using only one hand, takes a pistol from his pocket, examines it, and lays it carelessly on the table, within RUTH'S reach. He rises and goes to the fireplace, takes a cigarette from his pocket and lights it, and examines the objects on the mantel-shelf. Ruth stops writing, takes up the pistol, then lays it down, as he speaks without turning round.]

Read what you've written.

Ruth, about to read, snatches up the pistol again, rises, and stands trembling and irresolute.

Why don't you shoot? [He turns round deliberately. Tou promised on the square, but there's nothing square about this deal. You ought to shoot me like a rattlesnake!

RUTH. I know that.

GHENT. Then why don't you? Ruth [slowly]. I don't know.

GHENT. I guess you've got nerve enough, for that or anything. — Answer me; why not?

RUTH. I don't - know. - You laid it there for me. - And - you have no right to die.

GHENT. How's that?

RUTH. You must live - to pay for having spoiled your life.

GHENT. Do you think it is spoiled?

RUTH. Yes.

GHENT. And how about your life?

RUTH. I tried to do it. GHENT. To do what?

RUTH. To take my life. I ought to die. I have a right to die. But I cannot, I cannot! I love my life, I must live. In torment, in darkness — it does n't matter. I want my life. I will have it!

> She drops the weapon on the table, pushes it toward him, and covers her

Take it away! Don't let me see it. If you want me on these terms, take me, and may God forgive you for it; but if there is a soul in you to be judged, don't let me do myself violence.

> [She sinks down by the table, hiding her face in her hands.]

O God have pity on me!

[GHENT puts the pistol back into his belt, goes slowly to the outer door. opens it, and stands for some moments gazing out. He then closes the door, and takes a step or two toward the table. As he speaks, RUTH's sobs cease, she raises her head and looks strangely at him.]

GHENT. I've lived hard and careless, and rately I've been going downhill pretty fast. But I have n't got so low yet but what I can tell one woman from another. If that was all of it, I'd be miles away from here by now, riding like hell for liquor to wash the taste of shame out of my mouth. But that ain't all. I 've seen what I 've been looking the world over for, and never knew it. - Say your promise holds, and I'll go away now.

RUTH. Oh, yes, go, go! You will be merciful. You will not hold me to my cruel

oath.

GHENT. And when I come back?

[Ruth does not answer. He takes a step nearer.]

And when I come back?

RUTH. You never — could — come back. GHENT. No, I guess I never could. RUTH [eager, pleading]. You will go?

GHENT. For good?

RUTH. Yes.

GHENT. Do you mean that?

RUTH [wildly]. Yes, yes, ten thousand times!

GHENT. Is that your last word?

RUTH, Yes.

[Pause. She watches him strained anxiety.]

Oh, why did you come here to-night?

GHENT. I come because I was blinddrunk and sun-crazy, and looking for damnation the nearest way. That's why I come. | Can you lift your arm? - The bone is not

But that's not why I'm staying. I'm talking to you in my right mind now. I want you to try and see this thing the way it is.

RUTH. Oh, that is what I want you to do! You did yourself and me a hideous wrong by coming here. Don't do us both a more hideous wrong still! I was in panic fear. I snatched at the first thing I could. Think what our life would be, beginning as we have begun! Oh, for God's pity go away now, and never come back! Don't you see there can never be anything between us but hatred, and misery, and horror?

GHENT [hardening]. We'll see about

that! — Are you ready to start?

RUTH, conscious for the first time of her undress condition, shrinks, and folds her gown closer about her neck.

Go, and be quick about it.

She starts toward her room; he detains

Where's your saddle?

She points at it and goes out. GHENT picks up the note she has written, reads it, and stands for a moment in reflection before laying it down. He gets more water from the bucket, drinks deeply, mops his face, and rolls up the sleeve of his left arm, which is soaked with blood. He tries awkwardly to stanch a wound in his forearm, gives it up in disgust, and rolls down his sleeve again. He reads the note once more, then takes RUTH'S saddle and bridle from the wall and goes out. Ruth comes in, her face is white and haggard, but her manner determined and collected. She comes to the table, and sees the bloody handkerchief and basin of water. As GHENT enters, she turns to him anxiously.

RUTH. You are hurt.

GHENT. It 's no matter.

RUTH. Where?

He indicates his left arm. She throws off her hooded riding-cloak, and impulsively gathers together water, towels, liniment, and bandages; she approaches him, quite lost in her task, flushed and eager.

Sit down. - Roll up your sleeve.

[He obeys mechanically. She rapidly and deftly washes and binds the wound, speaking half to herself, between long pauses.]

touched. — It will be all right in a few days. — This balsam is a wonderful thing to heal.

GHENT [watching her dreamily, as she

works]. What's your name?

RUTH. Ruth — Ruth — Jordan. [Long pause.] There, gently. — It must be very painful.

[He shakes his head slowly, with half-humorous protest.]

GHENT. It's not fair!

RUTH. What is n't fair?

GHENT. To treat me like this. It's not

in the rules of the game.

RUTH [as the sense of the situation again sweeps over her]. Binding your wound? I would do the same service for a dog.

GHENT. Yes, I dare say. But the point is, I ain't a dog; I'm a human — the worst

way!

[She rises and puts away the liniment and bandages. He starts up with an impulsive gesture.]

Make this bad business over into something good for both of us! You'll never regret

it! I'm a strong man!

[He holds out his right arm, rigid.] I used to feel sometimes, before I went to the bad, that I could take the world like that and tilt her over. And I can do it, too, if you say the word! I'll put you where you can look down on the proudest. I'll give you the kingdoms of the world and all the glory of 'em.

[She covers her face with her hands. He

comes nearer.

Give me a chance, and I'll make good. By God, girl, I'll make good!—I'll make a queen of you. I'll put the world under your

[Ruth makes a passionate gesture, as

if to stop her ears.

What makes you put your hands over your ears like that? Don't you like what I'm saying to you?

RUTH [taking the words with difficulty]. Do you remember what that man said just

now?
GHENT. What about?

RUTH. About the Indian — and — his

squaw.

feet!

GHENT. Yes. There was something in it, too. I was a fool to offer him that mean little wad.

RUTH. For - me!

GHENT. Well, yes, for you, if you want to put it that way.

RUTH. But — a chain of nuggets — that comes nearer being a fair price?

GHENT. Oh, to buy off a greaser!

RUTH. But to buy the soul of a woman—one must go higher. A mining-claim! The kingdoms of the world and all the glory of them! [Breaking down in sudden sobs.] Oh, be careful how you treat me! Be careful! I say it as much for your sake as mine. Be careful!

GHENT. [Turns from her, his bewilderment and discomfiture translating itself into gruffness.] Well, I guess we'll blunder through.—Come along! We've no time to lose.—

Where are your things?

[At her gesture, he picks up the saddlepack which she has brought out of the bedroom with her, and starts toward the door.]

RUTH [taking a hammer from the window-ledge and handing it to GHENT]. Fix the

bolt. My brother must not know.

[He drives in the staple of the bolt, while she throws the blood-stained water and handlerchief into the fire. He aids her in replacing the weapons on the walls, then takes the saddle-pack and stands at the door, waiting. She picks up her mother's picture, and thrusts it in her bosom. After standing a moment in hesitation, she takes the picture out, kisses it, lays it on the mantel, face down. She extinguishes the lamp, and goes out hastily. He follows, closing the door.]

ACT II

STEPHEN GHENT'S home, in the Cordilleras At the right, crowning a rude terrace, is an adobe cabin, stained a pale buff, mellowed to ivory by sun and dust. Over it clamber vines loaded with purple bloom. The front of the cabin is turned at an angle toward the spectator, the farther side running parallel with the brink of a cañon, of which the distant wall and upper reaches are crimsoned by the afternoon light. In the level space before the rocky terrace is a stone table and seats, made of natural rocks roughly worked with the chisel. The rude materials have manifestly been touched by a refined and artistic hand, bent on making the most of the glorious background. Against the rocks on the left stands a large hand-loom of the Navajo type, with weaving-stool, and a blanket half woven. On the table lies a half-finished Indian basket, and heaps of colored weaving-materials lie in a heap on the ground. Cactus plants in blossom fill the niches of the rocks and lift their fantastic forms above the stones which wall the cañon brink. At one point this wall is broken, where a path descends into the cañon.

LON ANDERSON, a venerable-looking miner, with gray hair and beard, sits smoking before the cabin. Burt Williams, a younger man, peeps up over the edge of the canon, from the path.

BURT. Hello, Lon. Is the missus inside?

'Lon smokes on, without looking at the questioner.]

Look here, I put a nickel in you, you blame rusty old slot-machine. Push out something!

Lon. [Removes his pipe deliberately.] What you wantin' off 'n her now? A music les-

son or a headache powder?

Burt. Boss's waitin' down at the mine, with a couple o' human wonders he's brought back with him from wherever he's been this time. Something doin' on the quiet.

Lon. You can tell him his wife ain't no-

wheres about.

[Burt produces an enormous bandana from his pocket, mounts the wall, and waves it. He sits on the wall and smokes for a moment in silence, looking down into the cañon, as if watching the approaching party. He points with his pipe at the cabin.]

BURT. Funny hitch-up - this here one

- I think.

Lon [after a pause]. How much you gittin' a day now?

Burt. Same little smilin' helpless three

and six-bits.

LON. Anything extry for thinkin'? BURT. Nope! Throwed in.

[They smoke again. Burt glances down to reassure himself, then points at the loom and basket.]

Queer business — this rug-weavin' and basket-makin', ain't it? — What d' ye s'pose she wants to sit, day in and day out, like a half-starved Navajo, slavin' over them fool things fur? — Boss ain't near, is he? Don't keep her short of ice-cream sodas and trolley-rides, does 'e?

[Lon rises and approaches Burt, regarding him grimly.]

Saw 'er totin' a lot o' that stuff burro-back over to the hotel week 'fore last. — An' Dod Ranger — you know what a disgustin' liar Dod is — he tells how he was makin' tests over in the cross-canon, an' all of a sawed-off Mexican hobo, and when she sees Dod, she turns white 's a sheet.

LON [with suppressed ferocity]. You tell Dod Ranger to keep his mouth shet, and you keep yourn shet too — or by Jee—hosophat, I'll make the two of ye eat yer Adam's-apples and swaller the core!

BURT. Oh, git down off 'n yer hind legs, Lon! Nobody 's intendin' any disrespect.

Lon. You boys keep yer blatherin' tongues off 'n her! Or you'll get mixed up with Alonzo P. Anderson — [he taps his breast] — so 's it'll take a coroner to untangle ye!

BURT [deprecatingly]. I guess I'd stick up fur 'er 's quick as you would, come to

that.

Lon. Well, we don't need no stickin' up fur 'er. What we need is less tongue.

[He leans down and speaks lower,] Especially when the boss is round. You tell the boys so.

[Burt looks at him in surprise and is about to speak; Lon makes a warning signal, indicating the approach of the party below. Burt descends, saluting Ghent respectfully.]

GHENT [peeping up over the edge of the

cañon]. Coast clear, eh, Lon?

Lon. Yes, sir.

GHENT. Where is she?

Lon. [Points along the brink of the cañon.] Kind o' think she went out to Look-off Ledge. — Guess she did n't expect you back to-day.

GHENT [speaking below]. Come up, gentlemen.

[Ghent emerges from the cañon, foilowed by an architect, a dapper young Easterner, and a contractor, a bluff Western type. Ghent is neatly dressed in khaki, with ridingboots and broad felt hat. He has a prosperous and busy air, and is manifestly absorbed in the national game of making money.]

Take a seat.

CONTRACTOR. [Seats himself by the table.] Don't care if I do. That new stage of yours

just jumped stiff-legged from the go-off. And the trail up here from the mine is a good deal of a proposition for the seedentary.

ARCHITECT [as he takes in the stupendous view]. What a wonderful place! Even

better than you described it.

GHENT. Yes. My wife picked it out. — Let's see your plans.

> [He removes basket from the table, where the Architect unrolls several sheets of blue paper.]

ARCHITECT. I have followed your instructions to the letter. I understand that nothing is to be touched except the house.

GHENT. Not a stone, sir; not a head of cactus. Even the vines you 've got to keep, exactly as they are.

ARCHITECT [smiling]. That will be a little difficult.

GHENT. You can put 'em on a temporary trellis. - A little pains will do it.

CONTRACTOR. Maybe, with a man to shoo the masons off with a shot-gun.

GHENT [over the plans]. Provide a dozen men, if necessary, with machine guns.

CONTRACTOR. As you please, Mr. Ghent. The owner of the Verde Mine has a right to his whims, I reckon.

ARCHITECT. I have designed the whole house in the Spanish style, very broad and simple. This open space where we stand -[points to the plans] - I have treated as a semi-inclosed patio, with areaded porches.

GHENT [dubiously]. Good.

ARCHITECT. This large room fronting

the main arcade is the living-room.

GHENT. I guess we'll have 'em all liv-This place is to be lived in, ing-rooms. from the word go.

ARCHITECT [humoring him]. To be sure, everything cheerful and open. - Here on the left of the inner court is the library and

music-room.

GHENT. I'm afraid we won't have much use for that. My wife don't go in much for frills. I used to play the concertina once, but it was a long while ago.

ARCHITECT. It can be used for other purposes. For instance, as a nursery, though

I had put that on the other side.

GHENT [embarrassed and delighted]. Um, yes, nursery .- Stamping-ground for the -?

[The Architect nods; the Contrac-TOR follows suit, with emphasis. Lon nods solemnly over his pipe.]

Good.

The Architect bends over to make a note with his pencil. GHENT restrains him and says somewhat sheepishly in his ear.]

You can leave it music-room on the map. ARCHITECT [continuing his explanation].

This wing

[GHENT, interrupting him, holds the plan at arm's length, with head on one side and eyes squinted, as he looks from the drawings to the cabin and surroundings.

GHENT. Looks a little—sprawly on paper. I had sort of imagined something more - more up in the air, like them swell tepees on the Hill in Frisco.

[He makes a grandiose outline of high roofs and turrets in the air.]

ARCHITECT. I think this is more harmonious with the surroundings.

CONTRACTOR [in answer to GHENT'S inquiring look]. Won't look so showy from the new hotel across yonder.

> [He points to the left, down the curve of the cañon wall.

GHENT. What's your estimate on this plan, now you've seen the location?

CONTRACTOR. It's a long way to haul the stuff. - Say somewheres between twenty and twenty-five thousand. Twenty-five will be safe.

GHENT [slightly staggered]. That 's a big

lot of money, my friend!

CONTRACTOR [with cold scorn]. I thought we was talkin' about a house! I can build you a good sheep-corral for a right smart

GHENT. Well, I guess we don't want any

sheep-corrals.

CONTRACTOR. I should think not, with the Verde pumping money at you the way they tell she does.

GHENT. [Holds up the plans again and looks at them in perplexed silence. I'll tell you, gentlemen, I'll have to consult my wife about this before I decide. The fact is, I 've been working the thing out on the sly, up to now.

CONTRACTOR. Expect to build it of an afternoon, while the lady was takin' her

see-ester?

GHENT. I thought I'd smuggle her off somewhere for a while.

[He is silent a moment, pondering.]

No! It's her house, and she must O.K. the plans before ground is broke.

[He looks along the cañon rim.] Would you mind waiting a few minutes

till I see if I can find her?

[He starts irresolutely, then turns back.] Or, better still, leave the plans, and I'll see you at the hotel to-morrow morning. I have n't been over there since it was opened. I'd like to know what they 're making of it.

CONTRACTOR [astonished]. Hain't been

over to the Buny Visty yet?

GHENT. Too busy.

CONTRACTOR. Well, you'll find it an upto-date joint, and chock full of tourist swells

and lungers.

GHENT. Good - afternoon, gentlemen. You'll excuse me. You can find your way back all right? Take the left-hand path. It's better going.

[The Architect bows ceremoniously, the Contractor nods. Ghent disappears along the cañon brink be-

hind the cabin.]

ARCHITECT. [Has been examining the work on the loom, and has then picked up the unfinished basket, admiringly. What a beautiful pattern! I say, this is like those we saw at the hotel. [To Lon.] May I ask who is making this?

[Lon smokes in silence; the architect raises his voice, slightly sharp.]

May I ask who is making this?

LON [benignly]. You kin, my friend, you kin!

ARCHITECT. Well, then, the question is

Lon. And very clear-put, too. You'd ought to be in the law business, young man. [He gets up deliberately.] Or some other business that 'd take up all yer time.

ARCHITECT [between wrath and amuse-

ment |. Well, I'll be hanged !

[He follows his companion down the cañon path, stopping a moment at the brink to look round with a professional air at the house and surroundings, then at LON.]

Tart old party!

[He descends. Lon crosses to the table, looks over the plans, makes outlines in the air in imitation of GHENT, then shakes his head dubiously, as he rolls up the plans.

Ruth appears, emerging from the

cañon path. She wears the same dress as at the close of Act I, with a dark scarf-like handkerchief thrown over her head. She is pale and exhausted. She sinks on the rocks at the edge of the cañon.

Lon [approaching her, anxiously]. It's too much fer you, ma'am. You'd oughter let

me go.

[He brings her a glass of water from an Indian water-jar before the cabin.]

RUTH [tasting the water]. Oh, I thought

I should never get back!

She leans against a rock, with closed eyes then rouses herself again.]

Lon, take the glass, and see if you can make out any one down yonder, on the nearer trail. I — I thought some one was following me.

Lon. [Speaks low.] Excuse me askin', Mis' Ghent, but is that dod-blamed Mexican

a-botherin' you again?

RUTH. No. He has gone away, for good. It's some one I saw at the hotel - some one I used to know. - Look if you can make out a man's figure, coming up.

LON. [Takes the glass from the niche in the rocks, and scans the canon path.] Can't see nothin' but a stray burro, an' he ain't got no figger to speak of. - Might be t'other side o' Table Rock, down in the pinyon scrub.

RUTH gets up with an effort, takes the glass and looks through it, then lays it on the ledge.

Excuse me, ma'am, but — Mister Ghent come home this afternoon.

RUTH [startled]. Where is he? LON. Huntin' for you down Look-off Ledge way. I 'lowed you was there, not knowin' what else to say.

RUTH. Thank you, Lon. - You can go

now.

[He goes down the cañon path. Ruth looks once more through the glass, then crosses to the table, where she sits down and begins to finger the roll of plans. GHENT reënters. He approaches with soft tread and bends over RUTH. She starts up with a little cry, avoiding his embrace.]

You frightened me. - When did you come

back?

GHENT. An hour ago.

RUTH. Was your journey successful? GHENT. Yes. But my home-coming - that looks rather like a failure. [Pause.] I expected to find you out on the bluff.

RUTH. Lon was mistaken. I had gone the other way.

[As she stands at the table, she begins to unroll the plans.]

What are these papers?

GHENT. Have n't you one word of welcome for me, after five days?

[Ruth remains silent, with averted head, absently unrolling the packet.]

Not a look even?

[He waits a moment, then sighs and seats himself moodily by the table.]

I never can remember! After I've been away from you for twelve hours, I forget completely.

RUTH. Forget what?

GHENT. How it stands between us. It's shilldish, but for the life of me I can't help it.—After I've been away a few hours, this place gets all lit up with bright colors in my mind, like—[searching for a simile]—well, like a Christmas tree! I dare say a Christmas tree don't amount to much in real life, but I saw one once, in a play,—I was a little mining-camp roustabout, so high,—and ever since it has sort of stood to me for the gates o' glory.

RUTH [with a hysterical laugh]. A Christ-

mas tree!

[She bows her head in her hands, and repeats the words, as if to herself, in a tone in which bitterness has given place to tragic melancholy.]

A Christmas tree!

[Ghent, watching her moodily, crumples up the plans and throws them upon the ground. He goes toward the cabin, hesitates, turns, and comes back to the table, where Ruth still sits with buried head. He draws from his pocket a jewel-case, which he opens and lays before her.]

GHENT. There is a little present I brought home for you. And here are some more

trinkets.

[He takes out several pieces of jewelry and tumbles them together on the

table.]

I know you don't care much for these things, but I had to buy something, the way I was feeling. And these papers — [picks them up and spreads them out on the table] — these mean that you 're not to live much longer

in a mud shanty, with pine boxes for furniture. These are the drawings for a new house that I want to talk over with you.

> [He points at the map and speaks glibly, trying to master his discomfiture at her lack of interest.]

Spanish style, everything broad and simple! Large living-room opening on inner court. Library and music-room, bless your heart. Bedrooms; kitchen and thereunto pertaining. Wing where the proprietor retires to express his inmost feelings. General effect sprawly, but harmonious with the surroundings. Twenty thousand estimated, twenty-five limit. Is she ours?

RUTH [in a dead, flat tone]. How much

did you say the house is to cost?

GHENT. Twenty-five thousand dollars at the outside.

RUTH. And these — trinkets?

GHENT. Oh, I don't know. — A few hundred.

RUTH. [Draws the plans toward her and pours the jewels in a heap upon them from her lifted hands.] Twenty-five thousand dollars and the odd hundreds!

[She laughs suddenly and jarringly.]
My price has risen! My price has risen!

[She laughs again, as she rises from the table and looks down the cañon path.]

Keep those displayed to show to our visitors! My honor is at stake.

[She points down the path.]

There is one coming now!

GHENT. Visitors? What visitors?
RUTH. Only an old school friend of mine:

a Mr. Winthrop Newbury.

GHENT. What are you talking about? Are you crazy?

[He joins her, where she stand: looking down into the cañon.]

This fellow, is he really what you say?

[Ruth nods, with unnaturally bright eyes and mocking smile.]

What does this mean?

RUTH. It means that he caught sight of me, an hour ago, in the hotel.

GHENT. In the hotel? What were you

doing there?

RUTH [with biting calm]. Nothing wicked — as yet. They don't pay twenty-five thousand dollars over there — at least not yet!

[Ghent turns sharply, as if stung by a physical blow. She raises her

hands to him, in a swift revulsion of feeling.]

Oh, don't judge me! Don't listen to me!

I am not in my right mind.

GHENT. [Sweeps the jewels together, and throws them over the cliff. Do you want me to be here, while you see him? [She does not answer. Won't you answer me?

RUTH [again cold]. Act as you think

GHENT. It's a question of what will be easiest for you.

RUTH. Oh, it 's all easy for me!

[Ghent stands irresolute, then raises his hand in a gesture of perplexity and despair, and goes into the house, closing the door. WINTHROP NEW-BURY appears at the top of the cañon path, looks curiously about, catches sight of Ruth's averted figure, and rushes toward her.]

WINTHROP. Ruth! Is it really you!

Ruth starts involuntarily toward him, stretching out her arms. As he advances, she masters herself, and speaks in a natural voice, with an attempt at gayety, as she takes his

RUTH. Well, of all things! Winthrop Newbury! How did you find your way to

this eagle's nest?

WINTHROP. I — we saw you — we caught a glimpse of you at the hotel, but we were n't sure. We followed you, but lost you in the cañon.

RUTH. We? Who is we?

WINTHROP. Your brother and his wife. RUTH [turning the shock, which she has been unable to conceal, into conventional sur-

prise]. Philip and Polly here!

WINTHROP. They took the other turn. down there where the path forks. We did n't know which way you had gone.

RUTH. Yes, but why on earth are they

here at all?

WINTHROP. They are on their way East. They stopped over to see me.

RUTH. To see you? Are you—living

here?

WINTHROP. I have been here only a week.

> [He starts impulsively, trying to break through the conventional wall which she has raised between them.]

Ruth — for God's sake —!

RUTH [interrupting him, with exaggerated animation]. But tell me! I am all curiosity. How do you happen to be here - of all places?

WINTHROP. What does it matter? I am here. We have found you, after all these miserable months of anxiety and searching.

O Ruth, - why -

RUTH. I have acted badly, I know. But I wish not to talk of that. Not now. I will explain everything later. Tell me about yourself - about Philip and Polly - and mother. I am thirsty for news. What have you been doing all these months, since - our queer parting?

WINTHROP [solemnly]. Looking for you. [Pause.] O Ruth — how could you do it?

How could you do it?

RUTH. [Touches him on the arm and looks at him with dumb entreaty, speaking low. Winthrop!

WINTHROP [in answer to her unspoken

words]. As you will.

RUTH. [Resumes her hard, bright tone.] You have n't told me about mother. How

WINTHROP. Well. Or she will be, now. Ruth, you ought at least to have written to

her. She has suffered cruelly.

RUTH [quickly, with a nervous uplift of her arms]. Yes, yes, I know that! — And you are — settled here? You mean to remain?

WINTHROP. I am the physician at the End-of-the-Rainbow Mines, three miles below. At least I - I am making a trial of it.

How pale and worn you are. - Don't turn

away. Look at me.

She flinches, then summons her courage and looks him steadily in the face.

You are — you are ill — I fear you are desperately ill!

RUTH [moving away nervously]. Nonsense. I was never better in my life. [She goes toward the cañon brink. You have n't praised our view. We are very proud of it.

WINTHROP [following her]. Yes, very

fine. Magnificent.

RUTH. But you're not looking at it at all! Do you see that bit of smoke far down yonder? That is the stamp mill of the Rio Verde

WINTHROP [compelling himself to follow her lead]. Yes - the Rio Verde. One of he big strikes of the region. Dispute about

he ownership, I believe.

RUTH. None that I ever heard of, and I ught to know. For - [she makes a sweepng bow - we are the Rio Verde, at your ervice.

WINTHROP. You - your - husband is

he owner of the Verde Mine?

Ruth. No less!

WINTHROP [embarrassed]. We found the ecord of your marriage at San Jacinto. The name was Ghent — Stephen Ghent.

RUTH. Yes. He will be so glad to see

ome of my people.

[Winthrop's eyes have fallen on the basket at the foot of the table. He picks it up, examines it curiously, and looks meaningly at Ruth, who snatches it from his hand and throws it over the cliff.]

I toy I play with! You know I always ave to keep my hands busy pottering at

ome rubbishy craft or other.

WINTHROP [is about to speak, but checks imself. He points at the loom]. And the

lanket, too?

RUTH. Yes, another fad of mine. It is eally fascinating work. The Indian women who taught me think I am a wonder of eleverness.

WINTHROP. So do — the women — over

[He points across the cañon.] RUTH [flushing]. Ah, yes, you saw some of my stuff at the hotel. You know how

vain I am. I had to show it.

WINTHROP. Perhaps. But why should the wife of the man who owns the Verde Mine sell her handiwork, and under such -such vulgar conditions?

RUTH [brilliantly explanatory]. To see if t will sell, of course! That is the test of its

 $\mathbf{mer} \mathbf{it}.$

others?

[He looks at her in mute protest, then with a shake of the head, rises and puts on his hat.]

WINTHROP. Do you want to see the

RUTH. Why, yes, to be sure I do. How should I not?

WINTHROP. You have n't seemed very anxious — these last eight months.

RUTH. True. I have been at fault. I so dread explanations. And Phil's tempests of rage! Poor boy, he must feel sadly ill-used. WINTHROP. He does. [Hesitates.] If there is any reason why you would rather he did n't see you, just now -

RUTH. There is no reason. At least, none

valid.

WINTHROP. Then I will bring them up. RUTH. By all means. [She holds out her hand, smiling.] Auf wiedersehen!

> [Winthrop releases her hand and goes toward the cañon path. waves, and turns to Ruth.]

WINTHROP. They are just below.

[As RUTH advances he takes her hand and looks searchingly into her eyes.]

For old friendship's sake, won't you give me one human word before they come? At least answer me honestly one human ques-

Ruth [keeping up her hard, bright gayety]. In the great lottery of a woman's answers there is always one such prize!

WINTHROP [dejectedly, as he drops her hand]. It's no use, if that is your mood.

RUTH. My mood! Your old bugbear! I am as sober-serious as my stars ever let me be.

WINTHROP. Did you, that night you bade me good-bye, know that — this was

going to happen?

RUTH [cordially explanatory]. No. It was half accident, half wild impulse. Phil left me at the ranch alone. My lover came, impatient, importunate, and I - went with him.

WINTHROP. And your — this man — to whom you are married - pardon me, you don't need to answer unless you wish - for

how long had you known him?

Ruth [solemnly, as she looks him straight in the eyes]. All my life! And for seons before.

> [He looks at her for a moment, then goes toward the cañon path. Polly's voice is heard calling.]

POLLY [not yet visible]. Win! Win! WINTHROP. [Calls down the cañon.]

Come up! Come up!

Ruth goes past him down the canon path. In a moment she reappears, with Polly. They are laughing and talking as they come.]

Polly. Ruth!

RUTH. Dear old Polly! Polly. You naughty girl!

RUTH. If our sins must find us out, you are the kind of Nemesis I choose.

Polly. My! But you 're a shady character. And sly!

[Philip appears. Ruth Rurries to embrace him, while Polly, fanning herself with her handkerchief, examines the house and surroundings with curiosity.]

RUTH. O Phil! - Dear old man!

[She covers his face lightly with her hands.]

No scolding, no frowns. This is the finding of the prodigal, and she expects a robe and a ring.

Polly [seating herself on a rock]. Heav-

ens, what a climb! — I 'm a rag.

RUTH. [Motions to the men to be seated.] The cabin would n't hold us all, but there's one good thing about this place; there's plenty of outdoors.

WINTHROP [looking about]. I should say

there was!

POLLY. To think of our practical Ruth doing the one really theatrical thing known in the annals of Milford Corners, Mass.!—And what a setting! My dear, your stage arrangements are perfect.

RUTH. In this case Providence deserves the credit. We may have come here to have our pictures taken, but we stayed to

make a living.

[Philip has drawn apart, gloomy and threatening. Polly keeps up her heroic efforts to give the situation a casual and humorous air.]

Polly [with jaunty challenge]. Well,

where is he? Ruth. Who?

Polly. He!

[Ruth points at the cabin, smiling.]

Well, produce him!

RUTH [following, with gratitude in her eyes, the key of lightness and raillery which POLLY has struck]. You insist?

Polly. Absolutely.

RUTH. Oh, very well!

[She goes up the rocky incline, and enters the cabin, calling: "Steve! Steve!" POLLY goes to PHILIP, and shakes him.]

Polly. Now, you behave! [Indicates

WINTHROP. He's behaving.

[Ruth reappears in the doorway, fol-

lowed by GHENT.]

RUTH [with elaborate gayety, as they descend the rocks]. Well, Stephen, since they 've run us to earth, I suppose we must put

a good face on it, and acknowledge them.

— This is Polly, of whom I've talked so much. Polly the irresistible. Beware of her! [Polly shakes his hand cordially.] And this is — my brother Philip.

[Ghent extends his hand, which Philip pointedly ignores. Ruth goes on hastily, to cover the insult.]

And this is my old school friend, Winthrop Newbury.

[They shake hands.]

WINTHROP. [To PHILIP, formally explanatory.] Mr. Ghent is the owner of the famous Verde Mine.

GHENT. Part owner, sir. I had n't the capital to develop with, so I had to dispose

of a half-interest.

Winthrop. Is n't there some litigation

under way?

RUTH [looking at GHENT, surprised]
Litigation?

GHENT. Yes — a whole rigmarole.

POLLY [catching at a straw to make talk]. Heaven help you if you have got entangled in the law! I can conceive of nothing more horrible or ghostly than a court of law; unless [she glances at Philip] it is that other court of high justice, which people hold in private to judge their fellows, from hearsay and half-knowledge!

RUTH [keeping up the play desperately, as she blesses POLLY with a look]. But there must be law, just the same, and penalties and rewards and all that. Else what's the

use of being good?

Polly. Like you — for instance!

Ruth. Well, yes, like me!

POLLY. You are not good, you are merely magnificent. I want to be magnificent! I want to live on the roof of the world and own a gold mine! [To GHENT.] Show me where the sweet thing is.

GHENT. We can get a better view of the plant from the ledge below. Will you go

down?

[Ghent, Polly, and Winthrop go down the cañon path. Ruth takes Philip by the arm, to lead him after.]

PHILIP. No. We must have a word together, before the gabble begins again. Winthrop has given me your explanation,

which explains nothing.

RUTH [trying to keep up the light tone]. Has n't that usually been the verdict on explanations of my conduct?

PHILIP. Don't try to put me off! Tell e in two words how you came to run away ith this fellow.

RUTH [hardening]. Remember to whom

ou are speaking, and about whom. PHILIP. I got your note, with its curt anouncement of your resolve. Later, by ere accident, we found the record of your arriage at San Jacinto - if you call it a arriage, made hugger-mugger at midnight va tipsy justice of the peace. I don't want question its validity. I only pray that no ne will. But I want to know how it came be made, in such hurry and secrecy ow it came to be made at all, for that matr. How did you ever come to disgrace ourself and your family by clandestine eetings and a hedge-row marriage with a erson of this class? And why, after the azy leap was taken, did you see fit to hide

istracted mother? Though that, perhaps, easier to understand!
RUTH. The manner of your questions abolives me from the obligation to answer

ourself away without a word to me or your

em

PHILIP. I refuse to be put off with any

ach patent subterfuge.

RUTH. Subterfuge or not, it will have to affice, until you remember that my right o choose my course in life is unimpeachble, and that the man whose destiny I dect to share cannot be insulted in my

resence.
PHILIP. Very well, I can wait. The truth ill come out some day. Meanwhile, you an take comfort from the fact that your esertion at the critical moment of our nterprise has spelled ruin for me.

RUTH [overwhelmed]. Philip, you don't

ean —!

PHILIP. Absolute and irretrievable ruin. RUTH. Then you are going back East or good!

PHILIP. Yes.

RUTH. But — mother's money! What rill she do? [PHILIP shrugs his shoulders.] s everything gone — everything?

PHILIP. I shall get something from the ale. Perhaps enough to make a fresh start,

omewhere, in some small way.

RUTH. [Comes to him, and lays her arms n his shoulders.] Phil, I am sorry, sorry!

[He caresses her; she bursts into suppressed convulsive weeping and clings to him, hiding her face in his breast.

PHILIP. Ruth, you are not happy! You have made a hideous mistake. Come home with me. [RUTH shakes her head.] At least for a time. You are not well. You look really ill. Come home with us, if only for

RUTH. No, no, dear Phil, dear brother!

[She draws down his face and kisses him; then lifts her head, with an attempt at lightness.]

There! I have had my cry, and feel better. The excitement of seeing you all again is a

little too much for me.

PHILIP. If there is anything that you want to tell me about all this, tell me now.

RUTH. Oh, there will be plenty of time for explanations and all that! Let us just be happy now in our reunion.

PHILIP. There will not be plenty of time.

We leave to-morrow morning.

RUTH. Then you will take me on trust like a dear good brother. Perhaps I shall never explain! I like my air of mystery.

PHILIP. Remember that if you ever have anything to complain of — in your life — it is my right to know it. The offender shall answer to me, and dearly, too.

RUTH. [Takes his head between her hands, and shakes it, as with recovered gayety.] Of course they will, you old fire-eater!

PHILIP [pointing to the blanket on the loom].

Ruth, at least tell me why —

[Ruth does not see his gesture, as she is looking at the others, who come up from below. The men linger in the background, Ghent pointing out objects in the landscape.]

RUTH. [To POLLY, who advances.] Well, what do you think of us, in a bird's-eye

view?

Polly. In a bird's-eye view you are superb!

[She draws Ruth to her, and speaks in a lower tone.]

And looked at near, you are an enthralling puzzle.

RUTH [half to herself]. If you only knew

how much!

POLLY [taking RUTH by the chin as in Act I]. So you had — just by chance — riding over to the trading-station or so — met the glorious unfulfilled — in blue overalls and a jumper! I thought so !

[Ruth bows her head in a spasm of pain. Polly, who does not see her

face, goes on teasingly.]

I see now what you meant about wanting one that was n't finished. This one certainly is n't finished. But when he is, he'll be grand!

[Ruth moves away with averted head. Polly follows her, peeping round to view her face.]

Don't sulk! I meant nothing disrespectful. On the contrary, I'm crazy about him.

In a louder tone.]

And now that I've seen the outside of you, I

must peep into that fascinating little house!

RUTH. [To GHENT, who has drawn nearer.] Polly wants to go inside the cabin. I can't let her until we have shown her what it's going to be.

[With GHENT's aid she spreads out the plans, which Polly examines with

curiosity.]

These are the plans for our new house. You call us magnificent. We will show you that we are not. We are overwhelming!

WINTHROP [looking at his watch]. I am afraid we must be getting back. It grows

dark very suddenly in the cañon.

RUTH. [To POLLY]. Well, then you may come in, if you will promise to view the simple present in the light of the ornate future.

[Polly goes in. Ruth, lingering at the door for an instant, looks back anxiously at the men.]

PHILIP [curtly, to GHENT]. If you will

permit me, I should like a word with you. GHENT. Certainly.

[Winthrop effaces himself, making and lighting a cigarette, as he looks

out over the cañon.]

PHILIP. In deference to my sister's wishes, I refrain from asking you for the explanation which is due me. [GHENT bows in silence.] But there is one thing which I think I am at liberty to question.

GHENT. Do so.

PHILIP. I hear of your interest in a valuable mine. I hear of plans for an elaborate house. Why, then, is my sister compelled to peddle her own handiwork in a public caravansary?

GHENT. What do you mean? I don't un-

derstand von

PHILIP. [Points at the loom.] Her rugs and baskets are on sale in the corridor of

the hotel, fingered and discussed by the tourist mob.

GHENT [astonished]. This can't be true

PHILIP. It is, however.

GHENT. I know nothing of it. I've ha to be away a great deal. I knew she worke too hard over these things, but I took it fo a mere pastime. Perhaps — No, I can't un derstand it at all!

PHILIP. I advise you to make inquirie. She has taken pains to conceal her identity but it is known, nevertheless, and the sul

ject of public curiosity.

[Polly and Ruth come out from the cabin.]

POLLY. [To PHILIP.] Take me awa quickly, or I shall never enjoy upholster again! [To RUTH.] Please change you mind, dear, and come with us for the night

RUTH. No. I will see you in the morning WINTHROP. We leave by the early stage RUTH [looking at him quickly]. You, too WINTHROP. Yes, I have decided so.

RUTH. I will be there in good time trust me. [She kisses POLLY and PHILIP. Good-bye, till morning. [Gives her hand t WINTHROP.] Good-bye.

[Philip ignores Ghent pointedly if the leave-takings. Polly bids his farewell with corresponding condiality.]

Polly. Good-bye, Mr. Ghent.

[As they descend the cañon path, sh is heard chatting enthusiastically.] Oh, Phil, you ought to have seen the insid

of that delightful little house!

[Her voice is heard for some time, in distinctly. Ruth, at the top of th path, waves to them as they descend

GHENT. [Looks long at her, with deep gran

itude.] God bless you!

[She sits down on the rocks of the cabi terrace. He walks up and down i anxious thought. Once or twice h makes as if to speak. At length h stops before her.]

You must go in and lie down. You are wor

out.

RUTH [rousing herself]. No, there is something I must tell you first.

GHENT. [Points at the rug.] It's about this — work you have been doing?

RUTH [slightly startled]. You know o

GHENT. Your brother told me. I shoul

ave found it out to-morrow anyhow. Pause. Have you wanted money?

RUTH. Yes.

GHENT. I thought I — I thought you had nough. I have often begged you to take

RUTH. I have n't spent what you gave me. it is in there. [She points toward the house.] GHENT [astonished]. You have n't spent—any of it?

RUTH. A little. Nothing for myself.
GHENT. But there has been no need to save, not after the first month or two. You

urely knew that!

RUTH. Yes, I knew it. It was not econ-

GHENT [slowly]. You have n't been will-

ng to take money from me?

RUTH. No. I know it was small of me, out I could n't help it. I have paid for everything.—I have kept account of it—oh, to the last dreadful penny! These clothes are the ones I wore from my brother's house that night. This shelter—you know I helped to raise that with my own hands. And—and some things I paid for secretly, from the little hoard I brought away with me. You were careless; you did

not notice.

GHENT. [Sits down, dizzy from the shock of her words.] I must try to grasp this!

[There is a silence, during which he sits perfectly motivnless. At last he turns to her.]

Why — why did you stand up so plucky, so splendid, just now? Put a good face on everything about our life? Call me by my first name and all that — before your own people?

RUTH. We are man and wife. Beside

that, my own people are as strangers.

GHENT [eagerly]. You say that? You

can still say that?

RUTH. [Looks up, startled.] Can't you?

[She awaits his answer tensely.]
GHENT [desperately]. Oh, I don't know.
1 can't say or think anything, after what
you have just told me!

RUTH. [Wails.] You can't say it! And it is n't true! It is we who are strangers.

— Worse, a thousand times worse!

GHENT. [Rises and stands over her.] Don't let us dash ourselves to hell in one crazy minute!

[He pauses and hesitates. When he

speaks again it is with wistful tenderness.]

Ruth, do you remember our journey here?

[She lifts her head, looking at him with white, thirsty face.]

I thought—it seemed to me you had—

begun to care for me.

RUTH. That night, when we rode away from the justice's office at San Jacinto, and the sky began to brighten over the desert —the ice that had gathered here — [she touches her heart] — began to melt in spite of me. And when the next night and the next day passed, and the next, and still you spared me and treated me with beautiful rough chivalry, I said to myself, "He has heard my prayer to him. He knows what a girl's heart is." As you rode before me down the arroyos, and up over the mesas, through the dazzling sunlight and the majestic silence, it seemed as if you were leading me out of a world of little codes and customs into a great new world. - So it was for those first days. - And then - and then - I woke, and saw you standing in my tent-door in the starlight! I knew before you spoke that we were lost. You had n't had the strength to save us!

GHENT [huskily]. Surely it has n't all been — hateful to you? There have been times, since that. — The afternoon we climbed up here. The day we made the table; the day we planted the vines.

RUTH [in a half whisper]. Yes! — Beau-

tiful days!

[She puts her hands suddenly before her face and sobs.]

Oh, it was not my fault! I have struggled against it. You don't know how I have struggled!

GHENT. Against what? Struggled against

what?

Ruth. Against the hateful image you had raised up beside your own image.

GHENT. What do you mean?

RUTH. I mean that sometimes — often — when you stand there before my eyes, you fade away, and in your place I see — the Other One!

GHENT. Speak plainly, for God's sake!

I don't understand this talk.

RUTH [looking steadfastly, as at an invisible shape, speaks in a horrified whisper]. There he stands behind you now!—The human beast, that goes to its horrible

pleasure as not even a wild animal will go

- in pack, in pack!

[Ghent, stung beyond endurance, rises and paces up and down. RUTH continues in a broken tone, spent by the violence of her own words.]

I have tried — Oh, you don't know how I have tried to save myself from these thoughts. - While we were poor and struggling I thought I could do it .- Then -[she points toward the canon] - then that hole down there began belching its stream of gold. You began to load me with gifts - to force easy ways upon me -

GHENT. Well, what else did I care to

make money for?

RUTH does not answer for a moment. then speaks slowly, taking the words with loathing upon her tongue.]

RUTH. Every time you give me anything, or talk about the mine and what it is going to do there rings in my ears that dreadful sneer: "A dirt-eating Mojave would pay more than that for his squaw!" [She rises, lifting her arms.] I held myself so dear! And you bought me for a handful of gold, like a woman of the street! You drove me before you like an animal from the market!

[GHENT has seated himself again, elbows on knees and face in his hands. Ruth takes slowly from her bosom the nugget chain and holds it crumpled up in her palm. Her tone is quiet, almost matter-of-fact.] I have got back the chain again.

GHENT. [Looks up.] Chain? — What RUTH [in the same tone, as she holds it up,

letting it unwind]. The one you bought me

GHENT [dumbfounded]. Where the devil -? Has that fellow been around here?

RUTH. It would have had no meaning for me except from his hand.

GHENT. So that's what you've been doing with this rug-weaving and basket-making tomfoolery?

> [Ruth does not answer, but continues looking at the chain, running it through her fingers and weighing it in her hand.]

How long has this been going on?

RUTH. How long? — How long can one live without breathing? Two minutes? A few lifetimes / How long!

GHENT. It was about a month after we came here that you began to potter with this work.

RUTH. [Draws her hand about her neck as if loosening something there; convulsively. Since then this has been round my neck, round my limbs, a chain of eating fire. Link by link I have unwound it. You will never know what it has cost me, but I have paid it all. Take it and let me go free. She tries to force it upon him, with wailing entreaty. Take it, take it, I beseech you!

GHENT [holding himself under stern control]. You are killing yourself. You must n't go on this way. Go and rest. We will talk

of this to-morrow.

RUTH. Rest! To-morrow! Oh, how little you have understood of all I have said! I know it is only a symbol—a make-believe. I know I am childish to ask it. Still, take it and tell me I am free.

[Ghent takes the chain reluctantly. stands for a moment looking at it, then speaks with iron firmness.]

GHENT. As you say, your price has risen. This is not enough.

He throws the chain about her neck and draws her to him by it.]

You are mine, mine, do you hear? Now and forever!

He starts toward the house. She holds out her hand blindly to detain him.

RUTH [in a stifled voice]. Wait! There is — something else.

> He returns to her, anxiously, ana stands waiting. She goes on, touching the chain.

It is n't only for my sake I ask you to take this off me, nor only for your sake. There is - another life - to think of.

GHENT [leaning to look into her averted face]. Ruth! - Is it true? - Thank God!

RUTH. Now, will you take this off me? GHENT. [Starts to do so, then draws back.] No. Now less than ever. For now, more than ever, you are mine.

RUTH. But - how yours? Oh, remem-

ber, have pity! How yours?

PHILIP appears at the head of the canon path. Hearing their voices, he waits, half concealed.]

GHENT. No matter how! Bought if you like, but mine! Mine by blind chance and the hell in a man's veins, if you like! Mine by almighty Nature, whether you like it or not!

RUTH. Nature! Almighty Nature!

[She takes the chain slowly from her neck.]

ot yours! By everything my people have ald sacred! [She drops the chain.] ot yours! Not yours!

[She turns slowly. Philip has come forward, and supports her as she sinks half fainting upon his neck.]

PHILIP. [To GHENT.] I came back to et my sister for the night.—I don't know y what ugly spell you have held her, but I now, from her own lips, that it is broken. To RUTH.] Come! I have horses below.

GHENT. No!

Philip [measuring him]. Yes. [Pause.]

GHENT. Let her say!

RUTH. [Looks long at GHENT, then at the ouse and surroundings. At last she turns to er brother.] Take me — with you. Take me — home!

PHILIP, supporting her, leads her down the canon path. GHENT stands gazing after them as they disappear below the rim. He picks up the chain and goes back, looking down after the descending figures. The sunset light has faded, and darkness has begun to settle over the mountain world.

ACT III

Sitting-room of MRS. JORDAN'S house at Milord Corners, Massachusetts. An old-fashioned
New England interior, faded but showing signs
of former distinction. The walls are hung with
amily portraits, several in clerical attire of
the eighteenth century, one in the uniform of the
tevolutionary War. Doors open right and left.
It the back is a fireplace, flanked by windows,
the curtains of which are drawn. On the left is a
mall table, with a lamp, books, and magazines;
on the right, near the fireplace, a sewing-table,
with lamp and sewing-basket. A bookcase and
worting-desk occupy opposite corners of the
oom, forward.

WINTHROP and PHILIP stand near the desk, hatting. Polly is reading a newspaper at the able, left. Ruth sits before the grate, sewing; ser face is turned away toward the fire.

PHILIP. [Offers WINTHROP his cigarase.] Have another cigar.

WINTHROP. Well, as a celebration.

[Takes one and lights it.]
PHILIP, Rather small business for the

Jordan family, to be celebrating a bare escape from the poorhouse.

WINTHROP. Where did you scare up the benevolent uncle? I never heard of him before

PHILIP. Nor I, scarcely. He's always lived abroad.

[Winthrop, strolling about, peeps over Polly's shoulder.]

WINTHROP. [To PHILIP, with a scandalized gesture]. Stock reports!

PHILIP. Her latest craze.

WINTHROP. Last week it was Japanese Samurai.

POLLY [crushingly]. And next week it will be — Smart Alecks.

[The door on the left opens, and Mrs. JORDAN enters, with Dr. New-Bury. During the preceding conversation Ruth has sat sewing, paying no heed to the chatter. Mrs. JORDAN and the doctor look at her as they come in, but she does not look un.]

Mrs. Jordan. Sit down, doctor, at least

DR. NEWBURY. [Seats himself, Mrs. Jordan near him.] I can never resist such an invitation, in this house.

MRS. JORDAN. Dear doctor, you 've been a wonderful friend to me and mine all these years, since poor Josiah was taken.

DR. NEWBURY. But just when you needed help most —

MRS. JORDAN. I know how gladly you would have offered it, if you could.

DR. NEWBURY. Your brother-in-law in England was able to redeem the property?

MRS. JORDAN [hastily]. Yes, yes. — But what we are to do for the future, with my little capital gone — [She speaks lower.] Oh, that dreadful West! If my children had only stayed where they were born and bred.

[She glances at Ruth, who has let her sewing fall in her lap and sits staring into the fire.]

DR. NEWBURY [sotto voce]. Poor child.

[Polly looks up from the newspaper excitedly, holding her finger at a place on the sheet.]

Polly. I say, Phil! Win! Look here.

[Philip and Winthrop, who have heen chatting and smoking aparts.

been chatting and smoking apart, come to the table.]

PHILIP. What is it now?

POLLY [tapping on the paper]. Something

about your Arizona scheme.

PHILIP [bending over her, reads]. "Alleghany pig-iron, 93\(^4\), National Brick—"

Polly [pointing]. No, there!

PHILIP. "Arizona Cactus Fiber, 84."

[He picks up the paper, astounded.]

Cactus Fiber listed! Selling at 84!

[He tosses the paper to Winthrop.]

This is the last straw!

MRS. JORDAN [who has been listening anxiously]. What does it mean, Phil?

PHILIP. Only that the people who bought our plant and patents for a song, have made a fortune out of them.

[Ruth has resumed her needlework. Winthfor offers her the paper, with his finger at the line. She takes it, looks at it vaguely, and lays it on the table.]

Polly [leaning across]. Does n't that interest you?

RUTH [tonelessly]. Oh, yes.

[She rises, lays her work aside, and goes toward the door, left.]

Dr. Newbury [as she passes him]. Won't you bid me good-night, my child?

RUTH [giving him her hand]. Good-night,

doctor.

Dr. Newbury [shaking his finger]. Remember, no more moping! And from tomorrow, outdoors with you.

[Ruth looks at him vacantly, attempting to smile. She moves toward the door, which Winthrop opens for her.]

WINTHROP [holding out his hand]. You must bid me good-night, too, and good-bye.
RUTH [with a faint kindling of interest].

Are you going away?

WINTHROP. Only back to Boston. Some time, when you are stronger, you will come down and see our new sailors' hospital.

RUTH. Yes. — Good-bye.

[She goes out, Winthrop closing the

WINTHROP. [To Dr. Newbury.] I must be going along, father. Good-night, everybody! [Patting Philip's shoulder.] Hard luck, old man!

[He goes out by the hall door on the right, Philip accompanying him.]

Dr. Newbury [looking after his son]. Brave boy! Brave boy! He keeps up a good show.

Mrs. Jordan. You think he still grieve over her?

DR. NEWBURY. Ah, poor chap! He' made of the right stuff, if he is mine.

Mrs. Jordan. Let us not talk of it. I is too sad, too dreadful.

[Philip reënters.]

Dr. Newbury. About part of it we mus talk.

[He speaks so as to include Phili and Polly in the conversation.]

Mrs. Jordan, I don't want to alarm you, bu your daughter —I may as well put i bluntly — is in a dangerous state.

Mrs. Jordan [frightened]. Doctor, I thought she seemed so much stronger.

Dr. Newbury. She is, so far as her body is concerned.

[Mrs. Jordan sits in an attitude of nervous attention, gazing at the doctor as if trying to formulate on of many questions pressing upon her. Philip comes forward and sit by the table, near them.]

PHILIP. Don't you think that the routing of life which she has taken up will soon restore her to a normal state of mind?

Dr. Newbury. Perhaps. — I hope so. — I would have good hope of it, if it were no for her attitude toward her child.

or her attitude toward her child.

Mrs. Jordan [overwhelmed]. You noticed

that, too! I have n't spoken to you of it because—I have n't been willing to see i myself.

PHILIP. I can't see that there is anythin particularly strange in her attitude. Sh takes care of the brat scrupulously enough

POLLY. Brat!

Mrs. Jordan. Brat!

[To Dr. Newbury, after a reproach ful gaze at Philip.]

With the most watchful, the minutest care but — [she speaks in a constrained voice, wit a nervous glance at the door] — exactly as it were a piece of machinery! — Phil, d please lay down that paper-knife before yo break it! Your father brought that to m from India.

[He obeys, but picks it up again absending mindedly, after a few seconds.]

Pardon me, Doctor. She goes about he daily business, and answers when she i spoken to, but as for her really being here—[She breaks out.] Doctor, what shall we do

Dr. Newbury. She must be roused from is state, but how to do it, I don't know. Polly [rising, with heightened color and rvous emphasis]. Well, I do!

Mrs. Jordan [looking at her with fright-

ed interrogation]. Polly —?

Polly. What she needs is her husband, d I have sent for him!

Philip [inarticulate with surprise and an-

r]. You —!

Polly. Yes, I. He 's been here a week. nd he 's an angel, is n't he, mother?

[Philip snaps the paper-knife in two, flings the pieces to the floor, and rises, pale with rage.]

Mrs. Jordan [gathering up the pieces th a wail]. Oh, Phil! How could you! ne of my most precious relics!

PHILIP. [To Mrs. JORDAN.] Is this true,

is it another of her tedious jokes?

Polly [protesting]. Oh, my dear, tedious! Mrs. Jordan. [Wipes her eyes, after ruelly fitting the broken pieces of the knife gether and laying them tenderly on the ble. You don't deserve to have me answer ou, but it is true.

PHILIP. Was this action taken with your

nowledge?

MRS. JORDAN. I do not expect to be spoen to in that tone. Polly telegraphed merely e facts. He came at his own instance.

PHILIP. But you have consented to enter

to relations with him?

MRS. JORDAN. I have seen him several mes.

Polly [triumphantly]. And yesterday we nowed him the baby! Such fun, was n't , mother?

MRS. JORDAN [wiping her eyes, sheephly]. Yes, it was rather — enjoyable.

PHILIP. He can't be in this town. I should ave heard of it.

Polly. We've hid him safe.

PHILIP. Where?

Polly. Never mind. He's on tap, and ne sooner we turn on the spigot the better, what I think. Doctor, what do you think? Dr. Newbury. Let me ask you again state your view of Ruth's case. I don't

hink I quite grasp your view.

Polly [pluming herself, doctrinaire]. Vell! Here on the one hand is the primiive, the barbaric woman, falling in love vith a romantic stranger, who, like some ld Viking on a harry, cuts her with his two-handed sword from the circle of her kinsmen, and bears her away on his dragon ship toward the midnight sun. Here on the other hand is the derived, the civilized woman, with a civilized nervous system, observing that the creature eats bacon with his bowie knife, knows not the manicure, has the conversation of a preoccupied walrus, the instincts of a jealous caribou, and the endearments of a dancing crab in the mating season.

Mrs. Jordan. Polly! What ideas!

What language!

DR. NEWBURY. Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Jordan. The vocabulary has changed since our day, and — the point of view has shifted

a little. [To POLLY.] Well?

Polly. Well, Ruth is one of those people who can't live in a state of divided feeling. She sits staring at this cleavage in her life, like - like that man in Dante, don't you know, who is pierced by the serpent, and who stands there in hell staring at his wound, yawning like a sleepy man.

Mrs. Jordan. Oh, Polly, do please try not to get our heads muddled up with litera-

Polly. All I mean is that when she married her man she married him for keeps. And he did the same by her.

> Philip rises, with uncontrollable impatience, and goes back to the mantelpiece, against which he leans, nervously tearing a bit of paper to pieces.

DR. NEWBURY. Don't you think that a mere difference of cultivation, polish -or — or something of that sort—is rather small to have led to a rupture, and so painful a one, too?

Polly [a little nonplussed]. Well, yes, perhaps it does look small. But we don't know the particulars; and men are such colossal brutes, you know, dear doctor!

DR. NEWBURY [judicially]. Yes, so they

are, so they are!

POLLY. And then her pride! You know when it comes to pride, Ruth would make Lucifer look like a charity-boy asking for more soup.

Dr. Newbury. I think perhaps the plan should be tried. [After a pause.] Yes, I

think so decidedly.

PHILIP. I call this a plot against her dignity and peace of mind!

DR. NEWBURY [rising]. Well, this con-

spirator must be going.

[He shakes hands with POLLY and Mrs. Jordan, takes his hat and stick. Philip remains plunged in angry reflection. Dr. Newbury taps Philip jestingly on the shoulder with the tip of his cane.]

When you have lived as long as I have, my boy, you'll — you'll be just as old as I am!

[He goes out, Polly accompanying him to the door. Philip, disregarding his mother's conciliatory look and gesture as he passes her, goes out left. Polly stretches her arms and draws a deep breath as the door closes after him.]

Mrs. Jordan [looking at her severely].

Pray what does that mean?

POLLY. Oh, Phil is such a walking thunder-cloud, these days. It 's a relief to get rid of him.

Mrs. Jordan. Have you done what you

could to make his life brighter?

POLLY. I never had a chance. He has always been too much wrapped up in Ruth to think of me.

MRS. JORDAN. How can you say such a thing? What do you suppose he married

you for?

Polly. Heaven knows! What do they ever do it for? It is a most curious and savage propensity. But immensely interesting to watch.

MRS. JORDAN [with a despairing gesture]. If you hold such heathenish views, why are you so bent on bringing those two to-

gether?

Polly [soberly]. Because they represent

- what Philip and I have missed.

Mrs. Jordan. And pray what have "Philip and I" missed?

Polly. Oh, we're all right. But we're not like those two.

MRS. JORDAN. I should hope not!

POLLY. Even I believe that now and then a marriage is made in heaven. This one was. They are predestined lovers!

MRS. JORDAN [mournfully, hypnotized by the evangelical note]. I pray it may be so. [She looks suspiciously at POLLY.] You wretched girl! Predestined lovers and marriages made in heaven, after all you've just been saying about how impossible he is.

Polly. He is quite impossible, but he 's

the kind we can't resist, any of us. He'only have to crook his little finger at me.

Mrs. Jordan [lifting her hands in despair]. What are you young women coming to! [Pause.] He seems to be a good

man.

POLLY [delighted]. Oh, he's good! So is a volcano between eruptions. And common place, too, until you happen to get a glimps down one of the old volcanic rifts in his surface, and see — far below — underneath the cold lava-beds — fire, fire, the molter heart of a continent!

Mrs. Jordan. I only hope you have some vague general notion of what you are talk

g about.

Polly. Amen. — And now let's conside when, where, and how we are to hale thi dubious pair together.

MRS. JORDAN. One thing is sure, i

must n't be here.

POLLY. Why not?

Mrs. Jordan. On Philip's account. Polly. Oh, bother Philip! — Was n'

that the doorbell?

Mrs. Jordan. Yes. You had better go
[Polly goes out. After a momen
she reënters, excitedly.]

Polly. It 's Mr. Ghent!

Mrs. Jordan [amazed]. Mr. Ghent?

[Polly nods enthusiastically. Ghen: enters. He is conventionally dressed a black string tie and the broad brimmed hat which he carries being the only suggestions of Western costume remaining. Mrs. Jordan receives him in a flutter of excitemen and alarm.]

Mr. Ghent—: Surely at this hour—!

GHENT. I beg your pardon. There wa no other way. I am going West to-night.— Can I see you alone?

MRS. JORDAN. [Looks at Polly, who goe

out, pouting.] Going West to-night?

GHENT. Yes. Trouble at the mine.

Mrs. Jordan. Is n't your business part ner competent to attend to it?

GHENT. He's competent to steal the whole outfit. In fact, is doing it, or had one it already.

Mrs. Jordan [vaguely alarmed]. An — my property here? Is that involved it the danger?

GHENT. Certainly not.

MRS. JORDAN [relieved]. I have gon

through such months of misery at the thought of losing the dear old place! — If Ruth only knew that we owe the very roof over our heads to you —

GHENT. Well, she is n't to know, that 's understood, is n't it? Besides, it 's nothing to speak of. Glad if you think it a service.

She would n't.

Mrs. Jordan. You mean -?

GHENT. I mean that if she knew about it, she would n't stay here overnight.

Mrs. Jordan. Sit down.

[She motions him to a seat at the table: she sits near him, speaking with nervous impulsiveness.

Tell me what is the trouble between you! It has all been a dreadful mystery from the beginning!

GHENT. Is it a mystery that a woman

like your daughter —?

[He stops and sinks into gloomy

thought.

MRS. JORDAN. Should have chosen you? -Pardon me, I don't mean anything unkind -

> [He makes a gesture of brusque exoneration.

But having chosen - and broken faith with

her brother to do it -

GHENT [nervously]. Let 's drop that! [Pause.] Mrs. Jordan, you come of the old stock. Do you believe in the devil?

Mrs. Jordan. Perhaps not in the sense

GHENT [tapping his breast]. I mean the devil inside of a man — the devil in the

MRS. JORDAN. Oh, yes. We are all forced

by our lives to believe in that.

GHENT. Our lives!

[He looks slowly round the room.]

How long have you lived here?

MRS. JORDAN. For thirty years, in this house. Before I was married I lived in the old house down the road yonder, opposite the church.

GHENT. [To himself.] Think of it! MRS. JORDAN. What did you say?

GHENT. [Gathers himself together.] Mrs. Jordan, I want you to promise that what I out in your hands from time to time comes to your daughter as if from another source.

Mrs. Jordan. You are going away for

good ?

GHENT. Yes.

Mrs. Jordan. You give her up?

GHENT. A man can't give up what is n't

Mrs. Jordan. What is n't his? She is your wife.

GHENT. No. Never has been.

Mrs. Jordan [terrified]. Oh, pitiful heavens!

GHENT I beg your pardon. — I was only trying to say — I used to think that when a couple was married, there they were, man and wife, and that was the end of it. I used to think that when they had a child, well, sure enough it was their child, and all said. — And there's something in that,

> He stares before him, smiting the table and speaking with low inten-

Damn me if there ain't something eternal in it!

> [He sits for a moment more in gloomy thought.

Do you think she 'll make up to the young one, after a bit.

MRS. JORDAN. Oh, surely! To think

otherwise would be too dreadful!

GHENT. I'd give a good deal to know. --It's kind of lonesome for the little rooster. sitting out there all by himself on the world's doorstep! — I must see her for a minute before I go. - Do your best for me.

MRS. JORDAN. I will do what I can. GHENT. You can put it as a matter of business. There is a matter of business I

want to talk over with her, if I can get up the gumption.

Mrs. Jordan. Had n't you better tell

me what it is?

GHENT. Well, it's about your son Philip. That little scheme he started out in my country — the Cactus Fiber industry.

Mrs. Jordan. Yes?

GHENT. I believe he thinks his sister's going away when she did queered his game.

Mrs. Jordan. It was a severe blow to him in every way. She was the life and

soul of his enterprise.

GHENT. I want her to give him back the Cactus Fiber outfit, worth something more than when he dropped it.

Mrs. Jordan. Give it back to him?

She?

GHENT. [Takes papers from his pocket.]

Yes. I happened to hear it was knocking around for nothing in the market, and I bought it - for the house, really." Hated to see that go to the dogs. Then I looked over the plant, and got a hustler to boom it. I thought as a matter of transfer, to cancel her debt, or what she thinks her debt -

Mrs. Jordan [fingering the paper with hesitation]. Mr. Ghent, we really can't accept such a thing. Your offer is quixotic.

GHENT. Quix— what?

Mrs. Jordan. Quixotic, it really is.

GHENT [doubtfully]. I guess you're right. It depends on the way you look at it. One way it looks like a pure business proposition - so much lost, so much made good. The other way it looks, as you say, quix— um —. Anyway, there are the papers! Do what you think best with them.

He lays the papers on the table, and picks up his hat.]

Mrs. Jordan. Wait in the parlor. [He opens the hall door.]

The second door on the left.

[With an awkward bow to Mrs. Jor-DAN, he partly closes the door after him, when the inner door opens and RUTH appears. She goes to the sewing-table and picks up her sewing. Her mother, with a frightened glance, at the half-open hall door, draws her back and kisses her. GHENT, unseen by RUTH, remains standing, with his hand on the doorknob.

Mrs. Jordan. Ruth, you are a brave girl, and I will treat you like one. - Your

husband is here.

RUTH. Here? - Where?

GHENT pushes the door open, and closes it behind him. RUTH, sinking back against the opposite wall, stares at him blankly.]

Mrs. Jordan. He is leaving for the West again to-night. He has asked to see

you before he goes.

RUTH covers her face with her hands, then fumbles blindly for the latch of the door. Her mother restrains her.]

It is your duty to hear what he has to say. You owe that to the love you once bore

RUTH. He killed my love before it was born!

Mrs. Jordan. It is your duty to hear

him, and part with him in a Christian spirit, for our sakes, if not for your own.

RUTH. For whose sake?

Mrs. Jordan. For mine and your brother's. — We owe it to him, as a family.

GHENT [raising his hand restrainingly]. Mrs. Jordan —!

RUTH. Owe!

Mrs. Jordan. We owe it to him, for what he has done and wishes to do.

RUTH. What he has done? - Wishes to

do?

Mrs. Jordan. Yes, don't echo me like a parrot! He has done a great deal for us. and is anxious to do more, if you will only let him.

RUTH. What is this? Explain it to me

quickly.

Mrs. Jordan [with growing impatience]. Don't think to judge your mother!

RUTH. I demand to hear what all this

is! Tell me.

Mrs. Jordan [losing control of herself]. He has kept us from being turned into the street!

> [GHENT, who has tried dumbly to restrain her, turns away in stoic resignation to his fate.]

He has given us the very roof over our heads!

RUTH. You said that uncle —

Mrs. Jordan. Well, it was not your uncle! I said so to shield you in your stubborn and cold-hearted pride.

RUTH. Is there more of this?

MRS. JORDAN. Yes, there is more. You wronged your brother to follow your own path of willful love, and now you wrong him again by following your own path of willful aversion. Here comes your husband, offering to make restitution —

RUTH. What restitution?

Mrs. Jordan. He has bought Philip's property out there, and wants you to give it back to him.

[Ruth stands motionless for a moment, then looks vacantly about, speaking in a dull voice, as at first.]

RUTH. I must go away from this house. Mrs. Jordan. You don't understand. He claims nothing. He is going away himself immediately. Whatever this dreadful trouble is between you, you are his wife, and he has a right to help you and yours.

RUTH. I am not his wife.

Mrs. Jordan. Ruth, don't frighten me. He said those same words -

RUTH. He said — what?

MRS. JORDAN. That you were not his rife.

RUTH. He said — that?

MRS. JORDAN. Yes, but afterward he

xplained -

RUTH [flaming into white wrath]. Ex-lained! Did he explain that when I was eft alone that night at the ranch he came - with two others - and when gun and nife had failed me, and nothing stood beween me and their drunken fury, I sold ayself to the strongest of them, hiding my ead behind the name of marriage? Did e explain that between him and the others oney clinked — [she raps on the table] ly price in hard money on the table? And ow that I have run away to the only Stuge I have on earth, he comes to buy as very house where I have hidden, and very miserable being within it!

> [Long pause. She looks about blankly and sinks down by the table.]

Mrs. Jordan [cold and rigid]. And you -married him — after that?

[She turns away in horror-stricken judgment.]

ou ought to have — died — first!

[Philip opens the door and enters, staring at Ghent with dislike and menace.

h, Philip, she has told me! — You can't nagine what horrors!

[Ruth rises, with fright in her face, and approaches her brother to restrain him.

PHILIP. Horrors? What horrors? Mrs. Jordan. It was your fault! You ught never to have left her alone in that readful place! She — she married him save herself — from — Oh, horrible!

> [Philip waits an instant, the truth penetrating his mind slowly. Then, with mortal rage in his face, he

starts toward Ghent.]

PHILIP. You - dog!

[Ruth throws herself in Philip's path.]

RUTH. No, no, no!

PHILIP. Get out of my way. This is my usiness now.

RUTH. No, it is mine. I tell you it is

nine.

PHILIP. We'll see whose it is. I said

that if the truth ever came out, this man should answer to me, and now, by God, he shall answer?

> [With another access of rage he tries to thrust RUTH from his path. MRS. JORDAN, terrified at the storm she has raised, clings desperately to her son's arm.

RUTH. I told him long ago it should be between us. Now it shall be between us.

MRS. JORDAN. Philip! For my sake, for your father's sake! Don't, don't! You will only make it worse. In pity's name, leave them alone together. Leave them alone — together!

[They force Philip back to the door, where he stands glaring at Ghent.]

[To GHENT.] My time will come. Meanwhile, hide behind the skirts of the woman whose life you have ruined and whose heart you have broken. Hide behind her. It is the coward's privilege. Take it.

[Philip, with Mrs. Jordan still clinging to his arm, goes out, RUTH closing the door after them. She and GHENT confront each other in silence for a moment, across the width of the room.]
RUTH. God forgive me! You never can.

GHENT. It was a pity — but — you were in a corner. I drove you to it, by coming

RUTH. It was base of me - base!

GHENT. The way your mother took it showed me one thing. — I 've never understood you, because - I don't understand your people.

RUTH. You mean — her saying I ought to have died rather than accept life as I

did?

GHENT. Yes.

RUTH. She spoke the truth. I have al-

ways seen it.

GHENT. Ruth, it 's a queer thing for me to be saying, but - it seems to me, you 've never seen the truth between us.

RUTH. What is the truth — between us?

GHENT. The truth is -

[He pauses, then continues with a disconsolate gesture.]

Well, there 's no use going into that.

[He fumbles in his pocket, and takes from it the nugget chain, which he looks at in silence for a time, then speaks in quiet resignation.

('ve got here the chain, that's come, one way and another, to have a meaning for us. For you it's a bitter meaning, but, all the same, I want you to keep it. Show it some day to the boy, and tell him — about me.

[He lays it on the desk and goes toward

RUTH. What is the truth — between us? GHENT. I guess it was only of myself I was thinking.

RUTH. What is it — about yourself?

GHENT [after a pause]. I drifted into one of your meeting-houses last Sunday, not knowing where else to go, and I heard a young fellow preaching about what he called "The Second Birth." A year and a half ago I should have thought it was all hocus-pocus, but you can believe me or not, the way he went on he might have been behind the door that night in that little justice den at San Jacinto, saying to the Recording Angel: "Do you see that rascal? Take notice! There ain't an ounce of hone or a drop of blood in him but what's new man!"

RUTH. You think it has been all my fault — the failure we've made of our

GHENT. It's been no failure. However it is, it's been our life, and in my heart I think it's been — all — right!

RUTH. All right! Oh, how can you say

that?

[She repeats the words with a touch of awe and wonder.]

All right!

GHENT. Some of it has been wrong, but as a whole it has been right—right! I know that does n't happen often, but it has happened to us, because—[he stops, unable to find words for his idea]—because—because the first time our eyes met, they burned away all that was bad in our meeting, and left only the fact that we had met—pure good—pure joy—a fortune of it—for both of us. Yes, for both of us! You'll see it yourself some day.

RUTH. If you had only heard my cry to you, to wait, to cleanse yourself and me — by suffering and sacrifice — before we dared begin to live! But you would n't see the need! — Oh, if you could have felt for yourself what I felt for you! If you could have said, "The wages of sin is death!" and suffered the anguish of death, and risen

again purified! But instead of that, what you had done fell off from you like any

daily trifle.

GHENT. Steps impulsively nearer her sweeping his hand to indicate the portraits on the walls. Ruth, it 's these fellows are fooling you! It 's they who keep your head set on the wages of sin, and all that rubbish. What have we got to do with suffering and sacrifice? That may be the law for some, and I've tried hard to see it as our law, and thought I had succeeded. But I have n't! Our law is joy, and selfishness; the curve of your shoulder and the light on your hair as you sit there says that as plain as preaching. — Does it gall you the way we came together? You asked me that night what brought me, and I told you whiskey, and sun, and the devil. Well, I tell you now I 'm thankful on my knees for all three! Does it rankle in your mind that I took you when I could get you, by main strength and fraud? I guess most good women are taken that way, if they only knew it. Don't you want to be paid for? I guess every wife is paid for in some good coin or other. And as for you, I've paid for you not only with a trumpery chain, but with the heart in my breast, do you hear? That's one thing you can't throw back at me - the man you've made of me the life and the meaning of life you've showed me the way to!

[RUTH'S face is hidden in her hands her elbows on the table. He stands over her, flushed and waiting. Grad ually the light fades from his face When he speaks again, the ring of exultation which has been in his voice is replaced by a sober intensity.]

If you can't see it my way, give me another chance to live it out in yours.

[He waits, but she does not speak o look up. He takes a package of let ters and papers from his pocket, and runs them over, in deep reflection.]

During the six months I 've been East— RUTH [looking up]. Six months? Mother

said a week!

GHENT. Your sister-in-law's telegram was forwarded to me here. I let her think it brought me, but as a matter of fact, I came East in the next train after yours. It was rather a low-lived thing to do, I sup-

ose, hanging about and bribing your servnt for news —

[Ruth lets her head sink in her hands. He pauses and continues rucfully.] emight have known how that would strike ou! Well, it would have come out sooner later.— That's not what I started to lk about.— You ask me to suffer for my rong. Since you left me I have suffered.—God knows! You ask me to make some terifice. Well—how would the mine do? once I've been away they've as good as olen it from me. I could get it back easy usugh by fighting; but supposing I don't get. Then we'll start all over again, just we stand in our shoes, and make another runn—for our boy.

[Ruth utters a faint moan as her head sinks in her arms on the table. With trembling hands, Ghent caresses her hair lightly, and speaks between

a laugh and a sob.

ttle mother! Little mother! What does e past matter, when we've got the future and him?

> [Ruth does not move. He remains bending over her for some moments, then straightens up, with a gesture

of stoic despair.

know what you're saying there to yourff, and I guess you're right. Wrong is
rong, from the moment it happens till the
ack of doom, and all the angels in heaven,
orking overtime, can't make it less or difrent by a hair. That seems to be the law.
ve learned it hard, but I guess I've
arned it. I've seen it written in mounn letters across the continent of this life.
Done is done, and lost is lost, and smashed
hell is smashed to hell. We fuss and potand patch up. You might as well try to
tter down the Rocky Mountains with a
bibit's heartbeat!

[He goes to the door, where he turns.] on 've fought hard for me, God bless you it. — But it's been a losing game with a from the first! — You belong here, and belong out yonder — beyond the Rockies,

yond — the Great Divide!

[He opens the door and is about to pass out. Ruth looks up with streaming eyes.] RUTH. Wait!

[He closes the door and stands waiting for her to speak. Ruth masters herself and goes on, her eyes shining, her face exalted.]

Tell me you know that if I could have followed you, and been your wife, without struggle and without bitterness, I would have done it.

GHENT [solemnly]. I believe you would. RUTH. Tell me you know that when I tore down with bleeding fingers the life you were trying to build for us, I did it only—because—I loved you!

GHENT. [Comes slowly to the table, looking at her with bewilderment.] How was that?

RUTH. Oh, I don't wonder you ask! Another woman would have gone straight to her goal. You might have found such a one. But instead you found me, a woman in whose ears rang night and day the cry of an angry Heaven to us both - "Cleanse yourselves!" And I went about doing it in the only way I knew - [she points at the portraits on the wall] - the only way mr fathers knew — by wretchedness, by selt-torture, by trying blindly to pierce your careless heart with pain. And all the while you - Oh, as I lay there and listened to you, I realized it for the first time - you had risen, in one hour, to a wholly new existence, which flooded the present and the future with brightness, yes, and reached back into our past, and made of it - made of all of it - something to cherish!

[She takes the chain, and comes closer.] You have taken the good of our life and grown strong. I have taken the evil and grown weak, weak unto death. Teach me

to live as you do!

[She puts the chain about her neck.]
GHENT [puzzled, not yet realizing the full force of her words]. Teach you — to live — as I do?

RUTH. And teach — him!

GHENT [unable to realize his fortune] You'll let me help make a kind of a happy life for — the little rooster?

RUTH. [Holds out her arms, her face flooded with happiness.] And for us! For

us!



THE WITCHING HOUR A PLAY

By AUGUSTUS THOMAS

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jack Brookfield, professional gambler

JUSTICE PRENTICE

FRANK HARDMUTH

CLAY WHIPPLE

HARVEY, a servant

Tom Denning

COLONEL BAYLEY

LEW ELLINGER

MR. EMMETT, Reporter

JUSTICE HENDERSON

Jo, a servant

MRS. HELEN WHIPPLE, Clay's mother

MRS. ALICE CAMPBELL, Jack's sister

VIOLA CAMPBELL, her daughter



THE WITCHING HOUR

ACT I

CENE - The library and card-room at "JACK

OKFIELD'S," Louisville.

here is a large doorway, center, at the back, h lets into a hallway, in which the banister stairway which descends to the street level en. A second and smaller doorway is near ront in the wall to the left of the stage. This way leads to the dining-room. The second of the left wall is occupied by a fireplace mantel, surmounted by a marine painting. fireplace is surrounded by a garde au feu

he rest of the left wall, as well as the rear on both sides of the center door and all of the wall, is fitted with bookcases about five high, in which are books handsomely bound. he walls above these bookcases are hung with y brocaded Genoese velvet of a deep maroon olor and loosely draped. The ceiling is of ed wood, gilded. On the wall velvet, at proper vals, are paintings by celebrated modern ts. Some of these paintings are fitted with ed electric lights. Such a fitting is above a ceable Corot, which hangs to the right of the er door.

dark-red rug of luxuriant thickness is on loor. The furniture is simple, massive, and nial in type. It consists of a heavy sofa e the fireplace and running at right angles e wall. A heavy table fitted with books is in center; a smaller table for cards is at the

e, right. Chairs are at both tables.

bove the center door is a marble bust of erva, surmounted by a bronze raven, laced black, evidently illustrating Poe's poem. Antommarchi death-mask of Napoleon in ze hangs on the dark wood fireplace. ze mask of Beethoven is on one of the books and on another is a bust of Dante. ze Sphinx is on another bookcase.

he room is lighted by a standing lamp at ack and by the glow from the fireplace. Over table, center, is suspended an electric lamp large bronze shade. This lamp, while not ed, is capable of being turned on by a push

on, which depends from it.

n the table, center, is a large paper-cutter e of an ivory tusk.

Empty stage. After pause, sound of laughter and dishes, left.

[Enter Jo, sleek negro of Pullman car variety, by stairway and center door. He goes to door, left, and pauses — laughter ceases.]

Jo. Massar Brookfield.

Jack [outside, left]. Well, Jo?

Jo. Mr. Denning, sah.

JACK. Ask Mr. Denning to come up.

Jo. Yes, sah.

[Exit center. More talk and laughter.

[Jack enters left. He walks to center on way toward main door. Pauses. Returns, left.]

Jack [at door, left]. Lew! I say—Lew -you ladies excuse Mr. Ellinger a moment?

HELEN, ALICE, VIOLA [outside]. Oh —

yes. Certainly.

[Enter Lew Ellinger, from dining-room, left.

Lew. See me?

JACK. Tom Denning's here - he expects a game. My sister and Mrs. Whipple object to the pasteboards - so don't mention it before them.

Lew. Not a word — but, Tom —?

JACK. I'll attend to Tom.

Lew. Good. [Starts back to dining-room.]

[Enter Tom Denning, right center; he is fat, indolent type.]

Tom. Hello, Lew.

[Lew stops and turns. Jack motions him out and LEW goes.]

What you got to-night? Young Rockefeller?

Jack. Some ladies —

Tom [grinning]. What — JACK [sternly]. My sister and her daughter — and a lady friend of theirs.

Tom [disappointed].—No game?

JACK. Not until they go.

Tom [getting a peek off into dining-room]. Oh — chafing-dish.

JACK. They 've been to the opera. — I had Harvey brew them some terrapin.

Tom [complaining]. My luck!

JACK. No, I think there's some left. [Pause.] I'm going to take a long chance and introduce you, Tom, only don't say anything about poker before the ladies.

Tom. Thought you said your sister -

JACK. I did.

Tom. Well, she 's on, is n't she?

JACK. But she does n't like it—and my niece — my niece does n't like it.

[Enter Harvey, old negro servant, from dining-room, left.]

HARVEY. I've made some coffee, Mars Jack. You have it in the dining-room or heah, sah?

JACK [going]. I'll ask the ladies.

Tom. How are you, Harvey?

HARVEY [bowing]. Mars Denning — Jack [who has paused at door, left]. Got

Tame terrapin for Mr. Denning, Harvey?

HARVEY, Yas, sah. [To Tom.] Yas, sah.

[Exit Jack, left.]

Tom. They left some of the rum, too, I

HARVEY. Could n't empty my ice-box in one evening, Mars Denning.

[Starts off. Pause.]

De ladies getting up.

[Stands up stage in front of fire. Tom goes right. A pause.]

[Enter Jack.]

Jack. The ladies will have their coffee

HARVEY. Yes, sir.

in here, Harvey.

[Enter Alice. She is smartly gowned and is energetic.]

Jack. Alice—this is my friend, Mr. Denning—my sister—Mrs. Campbell.
ALICE. Mr. Denning.

[Enter Helen and Viola. Helen is thoroughly feminine in type, and is young-looking for the mother of a boy of twenty — Viola is an athletic Kentucky girl.]

HELEN. I never take coffee even after

dinner and at this hour - never!

JACK. Mrs. Whipple, may I present Mr.

HELEN. Mr. Denning.

Tom. Good-evening!

Jack. My niece, Miss Viola Campbell Tom. How are you? [VIOLA bou Jack. Mr. Denning's just left the for

and he's very hungry

dry and he's very hungry.
Tom. And thirsty—

JACK [pushing him toward dining-room Yes, and thirsty. Uncle Harvey's going save his life.

Tom. Ha, ha! Excuse me!

ALICE. The foundry?

[Sits right of tabi JACK. Never did a day's work in his li That's Tom Denning.

[Ex

VIOLA [on sofa at fireplace]. Tom Dening's the name of the big race-horse.

Jack. Yes—he's named after the rac

HELEN [on sofa, beside VIOLA]. What do he do?

JACK. His father — father's in the pacing business — Kansas City; this fellow h four men shoveling money away from h so he can breathe.

[Starts toward dining-room
ALICE [in amused protest]. Oh, Jack!
JACK. Yes—I'm one of them—you
find cigarettes in that box.

ALICE. Jack! [Rise JACK [apologizing]. Not you, Alich

VIOLA [protesting]. Well, certainly r for me, Uncle Jack?

JACK. Of course, not you . . .

HELEN. Thank you, Mr. Brookfield!
ALICE [joining JACK]. My dear broth
you confuse the Kentucky ladies with so

of your Eastern friends.

JACK. Careful, Alice. Helen lived in t

East twenty years, remember.

HELEN. But even my husband did : smoke.

JACK. No?

Helen. Never — in his life —

JACK. In his life? Why make such pessimistic distinction?

[Helen turns away rigit Alice. Jack! [After a look to Hele]

How can you say a thing like that?

JACK. She's the man's widow — I'v

JACK. She's the man's widow — I've to say it if any one does.

[Enter Harvey, with coffee.]
Mr. Denning's got his tortoise, Uncle H
vey?

ARVEY [offering tray to HELEN]. He's the same as we all had, Mars Jack. , sah. [Laughs.]

IELEN. None, thank you.

[HARVEY moves on.]
ACK. I'll take it, Uncle Harvey. I think

e or four of them 'll help this head of e.

LICE [taking coffee]. Why don't you let

la cure your headache?
IOLA [taking coffee]. Yes, Uncle Jack.

ACK. No, the coffee 'll fix it, I 'm sure.

[Exit Harvey.]

IOLA. Sit here while you drink it.

ACK. No—no, Viola. It is n't enough that. I'll conserve your mesmeric en-

ment for a real occasion.

[Swallows coffee in one mouthful.]

IOLA. Goodness! Just to please me?

ACK [shaking head]. Don't want to spoil

was awful stories. [Exit to dining-room.]

ELEN. Is Viola a magnetic healer, too?

[Sits right of table.]

IOLA. [She takes a book, and returns to
carrying also a large ivory tusk paper-

er.] Oh, no.

LICE [sitting left of table.] Yes - a re-

kable one.

IOLA. Only headaches, Mrs. Whipple. se I crush out of my victims.

ELEN. I remember Jack used to have onderful ability that way as a young

TOLA. He says only with the girls.

LICE. We know better, don't we?

ELEN. Yes.

OLA. Well, for myself, I'd rather Uncle Jack sit by me than any regu-

hysician I ever saw.

ELEN. You mean if you were ill?

OLA. Of course.

MICE. You must be very clear with Whipple on that point, Viola, because used to prefer your Uncle Jack to sit er, even when she was n't ill.

ELEN. [To VIOLA.] But especially when by dear. [To ALICE.] And has he quit

ICE. Yes — you know Jack went into ics for a while.

ELEN. Did he?

ACE. Local politics — yes — something the police did n't please him and then at all of his curative work.

ELEN. Why?

ALICE. Well, in politics, I believe there's something unpleasant about the word "heeler."

HELEN. Oh!

VIOLA. Entirely different spelling, however.

HELEN. Our English language is so elastic in that way.

ALICE. Yes, the papers joked about his magnetic touch. The word "touch" is used offensively also. So Jack dropped the whole business.

Helen. And Viola inherits the ability?
Alice. Well, if one can inherit ability
from an uncle.

HELEN. From a family.

ALICE. That's even more generous, but Viola is like Jack in every way in which a girl may resemble a man. Horses and boats and every kind of personal risk—and—

VIOLA. [Rises.] I'm proud of it. ALICE. And Jack spoils her.

VIOLA. Am I spoiled?

[Goes to back of table.]
ALICE. He could n't love her more if he

[Enter Clay, a boy of twenty.]

CLAY [pausing at door]. May I come in?

VIOLA. Certainly.

were her father —

CLAY. Is n't this a jolly room, mother?

HELEN. Beautiful.

CLAY [waving hand above]. And the sleeping apartments are what I take pride in. Private bath to every bedroom, reading-lamps just over the pillows—

VIOLA. Have n't you seen the house,

Mrs. Whipple?

HELEN. Not above this floor.

ALICE. Would it interest you?
[Rises and goes left.]

HELEN. Very much.

ALICE [at door of dining-room]. Jack —

JACK [outside]. Yes -

ALICE. [To HELEN.] Will I do as your guide?

HELEN. [Rises.] Oh, yes.

[Enter Jack.]

ALICE. I want to show Helen over the house.

JACK. Do.

ALICE. The rooms are empty? JACK. Empty, of course.

ALICE. Don't be too indignant, they're not always empty. [To Helen.] In Jack's house one is liable to find a belated pilgrim in any room.

HELEN [laughing]. And a lady walking in unannounced would be something of a

surprise, would n't she?

JACK. Well—two ladies would, certainly.

ALICE. Jack!

Jack. My dear sister—they would. Hard lines when the reputation of a man's house is n't respected by his own sister—ha! [Exit left, with mock indignation.] Helen [smiling]. The same Jack.

ALICE. Intensified and confirmed! [Pausing at door.] Will you come, too, Viola?

VIOLA. No, thank you, mother.

[Helen looks at Alice. She and Alice go.]

CLAY. What was Frank Hardmuth say-

ing to you?

VIOLA. When?

CLAY. At supper — and in the box at the theater, too?

VIOLA. Oh — Frank Hardmuth — no-

body pays any attention to him.

CLAY. I thought you paid a great deal

of attention to what he was saying. VIOLA. In the same theater party a girl's

got to listen - or leave the box.

CLAY. Some persons listen to the opera. VIOLA. I told him that was what I wanted to do.

CLAY. Was he making love to you,

Viola?

VIOLA. I should n't call it that.

CLAY. Would anybody else have called it that if they'd overheard it?

VIOLA. I don't think so.

CLAY. Won't you tell me what it was about?

VIOLA. I don't see why you ask.

CLAY. I asked because he seemed so much in earnest — and because you seemed so much in earnest.

VIOLA. Well?

CLAY. And Frank Hardmuth's a fellow that'll stand watching. [Looks off left.]

VIOLA [smiling]. He stood a good deal

to-night.

CLAY. I mean that he's a clever lawyer and would succeed in making a girl commit herself in some way to him before she knew it.

VIOLA. I think that depends more on

way the girl feels.

CLAY. Well — I don't want you to lis to Frank Hardmuth under the idea that h the only chance in Kentucky.

VIOLA. Why, Clay Whipple —

CLAY. You know very well I've be courting you myself, Viola, don't you?
VIOLA. You have n't. You've been co

ing round like a big boy.

CLAY. [Follows right.] Have I gone wany other girl — anywhere?

VIOLA. I don't know. [Sits rig.
CLAY. And I've spoken to your Un
Jack about it.

VIOLA. To Uncle Jack?

CLAY. Yes.

VIOLA. [Rises.] Nobody told you to sp. to Uncle Jack.

CLAY. Mother did. VIOLA. Your mother?

CLAY. Yes. Mother's got regular of fashioned ideas about boys and young lar and she said, "if you think Viola likes y the honorable thing to do is to speak to guardian first."

VIOLA. Oh! — you thought that,

you?

CLAY. I certainly did.

VIOLA. I can't imagine why.

CLAY. I thought that because you Jack Brookfield's niece, and nobody of blood would play a game that is n't fair

VIOLA. I wish you would n't alw throw that up to me. [Goes to sofa.] 'T is our fault if Uncle Jack's a sporting n

CLAY [following]. Why, Viola, I praising him. I think your Uncle Jack gamest man in Kentucky.

VIOLA. Nor that either. I don't critimy Uncle Jack, but he's a lot better than just a fighter or a card-player. I

him for his big heart.

CLAY. So do I. If I'd thought you con I'd have said you were too much like at heart to let a fellow come a-courti you meant to refuse him—and that all that was in my mind when I a about Frank Hardmuth—and I don't what Hardmuth said either, if it was personal that way.

VIOLA. Frank Hardmuth's nothin

me.

CLAY. And he won't be? [Pause.]

-? [Pause.] Say that. Because I'm fully in love with you.

VIOLA. Are you?

CLAY. You bet I am. Just Tom-fool

els over head in love with you. VIOLA. You never said so.

CLAY. Mother said a boy in an archit's office had better wait till he was a rtner — but I can't wait, Viola, if other

lows are pushing me too hard.

VIOLA. [Rises.] Uncle Jack says you a regular architect if there ever was one. CLAY. It's what you think that makes e difference to me.

VIOLA. Well, I think $-\lceil Pause. \rceil - Uncle$

ck certainly knows.

CLAY. And an architect's just as good

a lawyer.

Viola. Every bit. Clay. Viola.

[Takes her in his arms.] VIOLA. Now — I don't mind tellin' you he was speakin' for himself - Frank rdmuth.

CLAY. By Jove — on this very night.

Viola. Ŷes.

CLAY. Seems like the Hand of Proviace that I was here. Let's sit down. 'hey sit.] You've got confidence in me, ve n't you?

VIOLA. Yes — I've always said to mor - Clay Whipple'll make his mark ne day — I should say I had confidence

you. CLAY. Huh. [Laughs.] Of course the big s pay. Things like insurance buildings t my heart's in domestic architecture l if you don't laugh at me, I'll tell you

nething.

VIOLA. Laugh at you - about your work

l your ambition! Why, Clay!

CLAY. I do most of the domestic inters for the firm already — and whenever lan a second floor or a staircase I can you plain as day walkin' through the ms — or saying good-night over the nisters.

VIOLA. Really? [CLAY nods.] You mean

your mind?

CLAY. No, with my eyes. Domestic artecture 's the most poetic work a man can into outside of downright poetry itself. VIOLA. It must be if you can see it all

t way. CLAY. Every room — I can see your rt sleeves as you put your hands on the

banisters — and sometimes you push up your front hair with the back of your hand that way --[Brushes his forehead.]

VIOLA. Oh, this - [repeats the gesture]

-all girls do that.

CLAY. But not just the same way as you do it. Yes, sir! I can see every little motion you make.

VIOLA. Whenever you care to think

about me.

CLAY. Bless you, no — that 's the trouble

VIOLA. What trouble?

CLAY. The pictures of you -don't come just when I want them to come — and they don't go when I want them to go - especially in the dark.

VIOLA. Why, how funny.

CLAY. Sometimes I've had to light the gas in order to go to sleep.

VIOLA. Why, I never heard of anything

like that.

CLAY. Well, it happens with me often. I designed this room for your Uncle Jack - but before I put a brush in my color-box I saw this very Genoese velvet and the picture frames in their places - and that Corot right there - I've got kind of a superstition about that picture.

VIOLA. $\lceil Rises. \rceil$ A superstition!

[Regards the Corot.] CLAY. I said to Jack, have anything else you want on the other walls, but right there I want you to put a Corot that I've seen at a dealer's in New York — and he did it.

VIOLA. Uncle Jack generally has his

own way about pictures.

CLAY. I only mean that he approved my taste in the matter — but my idea of this house really started with — and grew around that canvas of Corot's.

VIOLA. Then it is n't always me that you

CLAY. Always you when I think about a real house, you bet - a house for me and you'll be there, won't you?

Takes her in his arms. VIOLA. Will I? CLAY. Yes - say, "I will."

VIOLA. I will.

[Reënter Alice and Helen.] ALICE [astonished]. Viola!

[VIOLA goes left.]

CLAY. I've asked her - mother.

ALICE. Helen, you knew?

HELEN. Yes.

CLAY. [To ALICE.] And I asked Jack,

ALICE. You mean-

CLAY. We're engaged —if you say it's all right.

ALICE. And you — Viola? VIOLA [nodding]. Yes —

ALICE [going to chair left of table]. Well, if Jack's been consulted and you all know of it—I should make a very hopeless minority.

CLAY. Why any minority?

ALICE. Only the necessary considerations. [To HELEN.] Clay's prospects — his youth.

VIOLA. Why, he designs most of the

work for his firm now.

CLAY. That is, dwellings.

Helen. I should advise waiting — myself — until Clay is in the firm — [To Clay.] And I did advise delay in speaking to Viola herself.

CLAY. I'd 'a' waited, mother, only Frank Hardmuth proposed to Viola to-night!

ALICE. To-night?

VIOLA. At the opera.

ALICE. One is n't safe anywhere.

CLAY. You would n't want him! So you do consent, don't you?

ALICE. I think your mother and I should

talk it over.

CLAY. Well, it's a thing a fellow does n't asually ask his mother to arrange, but —

[Pause.]

VIOLA. You mean privately?

ALICE. Yes.

CLAY. We can go to the billiard room, I suppose?

VIOLA. Come on.

CLAY [at the center door with VIOLA]. You know, mother — how I feel about it.

[Exit with Viola.]

HELEN. I supposed you had guessed it.
[Sits right of table.]

ALICE. I had — but when the moment arrives after all, it's such a surprise that a mother can't act naturally.

HELEN. Clay is really very trustworthy

for his years.

ALICE. There's only one thing to discuss. I have n't mentioned it because — well, because I've seen so little of you since it

began and because the fault is in my own family.

HELEN. Fault?

ALICE. Yes — Jack's fault — [Pause. Clay is playing.

Helen. You mean—

ALICE. Here with Jack's friends.

Helen. Clay gambling!

ALICE [wincing]. I don't quite get use to the word, though we've had a lifetim of it—[sits left of table]—gambling.

HELEN. I should n't have thought Jac

would do that — with my boy.

ALICE. Jack has n't our feminine view point, Helen — and, besides, Jack is calloused to it.

HELEN. You should have talked to Jac

yourself.

ALICE. Talked to him? I did much more that is, as much more as a sister dependent on a brother for support could do. Yo know Jack really built this place for me an Viola.

HELEN. I'd thought so - yes.

ALICE. Viola is the very core of Jack heart—well, we both left the house an went into our little apartment and are then now. A woman can't do much more that that and still take her living from a marcan she?

HELEN. No -

ALICE. And it hurt him — hurt him pa any idea.

HELEN. You did that because my Cla

was — was playing here?

ALICE. Not entirely Clay — everybody [Pause — a distant burst of laughter comfrom the men in the dining-room.] There n't a better-hearted man nor an abler of in the State than Jack Brookfield, but had my daughter to consider. There we two nights under our last city governme when nothing but the influence of Frankardmuth kept the police from coming this house and arresting everybody — this of it.

HELEN. Dreadful -

ALICE. Now, that's something, Hele that I would n't tell a soul but you. Vid does n't know it — but Jack's card-playi came between you and him years ago a you — may know it. [Rises and looks towa dining-room.] You may even have some fluence with Jack.

HELEN. I — ah, no.

ALICE. Yes—this supper to-night was ick's idea for you. The box at the opera r you.

HELEN. Why, Jack didn't even sit with

ALICE. Also — for you — Jack Brookfield a more notable character in Louisville -day than he was twenty-two years ago. is company would have made you the subct of unpleasant comment. That's why he ft us alone in the box.

HELEN. Isn't it a pity — a terrible pity! [Laughter off left. Helen rises.]

Inter Hardmuth, Jack, Denning, and Lew.

HARDMUTH is the aggressive prosecutor.] HARDMUTH. I tell the gentlemen we've

ft the ladies to themselves long enough, rs. Campbell.

ALICE. Quite long enough, Mr. Harduth.

DENNING. Where's the young lady? ick's niece?

HELEN. In the billiard room, I believe. DENNING. [To Helen, disappointed.] Oh - Jack's been telling us what a great girl

HARDMUTH. Some of us knew that with-

at being told.

DENNING. And she's wonderfully like ou --- wonderfully.

HELEN. You compliment me -

JACK. Are you under the impression ou're speaking to Viola's mother?

DENNING. Ain't 1?

JACK. This lady is Mrs. Whipple.

DENNING. Oh, Clay's mother? [HELEN ows. Well, your boy, Mrs. Whipple, plays the hardest luck of all the people I ever t next to.

HELEN. You mean -

JACK [interrupting and putting his arm bout DENNING]. You depreciate yourself, om. There's no hard luck in merely sitng next to you.

DENNING. Ha, ha.

HELEN. [To ALICE.] I think Clay and I

hould be going.

JACK [consulting his watch]. Oh, no nly a little after twelve and no one ever oes to sleep here before two. [To DENNING.] told you to keep still about card games.

DENNING. I meant unlucky at billiards.

'hey 're all right, ain't they?

[Walks away impatiently.] JACK. Oh ---

DENNING. Let's go and see the young lady play billiards with Clay. [To ALICE.] I can see now your daughter resembles you.

[Moves up with Alice toward door.

Lew follows.

JACK. Shall we join them?

HELEN. I'd like it.

[JACK and HELEN start up.]

HARDMUTH. Jack! Just a minute. Jack. [To Helen.] Excuse me -

DENNING. [To ALICE as they go.] No, Kansas City's my home, but I don't live there. [Exit with ALICE.]

JACK. Be right in, Lew.

[Exit Helen with Lew.]

Well, Frank —

HARDMUTH. I took advantage of your hospitality, old man, to-night.

JACK. Advantage?

HARDMUTH. Yes - I 've been talking to your niece.

Jack. Oh!

HARDMUTH. Proposed to her.

JACK. Yes?

HARDMUTH. Yes -

[Enter Jo from downstairs.]

Jo. A gentleman called you on the tele-

Jack [regarding watch]. Who?

Jo. Judge Brennus — name sounds like. Holdin' the wire, sah.

JACK. I don't know any Judge Brennus. Jo. Says you don't know him, sah, but he's got to leave town in the mornin' and he 'd be very much obliged if you 'd see him to-night.

JACK. Did you tell him we were dark to-

night?

Jo. He did n't want no game. It's about a picture — a picture you've got.

JACK. A picture?

Jo. He wants to look at it.

[JACK looks at HARDMUTH.]

HARDMUTH. It's a blind.

JACK [consulting watch]. Well, this is a good night to work a blind on me. [To Jo.] Tell the gentleman I'll be up for half an hour.

[Exit.]Jo. Yes, sah.

JACK. So you proposed to Viola?

HARDMUTH. Yes. How do you feel about that?

JACK. You know the story of the barkeeper asking the owner, "Is Grady good for a drink ?" - "Has he had it?" - "He has." - "He is."

HARDMUTH. Just that way, eh? [JACK nods. Well — she has n't answered me.

JACK [musing]. Ha —

HARDMUTH. And under those conditions, how's Grady's credit with you?

JACK. Well, Frank, on any ordinary proposition you're aces with me. You know that. HARDMUTH [seated right of table]. But

for the girl?

JACK. It's different. HARDMUTH. Why?

JACK. She 's only nineteen - you know. HARDMUTH. My sister married at eigh-

JACK. I mean you're thirty-five.

HARDMUTH. That's not an unusual difference.

JACK. Not an impossible difference, but I think unusual — and rather unadvisable.

HARDMUTH. That 's what you think. JACK. That's what I think.

HARDMUTH. But suppose the lady is willing to give that handicap? [Pause -JACK shrugs his shoulders. What then?

JACK. Let's cross the bridge when we

come to it.

HARDMUTH. You mean you'd still drag a little?

JACK. [Pause.] Do you think Viola likes you well enough to say yes?

HARDMUTH. Let's cross that bridge when

we come to it.

JACK. We have come to that one, Frank. There's another man in the running and I think she likes him.

HARDMUTH. You mean young Whipple? [Rises, goes to fireplace.] Well, he took second money in the box party to-night - at the supper table, too. I'll agree to take care of him if you're with me.

JACK [at table, center]. I think he's your

biggest opposition.

HARDMUTH. But you. Can I count on

you in the show-down?

JACK. [Pause. Sits right of table.] If Viola did n't care enough for you, Frank, to accept you in spite of everything, I should n't try to influence her in your favor.

[Enter Lew, center, from left.]

LEW. I think a bum game of billiards is about as thin an entertainment for the outsiders as "Who's got the button."

HARDMUTH [meeting LEW up left center]. I've got a little business, Lew, with Jack

LEW. Well, I can sit in by the bottle, can't I? [Moves toward dining-room.]

JACK. Help yourself, Lew.

LEW. Such awful stage waits while they chalk their cues. [Exit left.]

HARDMUTH. But you would n't try to influence her against me.

JACK. [Pause.] She's about the closest thing to me there is — that niece of mine. HARDMUTH. [Pause.] Well?

JACK. I'd protect her happiness to the

limit of my ability.

HARDMUTH. If she likes me - or should come to like me - enough - her - happiness would be with me, would n't it? [Sits again.]

JACK. She might think so.

HARDMUTH. Well?

JACK. But she 'd be mistaken. It would be a mistake, old chap.

HARDMUTH. I know twenty mentwelve to fifteen years older than their wives — all happy — wives happy, too.

JACK. 'T is n't just that. HARDMUTH. What is it?

JACK. She's a fine girl — that niece of mine — not a blemish.

HARDMUTH. Well-

JACK. I want to see her get the best the very best - in family position - character -

HARDMUTH. Anything against the Hardmuths? [JACK shakes head.] I'm assistant district attorney - and next trip I'll be the district attorney.

JACK. I said character.

HARDMUTH. Character?

JACK. Yes.

HARDMUTH. You mean there 's anything against my reputation?

JACK. No — I mean character pure and simple — I mean the moral side of you!

HARDMUTH. Well, by God!

JACK. You see, I'm keeping the girl in mind all the time.

HARDMUTH. My morals!

JACK. Let's say your moral fiber.

HARDMUTH. [Rises.] Well, for richness this beats anything I've struck. Jack Brookfield talking to me about my moral fiber! [Goes toward fire.]

JACK. You asked for it.

HARDMUTH. [Returns aggressively.] Yes -Idid, and now I'm going to ask for the ow-down. What do you mean by it?

JACK [with fateful repression]. I mean long as you've called attention to the richness" of Jack Brookfield talking to on on the subject — that Jack Brookfield a professional gambler — people get from ick Brookfield just what he promises -

square game. Do you admit that? HARDMUTH. I admit that. Go on. JACK. [Rises, front of table.] You're the sistant prosecuting attorney for the city Louisville; the people don't get from you st what you promised — not by a jug-

HARDMUTH, I'm the assistant prosecutg attorney, remember - I promised to sist in prosecution, not to institute it.

JACK. I expect technical defense, old an, but this was to be a show-down.

HARDMUTH. Let's have it — I ask for rticulars.

JACK. Here's one. You play here in my ouse and you know it's against the law at you've sworn to support.

HARDMUTH. I'll support the law whener it's invoked. Indict me and I'll plead

uilty.

Jack. This evasion is what I mean by

ck of moral fiber.

HARDMUTH. Perhaps we're a little shy

mewhere on mental fiber.

JACK. You make me say it, do you, rank? Your duty, at least, is to keep cret the information of your office; conary to that duty you ve betrayed the crets of your office to warn me and other en of this city when their game was in anger from the police.

HARDMUTH. You throw that up to me? JACK. [Sits on left end of table.] Throw

othing — you asked for it.

HARDMUTH. I stand by my friends.

JACK. Exactly - and you've taken an

th to stand by the people.

HARDMUTH. Do you know any sure polician that does n't stand by his friends?

JACK. Not one.

HARDMUTH. Well, there!

JACK. But I don't know any sure polician that I 'd tell my niece to marry.

HARDMUTH. That's a little too fineired for me! [Turns to fire.]

JACK. I think it is.

HARDMUTH. [Returns.] I'll bet you a thousand dollars I 'm the next prosecuting attorney of this city.

JACK. I'll take half of that if you can place it. I'll bet even money you're anything in politics that you go after for the next ten years.

HARDMUTH. Then I don't understand

your kick.

JACK. But I'll give odds that the time 'll come when you're way up there — full of honor and reputation and pride — that somebody'll drop to you, Frank, and flosh! You for the down and outs.

HARDMUTH. Rot!

JACK. It's the same in every game in the world - the crook either gets too gay or gets too slow, or both, and the "come on" sees him make the pass. I 've been pallbearer for three of the slickest men that ever shuffled a deck in Kentucky - just a little too slick, that 's all - and they 've always got it when it was hardest for the family.

HARDMUTH. So that'll be my finish, will

JACK. Sure.

HARDMUTH [going back of table]. You like the moral fiber of this Whipple kid?

JACK. I don't know. [Crosses to fireplace.] HARDMUTH. Weak as dishwater.

JACK. I don't think so.

HARDMUTH. I'll do him at any game you

JACK. He 's only a boy — you should. HARDMUTH. I'll do him at this game.

JACK. What game?

HARDMUTH. The girl! I thought I could count on you because - well, for the very tips you hold against me; but you're only her uncle, old man, after all.

[Swaggers down right.]

JACK. That's all.

HARDMUTH. And if she says "yes"-JACK. [Comes to front of table. Pause. The

men confront each other.] Frank! Some day the truth 'll come out — as to who murdered the governor-elect of this State.

HARDMUTH. Is there any doubt about

that?

JACK. Is n't there?

HARDMUTH. The man who fired that shot's in jail.

JACK. I don't want my niece mixed up

in it.

HARDMUTH [angrily]. What do you mean by that?

[Enter Helen, center. An awkward pause.] The young people still playing?

HELEN. Yes.

HARDMUTH. I'll look 'em over. [Exit.]

HELEN. Won't you come, too?

JACK. I'd rather stay here with you. HELEN. That gentleman that called after supper -

JACK. Mr. Denning -

Helen. Yes. He seems to take pleasure

in annoying Clay -

JACK [seriously]. Yes — I know that side of Denning! [Goes to door of dining-room.] Lew!

LEW. Yes.

JACK. I wish you'd go into the billiard room and look after Tom Denning.

LEW [entering left]. What's he doing? JACK turns to HELEN.

HELEN. [To Jack.] Commenting humorously -hiding the chalk and so on.

LEW [as he goes up]. Lit up a little I

suppose.

JACK [nodding]. Just ride hard on him.

[Exit Lew.] HELEN [going left to sofa]. He does n't seem much of a gentleman, this Mr. Denning.

JACK. He was n't expected to-night. HELEN. Is he one of your "clients"? JACK [smiling]. One of my "clients"?

HELEN. Clay meets him here? JACK. Yes-has met him here.

HELEN. I did n't think you'd do that -Jack — with my boy.

JACK. Do what?

HELEN. Gamble.

JACK [smiling]. It's no gamble with your boy, Helen - sure thing. He has n't won a dollar!

Helen. I'm glad you're able to smile over it.

JACK. Perhaps it would be more humorous to you if he 'd won.

HELEN. If he plays — I'd rather see

him win, of course.

JACK. [Beside sofa.] That's what puts me in the business - winning. The thing that makes every gambler stick to it is winning occasionally. I 've never let your boy get up from the table a dollar to the good and because he was your boy.

HELEN. Why let him play at all?

JACK. He 'll play somewhere till he gets sick of it — or marries.

HELEN. Will marriage cure it?

JACK. It would have cured me - but you don't see it that way.

HELEN. You made your choice.

JACK. I asked you to trust me - you wanted some ironclad pledge - well, my dear Helen - that was n't the best way to handle a fellow of spirit.

[Goes front of table.]

HELEN. So you chose the better way? JACK. No choice — I stood pat — that 's all.

HELEN. And wasted your life.

JACK [sitting on edge of table]. That depends on how you look at it. You married a doctor who wore himself out in the Philadelphia hospitals. I've had three meals a day — and this place — and — a pretty fat farm and a stable with some good blood in it -- and --

HELEN [coming to him]. And every one of them, Jack, is a monument to the worst

side of you.

Jack. [Stands and takes her hands; he smiles.] Prejudice, my dear Helen. You might say that if I'd earned these things in some respectable business combination that starved out all its little competitors but I've simply furnished a fairly expensive entertainment - to eminent citizens looking for rest.

HELEN. I know all the arguments of your - profession - Jack, and I don't pretend to answer them any more than I answer the arguments of reckless women who claim that they are more commendable than their sisters who make loveless marriages.

JACK. [Goes to chair, right.] I'm not flattered by the implied comparison - still -

HELEN. I only feel sure that anything which the majority of good people condemn Sits left of table.

JACK. [Sits right of table.] I'm sorry -HELEN. I'd be glad if you meant that -

but you're not sorry.

JACK. I am sorry — I'm sorry not to have public respect - as long as you think it's valuable.

HELEN. I amuse you — don't I?

JACK [elbows on knees]. Not a little bi - but you make me blue as the devil, it that 's any satisfaction.

HELEN. I'd be glad to make you blue the devil, Jack, if it meant discontent ith what you're doing - if it could make ou do better.

JACK. I'm a pretty old leopard to get

ervous about my spots.

HELEN. Why are you blue?

JACK. You.

HELEN. In what way?

JACK. I had hoped that twenty years of naritable deeds had made you also charible in your judgment.

HELEN. I hope it has.

JACK. Don't seem to ease up on my ecialty.

HELEN. You called your conduct "wild its" twenty years ago.

JACK. It was - but I found such an exllent market for my wild oats that I had stay in that branch of the grain business. ésides, it has been partly your fault, you 10W.

> [Helen plays with the ivory paperknife, balancing it on the front edge of table.]

HELEN. Mine?

JACK. Your throwing me over for my ild oats - put it up to me to prove that ey were a better thing than you thought. HELEN. Well - having demonstrated

at -JACK. Here we are -

Helen. Yes — here we are.

JACK. Back in the old town. Don't you ink it would be rather a pretty finish, elen, if despite all my - my leopard's oots — and despite that — [pause] — that hiladelphia episode of yours —

HELEN. You call twenty years of mar-

age episodic.

JACK. I call any departure from the

ain story episodic.

HELEN. And the main story is — JACK. You and I -

HELEN. Oh -

[Paper-knife falls to floor — Jack rises and picks it up, stands in front of table left hand on Helen's right gesticulating with paper-knife.]

JACK. Would n't it be a pretty finish if ou took my hand and I could walk right o to the camera and say, "I told you "-? You know I always felt that you ere coming back.

HELEN. Oh, did you?

JACK [playfully, and going right center]. Had a candle burning in the window every night.

HELEN. You're sure it was n't a red

light?

JACK [remonstrating]. Dear Helen! have some poetry in your composition. Literally "red light" of course - but the real flame was here - [hand on breast] - a flickering hope that somewhere - somehow - somewhen I should be at rest — with the proud Helen that loved and — rode away.

Helen [almost accusingly]. I — believe

JACK. Of course you believe me.

Helen. You had a way, Jack — when you were a boy at college, of making me

write to you.

JACK. Had I? [Goes back of table.] HELEN. You know you had - at nights - about this hour - I'd find it impossible to sleep until I'd got up and written to you - and two days later I'd get from you a letter that had crossed mine on the road. I don't believe the word "telepathy" had been coined then - but I guessed something of the force - and all these years, I've felt it — nagging! Nagging!

Jack. Nagging?

HELEN. Yes - I could not keep you out of my waking hours - out of my thought — but when I surrendered myself to sleep the call would come - and I think it was rather cowardly of you, really.

JACK [back of table]. I plead guilty to having thought of you, Helen - lots - and it was generally when I was alone - late

- my - clients gone. This room -

"Whose lights are fled, Whose garlands dead, And all but he departed."

HELEN. And as you say — here we are. JACK. Well, what of my offer? Shall we say to the world -- "We told you so?" What of my picturesque finish?

HELEN. You know my ideas - you've

known them twenty-two years.

JACK. No modification? HELEN. None!

JACK. I'll be willing to sell the tables. [Points above to second floor.] And — well -I don't think I could get interested in this bridge game that the real good people play — would you object to a gentleman's game of "draw" now and then?

HELEN. You called it a gentleman's game

in those days.

JACK. No leeway at all?

HELEN. No compromise, Jack — no —

Jack. M— [Pause.] I trust you won't consider my seeming hesitation uncomplimentary?

HELEN. Not unprecedented, at least. JACK. You see it opens up a new line of

thought - and -

[Passes his hand over forehead.]
HELEN [rising in sympathy]. And you have
a headache, too, — it is n't kind I'm sure.

[Enter Jo.]

JACK. Oh, nothing — nothing. [To Jo.] Well?

Jo. That gentleman, sah, about the pic-

JACK. I'll see him.

[Exit Jo.]

Helen. A caller?

Jack. Won't be a minute—don't go away, because I think we can settle this

question to-night, you and I.

HELEN. Please don't put me in the light

of waiting for an answer.

JACK. Dear Helen—we're both past that—are n't we? If I can only be sure that I could be worthy of you. I'm the one that's waiting for an answer—from my own weak character and rotten irresolution.

[Jack goes with Helen to door, center, kisses her hand. She goes; Jack retains her hand as long as possible and when he lets it go, it falls limply to Helen's side as she disappears.]

They say cards make a fellow superstitious.

[Pause.] Well — I — guess they do —

[Enter Jo and Justice Prentice. Prentice wears overcoat, carries cane and silk hat.]

JACK. Judge de Brennus?

PRENTICE [after amused look at Jo]. Justice Prentice. [Exit Jo.]

JACK. Oh, Justice Prentice! Good-evening!

PRENTICE. You are Mr. Brookfield?

JACK. Yes.

PRENTICE. I should n't have attempted so late a call but that a friend pointed you out to-night at the opera, Mr. Brookfield, and said that your habit was — well —

JACK. Not to retire immediately?

PRENTICE. Yes.

JACK. Will you be seated?

PRENTICE. I'm only passing through the city. I called to see a Corot that I understand you bought from Knoedler.

JACK. That's it.

PRENTICE. Oh — thank you. [Starts.] You don't object to my looking at it?

JACK. Not at all.

[Touches button, light shows on picture.]

PRENTICE [after regard]. That 's it [Pause.] I thought at one time that I would buy this picture.

JACK. You know it, then?

PRENTICE. Yes. [Pause.] Are you particularly attached to it, Mr. Brookfield?

JACK [sitting]. I think not irrevocably.

[Takes pad of paper and figures me-

chanically.]

Prentice. Oh.

[Pause, during which the JUSTICE looks at the picture.]

Do I understand that is what you paid for it, or what you intend to ask me for it?

[Jack starts.]

JACK. What?

PRENTICE. Sixty-five hundred.

JACK [astonished]. I did n't speak the price, did I?

PRENTICE. Did n't you — oh. [Pause.] I could n't pay that amount.

JACK [puzzled]. That 's its price — how-

ver.

PRENTICE. I regret I did n't buy it from

the dealer when I had my chance.

[Looks about at other pictures on back wall.]

I could n't have given it so beautiful a set ting, Mr. Brookfield, nor such kindred but it would not have been friendless —

a handsome marine

That's a handsome marine.

Jack. Yes.
PRENTICE. Pretty idea I read recently in an essay of Dr. van Dyke's. His picture were for him his windows by which he looked out from his study onto the world [Pause.] Yes?

JACK. Quite so.

PRENTICE [regarding a picture over din ing-room door]. M—Washington!

JACK [again astonished]. What? PRENTICE. My home is Washington —

thought you asked me?

JACK. No, I did n't.

PRENTICE. I beg your pardon -

JACK [front of table; aside]. But I'm lamned if I was n't going to ask him.

PRENTICE [viewing other pictures]. And the phases of your world, Mr. Brookfield, lave been very prettily multiplied.

JACK. Thank you — may I offer you a

igar? [Opens box on table.] PRENTICE. Thank you, I won't smoke.

JACK. Or a glass of wine?

PRENTICE. Nothing. I'll return to the otel — first asking you again to excuse my ntimely call.

JACK. I wish you'd sit down awhile.

PRENTICE. But I did n't know until I 'd nissed it from Knoedler's how large a part f my world — my dream world — I had een looking at through this frame.

[Regards the Corot again.]

JACK. Well, if it's a sentimental matter, Ir. Justice, we might talk it over.

PRENTICE. I must n't submit the sentinental side of it, Mr. Brookfield, and where have so—so intruded.

JACK. That's the big side of anything

or me — the sentimental.

PRENTICE. I'm sure of it — and I must 't take advantage of that knowledge.

JACK. You're sure of it?

PRENTICE. Yes.

JACK. Is that my reputation?

PRENTICE. I don't know your reputation.

JACK. Then, how are you sure of it?

PRENTICE [impressively]. Oh—I see you

- and — well, we have met.

JACK. Ah —

PRENTICE. Good-night. [Going up.] JACK. One moment. [Pause.] You said our address was Washington?

PRENTICE. Yes.

JACK. You thought at the time I was

out to ask you that question?

PRENTICE. I thought you had asked it. JACK. And you thought a moment before had said sixty-five hundred for the pictre?

PRENTICE. Yes.

JACK. Do you often - pick answers that

PRENTICE. Well, I think we all do—at mes.

JACK. We all do?

PRENTICE. Yes — but we speak the anvers only as we get older and less attentive and mistake a person's thought for his spoken word.

JACK. A person's thought?

PRENTICE. Yes.

JACK. Do you mean you know what I think?

PRENTICE [returning to table]. I had n't meant to claim any monopoly of that power. It's my opinion that every one reads the thoughts of others—that is, some of the thoughts.

JACK. Every one?

PRENTICE. Oh, yes.

JACK. That I do?

PRENTICE [regarding him]. I should say you more generally than the majority of men.

JACK. There was a woman said something like that to me not ten minutes ago.

PRENTICE. A woman would be apt to be

conscious of it.

JACK. You really believe that — that stuff? [Sits left of table.]

PRENTICE. Ob, yes—and I'm not a pioneer in the belief. The men who declare the stuff most stoutly are scientists who have given it most attention.

JACK. How do they prove it?

PRENTICE. They don't prove it — that is, not universally. Each man must do that for himself, Mr. Brookfield.

JACK. How-

PRENTICE. [Pause. Smiles.] Well, I'll tell you all I know of it. [Becoming serious.] Every thought is active — that is, born of a desire — and travels from us — or it is born of the desire of some one else and comes to us. We send them out — or we take them in — that is all.

JACK. How do we know which we are

doing

PRENTICE. If we are idle and emptyheaded, our brains are the playrooms for the thought of others—frequently rather bad. If we are active, whether benevolently or malevolently, our brains are workshops —power-houses. I was passively regarding the pictures; your active idea of the price—registered, that 's all—so did your wish to know where I was from.

JACK. You say "our brains"—do you still include mine?

D WILLIAM TO

PRENTICE. Yes.

JACK. You said mine more than the majority of men's.

PRENTICE. I think so.

JACK. Why has n't this whatever it is effect - happened to me, then?

PRENTICE. It has.

JACK. [Pause.] Why did n't I know it? PRENTICE. Vanity? Perhaps.

JACK. Vanity?

PRENTICE. Yes - often some - friend has broached some independent subject and you have said, "I was just about to speak of that myself."

JACK. Very often, but -

PRENTICE. Believing the idea was your own - your vanity shut out the probably proper solution — that it was his.

JACK. Well, how, then, does a man tell

which of his thoughts are his own?

PRENTICE. It's difficult. Most of his idle ones are not. When we drift we are with the current. To go against it or to make even an eddy of our own we must swim -Most everything less than that is hopeless.

JACK [smiling]. Well — I have n't been

exactly helpless.

PRENTICE. No one would call you so, Mr. Brookfield. [Going.] You have a strong psychic — a strong hypnotic ability.

JACK [smiling]. You think so?

PRENTICE. I know it.

JACK. This business?

[Makes slight pass after manner of the professional hypnotist.]
PRENTICE [smiling]. That business for

the beginner, yes -

JACK. You mean that I could hypnotize anybody?

PRENTICE. Many persons — yes — but I

would n't do it if I were you -

JACK. Why not?

PRENTICE. Grave responsibility.

JACK. In what way?

PRENTICE. [Pause. Smiles.] I'll send you a book about it - if I may.

JACK. Instructions?

Prentice. And cautions — yes —

[Goes up to picture again.] If you tire of your Corot, I'd be glad to hear from you.

JACK. Why could n't I save postage by

just thinking another price?

PRENTICE. The laws on contracts have n't yet recognized that form of tender.

Enter Tom, center. He laughs and shows signs of drink.

Tom. I say, Jack — here's the greatest

joke you ever saw - [Sees the JUSTICE.] Oh, excuse me.

[Enter Lew, following.]

LEW. That won't do, Tom. - [To JACK.] Excuse me, Jack, but I had to get him out of there.

JACK. I'll go downstairs with you, Mr. Justice. Exit with the JUSTICE.

Tom. Who's that old bird?

LEW. You'll offend Jack if you're not careful, Tom. You've got half a jag now.

Tom. J' ever see anything 's as funny as that? He don't like my scarf-pin - ha, ha - well I don't like it - but my valet put it on me and what 's difference —

[Enter HARDMUTH.]

HARDMUTH. What was that?

Tom. My scarf-pin! HARDMUTH. Scarf-pin?

Tom. Yes—he pushed me away from him and I said what 's matter. He said I don't like your scarf-pin - ha, ha - I said don't? I don't like your face.

Lew. Very impolite with the ladies there. HARDMUTH. Why should he criticize

Tom's scarf-pin?

Tom. 'Zactly. I said I can change my scarf-pin - but I don't like your face.

[Enter Clay from dining-room excitedly.]

CLAY. Where 's Jack?

Lew. Saying good-night to some old gentleman below.

TOM [interposing as CLAY starts up left center]. And I don't like your face.

CLAY. That's all right, Mr. Denning. Tries to pass. Excuse me.

Tom [with scarf-pin in hand]. Excuse me.

What's the matter with that scarf-pin?

CLAY. It's a cat's-eye and I don't like them, that 's all - I don't like to look at them.

Lew. Let him alone, Tom.

Tom. Damn 'f'ee ain't scared of it, ha ha!

> [Pushing pin in front of CLAY's face.

CLAY [greatly excited]. Don't do that. HARDMUTH [sneering]. 'T won't bite you

will it? CLAY. [Averts his face.] Go away, I tell

Tom. [Holds Clay with left hand. Has pin in right.] 'T will bite him - bow - wow -wowCLAY. Don't, I tell you - don't.

Tom [still holding him]. Bow — wow —

LEW. Tom!

HARDMUTH [laughing]. Let them alone. CLAY. Go away.

Tom. Bow — wow —

[Enter JACK.]

JACK. What 's the matter here? Tom [pursuing CLAY]. Wow —

[CLAY in frenzy swings the large ivory paper-knife from table, blindly strikes Tom, who falls.]

JACK. Clay!

CLAY [horrified]. He pushed that horrie cat's-eve right against my face.

JACK. What cat's-eye?

HARDMUTH. [Picks up the pin which DEN-ING has dropped. Only playing with him - a scarf-pin.

LEW [kneeling by DENNING]. He's out, ack.

[Enter Jo.]

CLAY. I did n't mean to hurt him; really did n't mean that.

HARDMUTH [taking the paper-cutter from LAY]. The hell you did n't. You could kill bull with that ivory tusk.

JACK. Put him on the window seat -

ive him some air.

[Enter Alice, left center.]

ALICE. Jack, we're going now - all f us.

[Enter HARVEY.]

JACK [turning to ALICE]. Wait a minute. To Jo. Help Mr. Ellinger there.

[Jo, Lew, and Harvey carry off Tom

into the dining-room.]

ALICE. What is it?

JACK. An accident - keep Helen and iola out of these rooms.

ALICE. Had n't we better go? Clay is

ith us.

er!

CLAY. I can't go just now, Mrs. Campbell - Looks off. I hope it is n't serious - I idn't mean to hurt him, really. [Exit left.] ALICE. A quarrel?

Lew enters and waves hand, meaning "All over."]

HARDMUTH [with paper-knife]. A mur-

[Enter Helen and Viola.]

VIOLA. What's the matter?

[Enter CLAY.]

CLAY [in panic and up right center. To HELEN]. Oh, mother, I've killed him.

HELEN [taking CLAY in her arms].

Killed him - whom?

HARDMUTH. Tom Denning.

CLAY. But I never meant it — Jack; I just struck — struck wild.

HARDMUTH, With this.

HELEN. With that! Oh, my boy!

JACK. That will do! Everybody - Lew. telephone Dr. Monroe it 's an emergency case and to come in dressing-gown and slippers. [Exit Lew, right center.] Alice, I know you're not afraid of a sick man — or — that sort of thing. Help me and Jo.

[Leads Alice, left. She braces herself.

Viola, you take Mrs. Whipple upstairs and wait there.

HARDMUTH [starting up right]. I'll notify the police.

HELEN. Oh!

JACK [interposing]. Stop! You'll stay just where you are!

HARDMUTH. You tryin' to hide this

thing?

JACK. The doctor 'll tell us exactly what this thing is. And then the boy'll have the credit himself of notifying the police.

ACT II

Scene - The library-living room of Jus-

TICE PRENTICE, Washington, D.C.

The walls of this room are bookcases glassed quite to the ceiling, and filled with books mostly in sheepskin binding. This array is broken by a large bay window at the back, center, which is equipped with a window seat, and by two doors near the front of the stage, one on the right and one on the left.

At the left is also a fireplace with a log fire. In the upper left-hand corner of the room there is a buffet, fitted with glasses and decanters. A

dark rug is on the floor.

The furniture of the room is dark oak in Gothic. It consists of a table and three chairs at the center, sofa and smaller table up right. The smaller table holds a lamp.

Over the buffet there is a small canvas by

Rousseau showing a sunset.

JUSTICE PRENTICE and JUDGE HENDERSON are playing chess.

HENDERSON. Checkmate in three moves.

PRENTICE. I don't see that.

HENDERSON. Well, Knight to -

PRENTICE. Yes, yes, I see. Checkmate in three moves. That's one game each.

Shall we play another?

HENDERSON. Let us look at the enemy. [Draws watch.] By Jove! Quarter of twelve. I guess Mrs. Henderson will be expecting me soon. [Pause.] I'll play a rubber with you, and its result shall decide your position on the Whipple case.

PRENTICE. Why, Mr. Justice, I'm surprised at you. A United States Supreme Court decision—shaped by a game of chess. We'll be down to the level of the intelligent jurymen soon—flipping pennies for

the verdict.

Henderson. And a very good method in just such cases as this. Well, if you won't play—[rises]—I 'll have to go.

PRENTICE. [Rises.] Not without another

toddy

HENDERSON. Yes.

PRENTICE [at sideboard up left]. Oh, no. Come, now, don't you like this liquor?

HENDERSON. Immensely. Where did you say you got it?

PRENTICE. Kentucky. One lump?

Henderson. Only one!

PRENTICE. My old home, sir, — and a bit of lemon?

HENDERSON. A piece of the peel — yes.

PRENTICE. They make it there. HENDERSON. I'll pour the water.

PRENTICE. There, there, don't drown me. HENDERSON. My folks were Baptists, you see. What do you say it costs you?

PRENTICE. Fifty cents a gallon.

HENDERSON. What!! I think I'll take

water. [Puts down glass.]

PRENTICE. That's what it cost me. Its value I don't know. An old friend sends it to me. Fifty cents for express.

Henderson. Oh!

PRENTICE. That's different, is n't it? HENDERSON. [Recovers glass.] Very!

PRENTICE. He makes it down there. Why, it's in the same county in which this Whipple murder occurred.

HENDERSON. How about that point? We might as well admit it and remand the

case.

PRENTICE. No. There 's no constitutional point involved.

HENDERSON. A man's entitled to an open trial.

PRENTICE. Well, Whipple had it.

HENDERSON. No, he did n't. They would n't admit the public.

PRENTICE. Oh, come, now; the courtroom was crowded and the Judge refused admission to others—only when there was danger of the floor breaking.

HENDERSON. But, my dear Mr. Justice, that would have been all right to limit the

attendance —

PRENTICE. Well, that 's all he did.

HENDERSON. Only he did it by having the sheriff issue tickets of admission. That placed the attendance entirely in the control of the prosecution and the defense is right in asking a rehearing.

PRENTICE. Oh, nonsense! Justice is a little too slow in my old State and I'm impatient with technical delays. It is two years since they openly assassinated the governor-elect and the guilty man is stil-

at large.

HENDERSON. Why should the killing of

Scovill bear on this case!

PRENTICE. It bears on me. I'm concerned for the fair fame of Kentucky.

HENDERSON. Well, if you won't, you

won't and there 's an end of it.

[Rings call bell.]

PRENTICE. Have another? HENDERSON. Not another drop.

[Enter Servant.]

Get my coat!

PRENTICE. A nightcap.

SERVANT. I beg pardon, sir.

PRENTICE. Speaking to the Justice.

[Exit Servant.]
Henderson. No, I must n't. Mrs. Henderson filed her protest against my coming

PRENTICE. Well, if you won't, you won't.

Henderson [front of table, picks up book]. Hello! Reading the Scriptures in your old age?

PRENTICE. It does look like a Bible, does n't it? That 's a flexible binding I had put on a copy of Bret Harte. I admire him very much.

HENDERSON. I like some of his stuff.

PRENTICE. When I get home from the Capitol and you prosy lawyers, I'm too tired to read Browning and those heavy

cans, so I take Bret Harte — very clever, think; I was reading before you came — takes book] — "A Newport Romance." Do you know it?

HENDERSON. I don't think I do.

PRENTICE. It's about an old house at ewport—that's haunted—a young girl the colonial days dies of a broken heart this house, it seems. Her sweetheart illed away and left her—and here's the lay Bret Harte tells of her coming back. Henderson sits.] Oh, I'm not going to ead all of it to you—only one verse. Looks at book.—Pause.] Oh, I forgot to ell you that when this chap left the girl he ave her a little bouquet—understand? That's a piece of material evidence necestry to this summing up.

[Henderson nods. Prentice reads.]

And ever since then when the clock strikes

She walks unbidden from room to room,

And the air is filled, that she passes through, With a subtle, sad perfume.

The delicate odor of mignonette, The ghost of a dead-and-gone bouquet, Is all that tells of her story; yet Could she think of a sweeter way?"

s n't that charming, eh?
HENDERSON. A very pretty idea.

PRENTICE. Beautiful to have a perfume aggest her. I suppose it appeals to me specially because I used to know a girl tho was foolishly foud of mignonette.

HENDERSON. Well, you don't believe in

hat stuff, do you?

PRENTICE. What stuff?

HENDERSON. That Bret Harte stuff ne dead coming back—ghosts and so orth?

PRENTICE. Yes, in one way I do. I find s I get older, Judge, that the things of nemory become more real every day—very day. Why, there are companions of my boyhood that I have n't thought of for ears—that seem to come about me—nore tangibly, or as much so as they were a life.

HENDERSON. Well, how do you account

or that? Spiritualism?

PRENTICE. Oh, no. It's Time's perspec-

ve.
HENDERSON. Time's perspective?

PRENTICE. Yes. [Pause.] I'll have to lustrate my meaning. [Indicates a paint-

ing.] Here's a sunset by Rousseau. I bought it in Paris last summer. Do you see what an immense stretch of land there is in it?

HENDERSON. Yes.

PRENTICE. A bird's-eye view of that would require a chart reaching to the ceiling. But see Rousseau's perspective. The horizon line is n't two inches from the base.

HENDERSON. Well?

PRENTICE. [Returns to table.] Well, my dear Judge, that is the magic in the perspective of Time. My boyhood's horizon is very near to my old eyes now. The dimmer they grow, the nearer it comes, until I think sometimes that when we are through with it all — we go out almost as we entered — little children.

Henderson. [Pause.] That's a very beautiful painting, Judge — a Russell, you

say?

PRENTICE. A Rousseau.

HENDERSON. Oh-

PRENTICE. Yes — cost me three thousand only, and a funny thing about it: the canvas just fitted into the top of my steamer trunk, and it came through the customhouse without a cent of duty. I completely forgot it.

HENDERSON. Your memory is n't so re-

tentive, then, as it seems?

PRENTICE. Not on those commercial matters.

[Enter Servant with coat. In crossing front of table to Henderson, the coat knocks a miniature from the table to the floor.]

PRENTICE. You dropped your tobacco-

box, I guess, Mr. Justice.

HENDERSON. [Examines pocket.] No. Servant. [Picks up miniature.] It was this picture, sir.

PRENTICE. My gracious - my gracious.

It might have been broken.

SERVANT. Oh, it often falls when I'm dusting, sir.

PRENTICE. Oh, does it? Well, I'll put it away. [Exit SERVANT.] An ivory miniature by Wimar. I prize it highly—old-fashioned portrait, see! Gold back.

HENDERSON. A beautiful face.

PRENTICE [eagerly]. Is n't it? Is n't it?

[Looks over Henderson's shoulder.]

HENDERSON, Very, What a peculiar

way of combing the hair - long, and over the ears.

PRENTICE. The only becoming way women ever wore their hair. I think the scrambly style they have now is disgrace-

HENDERSON. Your mother?

PRENTICE. Dear, no, a young girl I used to know. Oh, don't smile, she 's been dead a good thirty years - married and had a large family.

Henderson. Very sweet - very sweet,

PRENTICE. Is n't it?

[Enter Servant.]

Well?

SERVANT. Card, sir.

PRENTICE. Gentleman here?

[Takes card.]

SERVANT. Yes, sir.

PRENTICE. I'll see him. [Exit SERVANT.] HENDERSON. Call?

PRENTICE. Yes. The man owns a picture that I've been trying to buy - a Corot.

HENDERSON. Oh — another of these per-

spective fellows?

PRENTICE. Yes-his call does n't surprise me, for he 's been in my mind all day.

HENDERSON. Seems to be in a hurry for

the money - coming at midnight.

PRENTICE. I set him the example - besides, midnight is just the shank of the evening for Mr. Brookfield. He's supposed to be a sporting man -ahem.

[Enter Servant and Jack. Jack is paler and less physical than in first act.]

PRENTICE. Good-evening.

JACK. You remember me, Mr. Justice? PRENTICE. Perfectly, Mr. Brookfield —

this is Justice Henderson.

Henderson. Mr. Brookfield. JACK. Pleased to meet you, Mr. Justice.

[To PRENTICE.] I hope I'm not intruding. HENDERSON. I'm just going, Mr. Brook-

field. [To PRENTICE.] To-morrow? PRENTICE. To-morrow!

HENDERSON [at door, inquiringly]. No constitutional point about it? Eh?

PRENTICE. None.

HENDERSON. Good-night.

PRENTICE. Good-night. [To JACK.] Have

JACK. Thank you.

[Stands by chair left of table.]

PRENTICE [toward buffet]. I've some medicine here that comes directly from your city.

JACK. I don't think I will - if you'll

excuse me.

PRENTICE. Ah — [Pause. Smiles.] Well, have you brought the picture?

JACK. The picture is still in Louisville

-I - I'm in Washington with my niece. Prentice. Yes?

JACK. And -a lady friend of hers. They're very anxious to meet you, Mr.

PRENTICE. Ah. [Pause.] Well - I go to

the Capitol at noon to-morrow and -

JACK. To-night! - They 're leaving the city to-morrow - as you were when I had the pleasure of receiving you.

PRENTICE. I remember.

JACK [with watch]. They were to come after me in five minutes if I did n't return, and those five minutes, Mr. Justice, I hoped you would give to me.

PRENTICE. With pleasure.

[Sits right of table.]

JACK [plunging at once into his subject]. Those two books you sent me -

PRENTICE. Yes?

JACK. I want to thank you for them again - and to ask you how far you go with the men that wrote them - especially the second one. Do you believe that book?

PRENTICE. Yes. JACK. You do?

PRENTICE. I do. I know the man who wrote it - and I believe him.

JACK. Did he ever do any of his stunts

for you — that he writes about?

PRENTICE. He did n't call them "stunts," but he has given me many demonstrations of his ability - and mine.

JACK. For example?

PRENTICE. For example? He asked me to think of him steadily at some unexpected time and to think of some definite things. A few days later — this room — two o'clock in the morning - I concentrated my thoughts - I mentally pictured him going to his telephone and calling me.

JACK. And did he do it?

PRENTICE. No - [pause] - but he came here at my breakfast hour and told me that at two o'clock he had waked and risen from his bed - and walked to his 'phone in the hallway with an impulse to call me - and en had stopped — because he had no mesge to deliver and because he thought his agination might be tricking him.

JACK. You had n't given him any tip,

ch as asking how he'd slept?

PRENTICE. None. Five nights after that repeated the experiment.

JACK. Well?

PRENTICE. That time he called me.

JACK. What did he say?

PRENTICE. He said, "Old man, you ight to be in bed asleep and not disturbg honest citizens," which was quite true. JACK. By Jove, it's a devilish creepy usiness, is n't it?

PRENTICE. Yes.

JACK. And if it's so -PRENTICE. And it is so.

JACK. Pay a man to be careful what he

inks -- eh?

PRENTICE. It will very well pay your

pe of men to do so.

JACK. I don't want to be possessed by any these bughouse theories, but I'll be amed if a few things have n't happened to e, Mr. Justice, since you started me on is subject.

PRENTICE. Along this line?

JACK. Yes. [Pause.] And I've tried the ther side of it, too.

PRENTICE. What other side?

JACK. The mesmeric business. [Pause.

Takes passes.] I can do it. PRENTICE. Then I should say, Mr. Brookeld, that for you the obligation for clean nd unselfish thinking was doubly impera-

ve. JACK. Within this last year I've put eople — well — practically asleep in a chair nd I've made them tell me what a boy

as doing — a mile away — in a jail. PRENTICE. I see no reason to call clair-

oyance a "bughouse" theory.

JACK. I only know that I do it. PRENTICE. Yes - you have the youth or it - the glorious strength. Does it make ny demand on your vitality?

JACK. [Passes hand over his eyes.] I've ancied that a headache to which I'm subect is more frequent — that 's all.

PRENTICE. But you find the ability — the

ower — increases — don't you?

JACK. Yes - in the last month I 've put man into a hypnotic sleep with half a [Makes pass.] ozen waves of the hand.

PRENTICE. Why motion?

JACK. Fixed his attention, I suppose.

PRENTICE [shaking head]. Fixes your attention. When in your own mind your belief is sufficiently trained, you won't need [Another slight pass.]

JACK. I won't?

PRENTICE. No. Jack. What 'll I do?

PRENTICE. Simply think. [Pause.] You have a headache, for example.

JACK. I have a headache for a fact.

[JACK again passes hand over eyes and forehead.

PRENTICE. Well -- some persons could cure it by rubbing your forehead.

JACK. I know that.

PRENTICE. Others could cure it by the passes of the hypnotist. Others by simply willing that it should - [pause] - be cured.

JACK. Well, that's where I can't follow

you - and your friend the author.

PRENTICE. You simply think your headache.

Jack. I know it aches.

PRENTICE. I think it does n't. JACK [astonished]. What?

PRENTICE. I — think — it does n't.

JACK. [Pause.] Well, just this moment, it does n't, but — [Pause.] — is n't that simply mental excitement - won't it come

PRENTICE. It won't come back to-day.

JACK. That's some comfort. The blamed things have made it busy for me since I've been studying this business.

PRENTICE. It is a two-edged sword -JACK. You mean it's bad for a man who

PRENTICE. I mean that it constantly opens to the investigator new mental heights, higher planes - and every man, Mr. Brookfield, is ill in some manner who lives habitually on a lower level — than the light he sees.

[Enter Servant.]

SERVANT. Two ladies, sir. PRENTICE. Your friends?

JACK. I think so.

[PRENTICE and JACK look at SERV-

SERVANT. Yes, sir.

PRENTICE. Ask them up.

[Exit SERVANT.]

JACK. Thank you.

PRENTICE. [Rises.] I'll put away Judge Henderson's glass.

JACK. They 're Kentucky ladies, Mr.

Justice.

PRENTICE [indicating JACK]. But I don't want any credit for a hospitality I have n't earned.

JACK. I see.

[Enter Servant with Helen and Viola.]

Jack. My niece, Miss Campbell.

PRENTICE. Miss Campbell.

JACK. And -

HELEN. One moment, Jack. I prefer to introduce myself.

PRENTICE. Won't you be seated, ladies?

[Exit Servant. Helen sits right of

table. VIOLA goes to the windowseat. JACK stands center.]
HELEN. You are not a married man, Jus-

tice Prentice?

PRENTICE. I am not.

HELEN. But you have the reputation of being a very charitable one.

PRENTICE. [Sits left of table.] That 's pleasant to hear — what charity do you represent?

HELEN. None. I hardly know how to tell

you my object.

PRENTICE. It's a personal matter, is it?

JACK [back of table]. Yes, a very personal matter.

PRENTICE. Ah!

HELEN. I have here an autograph book—PRENTICE. [To Jack.] I usually sign my autograph for those who wish it—at the—

HELEN. I did not come for an autograph, Justice Prentice, I have brought one.

PRENTICE. Well, I don't go in for that kind of thing very much. I have no collection—my taste runs more toward—

HELEN. The autograph I have brought is one of yours, written many years ago. It is signed to a letter. Will you look at it?

[Opens autograph book and gives small folded and old lace handkerchief from book to Viola, who joins her.]

PRENTICE. With pleasure. [Takes book.] Is this the letter? Ah — [Reads.] "June 15, 1860." Dear me, that 's a long time ago. [Reads.] "My dear Margaret: The matter passed satisfactorily — a mere scratch. Boland apologized. — Jim." What is this?

HELEN. A letter from you.

PRENTICE. And my dear Margaret — 1860. Why, this letter — was it written to Margaret?

HELEN. To Margaret Price-

PRENTICE. Is it possible — well — well. [Pause.] I wonder if what we call coincidences are ever mere coincidences. Margaret Price. Her name was on my lips a moment ago.

JACK. Really, Mr. Justice?

PRENTICE. [To JACK.] Yes. Did you know Margaret Price?

JACK. Yes.

[Looks at Helen — Prentice's gaze follows.]

HELEN. She was my mother— PRENTICE. Margaret Price was—

HELEN. Was my mother.

PRENTICE. Why, I was just speaking of her to Justice Henderson whom you saw go out. Her picture dropped from the table here. [Gets it.] This miniature! Margaret Price gave it to me herself. And you are her daughter?

HELEN. Yes, Justice Prentice.

PRENTICE. Yes, I can see the likeness. At twenty you must have looked very like this miniature. [Passes miniature to Helen.]

HELEN [as JACK and VIOLA look at miniature]. I have photographs of myself that are very like this. [To PRENTICE.] And you were speaking of her just now?

PRENTICE. Not five minutes ago. - But

be seated, please.

[VIOLA sits again at window.]

I'm very delighted to have you call.

HELEN. Even at such an hour?
PRENTICE. At any hour. Margaret Price was a very dear friend of mine; and to think, you 're her daughter. And this letter 1860

— what's this?

HELEN. Oh, don't touch that. It will break. It's only a dry spray of mignonette, pinned to the note when you sent it.

Prentice [musingly]. A spray of mignon-

ette

HELEN. My mother's favorite flower and perfume.

PRENTICE. I remember. Well, well, this is equally astonishing.

Jack. Do you remember the letter, Mr Justice?

PRENTICE. Perfectly.

JACK. And the circumstances it alludes to?

PRENTICE. Yes. It was the work of a mantic boy. I — I was very fond of your other, Mrs. - by the way, you have n't old me your name.

HELEN. Never mind that now. Let me Margaret Price's daughter for the pres-

PRENTICE. Very well. Oh, this was a lite scratch of a duel — they 've gone out of ashion now, I'm thankful to say.

HELEN. Do you remember the cause of

ais one?

PRENTICE. Yes; Henry Boland had wored Margaret some way. She was frightned, I think, and fainted.

HELEN. And you struck him?

PRENTICE. Yes, and he challenged me. HELEN. I've heard mother tell it. Do ou remember what frightened her?

PRENTICE. I don't believe I do. Does the

tter say?

HELEN. No. Try to think.

PRENTICE. Was it a snake or a toad?

HELEN. No - a jewel.

PRENTICE. A jewel? I remember now -a - a - cat's-eye. A cat's-eye jewel, as n't it?

HELEN [with excitement]. Yes, yes, yes. [Weeping.]

PRENTICE. My dear madam, it seems to

e a very emotional subject with you. HELEN. It is. I 've hoped so you would emember it. On the cars I was praying all ne way you would remember it. And you

o — you do.

PRENTICE. I do.

VIOLA. [Comes to Helen.] Compose ourself, dear. Remember what depends n it.

PRENTICE. It is evidently something in

hich I can aid you.

HELEN. It is - and you will?

PRENTICE. There is nothing I would not o for a daughter of Margaret Price. You re in mourning, dear lady; is it for your other?

HELEN. For my son.

PRENTICE. [To JACK.] How long has he

een dead?

HELEN. He is not dead. Justice Prentice, y boy — the grandson of Margaret Price - is under a sentence of death.

PRENTICE. Sentence of death?

HELEN. Yes. I am the mother of Clay hipple,

PRENTICE. [Rises.] But, madam — HELEN. He is to die. I come -

PRENTICE. [Retreats toward second door.] Stop! You forget yourself. The case of Whipple is before the Supreme Court of the United States. I am a member of that bodv - I cannot listen to vou.

HELEN. You must.

PRENTICE. You are prejudicing his chances. [To JACK.] You are making it necessary for me to rule against him. [To HELEN. My dear madam, for the sake of your boy, do not do this. It is unlawful without dignity or precedent. [To JACK.] If the lady were not the mother of the boy I should call your conduct base -

VIOLA. But she is his mother.

HELEN [following]. And Justice Prentice. I am the daughter of the woman you loved.

PRENTICE. I beg you to be silent.

JACK. Won't you hear us a moment? PRENTICE. I cannot. I dare not — I must leave you.

VIOLA. Why?

PRENTICE. I have explained — the matter is before the court. For me to hear you would be corrupt.

HELEN. I won't talk of the question before your court. That our attorneys tell us,

is a constitutional point.

PRENTICE. That is its attitude.

HELEN. I will not talk of that. I wish to speak of this letter.

JACK. You can listen to that, can't you,

Mr. Justice?

PRENTICE. Do you hope for its influence indirectly?

HELEN. No; sit down, Justice Prentice,

and compose yourself. I will talk calmly to

PRENTICE. My dear madam, my heart bleeds for you. [To JACK.] Her agony must be her judicial measurement.

JACK. Only God knows, sir!

[HELEN sits at table; VIOLA stands by her side: PRENTICE sits by the fire; Jack remains standing.]

Helen. [Pause.] Justice Prentice. Prentice. Mrs. Whipple.

HELEN. You remember this letter - you have recalled the duel. You remember thank God — its cause?

PRENTICE. I do.

HELEN. You know that my mother's

aversion to that jewel amounted almost to an insanity?

PRENTICE. I remember that.

Helen. I inherited that aversion. When a child, the sight of one of them would throw me almost into convulsions.

PRENTICE. Is it possible?

Helen. It is true. The physicians said I would outgrow the susceptibility, and in a measure I did so. But I discovered that Clay had inherited the fatal dislike from me.

JACK. You can understand that, Mr.

Justice?

PRENTICE. Medical jurisprudence is full of such cases. Why should we deny them? Is nature faithful only in physical matters? You are like this portrait. Your voice is like that of Margaret Price. Nature's behest should have also embraced some of the less apparent possessions, I think.

JACK. We urged all that at the trial, but

they called it invention.

PRENTICE. Nothing seems more probable

to me.

HELEN. Clay, my boy, had that dreadful and unreasonable fear of the jewel. I protected him as far as possible, but one night over a year ago, some men — companions — finding that the sight of this stone annoyed him, pressed it upon his attention. He did not know, Justice Prentice, he was not responsible. It was insanity, but he struck his tormentor and the blow resulted in the young man's death.

PRENTICE. Terrible - terrible!

Helen. My poor boy is crushed with the awful deed. He is not a murderer. He was never that, but they have sentenced him, Justice Prentice—he—is to die.

[Rises impulsively.]

JACK [catching her]. Now—now—my

dear Helen, compose yourself.

VIOLA [embracing her]. You promised.

HELEN. Yes, yes, I will.

[Viola leads Helen aside.]
PRENTICE. All this was ably presented to the trial court, you say?

JACK. By the best attorneys. PRENTICE. And the verdict?

JACK. Still was guilty. But, Mr. Justice, the sentiment of the community has changed very much since then. We feel that a new trial would result differently.

HELEN. When our lawyers decided to go to the Supreme Court, I remembered some

letters of yours in this old book. Can you imagine my joy when I found the letter was on the very point of this inherited trait on which we rested our defense?

Jack. We have ridden twenty-four hours to reach you. The train came in only atten

o'clock.

Helen. You — you are not powerless to help me. What is an official duty to a mother's love? To the life of her boy?

PRENTICE. My dear, dear madam, that is not necessary — believe me. This letter comes very properly under the head of new evidence. [To JACK.] The defendant is entitled to a rehearing on that.

HELEN. Justice Prentice! Justice Prentice! [Turns again to VIOLA.]

VIOLA. There — there -

[Comforts Helen.]

PRENTICE. Of course that is n't before us, but when we remand the case on this constitutional point —

HELEN. Then you will - you will re-

mand it?

PRENTICE [prevaricating]. Justice Henderson had convinced me on the point as you called. So I think there is no doubt of the decision.

HELEN. You can never know the light

you let into my heart.

[VIOLA returns lace handkerchief to book which Helen opens for the purpose, closing it again on handkerchief.] PRENTICE. What is that perfume? Have

you one about you?

HELEN. Yes, on this handkerchief.

PRENTICE. What is it? HELEN. Mignonette. PRENTICE. Mignonette.

HELEN. A favorite perfume of mother's. This handkerchief of hers was in the book with the letter.

PRENTICE. Indeed.

HELEN. Oh, Justice Prentice, do you think I can save my boy?

PRENTICE. [To JACK.] On the rehearing I will take pleasure in testifying as to this hereditary aversion — and what I know of its existence in Margaret Price.

JACK. May I tell the lawyers so?

PRENTICE. No. They will learn it in the court to-morrow. They can stand the suspense. I am speaking comfort to the mother's heart.

HELEN. Comfort. It is life!

PRENTICE. [To JACK.] Say nothing of is call, if you please. Nothing to any one. JACK. We shall respect your instrucons, Mr. Justice. My niece, who has been ith Mrs. Whipple during this trouble, is e fiancée of the boy who is in jail.

PRENTICE. You have my sympathy, too,

VIOLA. Thank you.

[Goes to Prentice and gives him her

PRENTICE. And now good-night.

VIOLA. Good-night.

[Goes to door where JACK joins her.] HELEN. Good-night, Justice Prentice. ou must know my gratitude - words canot tell it. [Exit VIOLA.]

PRENTICE. Would you do me a favor?

HELEN. Can you ask it?

[Jack waits at the door.]

PRENTICE. If that was the handkerchief Margaret Price, I'd like to have it.

[With a moment's effort at self-control, Helen gives Prentice the handkerchief. She does not dare to speak, but turns to JACK who leads her out. Prentice goes to the table and takes up the miniature. clock strikes two.

PRENTICE. Margaret Price. People will y that she has been in her grave thirty ears, but I'll swear her spirit was in this oom to-night and directed a decision of ne Supreme Court of the United States.

[Noticing the handkerchief which he holds he puts it to his lips.]

"The delicate odor of mignonette, The ghost of a dead-and-gone bouquet, Is all that tells of her story; yet Could she think of a sweeter way?"

ACT III

Scene - Same as Act I. JACK in chair with elbows on knees apparitly in deep thought.

[Enter HARVEY, left.]

HARVEY. Mars Jack. JACK. Well, Uncle Harvey?

HARVEY. 'Scuse me, sah, when you wants

be alone, but I'se awful anxious myself. s dey any word from the court-house?

JACK. None, Uncle Harvey.

HARVEY. 'Cause Jo said Missus Campa bell done come in, an' I thought she'd been to the trial, you know.

JACK. She has. You're not keeping any.

thing from me, Uncle Harvey?

HARVEY. 'Deed, no, sah. Ah jes' like to ask you, Mars Jack, if I'd better have de cook fix sumpun' to eat - maybe de other ladies comin' too?

JACK. Yes, Uncle Harvey, but whether they'll want to eat or not'll depend on what word comes back with the jury.

HARVEY. Yes, sah. Exit left.

[Enter Alice, right center.]

ALICE [in astonishment and reproach]. Jack -

Jack. Well -

ALICE. Why are you here? JACK. Well - I live here.

ALICE. But I thought you'd gone to Helen and Viola.

JACK. No.

ALICE. You should do so, Jack. Think of them alone when that jury returns -- as it may at any moment - with its verdict.

JACK. The lawyers are there and Lew

Ellinger is with them.

ALICE. But Helen — Helen needs you. JACK. I may be useful here.

ALICE. How?

JACK. There's one man on that jury that I think is a friend.

ALICE. One man?

JACK. Yes.

ALICE. Out of a jury of twelve.

JACK. One man can stop the other eleven from bringing in an adverse verdict - and this one is with us.

ALICE. Would your going to Helen and Viola in the court-house stop his being with

us?

JACK. Perhaps not, but it would stop my being with him.

ALICE. What? [Looks about.] I don't

understand you.

JACK. Justice Prentice told me that he could sit alone in his room and make another man get up and walk to the telephone and call him by simply thinking steadily of that other man.

ALICE. Superstitious people imagine any

thing.

JACK. Imagine much - yes - but this is n't imagination.

ALICE. It's worse — Jack. I call it spiritualism.

JACK. Call it anything you like - spiritualism - or socialism - or rheumatism it's there. I know nothing about it scientifically, but I've tried it on and it works, my dear Alice, it works.

ALICE. You 've tried it on?

JACK. Yes.

ALICE. With whom?

JACK. With you.

ALICE. I don't know it if you have.

JACK. That is one phase of its terrible subtlety.

ALICE. When did you try it on?

JACK [inquiringly]. That night, a month ago, when you rapped at my door at two o'clock in the morning and asked if I was ill in any way?

ALICE. I was simply nervous about

you.

JACK. Call it "nervousness" if you wish to - but that was an experiment of mine - a simple experiment.

ALICE. Oh!

JACK. Two Sundays ago you went right up to the church door - hesitated, and turned home again.

ALICE. Lots of people do that.

JACK. I don't ask you to take stock in it, but that was another experiment of mine. The thing appeals to me. I can't help Helen by being at the court-house, but, as I'm alive and my name's Jack Brookfield. I do believe that my thought reaches that particular juryman.

ALICE. That's lunacy, Jack, dear.

JACK. [Rises and walks.] Well, call it "lunacy." I don't insist on "rheumatism."

ALICE. Oh, Jack, the boy's life is in the balance. Bitter vindictive lawyers are prosecuting him, and I don't like my big strong brother, who used to meet men and all danger face to face, treating the situation with silly mind-cure methods - hidden alone in his rooms. I don't like it.

JACK. You can't acquit a boy of murder by having a strong brother thrash somebody in the court-rooms. If there was anything under the sun I could do with my physical strength, I'd do it; but there is n't. Now, why not try this? Why not, if I believe I can influence a juryman by my thought, - why not try?

[Alice turns away.]

[Enter Jo, right center.]

JACK. Well?

Jo. Mistah Hardmuth.

ALICE [astonished]. Frank Hardmuth? Jo. Yes.

JACK. Here's one of the "bitter vindictive" men you want me to meet face to face. You stay here while I go and do it. [Starts up.]

[Enter HARDMUTH.]

HARDMUTH. Excuse me, but I can't wait in an antercom.

JACK. That ?! do, Jo. [Exit Jo.]

HARDMUTH. I want to see you alone. JACK. [To ALICE.] Yes -

ALICE [going]. What do you think it is? JACK. Nothing to worry over.

[Conducts her to door. Exit Alice.] HARDMUTH [threateningly]. Jack Brook-

JACK. Well? [Confronts HARDMUTH.] HARDMUTH. I've just seen Harvey Fisher — of the Courier.

JACK. Yes.

HARDMUTH. He says you've hinted at something associating me with the shooting of Scovill.

JACK. Right.

HARDMUTH. What do you mean?

JACK. I mean, Frank Hardmuth, that you shan't hound this boy to the gallows without reckoning with me and the things I know of you.

HARDMUTH. I'm doing my duty as a

prosecuting attorney.

JACK. You are, and a great deal more

- you're venting a personal hatred. HARDMUTH. That has n't anything to de with this insinuation you've handed to a newspaper man, an insinuation for which

anybody ought to kill you. JACK. I don't deal in "insinuations." It

was a charge.

HARDMUTH. A statement?

JACK. A charge! You understand English — a specific and categorical charge.

HARDMUTH. That I knew Scovill was to

be shot.

JACK. That you knew it? No. That you planned it and arranged and procured his assassination.

HARDMUTH [in low tone]. If the news papers print that, I'll kill you - dami you, I'll kill you,

JACK. I don't doubt your willingness. nd they 'll print it — if they have n't done is already — and if they don't print it, by lod, I 'll print it myself and paste it on le fences.

HARDMUTH [weakening]. What have I yer done to you, Jack Brookfield, except

be your friend?

JACK. You've been much too friendly. Ith this murder on your conscience, you coposed to take to yourself, as wife, my ece, dear to me as my life. As revenge or her refusal and mine, you've persecuted wrough two trials the boy she loved, and as son of the woman whose thought regutes the pulse of my heart, an innocent, afortunate boy. In your ambition you've eached out to be the governor of this State, and an honored political party is seriously unsidering you for that office to-day.

HARDMUTH. That Scovill story's a lie—political lie. I think you mean to be hont, Jack Brookfield, but somebody's strung

ou.

JACK. Wait! The man that's now hiding Indiana—a fugitive from your feeble forts at extradition—sat upstairs drunk and desperate—his last dollar on a case and. I pitied him. If a priest had been here he could n't have purged his soul eaner than poor Raynor gave it to me. If he put me on, am I strung?

HARDMUTH [frightened]. Yes, you are.

can't tell you why, because this jury is ut and may come in any moment and I've ot to be there, but I can square it. So

elp me God, I can square it.

JACK. You'll have to square it.

[Enter Alice, left, followed by Prentice.] Alice. Jack.

[Indicates Prentice.]

PRENTICE. Excuse me, I —

HARDMUTH. Oh — Justice Prentice.

JACK. Mr. Hardmuth — the State's at-

PRENTICE. I recognize Mr. Hardmuth. did n't salute him because I resent his isrespectful treatment of myself during is cross-examination.

HARDMUTH. Entirely within my rights

a lawyer and -

PRENTICE Entirely — and never within ne opportunities of a gentleman.

HARDMUTH. Your side foresaw the

powerful effect on a local jury of any testimony by a member of the Supreme Court, and my wish to break that —

PRENTICE. Was quite apparent, sir,—quite apparent,—but the testimony of every man is entitled to just such weight and consideration as that man's character commands. But it is not that disrespect which I resent. I am an old man — That I am unmarried — childless — without a son to inherit the vigor that time has reclaimed, is due to — a sentiment that you endeavored to ridicule, Mr. Hardmuth, a sentiment which would have been sacred in the hands of any true Kenturkian, which I am gladto hear you are not.

JACK. That 's all.

HARDMUTH. Perhaps not. [Exit.]
PRENTICE. My dear Mr. Brookfield, that
man certainly has n't seen this newspaper?

JACK. No — but he knows it's coming.

PRENTICE. When I urged you as a citizen to tell anything you knew of the man, I had n't expected a capital charge.

ALICE. What is it, Jack, - what have

you said?

JACK. [To ALICE.] All in the headlines — read it. [To PRENTICE.] That enough for your purpose, Justice Prentice?

PRENTICE. I never dreamed of an attack of that — that magnitude — Enough!

ALICE. Why — why did you do this, Jack?

JACK. Because I'm your big strong brother — and I had the information.

PRENTICE. It was necessary, Mrs. Campbell, — necessary.

ALICE. Why necessary?

JACK. My poor sister, you don't think. If that jury brings in a verdict of guilty—what then?

ALICE. What then? I don't know.

JACK. An appeal to the governor—for clemency.

ALICE. Well?

JACK. Then we delay things until a new governor comes in. But suppose that new governor is Hardmuth himself.

ALICE. How can the new governor be

Hardmuth?

PRENTICE. Nothing can stop it if he gets the nomination, and the convention is in session at Frankfort to-day with Mr. Hardmuth's name in the lead.

JACK [indicating paper]. I've served

that notice on them and they won't dare nominate him. That is, I think they won't.

ALICE. But to charge him with murder? PRENTICE. The only thing to consider

there is, — have you your facts?

JACK. I have.

PRENTICE. Then it was a duty and you chose the psychological moment for its performance. "With what measure you mete—it shall be measured to you again." I have pity for the man whom that paper crushes, but I have greater pity for the boy he is trying to have hanged. [Goes to Alice.] You know, Mrs. Campbell, that young Whipple is the grandson of an old friend of mine.

ALICE. Yes, Justice Prentice, I know that.

[Enter Jo, followed by HELEN and VIOLA.]

Jo. Mars Jack!

JACK [turning]. Yes?

HELEN. Oh, Jack!-

[Comes down to Jack. Viola goes to Alice.]

JACK. What is it?

[Catches and supports Helen.]
VIOLA. The jury returned and asked for instructions.

JACK. Well?

HELEN. There 's a recess of an hour.

VIOLA. The court wishes them locked up for the night, but the foreman said the jurymen were all anxious to get to their homes and he felt an agreement could be reached in an hour.

PRENTICE. Did he use exactly those

words — "to their homes"?

VIOLA. "To their homes"— yes.

PRENTICE [smiling at JACK]. There you e.

HELEN. What, Jack?

JACK. What?

PRENTICE. Men with vengeance or severity in their hearts would hardly say they 're "anxious to get to their homes." They say, "the jury is anxious to get away," or "to finish its work."

HELEN. Oh, Justice Prentice, you pin

hope upon such slight things.

PRENTICE. That is what hope is for, my dear Mrs. Whipple; the frail chances of this life.

VIOLA. And now, Uncle Jack, Mrs. Whipple ought to have a cup of tea and something to eat.

HELEN. Oh, I could n't — we must g back at once.

VIOLA. Well, I could — I — I must.

ALICE. Yes — you must — both of you.

[Exit to dining-room.

VIOLA [returning to HELEN]. You don'think it's heartless, do you?

HELEN. You dear child. [Kisses her.]

HELEN. You dear child. [K

HELEN [refusing]. Please.

[Exit VIOLA. HELEN sinks to sofa. JACK. And now, courage, my dear Helen it's almost over.

HELEN. At the other trial the jury de laved — just this way.

PRENTICE. Upon what point did the jury ask instruction?

HELEN. Degree.

PRENTICE. And the court?

HELEN. Oh, Jack, the Judge answered – guilty in the first degree, or not guilty.

PRENTICE. That all helps us.

HELEN. It does?

JACK. Who spoke for the jury?
HELEN. The foreman — and one other

juryman asked a question.

JACK. Was it the man in the fourtl

chair — first row?
HELEN [inquiringly]. Yes —?

JACK. Ah.

HELEN. Why?
JACK. I think he's a friend, that's all.

HELEN. I should die, Jack, if it was n' for your courage. You won't get tired of i — will you — and forsake my poor boy—and me?

Jack [encouragingly]. What do you think?

HELEN. All our lawyers are kindnessitself, but — but — you — Jack — you some how —

[Enter VIOLA.]

VIOLA. Oh, Uncle Jack — here's a not our lawyer asked me to give to you — forgot it until this minute.

JACK. Thank you. [Takes note. VIOLA. Please try a cup of tea.

HELEN. No — no — Viola. [Exit VIOLA.

What is it, Jack? Are they afraid?

JACK. It's not about the trial at all.

Hands note to PRENTICE.

HELEN. Really?

HELEN. But why don't you show it to us, then?

JACK. [PRENTICE returns note.] I will my keeping it gives you so much alarm that. Turns on the large drop light and nds under it.] Colonel Bayley says -Dear Jack, I've seen the paper; Hardath will shoot on sight."

HELEN [quickly to JACK's side]. Oh, Jack,

anything should happen to you —
JACK. "Anything" is quite as likely to

ppen to Mr. Hardmuth.

HELEN. But not even that - my boy has led a man - and - you - Jack - you -Il, you just must n't let it happen, that 's

JACK. I must n't let it happen because —? Helen. Because — I — could n't bear

> [JACK lifts her hand to his face and kisses it.

[Enter Alice.]

ALICE. What was the letter, Jack? JACK. [Hands letter to ALICE as he passes, ding HELEN to door. And, now I'll agree do the best I can for Mr. Hardmuth if n'll take a cup of tea and a biscuit.

HELEN. There is n't time.

JACK. There's plenty of time if the adirnment was for an hour.

ALICE [in alarm]. Jack!

JACK. Eh — [Turns to ALICE.] Wait one nute. [Goes on to door with HELEN.] Go. [Exit Helen.]

ALICE [as JACK returns]. He threatens

ur life.

JACK. Not exactly. Simply Colonel Bay-'s opinion that he will shoot on sight. ALICE [impatiently]. Oh—

JACK. There is a difference, you know.

[Enter Jo.] Jo. Mr. Ellinger, sah.

[Enter Lew.]

LEW [briskly]. Hello, Jack. [Exit Jo.]

JACK. Well, Lew?

LEW [with newspaper]. Why, that's the mnedest thing — [To ALICE.] I beg your ${f rdon.}$

ALICE. Don't, please, — some manly emasis is a real comfort, Mr. Ellinger. LEW. That charge of yours against Hardth is raisin' more h-h-high feeling than

ything that ever happened.

JACK. I saw the paper. LEW. You did n't see this - it's an extra.

[Reads.] "The charge read to the convention in night session at Frankfort — Bill Glover hits Jim Macey on the nose - De Voe of Carter County takes Jim's gun away from him. The delegation from Butler get down to their stomachs and crawl under the benches - some statesmen go through the windows. Convention takes recess till morning. Local sheriff swearin' in deputies to keep peace in the barrooms." — That's all you've done.

JACK. [To ALICE.] Good! [To PREN-TICE. Well, they can't nominate Mr.

Hardmuth now.

Lew. [To Alice.] I been hedgin'—I told the fellows I'd bet Jack hadn't said

JACK. Yes — I did say it.

LEW. In just those words —? [Reads.] "The poor fellow that crouched back of a window sill and shot Kentucky's governor deserves hanging less than the man whom he is shielding — the man who laid the plot of assassination. The present prosecuting attorney by appointment - Frank Allison Hardmuth." Did you say that?

JACK. Lew, that there might be no mis-

take - I wrote it.

[LEW whistles; JACK takes the paper and scans it.

LEW. Is it straight?

Jack. Yes.

[Pushes hanging button and turns off the large drop.

Lew. He was in the plot to kill the governor?

JACK. He organized it.

LEW. Well, what do you think of that? And now he's runnin' for governor himself — a murderer!

JACK. Yes.

LEW. [To PRENTICE.] And for six months he's been houndin' every fellow in Louisville that sat down to a game of cards. [JACK nods.] The damned rascal's nearly put me in the poorhouse.

JACK. Poor old Lew!

LEW. [To PRENTICE.] Why, before I could get to that court-house to-day I had to take a pair of seissors that I used to cut coupons with and trim the whiskers off o' my shirt cuffs. [To JACK.] How long have you known this?

JACK. Ever since the fact.

PRENTICE. Mm-

Lew. Why do you spring it only now?

JACK. Because until now I lacked the

JACK. Because until now I lacked the character and the moral courage. I spring it now by the advice of Justice Prentice to reach that convention at Frankfort.

LEW. Well, you reached them.

PRENTICE. The convention was only a secondary consideration with me—my real object was this jury with whom Mr. Hardmuth seemed too powerful.

LEW. Reach the jury?

JACK [enthusiastically]. The jury? Why, of course, — the entire jury, — and I was hoping for one man —

Lew. Why, they don't see the papers —

the jury won't get a line of this.

JACK. I think they will.

LEW. You got 'em fixed?

JACK. Fixed? No.

LEW. Then how will they see it.

PRENTICE [firmly and slowly to Lew, who is half dazed]. How many people in Louisville have already read that charge as you have read it?

Lew. Thirty thousand, maybe, but -

PRENTICE. And five hundred thousand in the little cities and the towns. Do you think, Mr. Ellinger, that all those minds can be at white heat over knowledge and none of it reach the thought of those twelve men? Ah, no—

JACK. To half a million good Kentuckians to-night Frank Hardmuth is a repulsive thing—and that jury's faith in him—

is dead.

LEW. [Pause.] Why, Jack, old man, you're dippy.

[Alice turns away wearily, agreeing with Lew.]

PRENTICE. Then, Mr. Ellinger, I am dippy, too. [ALICE turns back.]

Lew. You mean you think the jury gets the public opinion — without anybody tellin' them or their reading it.

PRENTICE. Yes.

[Pause. Lew looks stunned.] In every widely discussed trial the defendant is tried not alone by his twelve peers, but by the entire community.

Lew. Why, blast it! The community goes by what the newspaper says!

PRENTICE. That is often the regrettable

part of it — but the fact remains.

JACK. And that's why you asked me to expose Frank Hardmuth?

PRENTICE. Yes.

Lew. Well, the public will think you di it because he closed your game.

JACK. Hardmuth did n't close my game

LEW. Who did?

JACK [pointing to PRENTICE]. This man PRENTICE. [To JACK.] Thank you.

LEW. How the he—er—heaven's namedid he close it?

JACK. He gave my self-respect a slap of the back and I stood up. [Exit

Lew [thoroughly confused. Pause]. Stung
[Turns to Prentice
to you are responsible for these—these

So you are responsible for these — thes new ideas of Jack's?

PRENTICE. In a measure. Have the idea apparently hurt Mr. Brookfield?

Lew. They 've put him out of busines—that's all.

PRENTICE. Which business? LEW. Why, this house of his.

PRENTICE. I see. But his new ideas Don't you like them, Mr. Ellinger?

Lew. I love Jack Brookfield—love hir like a brother—but I don't want even brother askin' me if I'm sure I've "though it over" when I'm startin' to take the halter off for a pleasant evenin'. Get midea?

PRENTICE. I begin to.

Lew. In other words—I don't want take my remorse first. It dampens fun. The other day a lady at the races said, "We've missed you, Mr. Ellinger." And I said "Have you?—Well I'll be up this evening," and I'm pressing her hand and hanging on to it till I'm afraid I'll get the callinge grease on my coat—feelin' only about thirty-two, you know, then I turn round an Jack has those sleepy lamps on me—an "bla"—

[Turns and sinks onto sofa

PRENTICE. And you don't go?

Lew [bracing up]. I do go—as a matter of self-respect—but I don't make a hi I'm thinking so much more about those morality ideas of Jack's than I am about the lady that it cramps my style and we never get past the weather, and "when di you last hear from So-and-so?" [Rises.] want to reform all right. I believe in reform. But first I want to have the fund

fallin' and fallin' hard.

Jo [distant and outside]. 'Fore God, MacClay!

CLAY. Jo, is my mother here?

ALICE [entering left]. Why, that's Clay.

[Voices off continue together and approach.

LEW. [To PRENTICE.] It's the boy.

ALICE. His mother !

[Starts to call Helen, then falters in indecision.

[The outside voices grow louder.] PRENTICE. Acquittal!

ter CLAY, followed by COLONEL BAYLEY, his attorney.]

ALICE. Clay, Clay!

CLAY. Oh, Mrs. Campbell.

[Alice embraces him.]

[Enter Jack, Helen, and Viola.]

JACK [seeing CLAY and speaking back to LEN]. Yes.

IELEN [as she enters]. My boy!

CLAY. Mother!

They embrace. CLAY slips to his knee with his face hidden in HELEN'S lap, repeating her name. Helen standing sways and is caught by JACK. CLAY noting this weakness rises and helps support her.

TACK [rousing her]. He's free, Helen,

's free.

CLAY. Yes, mother, I'm free.

[VIOLA, who has crossed back of CLAY and Helen, weeps on shoulder of Alice, who comforts her.]

HELEN. My boy, my boy!

[VIOLA looks at them. Helen sees VIOLA and turns CLAY toward her. CLAY takes VIOLA in his arms.]

CLAY. Viola, my brave sweetheart! VIOLA. It's really over?

CLAY. Yes. JACK. It's a great victory, Colonel.

BAYLEY. Thank you.

JACK. If ever a lawyer made a good nt for a man's life, you did. Helen, ola, you must want to shake this man's

VIOLA. I could have thrown my arms and you when you made that speech. BAYLEY [laughing]. Too many young fel-

s crowding into the profession as it is. HELEN [taking his hand]. Life must be eet to a man who can do so much good

you do.

BAYLEY. I could n't stand it, you know, it was n't that my ability works both ys.

[Enter HARVEY, left.]

HARVEY. Mars Clay.

CLAY. Harvey! Why, dear old Harvey. [Half embraces HARVEY and pats him

affectionately.] HARVEY. Yes, sah. Could - could you

eat anything, Mars Clay?

CLAY. Eat anything! Why, I'm starvin', Harvey.

HARVEY. Ha, ha. Yes, sah. [Exit quickly.] CLAY. But you with me, mother — and

HELEN. My boy! Colonel!

[Turns to Bayley. Exit Clay, Viola, Helen, Bayley, and Alice to dining-room.]

JACK. [Alone with PRENTICE. Picks up Bayley's letter; takes hold of push button over head. I shall never doubt you again.

PRENTICE. Mr. Brookfield, never doubt

yourself.

Enter Hardmuth. He rushes down toward dining-room and turns back to Jack who is under the lamp with his hand on its button.]

HARDMUTH. You think you'll send me to the gallows, but, damn you, you go first yourself.

[Thrusts a derringer against Jack's

JACK. Stop!

The big light flashes on above HARD-MUTH'S eyes. At JACK'S "Stop," PRENTICE inclines forward with eyes on Hardmuth so that there is a double battery of hypnotism on him. A pause.]

You can't shoot - that - gun. You can't pull the trigger. [Pause.] You can't even

hold the gun.

Pause. The derringer drops from HARDMUTH'S hand.]

Now, Frank, you can go.

HARDMUTH [recoiling slowly]. I'd like to know - how in hell you did that - to me.

ACT IV

Scene — Same as Act III. All lights on including big electric.

CLAY and VIOLA seated on sofa near the fireplace.

VIOLA. I must really say good-night and let you get some sleep.

CLAY. Not before Jack gets home. Our

mothers have considerately left us alone together. They'll just as considerately tell us when it's time to part.

VIOLA. My mother said it was time half

an hour ago.

CLAY. Wait till Jack comes in.

[Enter Jo.]

Jo. Mars Clay? CLAY. Well, Jo?

Jo. Dey's another reporter to see you, sah?

VIOLA. Send him away — Mr. Whipple won't see any more reporters.

CLAY. [Rises.] Wait a minute — who is he? [Jo hands card.] I've got to see this one, Viola.

VIOLA [complaining]. Why "got to"? CLAY. He's a friend — I'll see him, Jo. Jo. Yas, sah — [Exit.]

VIOLA. [Rises.] You've said that all day

— they 're all friends.

CLAY. Well, they are — but this boy especially. It was fine to see you and mother and Jack when I was in that jail — great — but you were there daytimes. This boy spent hours on the other side of the bars helping me pass the awful nights. I tell you — death-cells would be pretty nearly hell if it was n't for the police reporters — ministers ain't in it with 'em.

[Enter Emmett, a reporter.]

EMMETT. Good-evening.

CLAY. How are you, Ned? You know Miss Campbell?

EMMETT [bowing]. Yes. VIOLA. Good-evening. CLAY. Have a chair. EMMETT. Thank you.

[Defers to Viola who sits first on sofa. Pause.]

This is different. [Looks around the room.]

EMMETT. Satisfied? The way we handled the story?

CLAY. Perfectly. You were just bully, old man.

EMMETT. [To VIOLA.] That artist of ours is only a kid—and they work him to death on the "Sunday"—so—[Pause.] [To CLAY.] You understand.

CLAY. Oh — I got used to the — pic-

tures a year ago.

EMMETT. Certainly. [Pause.] Anything you want to say?

VIOLA. For the paper? EMMETT. Yes.

CLAY. I think not.

[Enter Helen and Alice. Emmett rises.] Helen. Clay, dear — [Pause.] Oh —

CLAY. You met my mother?

EMMETT. No —

CLAY. Mother — this is Mr. Emmett of whom I've told you so often.

HELEN. Oh — the good reporter.

EMMETT. [To CLAY.] Gee! That'd ha wonder if the gang heard it. [Takin Helen's hand as she offers it.] We got prett well acquainted — yes, 'm.

CLAY [introducing ALICE]. Mrs. Camp

ALICE. Won't you sit down, Mr. En

mett?
EMMETT. Thank you. I guess we 've co'
ered everything, but the chief wanted n
to see your son—[turns to CLAY] and so
if you'd do the paper a favor?

CLAY. If possible - gladly -

EMMETT. I don't like the assignment b cause — well for the very reason that it was handed to me — and that is because we're more or less friendly.

[Enter Jack in fur coat with cap and goggles hand.]

JACK. Well, it's a wonderful night ou side.

ALICE. You're back early.

JACK. Purposely. [To EMMETT.] Ho are you?

EMMETT [rising]. Mr. Brookfield.

JACK. I thought you girls might like little run in the moonlight before I put the machine.

HELEN. Mr. Emmett has some messag

from his editor.

JACK. What is it?

EMMETT. There's a warrant out f Hardmuth — you saw that?

VIOLA. Yes, we saw that. [Goes to JACI

JACK. To-night's paper —

EMMETT. If they get him and he com to trial and all that, it 'll be the biggest tri Kentucky ever saw.

CLAY. Well?

EMMETT. Well—the paper wants you agree to report it for them—the trial there'll be other papers after you, of course

VIOLA. Oh, no —

EMMETT. Understand, Clay, I'm 1

ing it. [To VIOLA.] I'm here under ers just as I'd be at a fire or a bread riot. LAY [demurring]. And — of course understand, don't you?

EMMETT. Perfectly — and I told the ef myself you would n't see it.

LAY. Paper's been too friendly for me

assume any — any —

ACK. Unnecessary dignity -

CLAY. Exactly - but - I just could n't,

EMMETT [going]. Oh, leave it to me l let 'em down easy.

LAY. Thank you. EMMETT. You expect to be in Europe or-

LAY. But I don't.

JACK removes fur coat, puts it on chair up right center.]

VIOLA. We're going to stay right here

Jouisville -

LAY. And work out my - my own fue among the people who know me. EMMETT. Of course — Europe's just to

ll off the chief - get him on to some er dope -

HELEN [rising]. But -

IACK [interrupting]. It's all right.

HELEN. [To JACK.] I hate to begin with

alsehood.

EMMETT. Not your son — me — Saw ue copy on our telegraph desk, Mr. ookfield, that 'd interest you.

JACK. Yes.

EMMETT. Or maybe you know of it? ankfort —

JACK. No.

EMMETT. Some friend named you in the cus.

JACK. What connection?

EMMETT. Governor.

VIOLA. [To EMMETT.] Uncle Jack? EMMETT. Yes, 'm — that is, for the nomtion.

JACK. It's a joke.

EMMETT. Grows out of these Hardmuth

arges, of course.

JACK. That's all. Good-night — [Bows.] Mrs. EMMETT. hipple — ladies – [Exit.] CLAY [going to door with EMMETT].

u'll make that quite clear, won't you? EMMETT [outside]. I'll fix it.

CLAY [returning]. If it was n't for the toriety of it, I'd like to do that.

[Sits right of table.]

HELEN [reproachfully]. My son! JACK. Why would you like to do it?

CLAY. To get even. I 'd like to see Hardmuth suffer as he made me suffer. I'd like to watch him suffer and write of it.

JACK. That 's a bad spirit to face the

world with, my boy.

CLAY. I hate him. [Goes to Viola.] JACK. Hatred is heavier freight for the shipper than it is for the consignee.

CLAY. I can't help it.

JACK. Yes, you can help it. Mr. Hardmuth should be of the utmost indifference to you. To hate him is weak.

VIOLA. Weak?

JACK. Yes, weak-minded. Hardmuth was in love with you at one time — he hated Clay. He said Clay was as weak as dishwater - [to CLAY] - and you were at that time. You've had your lesson - profit by it. Its meaning was self-control. Begin now if you're going to be the custodian of this girl's happiness.

HELEN. I'm sure he means to, Jack. Jack. You can carry your hatred of Hardmuth and let it embitter your whole life — or you can drop it — so — [Drops a book on table. The power that any man or anything has to annoy us we give him or it by our interest. Some idiot told your greatgrandmother that a jewel with different colored strata in it was "bad luck" -- or a "hoodoo"—she believed it, and she nursed her faith that passed the lunacy on to your grandmother.

HELEN. Jack, don't talk of that, please. JACK. I'll skip one generation - but

I'd like to talk of it.

ALICE [rising, comes to Helen]. Why talk of it?

JACK. It was only a notion, and an effort of will can banish it.

CLAY. It was more than a notion.

JACK. Tom Denning's scarf-pin which he dropped there [indicates floor] was an exhibit in your trial - Judge Bayley returned it to me to-day.

[Puts hand in pocket.] VIOLA. I wish you would n't, Uncle Jack.

 $[Turns\ away.]$

JACK. [To CLAY.] You don't mind, do vou?

CLAY. I 'd rather not look at it — tonight.

JACK. You need n't look at it. I'll hold

it in my hand and you put your hands over mine.

ALICE. I really don't see the use in this experiment, Jack.

JACK [with CLAY'S hand over his]. That

does n't annoy you, does it?

CLAY. I'm controlling myself, sir — but I feel the influence of the thing all through and through me.

HELEN. Jack!

JACK. Down your back, is n't it, and in the roots of your hair—tingling—?

CLAY. Yes.

HELEN. Why torture him?

JACK. Is it torture?

CLAY [with brave self-control]. I shall be

glad when it's over.

JACK [severely]. What rot! That's only my night-key—look at it. I have n't the searf-pin about me.

CLAY. Why make me think it was the

scarf-pin?

Jack. To prove to you that it 's only thinking—that 's all. Now, be a man—the cat 's-eye itself is in that table drawer. Get it and show Viola that you 're not a neuropathic idiot. You 're a child of the everlasting God and nothing on the earth or under it can harm you in the slightest degree. [Clay opens drawer and takes pin.] That 's the spirit—look at it—I 've made many a young horse do that to an umbrella. Now, give it to me. [To Viola.] You're not afraid of it.

VIOLA. Why, of course I 'm not.

Jack [putting pin on her breast]. Now, if you want my niece, go up to that hoodoo like a man. [Clay embraces Viola.]

HELEN. Oh, Jack, do you think that will

last?

JACK. Which — indifference to the hoodoo or partiality to my niece?

CLAY. They'll both last.

JACK. Now, my boy, drop your hatred of Hardmuth as you drop your fear of the scarf-pin. Don't look back — your life 's ahead of you. Don't mount for the race over-weight.

[Enter Jo.]

Jo. Mr. Ellinger.

[Enter Lew.]

LEW. I don't intrude, do I?

JACK. Come in.

LEW. [To LADIES.] Good-evening. A Clay. [Shakes hands with CLAY.] Glad see you looking so well. Glad to see you such good company. [To JACK, briskly I 've got him.

JACK. Got whom?

LEW. Hardmuth. [To LADIES.] Dete

HELEN. He's caught, you say?

LEW. No—but I've treed him—[
JACK]—and I thought I'd just have
word with you before passing the tip. [
LADIES.] He's nearly put me in the poo
house with his raids and closing laws, at
I see a chance to get even.

JACK. In what way?

Lew. They 've been after him near twenty-four hours — morning paper's goi to offer a reward for him, and I understa the State will also. If I had a little he I'd hide him for a day or two and th surrender him for the rewards.

JACK. Where is Hardmuth?

[Sits at tabl

LEW. Hiding.

JACK [writing a note]. Naturally. Lew. You remember Big George? JACK. The darkey?

JACK. The darkey

Lew. Yes — used to be on the door Phil Kelly's?

Jack. Yes.

Lew. He 's there. In Big George's of tage — long story — Big George's wife that is, she — well, his wife used to pantry maid for Hardmuth's mother. Whe they raided Kelly's game, Big George prended to turn State's evidence, but it all comes back to me. You see, if I win a couple of hundred at Kelly's I use to slip George a ten going out. Your lualways stays by you if you divide a litt with a nigger or a humpback — and Louisville it 's easier to find a nigger.

JACK. He's there now?

Lew. Yes. He wants to get away. He got two guns and he 'll shoot before gives up—so I 'd have to con him son way. George's wife is to open the door Kelly's old signal, you remember—[rap—one knock, then two, and then one.

JACK. Where is the cottage?

Lew. Number 7 Jackson Street — litt dooryard-border of arbor-vitæ on the pat JACK. One knock—then two—and then
| Rises with note written.

LEW. What you gonta do?

JACK. Send for him.

Lew. Who you gonta send?

JACK. That boy there.

JACK. Yes.

HELEN. Oh, no - no.

JACK. And my niece.

VIOLA. What! To arrest a man?

JACK. [To CLAY.] My machine is at the or. Give Hardmuth this note. He 'll me with you quietly. Bring him here. to 'll decide what to do with him after tt.

ALICE. I can't allow Viola on such an

and.

JACK. When the man she's promised to

rry is going into danger —

VIOLA. If Mr. Hardmuth will come for at note — why can't I deliver it?

Jack. You may — if Clay'll let you.

Clay [quietly taking note as Jack offers

o Viola]. I'll hand it to him.

JACK. I hope so. [Gives goggles and coat.]

ke these—remember—one rap, then o, then one.

CLAY. I understand — number seven —?

Lew. Jackson Street.

ALICE. I protest. HELEN. So do I.

JACK. [To CLAY and VIOLA.] You're the of age. I ask you to do it. If you we Hardmuth the goggles, nobody'll cognize him and with a lady beside him u'll get him safely here.

CLAY. Come. [Exit with VIOLA.]

LEW [following to door]. I ought to be

the party.

JACK. No — you stay here.

ALICE. That's scandalous.

JACK. But none of us will start the

andal, will we?

HELEN. Clay knows nothing of that kind work—a man with two guns—think

JACK. After he's walked barehanded up a couple of guns a few times, he'll quit aring men that are armed only with a

orf-pin.

Helen [hysterically]. It's cruel to keep ustantly referring to that—that—miste of Clay's—I want to forget it.

JACK [going to HELEN. Tenderly]. The

way to forget it, my dear Helen, is not to guard it as a sensitive spot in your memory, but to grasp it as the wise ones grasp a nettle—crush all its power to harm you in one courageous contact. We think things are calamities and trials and sorrows—only names. They are spiritual gymnastics and have an eternal value when once you front them and make them crouch at your feet. Say once for all to your soul and thereby to the world—"Yes, my boy killed a man—because I'd brought him up a half-effeminate, hysterical weakling, but he's been through the fire and I've been through the fire, and we're both the better for it."

HELEN. I can say that truthfully, but I don't want to make a policeman of him, just the same.

[Exit to dining-room.]

ALICE [following]. Your treatment's a little too heroic, Jack. [Exit.]

Lew. Think they'll fetch him? JACK. [Sits left of table.] Yes.

Lew. He'll come, of course, if he does, under the idea that you'll help him when he gets here.

JACK. Yes.

Lew. Pretty hard double-cross, but he deserves it. I've got a note of fifteen thousand to meet to-morrow, or, damn it, I don't think I'd fancy this man-hunting. I put up some Louisville-Nashville bonds for security, and the holder of the note 'll be only too anxious to pinch 'em.

JACK. You can't get your rewards in

time for that.

Lew. I know—and that's one reason I come to you, Jack. If you see I'm in a fair way to get a reward—

JACK. I'll lend you money, Lew.

LEW. Thank you.

[Jack takes check-book and writes.] I thought you would. If I lose those bonds they 'll have me selling programs for a livin' at a grand stand. You see, I thought hatin' Hardmuth as you do, and your reputation bein' up through that stuff to the papers—

JACK. There. [Gives check.] LEW. Thank you, old man. I'll hand

this back to you in a week.

JACK. [Rises.] You need n't.

Lew. What?

JACK. You need n't hand it back. It's only fifteen thousand and you've lost a hundred of them at poker in these rooms.

Lew. Never belly-ached, did I?

Jack. Never — but you don't owe me that fifteen.

Lew. Rot! I'm no baby — square game, was n't it?

JACK. Perfectly.

Lew. And I'll sit in a square game any time I get a chance.

JACK. I know, Lew, all about that.

Lew. I'll play you for this fifteen right away. [Displays check.] JACK. No. [Walks aside.]

Lew. Ain't had a game in three weeks -and, besides, I think my luck's changin'? When Big George told me about Hardmuth I took George's hand before I thought what I was doin' - and you know what shakin' hands with a nigger does just before any play.

JACK [resisting Lew's plea]. No, thank

Lew. My money's good as anybody else's, ain't it?

JACK. Just as good, but -

Lew. It ain't a phoney check, is it?

[Examines check.]

JACK. The check's all right.

LEW [taunting]. Losing your nerves? Jack. No [pause]—suppose you shuffle those and deal a hand.

[Indicates small table, right.] Lew. That's like old times; what is it —stud-horse or draw? [Sits at table.] JACK. [Goes to fireplace.] Draw if you say so.

Lew. I cut 'em?

JACK. You cut them.

LEW [dealing two poker hands]. Table stakes - check goes for a thousand.

JACK. That suits me.

LEW [taking his own cards]. Sit down. JACK [at other side of room looking into fire]. I don't need to sit down just yet.

LEW. As easy as that, am I?

JACK. Lew! LEW. Yes?

JACK. [Pause.] Do you happen to have three queens?

> [Lew looks at Jack, then carefully at back of his own cards, then at the deck.

LEW. Well, I can't see it.

JACK. No use looking - they 're not marked.

Lew. Well, I shuffled 'm all right.

JACK. Yes.

Could n't 'a' been a cold deck? [JACK node

JACK. No.

LEW. Then, how did you know I ha three queens?

JACK. I did n't know it. I just though you had.

Lew. Can you do it again?

JACK. I don't know. Draw one card. LEW [drawing one card from deck]. A right.

JACK. [Pause.] Is it the ace of hearts

Lew. It is.

JACK. Mm — turns me into a rotte: does n't it? [Comes gloomily to the big table. LEW. Can you do that every time?

JACK. I never tried it until to-nightthat is, consciously. I've always had luc and I thought it was because I took chance on a game — same as any player — but the don't look like it, does it?

Lew. Beats me.

JACK. And what a monster it makes me - these years I've been in the bus

Lew. You say you did n't know before JACK. I did n't know it - no - butsome things have happened lately that have made me think it might be so; that jur yesterday - some facts I've had from Ju tice Prentice. Telepathy of a very commo kind - and I guess it's used in a good many games, old man, we are n't on to.

Lew. Well - have you told anybody?

JACK. No.

Lew [excitedly]. Good! [Rises and com to JACK. Now, see here, Jack, if you ca do that right along I know a game in Ci cinnati where it 'd be like takin' candy fro children.

JACK. Good God! you're suggesting

that I keep it up?

Lew. Don't over-do it — no — [Pause Or you show me the trick and I'll colle all right.

JACK [slowly]. Lew - [Pause.] Some the fellows I've won from in this hou have gone over to the park and blown the heads off.

Lew. Some of the fellows anybody wi from in any house go somewhere and blo their heads off.

JACK. True — [Paus Lew. Three queens — before the draw I, you could 'a' had me all right - and won't tell me how you do it?

ACK. I don't know how I do it; the aght just comes to my mind stronger n any other thought.

EW [reprovingly]. God A'mighty gives a mind like that and you won't go with to Cincinnati.

[Goes to card table; studies cards.]

Enter Jo.

o. Justice Prentice, sah.

ACK. Ask him to step up here.

o. Yes, sah. [Exit.]ACK. [Goes to door, left.] Alice - Helen Justice Prentice has called; I'd like you

Ew. Can the old man call a hand like

t, too?

ACK. I'm sure he could.

Ew. And — are there others?

ACK. I believe there are a good many ers who unconsciously have the same tity.

Ew. Well, it's a God's blessin' there's

acker born every minute. I'm a widow an orphan 'longside o' that.

[Throws cards in disgust onto table.]

[Enter ALICE and HELEN.]

ALICE. Been losing, Mr. Ellinger? Ew. Losing? I just saved fifteen thoud I was gonta throw 'way like sand in a hole. I'm a babe eatin' spoon victuals l only gettin' half at that.

[Enter PRENTICE.]

JACK. Good-evening.

PRENTICE. Good-evening.

[Shakes hands with ALICE

HELEN. JACK. I stopped at your hotel, Mr. Juse, but you were out.

[Enter VIOLA.]

ALICE [anxiously]. Viola.

HELEN. Where's Clay? VIOLA. Downstairs. Good-evening.

PRENTICE. Good-evening.

JACK. [To others.] Pardon. [To VIOLA.] l the — gentleman come with you?

VIOLA. Yes.

[Lew flutters and shows excitement.] JACK. Won't you ask Clay, my dear, to e him through the lower hall and into dining-room until I'm at liberty?

VIOLA. Certainly.

[Exit.] PRENTICE. I am keeping you from other appointments?

JACK. Nothing that can't wait.

PRENTICE. I am leaving for Washington in the morning.

JACK. We'll all be at the train to see

you off.

Prentice. That's good, because I should like to say good-bye to - to the young people — I can see them there — I shan't see you then, Mr. Ellinger ---

[Goes to Lew, who stands at card

LEW. Good-bye, Judge - you - you've given me more of a "turn over" than you know.

PRENTICE. Really?

LEW. I'd 'a' saved two hundred thousand dollars if I'd 'a' met you thirty years

PRENTICE. Well, that's only about six thousand a year, is n't it?

LEW. That's so - and, damn it, I have lived.

[Smiles - looks dreamily into the past.]

Prentice. Good-night. [Exit Prentice.] JACK. Good-night — good-night. ALICE. Is that Hardmuth in there?

[Points to dining-room.]

JACK. Yes.

ALICE. I don't want to see him.

Jack. Very well, dear, I'll excuse you.

ALICE [going]. Come, Helen.

JACK [at door, left]. Come in. [To HELEN, who is going with ALICE.] Helen! I'd like you to stay.

HELEN. Me?

JACK. Yes.

[Exit ALICE.]

[Enter Clay, Hardmuth, and Viola. Viola lays automobile coat on sofa. Hardmuth bows to Helen. Helen bows.]

JACK. Your mother has just left us, Viola. You'd better join her.

VIOLA. Very well.

JACK [taking her hand as she passes him]. And I want you to know - I appreciate very much, my dear, your going on this errand for me - you're the right stuff.

Kisses her. Exit VIOLA.]

[To HARDMUTH.] You're trying to get away?

HARDMUTH. This your note?

JACK. Yes.

HARDMUTH. You say you'll help me out of the State?

JACK. I will.

HARDMUTH. When?

JACK. Whenever you're ready.

HARDMUTH. I'm ready now. JACK. Then I'll help you now.

Lew. Now? Jack. Yes.

HELEN. Does n't that render you liable

in some way, Jack, to the law?

Jack. Yes — but I've been liable to the law in some way for the last twenty years. [To CLAY.] You go down and tell the chauffeur to leave the machine and walk home. I'm going to run it myself and I'll turn it in.

CLAY. Yes, sir. [Exit.] HARDMUTH. You're going to run it your-

HARI self?

JACK. Yes.

HARDMUTH. Where to?

JACK. Across the river, if that's agreeable to you — or any place you name.

HARDMUTH. Is anybody — waiting for

you - across the river?

JACK. No.

HARDMUTH [again with note]. This is all on the level?

JACK. Completely.

Lew. Why, I think you mean that.

JACK. I do.

Lew [aggressively]. But I've got something to say, have n't I?

JACK. I hope not.

Lew [quitting]. If you're in earnest, of course. But I don't see your game.

JACK. I'm not fully convinced of Mr.

Hardmuth's guilt.

Lew. Why, he 's running away?

[Enter Clay.]

HARDMUTH. I know what a case they'd make against me, but I'm not guilty in any

degree.

Jack. I want to do this thing for you, Frank—don't make it too difficult by any lying. When I said I was n't fully convinced of your guilt, my reservation was one you would n't understand. [To Clay.] He gone?

CLAY. Yes.

JACK. My coat and goggles?

CLAY. Below in the reception-room.

JACK. Thank you. I wish now you'd g to Viola and her mother and keep ther wherever they are.

CLAY. All right. [Exit Jack. [To HARDMUTH.] Hungry?

Touches push button

HARDMUTH. No, thank you.

JACK. Got money? HARDMUTH. Yes.

[Enter Jo.]

JACK. Jo, take Mr. Hardmuth below an lend him one of the fur coats. [To HARD MUTH.] I'll join you immediately.

[Exit HARDMUTH with Jo

HELEN. What does it all mean, Jack?

JACK. Lew, I called that ace of hearts

did n't I?

LEW. And the three queens.

JACK. Because the three queens and thace were in your mind.

Lew. I don't see any other explanation.

JACK. Suppose, instead of the card there'd been in your mind a well-develope plan of assassination—the picture of murder—

Lew. Did you drop to him that way?

JACK. No. Raymor told me all I know of Hardmuth — but here's the very hell of it Long before Scovill was killed I though he deserved killing and I thought it could be done just — as — it — was done.

HELEN. Jack!

JACK. I never breathed a word of it to living soul, but Hardmuth planned it exactl as I dreamed it—and by God, a guilt thought is almost as criminal as a guilt deed. I've always had a considerable influence over that poor devil that's runnin away to-night, and I'm not sure that be fore the Judge of both of us the guilt is n mostly mine.

HELEN. That's morbid, Jack, dear, per

fectly morbid.

JACK. I hope it is — we'll none of t ever know — in this life — but we can a of us — [Pause

Lew. What?

JACK. Live as if it were true.

[Change of manner to brisk command.]

I'm going to help him over the line — the roads are watched, but the police won't supper the and they won't suspect Lew — and

the less if there's a lady with us — [To

Ew. The limit.

ACK. Get a heavy coat from Jo.

EW. Yes. [Exit.]

ACK [alone with Helen]. You know you

I used to be able to make you write to

when I was a boy at college?

ELEN. Yes.

ACK. And you were a thousand miles y—while this fellow—Hardmuth—just at my elbow half the time.

ELEN. It can't help you to brood over it.

ACK. It can help me to know it, and

make what amend I can. Will you go with me while I put this poor devil over the line?

HELEN [taking Viola's fur coat]. Yes,

I'll go with you.

JACK. Helen, you stood by your boy in a fight for his life.

HELEN. Did n't you?

JACK. Will you stand by me while I make my fight?

HELEN [giving her hand]. You've made

your fight, Jack, and you've won.

[Jack kisses her hand, which he reverently holds in both of his.]



THE SCARECROW A TRAGEDY OF THE LUDICROUS

By PERCY MACKAYE

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

The version of "The Scarecrow" here printed is the first publication of the text which embodies the practical revisions made by me during rehearsals which I conducted in New York and on the road, when the play was first produced under the management of Mr. Henry B. Harris.

It is the version made for the professional use [during two theatrical seasons] of Mr. Frank Reicher in the United States, and of Miss Muriel Pratt in England, at the Theatre

Royal, Bristol [in repertory].

It is also the version translated into German by Dr. Walther Fischer, of the University of Pennsylvania, for the professional use of Herr Rudolf Schildkraut in Germany, at the Deutscher Theater, Berlin, under direction of Prof. Max Reinhardt.

PERCY MACKAYE

CORNISH, N.H., September 25, 1914.

TO

MY MOTHER

IN MEMORY OF AUSPICIOUS
"COUNTINGS OF THE CROWS"

BY OLD NEW ENGLAND CORNFIELDS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JUSTICE GILEAD MERTON

GOODY RICKBY ("Blacksmith Bess")

LORD RAVENSBANE ("Marquis of Oxford, Baron of Wittenberg, Elector of Worms, and Count of Cordova"), their hypothetical son

DICKON, a Yankee improvisation of the Prince of Darkness

RACHEL MERTON, niece of the Justice

MISTRESS CYNTHIA MERTON, sister of the Justice

RICHARD TALBOT, Esquire, betrothed to Rachel

SIR CHARLES REDDINGTON, Lieutenant-Governor

MISTRESS REDDINGTON his daughters.

CAPTAIN BUGBY, the Governor's Secretary

MINISTER DODGE

MISTRESS DODGE, his wife

REV. MASTER RAND, of Harvard College

REV. MASTER TODD, of Harvard College

MICAH, a servant of the Justice

Time - Late Seventeenth Century Place - A Town in Massachusetts



THE SCARECROW

ACT I

he interior of a blacksmith shop. Right ter, a forge. Left, a loft, from which are hangdried cornstalks, hay, and the yellow ears of le-corn. Back center, a wide double door, ed when the curtain rises. Through this r — when later it is opened — is visible a v England landscape in the late springtime: istant wood; stone walls, high elms, a wellep; and, in the near foreground, a ploughed d, from which the green shoots of early corn just appearing. The blackened walls of the p are covered with a miscellaneous collection old iron, horseshoes, cart-wheels, etc., the al appurtenances of a smithy. In the righted corner, however, is an array of things quite of keeping with the shop proper: musical truments, puppets, tall clocks, and fantastical k. Conspicuous amongst these articles is a ge standing mirror, framed grotesquely in old d and curtained by a dull stuff, embroidered h peaked caps and crescent moons.

Just before the scene opens, a hammer is heard ging briskly upon steel. As the curtain rises re is discovered, standing at the anvil in the ckering light of a bright flame from the forge, toman — powerful, ruddy, proud with a cern masterful beauty, white-haired (as though maturely), bare-armed to the elbows, clad in lark skirt (above her ankles), a loose blouse, on at the throat; a leathern apron and a worken's cap. The woman is Goody Rickby. On anvil she is shaping a piece of iron. Beside stands a framework of iron formed like the s and backbone of a man. For a few monts she continues to ply her hammer, amid a moer of sparks, till suddenly the flame on the

rge dies down.

GOODY RICKBY. Dickon! More flame.

A VOICE [above her]. Yea, Goody.

[The flame in the forge spurts up high and suddenly.]

GOODY RICKBY. Nay, not so fierce.
THE VOICE [at her side]. Votre pardon,
idame.

[The flame subsides.]

GOODY RICKBY. That will do.

that better?

[With her tongs, she thrusts the iron into the flame; it turns white-hot.]

Quick work; nothing like brimstone for the smithy trade.

[At the anvil, she begins to weld the iron rib onto the framework.]

There, my beauty! We'll make a stout set of ribs for you. I'll see to it this year that I have a scarecrow can outstand all the nor'easters that blow. I've no notion to lose my corn-crop this summer.

[Outside, the faint cawings of crows are heard. Putting down her tongs and hammer, Goody Rickby strides to the double door, and flinging it wide open, lets in the gray light of dawn. She looks out over the fields and shakes her fist.]

So ye're up before me and the sun, are ye? [Squinting against the light.]

There's one! Nay, two. Aha!

One for sorrow, Two for mirth —

Good! This time we'll have the laugh on our side.

de.
[She returns to the forge, where again

the fire has died out.]
Dickon! Fire! Come, come, where be thy
wits?

THE VOICE [sleepily from the forge]. 'T is early, dame.

GOODY RICKBY. The more need -

[Takes up her tongs.]
THE VOICE. [Screams.] Ow!

GOODY RICKBY. Ha! Have I got thee?

[From the blackness of the forge she pulls out with her tongs, by the right ear, the figure of a devil, horned and tailed. In general aspect, though he resembles a mediaval familiar demon, yet the suggestions of a goatish beard, a shrewdly humorous smile, and (when he speaks) the slightest of nasal drawls, remotely simulate a species of Yankee rustic. Goody Rickby substitutes her fingers for the tongs.]

Now, Dickon!

DICKON. Deus! I have n't been nabbod

like that since St. Dunstan tweaked my nose. Well, sweet Goody?

GOODY RICKBY. The bellows!

DICKON [going slowly to the forge]. Why, 't is hardly dawn yet. Honest folks are still

abed. It makes a long day.

GOODY RICKBY [working, while DICKON plies the bellows]. Aye, for your black pets, the crows, to work in. That 's why we must be at it early. You heard 'em. We must have this scarecrow of ours out in the field at his post before sunrise. Here, I 've made the frame strong, so as to stand the weather; you must make the body lifelike so as to fool the crows. This year, we must make 'em think it's a real human crittur.

DICKON. To fool the philosophers is my

specialty, but the crows - hm!

GOODY RICKBY. Pooh! That staggers

thee!

DICKON. Madame Rickby, prod not the quick of my genius. I am Phidias, I am Raphael, I am the Lord God! - You shall see --[Demands with a gesture.] Yonder broom-stick.

GOODY RICKBY [fetching him a broom

from the corner]. Good boy!

DICKON [straddling the handle]. Ha, ha! gee up! my Salem mare.

[Then, pseudo-philosophically.] A broomstick - that's for imagination!

[He begins to construct the scarecrow, while GOODY RICKBY, assisting, brings the constructive parts from various nooks and corners.]

We are all pretty artists, to be sure, Bessie. Phidias, he sculptures the gods; Raphael, he paints the angels; the Lord God, he creates Adam; and Dickon - fetch me the poker - aha! Dickon! What doth Dickon? He nullifies 'em all; he endows the Scarecrow! A poker: here's his conscience. There's two fine legs to walk on, - imagination and conscience. Yonder flails now! The ideal — the beau idéal, dame — that 's what we artists seek. The apotheosis of scarecrows! And pray, what's a scarecrow? Why, the antithesis of Adam. - "Let there be candles!" quoth the Lord God, sitting in the dark. "Let there be candle-extinguishers," saith Dickon. "I am made in the image of my maker," quoth Adam. "Look at yourself in the glass," saith Goodman Scarecrow.

[Taking two implements from Goody

RICKBY.

Fine! fine! here are flails -- one for wi t' other for satire. Sapristi! with two suc arms, my lad, how thou wilt work thy wa in the world!

GOODY RICKBY. You talk as if you wer

making a real mortal, Dickon.

DICKON. To fool a crow, Goody, I mus fashion a crittur that will first deceive a man GOODY RICKBY. He'll scarce do that

without a head. [Pointing to the loft What think ye of yonder Jack-o'-lantern 'T was made last Hallowe'en.

DICKON. Rare, my Psyche! We sha

collaborate. Here!

Running up the ladder, he tosse down a yellow hollowed pumpki to Goody Rickby, who catches i Then rummaging forth an armfi of cornstalks, ears, tassels, drie squashes, gourds, beets, etc., he de scends and throws them in a hea on the floor.]

Whist! [As he drops them.] Gourd, carro

turnip, beet : - the anatomy.

GOODY RICKBY [placing the pumpkin o

the shoulders]. Look!

DICKON. O Johannes Baptista! Wha wouldst thou have given for such a head I helped Salome to cut his off, dame, an it looked not half so appetizing on he charger. Tut! Copernicus wore once suc. a pumpkin, but it is rotten. Look at hi golden smile! Hail, Phœbus Apollo!

GOODY RICKBY. 'T is the finest scare

crow in town.

DICKON. Nay, poor soul, 't is but a ske! eton yet. He must have a man's heart in him.

[Picking a big red beet from amon the cornstalks, he places it under th left side of the ribs.]

Hush! Dost thou hear it beat?

GOODY RICKBY. Thou merry rogue! DICKON. Now for the lungs of him.

[Snatching a small pair of bellow

from a peg on the wall.] That's for eloquence! He'll preach the black knaves a sermon on theft. And now-

[Here, with GOODY RICKBY'S help he stuffs the framework with th gourds, corn, etc., from the loft weaving the husks about the legs and arms.

Here goes for digestion and inherited in stincts! More corn, Goody. Now he'll figh

for his own flesh and blood!

GOODY RICKBY [laughing]. Dickon, I am ud of thee.

DICKON. Wait till you see his peruke.

[Seizing a feather duster made of crow's feathers.]

ici / Scalps of the enemy!

[Pulling them apart, he arranges the feathers on the pumpkin, like a gentleman's wig.]

rare conqueror!

GOODY RICKBY. Oh, you beauty!

DICKON. And now a bit of comfort for k days and stormy nights.

[Taking a piece of corn-cob with the kernels on it, DICKON makes a pipe, which he puts into the scarecrow's mouth.

! There, Goody! I tell thee, with yonbrand-new coat and breeches of mine those there in my cupboard! — we'll

ke him a lad to be proud of.

[Taking the clothes, which GOODY RICKBY brings — a pair of fine scarlet breeches and a gold-embroidered coat with ruffles of lace he puts them upon the scarecrow. Then, eving it like a connoisseur, makes a few finishing touches.]

hy, dame, he'll be a son to thee. GOODY RICKBY. A son? Aye, if I had

t a son!

DICKON. Why, here you have him. [To the recrow. Thou wilt scare the crows off thy other's cornfield — won't my pretty? And nd 'em all over t'other side the wall to her ar neighbor's, the Justice Gilead Merton's. GOODY RICKBY. Justice Merton! Nay, if ey'd only peck his eyes out, instead of his

DICKON [grinning]. Yet the Justice was lear friend of "Blacksmith Bess."

Aye, "Blacksmith GOODY RICKBY. ss"! If I had n't had a good stout arm en he cast me off with the babe, I might ve starved for all his worship cared.

Dickon. True, Bessie; 't was a scurvy ck he played on thee - and on me, that ok such pains to bring you together - to

eal a young maid's heart-

GOODY RICKBY. And then toss it away e a bad penny to the gutter! And the ild — to die! [Lifting her hammer in rage.] a! If I could get the worshipful Justice lead into my power again-

[Drops the hammer sullenly on the

anvil.

But no! I shall beat my life away on this anvil, whilst my justice clinks his gold, and drinks his port to a fat old age. Justice! Ha — justice of God!

DICKON. Whist, dame! Talk of angels and hear the rustle of their relatives.

GOODY RICKBY [turning, watches outside a girl's figure approaching]. His niece—Rachel Merton! What can she want so early? Nay, I mind me; 't is the mirror. She's a maid after our own hearts, boy, no Sabbath-go-to-meeting airs about her! She hath read the books of the magi from cover to cover, and paid me good guineas for 'em, though her uncle knows naught on 't. Besides, she 's in love, Dickou.

DICKON [indicating the scarecrow]. Ah?

With him? Is it a rendezvous?

GOODY RICKBY [with a laugh]. Pff! Be-

gone!

DICKON. Shakes his finger at the scarecrow. Thou naughty rogue!

[Then, still smiling slyly, with his head placed confidentially next to the scarecrow's ear, as if whispering, and with his hand pointing to the maiden outside, DICKON fades away into air. RACHEL enters, nervous and hesitant. GOODY RICKBY makes her a curtsy, which she acknowledges by a nod, half absent-minded.

GOODY RICKBY. Mistress Rachel Merton - so early! I hope your uncle, our worshipful Justice, is not ill?

RACHEL. No, my uncle is quite well. The early morning suits me best for a walk.

You are — quite alone?

GOODY RICKBY. Quite alone, mistress. [Bitterly.] Oh, folks don't call on Goody

Rickby - except on business.

RACHEL [absently, looking round in the dim shop]. Yes — you must be busy. — is it here?

GOODY RICKBY. You mean the -

RACHEL [starting back, with a cry]. Ah!

who's that? GOODY RICKBY [chuckling]. Fear not, mistress; 't is nothing but a scarecrow. I'm going to put him in my cornfield you

der. The crows are so pesky this year. RACHEL. [Draws her skirts away with

shiver. How loathsome!

GOODY RICKBY [vastly pleased]. He'll do. RACHEL. Ah, here! — This is the mirror?

GOODY RICKBY. Yea, mistress, and a wonderful glass it is, as I told you. I would n't sell it to most comers, but seeing how you and Master Talbot -

RACHEL. Yes; that will do.

GOODY RICKBY. You see, if the town folks guessed what it was, well - You've heard tell of the gibbets on Salem Hill? There's not many in New England like you, Mistress Rachel. You know enough to approve some miracles - outside the Scriptures.

RACHEL. You are quite sure the glass will do all you say? It - never fails?

GOODY RICKBY. Ah, now, mistress, how could it? 'T is the glass of truth — [insinuatingly] - the glass of true lovers. It shows folks just as they are; no shams, no varnish. If a wolf should dress himself in a white sheep's wool, this glass would reflect the black beast inside it.

RACHEL [with awe]. The black beast! But what of the sins of the soul, Goody? Vanity, hypocrisy, and — and inconstancy?

Will it surely reveal them?

GOODY RICKBY. I have told you, my young lady. If it doth not as I say, bring it back and get your money again. Oh, trust me, sweeting, an old dame hath eyes in her heart yet. If your lover be false, this glass shall pluck his fine feathers!

RACHEL [with aloofness]. 'T is no question of that. I wish the glass to - to amuse

GOODY RICKBY [laughing]. Why, then, try it on some of your neighbors.

RACHEL. You ask a large price for it. GOODY RICKBY. [Shrugs.] I run risks. Besides, where will you get another?

RACHEL. That is true. Here, I will buy it. That is the sum you mentioned, I be-

lieve?

[She hands a purse to GOODY RICKBY, who opens it and counts over some

GOODY RICKBY. Let see; let see.

RACHEL. Well?

GOODY RICKBY. Good: 't is good. Folks call me a witch, mistress. Well - harkee -a witch's word is as good as a justice's gold. The glass is yours — with my bless-

RACHEL. Spare yourself that, dame. But the glass: how am I to get it? How will

you send it to me - quietly?

GOODY RICKBY. Trust me for that. I've a willing lad that helps me with such errands; a neighbor o' mine. [Calls.] Ebenezer!

RACHEL [startled]. What! is he here? GOODY RICKBY. In the hayloft. The boy 's an orphan; he sleeps there o' times Ebenezer!

> [A raw, disheveled country boy ap pears in the loft, slides down the ladder, and shuffles up sleepily.]

THE BOY. Evenin'.

RACHEL [drawing GOODY RICKBY aside] You understand; I desire no comment about this purchase.

GOODY RICKBY. Nor I, mistress, be sure

RACHEL. Is he —?

GOODY RICKBY [tapping her forehead significantly]. Trust his wits who hath no wit he's mum.

RACHEL. Oh!

THE BOY [gaping]. Job?
GOODY RICKBY. Yea, rumple-head! His job this morning is to bear yonder glass to the house of Justice Merton - the big one on the hill; to the side door. Mind, no gabbing. Doth he catch?

THE BOY [nodding and grinning]. 'E

swallows.

RACHEL. But is the boy strong enough? GOODY RICKBY. Him? [Pointing to the anvil.] Ebenezer!

> [The boy spits on his palms, takes hold of the anvil, lifts it, drops is again, sits on it, and grins at the door, just as RICHARD TALBOT appears there, from outside.]

RACHEL. Gracious!

GOODY RICKBY. Trust him. He'll carry

the glass for you.

RACHEL. I will return home at once then. Let him go quietly to the side door and wait for me. Good-morning.

[Turning, she confronts RICHARD.

RICHARD. Good-morning.

RACHEL. Richard! - Squire Talbot, you you are abroad early.

RICHARD. As early as Mistress Rachel Is it pardonable? I caught sight of you walking in this direction, so I thought it wise to follow, lest -

[Looks hard at GOODY RICKBY. RACHEL. Very kind. Thanks. We can return together. [To GOODY RICKBY.] You I make sure that I receive the -- the .cle.

GOODY RICKBY. Trust me, mistress.

[She curtsies to RICHARD.] RICHARD [bluntly, looking from one to the

er]. What article?

[RACHEL ignores the question and starts to pass out. RICHARD frowns at GOODY RICKBY, who stammers.

GOODY RICKBY. Begging your pardon,

RICHARD. What article? I said. [After short, embarrassed pause, more sternly.] ell?

GOODY RICKBY. Oh, the article! Yonder glass, to be sure, sir. A quaint piece,

ar honor.

RICHARD. Rachel, you have n't come re at sunrise to buy - that thing?

RACHEL. Verily, "that thing," and at arise. A pretty time for a pretty purase. Are you coming?

RICHARD [in a low voice]. More witchaft nonsense? Do you realize this is seri-

RACHEL. Oh, of course. You know I am sperately mystical, so pray let us not dis-

ss it. Good-bye.

RICHARD. Rachel, just a moment. If u want a mirror, you shall have the pretest one in New England. Or I will import ou one from London. Only - I beg of ou — don't buy stolen goods.

GOODY RICKBY. Stolen goods? RACHEL [aside to RICHARD]. Don't! don't!

RICHARD. [To GOODY RICKBY.] Can you count for this mirror - how you came by

GOODY RICKBY. I'll show ye! I'll show

! Stolen — ha!

RICHARD. Come, old swindler, keep your irror, and give this lady back her money. GOODY RICKBY. I'll damn ye both, I

ill! - Stolen!

RACHEL [imploringly]. Will you come? RICHARD. Look you, old Rickby; this not the first time. Charm all the broomicks in town, if you like; bewitch all the bles and saucepans and mirrors you lease; but gull no more money out of oung girls. Mind you! We're not so enerprising in this town as at Salem; but may come to it! So look sharp! I'm not lind what's going on here.

GOODY RICKBY. Not blind, Master Puritan? Oho! You can see through all my counterfeits, can ye? So! you would scrape all the wonder out'n the world, as I've scraped all the meat out'n my punkin-head yonder! Aha! wait and see! Afore sundown, I'll send ye a nut to crack, shall make your orthodox jaws ache. Your servant, Master Deuteronomy!

RICHARD. [To RACHEL, who has seized his

arm.] We'll go.

[Exeunt RICHARD and RACHEL.] GOODY RICKBY. [Calls shrilly after them.] Trot away, pretty team; toss your heads. I'll unhitch ye and take off your blinders.

THE SLOUCHING BOY [capering and grimacing in front of the mirror, shrieks with

laughter]. Ohoho!

GOODY RICKBY [returning, she mutters savagely]. "Stolen goods!" [Screams.] Dickon! Stop laughing.

THE BOY. O Lord! O Lord!

GOODY RICKBY. What tickles thy mirth

THE BOY. For to think that the soul of an orphan innocent, what lives in a hayloft, should wear horns.

[On looking into the mirror, the spectator perceives therein that the reflection of the slouching boy is the horned demon figure of DICKON, who performs the same antics in pantomime within the glass as the boy does without.

GOODY RICKBY. Yea; 't is a wise devil that knows his own face in the glass. But hark now! thou must find me a rival for this cock-squire, - dost hear? A rival, that shall steal away the heart of his Mistress Rachel.

DICKON. And take her to church?

GOODY RICKBY. To church or to hell.

DICKON. A rival! [Pointing at the glass.] How would he serve - in there? Dear Ebenezer! Fancy the deacons in the vestry, Goody, and her uncle, the Justice, when they saw him escorting the bride to the altar, with his tail round her waist!

GOODY RICKBY. Tut, tut! Think it over in earnest, and meantime take her the glass. Wait, we'd best fold it up small, so as not to attract notice on the road. [Dickon, who has already drawn the curtains over the glass, grasps one side of the large frame, GOODY

RICKBY the other.] Now! [Pushing their shoulders against the two sides, the frame disappears and DICKON holds in his hand a mirror about a foot square, of the same design.] So! Be off! And mind, a rival for Richard

DICKON.

For Richard a rival, Dear Goody Rickby Wants Dickon's connival: Lord! What can the trick be?

To the scarecrow. By-by, Sonny; take care of thy mother.

[Dickon slouches out with the glass,

whistling.]

GOODY RICKBY. Mother! Yea, if only I had a son - the Justice Merton's and mine! If the brat had but lived now to remind him of those merry days, which he has forgotten. Zooks, would n't I put a spoke in his wheel! But no such luck for me! No such luck!

[As she goes to the forge, the stout figure of a man appears in the doorway behind her. Under one arm he carries a large book, in the other hand a gold-headed cane. He hesitates, embarrassed.

THE MAN. Permit me, madam.

GOODY RICKBY [turning]. Ah, him!-Justice Merton!

JUSTICE MERTON [removing his hat, steps over the sill, and lays his great book on the table; then with a supercilious look, he puts his hat firmly on again. Permit me, dame. Goody Rickby. You!

[With confused, affected hauteur, the JUSTICE shifts from foot to foot, flourishing his cane. As he speaks, GOODY RICKBY, with a shrewd, painful expression, draws slowly backward toward the door, left, which opens into an inner room. Reaching it, she opens it part way, stands facing him, and listens.]

JUSTICE MERTON. I have had the honor - permit me - to entertain suspicions; to rise early, to follow my niece, to meet just now Squire Talbot; to hear his remarks concerning - hem ! - you, dame! to call here - permit me - to express myself and in-

quire -

GOODY RICKBY. Concerning your waist-

coat?

[Turning quickly, she snatches an article of apparel which hangs on the inner side of the door, and holds it up.

MERTON [starting, crimson] JUSTICE Woman!

GOODY RICKBY. You left it behind - the

JUSTICE MERTON. I have not the honor

GOODY RICKBY. The one I embroidered? JUSTICE MERTON. 'T is a matter of -

GOODY RICKBY. Of some two-and-twenty years. [Stretching out the narrow width of the waistcoat.] Will you try it on now dearie?

JUSTICE MERTON. Unconscionable! Unun-unconscionable witch!

GOODY RICKBY. Witchling - thou used

JUSTICE MERTON. Pah! pah! I forget myself. Pride, permit me, goeth before a fall. As a magistrate, Rickby, I have already borne with you long! The last straw, however, breaks the camel's back.

GOODY RICKBY. Poor camel!

JUSTICE MERTON. You have soiled, you have smirched, the virgin reputation of my niece. You have inveigled her into notions of witchcraft; already the neighbors are beginning to talk. 'T is a long lane which hath no turning, saith the Lord. Permit me as a witch, thou art judged. Thou shalt hang.

AVOICE [behind him]. And me, too? JUSTICE MERTON. Turns about and

stares. I beg pardon.

THE VOICE [in front of him]. Not at

JUSTICE MERTON. Did - did somebody

speak?

THE VOICE. Don't you recognize my voice? Still and small, you know. If you

will kindly let me out, we can chat. JUSTICE MERTON [turning fiercely on

GOODY RICKBY]. These are thy sorceries. But I fear them not. The righteous man walketh with God. [Going to the book which lies on the table.] Satan, I ban thee! I will read from the Holy Scriptures!

[Unclasping the Bible, he flings open the ponderous covers. - DICKON

steps forth in smoke.]

DICKON. Thanks; it was stuffy in there. JUSTICE MERTON [clasping his hands]. Dickon!

DICKON [moving a step nearer on the table]. Hullo, Gilly! Hullo, Bess!

JUSTICE MERTON. Dickon! No! No!

DICKON. Do ye mind Auld Lang Syne — chorus that night, Gilly? [Sings.]

Gil-ead, Gil-ead, Gil-ead Merton, He was a silly head, silly head, Certain, When he forgot to steal a bed-Curtain.

core, now!

FUSTICE MERTON. No, no, be merciful! rill not harm her; she shall not hang; I ear it, I swear it! [DICKON disappears.] wear—ah! Is he gone? Witchcraft! tchcraft! I have witnessed it. 'Tis ved on thee, slut. I swear it: thou shalt ar.

[Exit wildly.]

FOODY RICKBY. Ay, Gilead! I shall hang! Ahaha! Dickon, thou angel! Ah,

an! Satan! For a son now!

DICKON [reappearing]. Videlicet, in law a bastard. N'est ce pas?

GOODY RICKBY. Yea, in law and in juse, I should 'a' had one now. Worse luck

the died.

DICKON. One-and-twenty years ago? OODY RICKBY nods.] Good; he should be age now. One-and-twenty — a pretty age, for a rival. Haha! — For arrival? — arry, he shall arrive, then; arrive and arry and inherit his patrimony — all on birthday! Come, to work!

GOODY RICKBY. What rant is this?

DICKON. Yet, Dickon, it pains me to rform such an anachronism. All this medvalism in Massachusetts! — These old-shioned flames and alchemic accompanients, when I 've tried so hard to be a native merican product; it jars. But che vuole! m naturally middle-aged. I have n't been ally myself, let me think, — since 1492! GOODY RICKBY. What art thou mooning

DICKON [still impenetrable]. There was yold friend in Germany, Dr. Johann ustus; he was nigh such a bag of old rubbh when I made him over. Ain't it trite! b, you can't teach an old dog like me new cks. Still, a scarecrow! that's decidedly hal color. Come, then; a Yankee master-

ece!

[Seizing GOODY RICKBY by the arm, and placing her before the scarecrow, he makes a bow and wave of introduction.]

chold, madam, your son—illegitimate; e future affianced of Mistress Rachel erton, the heir-elect, through matrimony, Merton House,—Gilead Merton second:

Lord Ravensbane! Your lordship — your mother.

GOODY RICKBY. Dickon! Can you do it?

Dickon. I can — try.

GOODY RICKBY. You will create him for me? — [wickedly] — and for Gilead!

DICKON. I will - for a kiss.

GOODY RICKBY [about to embrace him]. Dickon!

DICKON [dodging her]. Later. Now, the waistcoat.

GOODY RICKBY [handing it]. Rare! rare! He shall go wooing in 't — like his father.

DICKON [shifting the scarecrow's gold-trimmed coat, slips on the embroidered waist-coat and replaces the coat]. Stand still, Jack! So, my macaroni. Perfecto! Stay—a walking-stick!

GOODY RICKBY [wrenching a spoke out of an old rickety wheel]. Here: the spoke for Gilead. He used to take me to drive in the

chaise it came out of.

DICKON [placing the spoke as a cane, in the scarecrow's sleeve, views him with satisfaction]. Sic! There, Jacky! Filius fit non nascitur.— Sam Hill! My Latin is stale. "In the beginning, was the — gourd!" Of these thy modest ingredients may thy spirit smack!

[Making various mystic passes with his hands, Dickon intones, now deep and solemn, now with fanciful shrill rapidity, this incantation.]

Flail, flip;
Broom, sweep;
Sic itur!
Cornstalk
And turnip, talk!
Turn crittur!

Pulse, beet;
Gourd, eat;
Ave Hellas!
Poker and punkin,
Stir the old junk in;
Breathe, bellows!

Corn-cob,
And crow's feather,
End the job;
Jumble the rest o' the rubbish together;
Dovetail and tune 'em.
E pluribus unum!

[The scarecrow remains stock still.]

The devil! Have I lost the hang of it? Ah!

Hullo! He's dropped his pipe. What's a dandy without his 'baccy!

[Picking up the pipe, he shows it to GOODY RICKBY, pointing into the pipe-bowl.]

'T is my own brand, Goody: brimstone. Without it he'd be naught but a scarecrow.

[Restoring the corn-cob pipe to the scarecrow's mouth.]

'T is the life and breath of him. So; hand me you hazel switch, Goody. [Waving it.] Presto!

> Brighten, coal, I' the dusk between us! Whiten, soul! Propinguat Venus!

[A whiff of smoke puffs from the scarecrow's pipe.]

Sic! Sic! Jacobus! [Another whiff.] Bravo! The whiffs grow more rapid and the

thing trembles.] GOODY RICKBY. Puff! puff, manny, for thy life!

DICKON. Fiat, fætus! — Huzza! Noch

einmal! Go it! [Clouds of smoke issue from the pipe, half fill the shop, and envelop the

creature, who staggers.1] GOODY RICKBY. See! See his eyes! DICKON [beckoning with one finger]. Veni. fili! Veni! Take 'ee first step, bambino! -

Toddle! [The Scarecrow makes a stiff lurch forward and falls sidewise against the anvil, propped half-reclining against which he leans rigid, emitting fainter puffs of smoke in

gasps.GOODY RICKBY. [Screams.] Have a care!

He 's fallen.

DICKON. Well done, Punkin Jack! Thou shalt be knighted for that !

> Striking him on the shoulder with the hazel rod.]

Rise, Lord Ravensbane!

The Scarecrow totters to his feet, and makes a forlorn rectilinear salutation.

GOODY RICKBY. Look! He bows. - He

1 At Dickon's words, "Come, to work!" on p. 369, I at Dickon's words, "Come, to work!" on p. 369, the living actor, concealed by the smoke, and disguised, has substituted himself for the elegantly clad effigy. His make-up, of course, approximates to the latter, but the grotesque contours of his expression gradually, throughout the remainder of the act, become refined and sublimated till, at the finale, they are of a lordly and distinguished casts. and distinguished caste.

flaps his flails at thee. He smiles like a tik doo-loo-roo!

DICKON [with a profound reverence, back ing away]. Will his lordship deign to follow his tutor?

With hitches and jerks, the SCARE CROW follows DICKON.]

GOODY RICKBY. O Lord! Lord! the style o' the broomstick!

DICKON [holding ready a high-backed chair]. Will his lordship be seated and res himself?

> [Awkwardly the Scarecrow half fall. into the chair; his head sinks side ways, and his pipe falls out DICKON snatches it up instantly and restores it to his mouth.]

Puff! Puff, puer; 't is thy life.

The Scarecrow puffs again. Is his lordship's tobacco refreshing?

GOODY RICKBY. Look, now! The red color in his cheeks. The beet-juice is pump

ing, oho! DICKON [offering his arm]. Your lordship will deign to receive an audience? [The Scarecrow takes his arm and rises.] The Marchioness of Rickby, your lady mother entreats leave to present herself.

GOODY RICKBY [curtsying low]. My son DICKON [holding the pipe, and waving the

hazel rod]. Dicite! Speak!

The Scarecrow, blowing out his last mouthful of smoke, opens his mouth, gasps, gurgles, and is silent. In principio erat verbum! Accost thy

mother!

[The Scarecrow, clutching at his side in a struggle for coherence fixes a pathetic look of pain or GOODY RICKBY.

THE SCARECROW. Mother!

GOODY RICKBY [with a scream of hysterical laughter, seizes both DICKON's hands and dances him about the forge]. O Beelzebub I shall die!

DICKON. Thou hast thy son.

[DICKON whispers in the SCARE CROW's ear, shakes his finger, and

GOODY RICKBY. He called me "mother."

Again, boy, again.

THE SCARECROW. From the bottom of

my heart — mother.
GOODY RICKBY. "The bottom of his heart"! - Nay, thou killest me.

THE SCARECROW. Permit me, madam!

GOODY RICKBY. Gilead! Gilead himself! listcoat, "permit me," and all: thy father

r again, I tell thee.

THE SCARECROW [with a slight stammer]. gives me - I assure you - lady - the epest happiness.

GOODY RICKBY. Just so the old hypote spoke when I said I'd have him. But

ou hast a sweeter deference, my son. [Reënter Dickon; he is dressed all in black, save for a white stock - a

suit of plain elegance.] DICKON. Now, my lord, your tutor is

THE SCARECROW. [To GOODY RICKBY.] have the honor - permit me - to wish

u - good-morning.

Bows and takes a step after Dickon, who, taking a three-cornered cocked hat from a peg, goes toward the

GOODY RICKBY. Whoa! Whoa, Jack!

hither away?

DICKON [presenting the hat]. Deign to

ply, sir.

THE SCARECROW. I go - with my tutor Master Dickonson — to pay my respects to his worship - the Justice - Merton to solicit - the hand - of his daughter the fair Mistress — Rachel. [With an-her bow.] Permit me.

GOODY RICKBY. Permit ye? God speed ! Thou must teach him his tricks, Dickon. DICKON. Trust me, Goody. Between ere and Justice Merton's, I will play the other-hen, and I promise thee, our bantng shall be as stuffed with compliments a callow chick with caterpillars.

[As he throws open the big doors, the

cawing of crows is heard again.] ark! your lordship's retainers acclaim ou on your birthday. They bid you welome to your majority. Listen! "Long ve Lord Ravensbane! Caw!"

GOODY RICKBY. Look! Count 'em,

ickon.

One for sorrow, Two for mirth, Three for a wedding, Four for a birth-

our on 'em! So! Good luck on thy birthay! And see! There's three on 'em flying nto the Justice's field.

- Flight o' the crows Tells how the wind blows! - A wedding! Get ye gone. Wed the girl, and sting the Justice. Bless ye, my son!

THE SCARECROW [with a profound reverence]. Mother - believe me - to be - your ladyship's - most devoted - and obedient

DICKON [prompting him aloud]. Ravens-

bane. THE SCARECROW [donning his hat, lifts his head in hauteur, shakes his lace ruffle over his hand, turns his shoulder, nods slightly, and speaks for the first time with complete mastery of his voice]. Hm! Ravensbane!

[With one hand in the arm of DICKON, the other twirling his cane (the converted chaise-spoke), wreathed in halos of smoke from his pipe, the fantastical figure hitches elegantly forth into the daylight, amid louder acclamations of the crows.]

ACT II

The same morning. JUSTICE MERTON'S parlor, furnished and designed in the style of the early colonial period. On the right wall hangs a portrait of the JUSTICE as a young man; on the left wall, an old-fashioned looking-glass. At the right of the room stands the glass of truth, draped - as in the blacksmith shop - with the strange, embroidered curtain.

In front of it are discovered RACHEL and RICHARD; RACHEL is about to draw the curtain.

RACHEL. Now! Are you willing?

RICHARD. So you suspect me of dark, villainous practices?

RACHEL. No, no, foolish Dick.

RICHARD. Still, I am to be tested; is that it?

RACHEL. That 's it.

RICHARD. As your true lover.

RACHEL. Well, yes.

RICHARD. Why, of course, then, I consent. A true lover always consents to the follies of his lady-love.

RACHEL. Thank you, Dick; I trust the glass will sustain your character. Now; when I draw the curtain -

RICHARD [staying her hand]. What if I

be false? RACHEL. Then, sir, the glass will reflect

you as the subtle fox that you are. RICHARD. And you - as the goose?

RACHEL. Very likely. Ah! but, Richard dear, we must n't laugh. It may prove very serious. You do not guess - you do not

dream all the mysteries -

RICHARD [shaking his head, with a grave smile]. You pluck at too many mysteries. Remember our first mother Eve!

RACHEL. But this is the glass of truth; and Goody Rickby told me -

RICHARD. Rickby, forsooth!

RACHEL. Nay, come; let's have it over. She draws the curtain, covers her eyes, steps back by RICHARD'S side, looks at the glass, and gives a joyous cry.]

Ah! there you are, dear! There we are, both of us - just as we have always seemed to each other, true. 'T is proved. Is n't it

wonderful?

RICHARD. Miraculous! That a mirror bought in a blacksmith shop, before sunrise, for twenty pounds, should prove to be actually - a mirror!

RACHEL. Richard, I'm so happy.

[Enter Justice Merton and Mistress Merton.]

RICHARD [embracing her]. Happy, art thou, sweet goose? Why, then, God bless Goody Rickby.

JUSTICE MERTON. Strange words from

you, Squire Talbot.

[RACHEL and RICHARD part quickly; RACHEL draws the curtain over the mirror; RICHARD stands stiffly.]

RICHARD. Justice Merton! Why, sir, the old witch is more innocent, perhaps, than I represented her.

JUSTICE MERTON. A witch, believe me,

is never innocent.

[Taking their hands, he brings them together and kisses RACHEL on the forehead.

Permit me, young lovers. I was once young

myself, young and amorous.

MISTRESS MERTON [in a low voice]. Verily!

JUSTICE MERTON. My fair niece, my worthy young man, beware of witchcraft.

MISTRESS MERTON. And Goody Rickby, too, brother?

JUSTICE MERTON. That woman shall answer for her deeds. She is proscribed.

RACHEL. Proscribed? What is that? MISTRESS MERTON [examining the mirror]. What is this?

JUSTICE MERTON. She shall hang.

RACHEL. Uncle, no! Not merely because of my purchase this morning.

JUSTICE MERTON. Your purchase?

MISTRESS MERTON [pointing to the min

ror]. That, I suppose.

JUSTICE MERTON. What! you purchased that mirror of her? You brought i

RACHEL. No, the boy brought it; I found

it here when I returned.

JUSTICE MERTON. What! From her shop? From her infamous den, into my parlor! [To MISTRESS MERTON.] Call the servant. [Himself calling.] Micah! Away with it! Micah!

RACHEL. Uncle Gilead, I bought -JUSTICE MERTON. Micah, I say! Where

is the man?

RACHEL. Listen, uncle. I bought it with

my own money.

JUSTICE MERTON. Thine own money! Wilt have the neighbors gossip? Wilt have me, thyself, my house, suspected of complicity with witches?

[Enter MICAH.]

Micah, take this away.

MICAH. Yes, sir; but, sir -

JUSTICE MERTON. Out of my house! MICAH. There be visitors.

JUSTICE MERTON. Away with -

MISTRESS MERTON [touching his arm]. Gilead!

MICAH. Visitors, sir; gentry.

JUSTICE MERTON. Ah!

MICAH. Shall I show them in, sir?

JUSTICE MERTON. Visitors! morning? Who are they?

MICAH. Strangers, sir. I should judge they be very high gentry; lords, sir.

ALL. Lords!

MICAH. At least, one on 'em, sir. The other - the dark gentleman - told me they left their horses at the inn, sir.

MISTRESS MERTON. Hark!

[The faces of all wear suddenly a startled expression.]

Where is that unearthly sound?

JUSTICE MERTON [listening]. Is it in the cellar?

MICAH. 'T is just the dog howling, madam. When he spied the gentry he turned tail and run below.

MISTRESS MERTON. Oh, the dog!

JUSTICE MERTON. Show the gentlemen here, Micah. Don't keep them waiting.

Exit MIGAH.

lord! [To RACHEL.] We shall talk of is matter later. — A lord!

[Turning to the small glass on the wall, he arranges his peruke and attire.] RACHEL. [To RICHARD.] What a fortute interruption! But, dear Dick! I wish need n't meet these strangers now.

RICHARD. Would you really rather we are alone together?

[They chat aside, absorbed in each other.]

JUSTICE MERTON. Think of it, Cynthia,

lord!
MISTRESS MERTON [dusting the furniture stily with her handkerchief]. And such

ist!

RACHEL. [To RICHARD.] You know, ear, we need only be introduced, and then a can steal away together.

[Reënter MICAH.]

MICAH [announcing]. Lord Ravensbane: arquis of Oxford, Baron of Wittenberg, lector of Worms, and Count of Cordova; aster Dickonson.

[Enter RAVENSBANE and DICKON.]

JUSTICE MERTON. Gentlemen, permit e, you are excessively welcome. I am seply gratified to meet—

Dickon. Lord Ravensbane, of the Rock-

ies, Somersetshire.

JUSTICE MERTON. Lord Ravensbane — s lordship's most truly honored.

RAVENSBANE. Truly honored.

JUSTICE MERTON [turning to DICKON]. is lordship's —?

DICKON. Tutor.

JUSTICE MERTON [checking his effusive-

ess]. Ah, so!

DICKON. Justice Merton, I believe.
JUSTICE MERTON. Of Merton House. —
Iay I present — permit me, your lordship
my sister, Mistress Merton.

RAVENSBANE. Mistress Merton.

JUSTICE MERTON. And my — and my — under his breath] — Rachel! [RACHEL reains with a bored expression behind RICHRD.] — My young neighbor, Squire Talot, Squire Richard Talbot of — of —

RICHARD. Of nowhere, sir.

RAVENSBANE. [Nods.] Nowhere.

JUSTICE MERTON. And permit me, Lord avensbane, my niece — Mistress Rachel ferton. RAVENSBANE. [Bows low.] Mistress Rachel Merton.

RACHEL. [Curtsies.] Lord Ravensbane.

[As they raise their heads, their eyes meet and are fascinated. Dickon just then takes RAVENSBANE'S pip6 and fills it.]

RAVENSBANE. Mistress Rachel!

RACHEL. Your lordship!

[Dickon returns the pipe.]
MISTRESS MERTON. A pipe! Gilead!

in the parlor!

JUSTICE MERTON frowns silence.]

JUSTICE MERTON. Your lordship — ahem! — has just arrived in town?

DICKON. From London, via New Am-

sterdam.

RICHARD [aside]. Is he staring at you?

Are you ill, Rachel?

RACHEL [indifferently]. What?

JUSTICE MERTON. Lord Ravensbane honors my humble roof.

DICKON. [Touches RAVENSBANE'S arm.]

Your lordship - "roof."

RAVENSBANE [starting, turns to Merton]. Nay, sir, the roof of my father's oldest friend bestows generous hospitality upon his only son.

JUSTICE MERTON. Only son - ah, yes!

Your father —

RAVENSBANE. My father, I trust, sir, has never forgotten the intimate companionship, the touching devotion, the unceasing solicitude for his happiness which you, sir, manifested to him in the days of his youth.

JUSTICE MERTON. Really, your lordship, the — the slight favors which — hem! some years ago, I was privileged to show your

illustrious father -

RAVENSBANE. Permit me!—Because, however, of his present infirmities—for I regret to say that my father is suffering a temporary aberration of mind—

JUSTICE MERTON. You distress me!

RAVENSBANE. My lady mother has charged me with a double mission here in New England. On my quitting my home, sir, to explore the wideness and the mystery of this world, my mother bade me be sure to call upon his worship, the Justice Merton; and deliver to him, first, my father's remembrances; and secondly, my mother's epistle.

DICKON [handing to JUSTICE MERTON a sealed document]. Her ladyship's letter, sir.

JUSTICE MERTON [examining the seal with awe, speaks aside to MISTRESS MERTON]. Cynthia!— a crested seal!

DICKON. His lordship's crest, sir: rooks

rampant.

JUSTICE MERTON [embarrassed, breaks the

seal]. Permit me.

RACHEL [looking at RAVENSBANE]. Have you noticed his bearing, Richard: what personal distinction! what inbred nobility! Every inch a true lord!

RICHARD. He may be a lord, my dear,

but he walks like a broomstick.

RACHEL. How dare you!

[Turns abruptly away; as she does so, a fold of her gown catches in a chair.]
RAVENSBANE. Mistress Rachel — permit me.

[Stooping, he extricates the fold of her gown.]

RACHEL. Oh, thank you.

JUSTICE MERTON. [To DICKON, glancing up from the letter.] I am astonished — overpowered!

RICHARD. [To MISTRESS MERTON.] So Lord Ravensbane and his family are old

criends of yours?

MISTRESS MERTON [monosyllabically]. I were heard the name before, Richard.

RAVENSBANE. [To RACHEL, taking her hand after a whisper from DICKON.] Believe me, sweet lady, it will give me the deepest pleasure.

RACHEL. Can you really tell fortunes?

RAVENSBANE. More than that; I can bestow them.

[RAVENSBANE leads RACHEL off, left, into an adjoining room, the door of which remains open. RICHARD follows hem. MISTRESS MERTON follows him, murmuring, "RICHARD!" DICKON stands where he can watch them in the room off scene, while he speaks to the Justice.]

JUSTICE MERTON. [To DICKON, glancing up from the letter.] I am astonished — overpowered! But is her ladyship really seri-

ous? An offer of marriage!

DICKON. Pray read it again, sir.

JUSTICE MERTON. [Reads.] "To the Worshipful, the Justice Gilead Merton, Merton House.

"My Honorable Friend and Benefactor:

"With these brief lines I commend to you our son"—our son!

DICKON. She speaks likewise for his

young lordship's father, sir.

JUSTICE MERTON. Ah! of course. [Reads.] "In a strange land, I entrust him to you as to a father." Honored, believe me! "I have only to add my earnest hope that the natural gifts, graces, and inherited fortune"—ah—!

DICKON. Twenty thousand pounds - or

his father's demise.

JUSTICE MERTON. Ah!—"fortune of this young scion of nobility will so propitiate the heart of your niece, Mistress Rachel Merton, as to cause her to accept his proffered hand in matrimony";—but—but—but Squire Talbot is betrothed to—well, well, we shall see;—"in matrimony, and thus cement the early bonds of interest and affection between your honored self and his lordship's father; not to mention, dear sir, your worship's ever grateful and obedient admirer,

"ELIZABETH,

"Marchioness of R."

Of R.! of R.! Will you believe me, my dear sir, so long is it since my travels in England—I visited at so many—hem noble estates—permit me, it is so awkward, but—

Dickon [with his peculiar intonation of

Act I]. Not at all.

RAVENSBANE. [Calls from the adjoining room.] Dickon, my pipe!

[Dickon glides away.

JUSTICE MERTON [starting in perturbation
To Dickon]. Permit me, one moment; idid not catch your name.

DICKON. My name? Dickonson.

JUSTICE MERTON [with a gasp of relief] Ah, Dickonson! Thank you. I mistook the word.

Dickon. A compound, your worship [With a malignant smile.] Dickon [then, jerking his thumb toward the nex room] son! [Bowing.] Both at your service.

JUSTICE MERTON. Is he — he there?

DICKON. Bessie's brat; yes; it did n'die, after all, poor suckling! Dickon weaned it. Saved it for balm of Gilead. Raised if for joyful home-coming. Prodigal's return Twenty-first birthday! Happy son! Happy father!

JUSTICE MERTON. My — son! DICKON. Felicitations!

USTICE MERTON [faintly]. What -

at do you want?

DICKON. Only the happiness of your dear s - the union of these young hearts and ads.

USTICE MERTON. What! he will dare

an illegitimate -

DICKON. Fie, fie, Gilly! Why, the brat

lord now.

STATE MERTON. Oh, the disgrace! are me that, Dickon. And she is innot; she is already betrothed.

DICKON. Twiddle-twaddle! 'T is a brilat match; besides, her ladyship's heart

et upon it.

JUSTICE MERTON. Her ladyship —? DICKON. The Marchioness of Rickby. JUSTICE MERTON [glowering]. Rickby!

I had forgotten.

DICKON. Her ladyship has never forgot-. So, you see, your worship's alternaes are most simple. Alternative one: vance his lordship's suit with your niece speedily as possible, and save all scandal. ternative two: impede his lordship's suit,

1-JUSTICE MERTON. Don't, Diekon! don't real the truth; not disgrace now! DICKON. Good; we are agreed, then? JUSTICE MERTON. I have no choice.

DICKON [cheerfully]. Why, true; we ig-

red that, did n't we?

MISTRESS MERTON [reëntering]. This ung lord — Why, Gilead, are you ill? JUSTICE MERTON [with a great effort, comands himself]. Not in the least.

MISTRESS MERTON. Rachel's deportent, my dear brother — I tell you, they are

tune-telling!

JUSTICE MERTON. Tush! Tush!

MISTRESS MERTON. Tush? "Tush" to [She goes out, right.] ? Tush! AVENSBANE and RACHEL reënter from the

adjoining room followed shortly by Rich-ARD.

RACHEL. I am really at a loss. Your dship's hand is so very peculiar.

RAVENSBANE. Ah! Peculiar. RACHEL. This, now, is the line of life.

RAVENSBANE. Of life, yes?

RACHEL. But it begins so abruptly, and e! it breaks off and ends nowhere. And st so here with this line — the line of love.

RAVENSBANE. Of love. So; it breaks? RACHEL. Yes.

RAVENSBANE. Ah, then, that must be the heart line.

RACHEL. Why, Lord Ravensbane, your pulse. Really, if I am cruel, you are quite heartless. I declare I can't feel your heart beat at all.

RAVENSBANE. Ah, mistress, that is be-

cause I have just lost it.

RACHEL [archly]. Where?
RAVENSBANE [faintly]. Dickon, my pipe!

RACHEL. Alas! my lord, are you ill? DICKON [restoring the lighted pipe to RA-VENSBANE, speaks aside]. Pardon me, sweet young lady, I must confide to you

that his lordship's heart is peculiarly responsive to his emotions. When he feels very ardently, it quite stops. Hence the use of his pipe.

RACHEL. Oh! Is smoking, then, neces-

sary for his heart?

DICKON. Absolutely — to equilibrate the valvular palpitations. Without his pipe should his lordship experience, for instance, the emotion of love — he might die.

RACHEL. You alarm me!

DICKON. But this is for you only, Mistress Rachel. We may confide in you?

RACHEL. Oh, utterly, sir.

DICKON. His lordship, you know, is so sensitive.

RAVENSBANE. [To RACHEL.] You have given it back to me. Why did not you keep

RACHEL. What, my lord? RAVENSBANE. My heart.

RICHARD. Intolerable! Do you approve of this, sir? Are Lord Ravensbane's credentials satisfactory?

JUSTICE MERTON. Eminently, eminently. RICHARD. Ah! So her ladyship's letter

JUSTICE MERTON. Charming; charming. [To RAVENSBANE.] Your lordship will, I trust, make my house your home.

RAVENSBANE. My home, sir.

RACHEL. [To DICKON, who has spoken to her. Really? [To JUSTICE MERTON.] Why, uncle, what is this Master Dickonson

JUSTICE MERTON. What! What! he has revealed --

RACHEL. Yes, indeed.

cart-wheels.

JUSTICE MERTON. Rachel! Rachel! RACHEL [laughingly to RAVENSBANE].

My uncle is doubtless astonished to find you so grown. RAVENSBANE [laughingly to JUSTICE

MERTON]. I am doubtless astonished, sir,

to be so grown. JUSTICE MERTON. [To DICKON.] You

DICKON. Merely remarked, sir, that your worship had often dandled his lordship as an infant.

JUSTICE MERTON [smiling lugubriously].

Quite so - as an infant merely.

RACHEL. How interesting! Then you must have seen his lordship's home in England.

JUSTICE MERTON. As you say.

RACHEL. [To RAVENSBANE.] Do describe it to us. We are so isolated here from the grand world. Do you know, I always imagine England to be an enchanted isle, like one of the old Hesperides, teeming with fruits of solid gold.

RAVENSBANE. Ah, yes! my mother raises

them.

RACHEL. Fruits of gold?

RAVENSBANE. Round like the rising sun. She calls them — ah! punkins.

MISTRESS MERTON. "Punkins"!
JUSTICE MERTON [aside, grinding his

teeth]. Scoundrel! Scoundrel!

RACHEL [laughing]. Your lordship pokes

fun at us.

Dickon. His lordship is an artist in words, mistress. I have noticed that in whatever country he is traveling, he tinges his vocabulary with the local idiom. His lordship means, of course, not pumpkins, but pomegranates.

RACHEL. We forgive him. But, your lordship, please be serious and describe to

RAVENSBANE. Quite serious: the hall. Yes, yes; in the middle burns a great fire — on a black — ah! black altar.

Dickon. A Druidical heirloom. His lordship's mother collects antiques.

RACHEL. How fascinating!

RAVENSBANE. Fascinating! On the walls hang pieces of iron.

DICKON. Trophies of Saxon warfare. RAVENSBANE. And rusty horseshoes. GENERAL MURMURS. Horseshoes!

DICKON. Presents from the German Em-

peror. They were worn by the steeds of Charlemagne.

RAVENSBANE. Quite so; and broke

DICKON. Relics of British chariots.

RACHEL. How mediæval it must be [To JUSTICE MERTON.] And to think you never described it to us

MISTRESS MERTON. True, brother; you

have been singularly reticent.

JUSTICE MERTON. Permit me; it is im possible to report all one sees on one's trav

MISTRESS MERTON. Evidently.

RACHEL. But surely your lordship? mother has other diversions besides col lecting antiques. I have heard that in Eng land ladies followed the hounds; and some times - [looking at her aunt and lowering her voice - they even dance.

RAVENSBANE. Dance - ah, yes; my lady mother dances about the - the altar; she

swings high a hammer.

DICKON. Your lordship, your lordship Pray, sir, check this vein of poetry. Lord Ravensbane symbolizes as a hammer and altar a golf-stick and tee - a Scottish game, which her ladyship plays on her Highland estates.

RICHARD. [To MISTRESS MERTON.

What do you think of this?

MISTRESS MERTON [with a scandalized look toward her brother]. He said to me "tush."

RICHARD. [To JUSTICE MERTON, indi cating DICKON.] Who is this magpie?

JUSTICE MERTON. [Hisses in fury.] Sa

RICHARD. I beg pardon!

JUSTICE MERTON. Satan, sir, - maker

you jealous.

RICHARD. [Bows stiffly.] Good-morning [Walking up to RAVENSBANE.] Lord Rav ensbane, I have a rustic colonial question to ask. Is it the latest fashion to smoke in cessantly in ladies' parlors, or is it - me diæval?

Dickon. His lordship's health, sir, neces

RICHARD. I addressed his lordship.

RAVENSBANE. In the matter of fashions sir — [Hands his pipe to be refilled. My pipe, Dickon!

> While DICKON holds his pipesomewhat longer than usual -RA

VENSBANE, with his mouth open as if about to speak, relapses into a vacant stare.

CICHARD. Well?

DICKON [as he lights the pipe for RAVENS-TE, speaks suavely and low as if not to be sheard by him]. Pardon me. The fact is, young pupil is sensitive; the wound n his latest duel is not quite healed; observe a slight lameness, an occasional absence of mind.

ACHEL. A wound — in a real duel? DICKON [aside]. You, mistress, know true reason - his lordship's heart.

ICHARD. [To RAVENSBANE, who is still ing vacantly into space. Well, well, r lordship. [RAVENSBANE pays no atten-.] You were saying —? [DICKON reis the pipe - in the matter of fashions,

LAVENSBANE [regaining slowly a look of lligence, draws himself up with affronted teur]. Permit me! [Puffs several wreaths moke into the air.] I am the fashions.

ICHARD [going]. Insufferable!

[He pauses at the door.] IISTRESS MERTON. [To JUSTICE MER-7.7 Well — what do you think of that? USTICE MERTON. Spoken like King rles himself.

IISTRESS MERTON. Brother! brother!

here nothing wrong here?

[Going out, she passes Dickon, starts at a look which he gives her, and goes out, right, flustered. Following her, JUSTICE MERTON is stopped by DICKON, and led off left by him.

RACHEL. [To RAVENSBANE.] I — object the smoke? Why, I think it is charm-

RICHARD [who has returned from the door, aks in a low, constrained voice]. Rachel! RACHEL. Oh! - you?

RICHARD. You take quickly to European

 $_{
m nions}$.

RACHEL. Yes? To what one in partic-

RICHARD. Two; smoking and flirtation.

CACHEL. Jealous?

CICHARD. Of an idiot? I hope not. nners differ, however. Your confidences is lordship have evidently not included our relation to me.

ACHEL. Oh, our relations!

RICHARD. Of course, since you wish him to continue in ignorance —

RACHEL. Not at all. He shall know at

once. Lord Ravensbane!

RAVENSBANE. Fair mistress!

RICHARD. Rachel, stop! I did not

RACHEL. [To RAVENSBANE.] My uncle did not introduce to you with sufficient elaboration this gentleman. Will you allow me to do so now?

RAVENSBANE. I adore Mistress Rachel's elaborations.

RACHEL. Lord Ravensbane, I beg to present Squire Talbot, my betrothed.

RAVENSBANE. Betrothed! Is it - [noticing RICHARD's frown] — is it pleasant?

RACHEL. [To RICHARD.] Are you satisfied?

RICHARD [trembling with feeling]. More than satisfied. [Exit.]

RAVENSBANE [looking after him]. Ah! Betrothed is not pleasant.

RACHEL. Not always.

RAVENSBANE [anxiously]. Mistress Rachel is not pleased?

RACHEL [biting her lip, looks after Rich-ARD]. With him.

RAVENSBANE. Mistress Rachel will smile again?

RACHEL. Soon.

RAVENSBANE [ardent]. Ah! What can Lord Ravensbane do to make her smile? See! will you puff my pipe? It is very pleasant. [Offering the pipe.] RACHEL [smiling]. Shall I try?

[Takes hold of it mischievously.]

[Enter Justice Merton and Dickon, left.]

JUSTICE MERTON [in a great voice]. Rachel!

RACHEL. Why, uncle!

JUSTICE MERTON. [Speaks suavely to RA-VENSBANE. Permit me, your lordship — Rachel, you will kindly withdraw for a few moments; I desire to confer with Lord Ravensbane concerning his mother's — her ladyship's letter — [obsequiously to Dickon] -that is, if you think, sir, that your noble pupil is not too fatigued.

DICKON. Not at all; I think his lordship

will listen to you with much pleasure.

RAVENSBANE [bowing to JUSTICE MER-TON, but looking at RACHEL]. With much pleasure.

DICKON. And in the mean time, if Mistress Rachel will allow me, I will assist her in writing those invitations which your worship desires to send in her name.

JUSTICE MERTON. Invitations - from my

niece?

DICKON. To his Excellency, the Lieutenant-Governor; to your friends, the Reverend Masters at Harvard College, etc., etc.; in brief, to all your worship's select social acquaintance in the vicinity—to meet his lordship. It was so thoughtful in you to suggest it, sir, and believe me, his lordship appreciates your courtesy in arranging the reception in his honor for this afternoon.

RACHEL. [To JUSTICE MERTON.] This afternoon! Are we really to give his lordship a reception? And will it be here, uncle?

DICKON [looking at him narrowly]. Your

worship said here, I believe?

JUSTICE MERTON. Quite so, sir; quite so, quite so.

DICKON. Permit me to act as your scribe,

Mistress Rachel.

RACHEL. With pleasure. [With a curtsy to RAVENSBANE.] Till we meet again!

[Exit, right.]

DICKON [aside to JUSTICE MERTON]. I advise nothing rash, Gilly; the brat has a weak heart. [Aside, as he passes RAVENSBANE.] Remember, Jack! Puff! Puff!

RAVENSBANE [staring at the door]. She

is gone

JUSTICE MERTON. Impostor! You, at least, shall not play the lord and master to my face.

RAVENSBANE. Quite — gone!

JUSTICE MERTON. I know with whom I have to deal. If I be any judge of my own flesh and blood — permit me — you shall quail before me.

RAVENSBANE [dejectedly]. She did not

smile — [Joyously.] She smiled!

JUSTICE MERTON. Affected rogue! I know thee. I know thy feigned pauses, thy assumed vagaries. Speak; how much do you want?

RAVENSBANE [ecstatically]. Ah! Mistress

Rachel!

JUSTICE MERTON. Her! Scoundrel, if thou dost name her again, my innocent my sweet maid! If thou dost — thou godless spawn of temptation — mark you, I will put an end —

[Reaching for a vistol that rests in a

rack on the wall, — the intervening form of Dickon suddenly appears, pockets the pistol, and exit.]

Dickon. I beg pardon; I forgot some-

thing.

JUSTICE MERTON [sinking into a chair]. God, Thou art just!

[He holds his head in his hands and

weeps.]
RAVENSBANE [for the first time, since

RACHEL'S departure, observing MERTON].
Permit me, sir, are you ill?

What are

JUSTICE MERTON [recoiling]. What are

thou!

RAVENSBANE [monotonously]. I am Lord Ravensbane: Marquis of Oxford, Baron of Wittenberg, Elector of Worms, and — [As JUSTICE MERTON covers his face again.] Shall I call Dickon? [Walking quickly to ward the door, calls.] Dickon!

JUSTICE MERTON [starting up]. No, do not call him. Tell me: I hate thee not thou wast innocent. Tell me!—I though thou hadst died as a babe.—Where had Dickon, our tyrant, kept thee these twenty

pare ?

RAVENSBANE [with gentle courtesy]. Mas

ter Dickonson is my tutor.

JUSTICE MERTON. And why has the mother — Ah, I know well; I deserve all But yet, it must not be published now! am a justice now, an honored citizen — and my young niece — Thy mother will no demand so much.

RAVENSBANE. My mother is the Mar

chioness of Rickby.

JUSTICE MERTON. Yes, yes; 't was wel planned, a clever trick. 'T was skillful o her. But surely thy mother gave thee commands to—

RAVENSBANE. My mother gave me he

blessing.

JUSTICE MERTON. Ah, 't is well, ther Young man, my son, I too will give the my blessing, if thou wilt but go—go in stantly—go with half my fortune—bu leave me my honor—and my Rachel?

RAVENSBANE. Rachel? Rachel is yours No, no, Mistress Rachel is mine. We ar

ours.

JUSTICE MERTON [pleadingly]. Conside the disgrace — you, an illegitimate — an she — oh, think what thou art!

RAVENSBANE [monotonously, puffing smok at the end]. I am Lord Ravensbane: Man

s of Oxford, Baron of Wittenberg, Elec-

of Worms, and Count -

USTICE MERTON [wrenching the pipe om RAVENSBANE'S hand and lips]. Devil's ld! Boor! Buffoon! [Flinging the pipe 'y.] I will stand thy insults no longer. thou hast no heart—

RAVENSBANE [putting his hand to his side,

ggers]. Ah! my heart!

JUSTICE MERTON. Hypocrite! Thou ast not fool me. I am thy father.
RAVENSBANE [faintly, stretches out his

ad to him for support]. Father!

JUSTICE MERTON. Stand away. Thou yst break thy heart and mine and the vil's, but thou shalt not break Rachel's. RAVENSBANE [faintly]. Mistress Rachel mine—

[He staggers again, and falls, half reclining, upon a chair. More faintly he speaks, beginning to change ex-

pression.]

r eyes are mine; her smiles are mine.

[His eyes close.]
JUSTICE MERTON. Good God! Can it be his heart? [With agitated swiftness, he els and listens at RAVENSBANE'S side.] of a motion; not a sound! Yea, God, nou art good! 'T is his heart. He is —! he is my son. Judge Almighty, if he ould die now; may I not be still a mount more and make sure. No, no, my son he is changing. [Calls.] Help! Help! hehe!! Master Dickonson! Help! Rich-

[Enter Dickon and Rachel.]

RACHEL. Uncle!

JUSTICE MERTON. Bring wine. Lord

vensbane has fainted.

RACHEL. Oh! [Turning swiftly to go.] icah, wine.

DICKON [detaining her]. Stay! His pipe! here is his lordship's pipe?

RACHEL. Oh, terrible!

nter, at different doors, MISTRESS MERTON and RICHARD.]

MISTRESS MERTON. What's the mat-

JUSTICE MERTON. [To RACHEL.] He rew it away. He is worse. Bring the

MISTRESS MERTON. Look! How strange

appears

RACHEL [searching distractedly]. The pipe! His lordship's pipe! It is lost, Master Dickonson.

DICKON [stooping, as if searching, with his back turned, having picked up the pipe, is filling and lighting it]. It must be found. This is a heart attack, my friends; his lordship's life depends on the nicotine.

[Deftly he places the pipe in RACHEL'S way.]

RACHEL. Thank God! Here it is.

[Carrying it to the prostrate form of RAVENSBANE, she lifts his head and is about to put the pipe in his mouth.]

Shall I - shall I put it in?

RICHARD. No! not you. RACHEL. Sir!

RICHARD. Let his tutor perform that office.

RACHEL [lifting LORD RAVENSBANE' head again]. My lord!

RICHARD AND JUSTICE MERTON [to

gether]. Rachel!

DICKON. Pardon me, Mistress Rache' give the pipe at once. Only a token of true affection can revive his lordship now.

RICHARD [as RACHEL puts the pipe to RAVENSBANE's lips]. I forbid it, Rachel.

RACHEL [watching only RAVENSBANE],
My lord — my lord!

MISTRESS MERTON. Give him air; un button his coat.

[Rachel unbuttons Ravensbane'" coat, revealing the embroidered waistcoat.]

Ah, Heavens! What do I see?

Justice Merton [looks, blanches, and signs silence to Mistress Merton]. Cynthia!
Mistress Merton [aside to Justice

MERTON, with deep tensity]. That waistcoat! that waistcoat! Brother, hast thou never seen it before?

JUSTICE MERTON. Never, my sister.

DICKON. See! He puffs — he revives. He is coming to himself.

RACHEL [as RAVENSBANE rises to his feet]. At last!

DICKON. Look! he is restored.

RACHEL. God be thanked!

DICKON. My lord, Mistress Rachel has saved your life.

RAVENSBANE [taking RACHEL'S hand]. Mistress Rachel is mine; we are ours.

RICHARD. Dare to repeat that.

RAVENSBANE [looking at RACHEL]. Her eves are mine.

RICHARD [flinging his glove in his face]. And that, sir, is yours.

RACHEL. Richard!

RICHARD. I believe such is the proper fashion in England. If your lordship's last dueling wound is sufficiently healed, perhaps you will deign a reply.

RACHEL. Richard! Your lordship!

RAVENSBANE stoops, picks up the glove, pockets it, bows to RACHEL, and steps close to RICHARD]. Permit me!

> [He blows a puff of smoke full in RICHARD'S face.

ACT III

The same day. Late afternoon. The same scene as Act II.

RAVENSBANE and DICKON discovered at table, on which are lying two flails. RAVENS-BANE is dressed in a costume which, composed of silk and jewels, subtly approximates in design to that of his original grosser composition. So artfully, however, is this contrived that, to one ignorant of his origin, his dress would appear to be merely an odd personal whimsy; whereas, to one initiated, it would stamp him grotesquely as the apotheosis of scarecrows.

DICKON is sitting in a pedagogical attitude; RAVENSBANE stands near him, making a pro-

found bow in the opposite direction.

RAVENSBANE. Believe me, ladies, with

the true sincerity of the heart.

Dickon. Inflection a little more lachrymose, please: "The true sincerity of the

RAVENSBANE. Believe me, ladies, with

the true sincerity of the heart.

Dickon. Prettily, prettily! Next!

RAVENSBANE [changing his mien, as if addressing another person]. Verily, sir, as that prince of poets, the immortal Virgil, has remarked: -

"Adeo in teneris consuescere multum est."

DICKON. Basta! The next.

RAVENSBANE [with another change to courtly manner]. Trust me, your Excellency, I will inform his Majesty of your courtesy.

DICKON. "His Majesty" more emphatic. Remember! You must impress all of the guests this afternoon. But continue, Cobby, dear; the retort now to the challenge!

RAVENSBANE [with a superb air]. The second, I believe.

Dickon. Quite so, my lord.

RAVENSBANE. Sir! the local person whom you represent has done himself the honor of submitting to me a challenge to mortal combat. Sir! Since the remotest times of my feudal ancestors, in such affairs of honor, choice of weapons has ever been the -

DICKON. Prerogative!

RAVENSBANE. Prerogative of the challenged. Sir! This right of etiquette must be observed. Nevertheless, believe me, I have no selfish desire that my superior —

Dickon. Attainments!

RAVENSBANE. Attainments in this art should assume advantage over my challenger's ignorance. I have, therefore, chosen those combative utensils most appropriate both to his own humble origin and to local tradition. Permit me, sir, to reveal my choice. [Pointing grandly to the table.] There are my weapons!

DICKON. Delicious! O thou exquisite flower of love! How thy natal composites have burst in bloom! - The pumpkin in thee to a golden collarette; thy mop of crow's wings to these raven locks; thy broomstick to a lordly limp; thy corn-silk to these pale-tinted tassels. Verily in the gallery of scarecrows, thou art the Apollo

Belvedere!

RAVENSBANE. Mistress Rachel — I may see her now?

Dickon. Romeo! Romeo! Was ever such an amorous puppet show!

RAVENSBANE. Mistress Rachel!

DICKON. Wait; let me think! Thou art wound up now, my pretty apparatus, for at least six-and-thirty hours. The wooden angel Gabriel that trumpets the hours on the big clock in Venice is not a more punctual manikin than thou with my speeches. Thou shouldst run, therefore, -

RAVENSBANE [frowning darkly at Dic-KON]. Stop talking; permit me! A tutor

should know his place.

DICKON [rubbing his hands]. Nay, your lordship is beyond comparison.

RAVENSBANE [in a terrible voice]. She will come? I shall see her?

[Enter MICAH.]

MICAH. Pardon, my lord.

RAVENSBANE [turning joyfully to MI-H]. Is it she?

MICAH. Captain Bugby, my lord, the overnor's secretary.

DICKON. Good. Squire Talbot's second.

now him in.

RAVENSBANE [flinging despairingly into a air]. Ah! ah! MICAH [lifting the flails from the table].

eg pardon, sir; shall I remove -DICKON. Drop them; go.

MICAH. But, sir -

DICKON. Go, thou slave! [Exit MICAH.] [DICKON hands RAVENSBANE a book.] ere, my lord; read. You must be found

RAVENSBANE [in childlike despair]. She ill not come! I shall not see her! [Throwg the book into the fireplace.] She does not me !

DICKON. Fie, fie, Jack; thou must not breaking thy Dickon's apron-strings ith a will of thine own. Come!

RAVENSBANE. Mistress Rachel.

DICKON. Be good, boy, and thou shalt e her soon.

[Enter CAPTAIN BUGBY.]

our lordship was saying - Oh! Captain ugby?

CAPTAIN BUGBY [nervous and awed]. aptain Bugby, sir, ah! at Lord Ravensne's service — ah!

Dickon. I am Master Dickonson, his

rdship's tutor.

CAPTAIN BUGBY. Happy, sir.

DICKON. [To RAVENSBANE.] My lord, is gentleman waits upon you from Squire albot. [To CAPTAIN BUGBY.] In regard to e challenge of this morning, I presume? CAPTAIN BUGBY. The affair, ah! the fair of this morning, sir.

RAVENSBANE [with his former superb air to Captain Bugby]. The second, I be-

eve?

CAPTAIN BUGBY. Quite so, my lord.

RAVENSBANE. Sir! the local person hom you represent has done himself the onor of submitting to me a challenge to ortal combat. Sir! Since the remotest mes of my feudal ancestors, in such affairs honor, choice of weapons has ever been e pre-pre- [Dickon looks at him intenseprerogative of the challenged. is right of etiquette must be observed.

CAPTAIN BUGBY. Indeed, ves. my lord. DICKON. Pray do not interrupt. [To RA-VENSBANE. | Your lordship : "observed."

RAVENSBANE. — observed. Nevertheless, believe me, I have no selfish desire that my superior a-a-at-attainments in this art should assume advantage over my challenger's ignorance. I have, therefore, chosen those combative utensils most appropriate both to his own humble origin and to local tradition. Permit me, sir, to reveal my choice. [Pointing to the table.] There are my weapons!

CAPTAIN BUGBY [looking, bewildered].

These, my lord?

RAVENSBANE. Those.

CAPTAIN BUGBY. But these are — are flails.

RAVENSBANE. Flails.

CAPTAIN BUGBY. Flails, my lord? - Do I understand that your lordship and Squire Talbot -

RAVENSBANE. Exactly.

CAPTAIN BUGBY. But your lordship flails!

> [Dickon's intense glance focusses on RAVENSBANE'S face with the faintest of smiles.

RAVENSBANE. My adversary should be deft in their use. He has doubtless wielded them frequently on his barn floor.

CAPTAIN BUGBY. Ahaha! I understand now. Your lordship - ah! is a wit. Haha!

DICKON. His lordship's satire is poignant. CAPTAIN BUGBY. Indeed, sir, so keen that I must apologize for laughing at my principal's expense. But - [soberly to RAV-ENSBANE] - my lord, if you will deign to speak one moment seriously -

RAVENSBANE. Seriously?

CAPTAIN BUGBY. I will take pleasure in informing Squire Talbot — ah! as to your real preference for —

RAVENSBANE. For flails, sir. I have, permit me, nothing further to say. Flails [Turns away haughtily.] are final.

CAPTAIN BUGBY. Eh! What! Must I

really report -?

DICKON. Lord Ravensbane's will is inflexible.

CAPTAIN BUGBY. And his wit, sir, incomparable. I am sorry for the Squire, but 't will be the greatest joke in years. Ah! will you tell me—is it—[indicating RAVENS-BANE'S smoking]—is it the latest fashion?
DICKON. Lord Ravensbane is always the

latest.

CAPTAIN BUGBY. Obliged servant, sir.

Aha! Such a joke as — O Lord! flails!

DICKON [gayly to RAVENSBANE]. Bravo, my numpky dear! That squelches the jealous betrothed. Now nothing remains but for you to continue to dazzle the enamored Rachel, and so present yourself to the Justice as a pseudo-son-nephew-in-law.

RAVENSBANE. I may go to Mistress

Rachel?

DICKON. She will come to you. She is reading now a poem from you, which I left on her dressing-table.

RAVENSBANE. She is reading a poem

from me?

DICKON. With your pardon, my lord, I benned it for you. I am something of a poetster. Indeed, I flatter myself that I have rictated some of the finest lines in literature.

RAVENSBANE. Dickon! She will come?

DICKON. She comes !

[Enter Rachel, reading from a piece of paper.]
[Dickon draws Ravensbane back.]

RACHEL. [Reads.] "To Mistress R---, enchantress:-

enenantress:-

"If faith in witchcraft be a sin, Alas! what peril he is in

Who plights his faith and love in thee,

Sweetest maid of sorcery.

"If witchcraft be a whirling brain,

A roving eye, a heart of pain, Whose wound no thread of fate can stitch, How hast thou conjured, cruel witch,—

With the brain, eye, heart, and total mortal residue of thine enamored.

"JACK LANTHORNE,

"[LORD R—_.]"
[DICKON goes out.]

RACHEL. "To Mistress R—, enchantress:" R! It must be. R— must mean—

RAVENSBANE [with passionate deference]. Rachel!

RACHEL. Ah! How you surprised me, my lord.

RAVENSBANE. You are come again; you

are come again.

RACHEL. Has anything happened? Oh, my lord, I have been in such terror. Promise me that there shall be — no — duel!

RAVENSBANE. No duel.

RACHEL. Oh, I am so gratefully happy RAVENSBANE. I know I am only a thing to make Mistress Rachel happy. Ah!looka me once more. When you look at me, I live

RACHEL. It is strange, indeed, my lord how the familiar world, the daylight, the heavens themselves have changed since your arrival.

RAVENSBANE. This is the world; this is the light; this is the heavens themselves

Mistress Rachel is looking at me.

RACHEL. For me, it is less strange, per haps. I never saw a real lord before. Bu you, my lord, must have seen so many many girls in the great world.

RAVENSBANE. No, no; never.

RACHEL. No other girls before to-day

ay lord

RAVENSBANE. Before to-day? I do no know; I do not care. I was not—here To-day I was born—in your eyes. Ah my brain whirls!

RACHEL [smiling].

"If witchcraft be a whirling brain, A roving eye, a heart of pain,—"

[In a whisper.] My lord, do you really be lieve in witchcraft?

RAVENSBANE. With all my heart. RACHEL. And approve of it? RAVENSBANE. With all my soul.

RACHEL. So do 1—that is, innocen witchcraft; not to harm anybody, you know, but just to feel all the dark myster and the trembling excitement—the way you feel when you blow out your candle at alone in your bedroom and watch the little smoke fade away in the moonshine.

RAVENSBANE. Fade away in the moon

hine

RACHEL. Oh, but we must n't speak o it. In a town like this, all such mysticisn is considered damnable. But your lordshi understands and approves? I am so glad Have you read the *Philosophical Consider ations* of Glanville, the *Saducismus Trium phatus*, and the *Presignifications of Dreams* What kind of witchcraft, my lord, do you believe in?

RAVENSBANE. In all yours.

RACHEL. Nay, your lordship must no take me for a real witch. I can only tel fortunes, you know — like this morning.

RAVENSBANE. I know; you told how

my heart would break.

ACHEL. Oh, that 's palmistry, and that t always certain. But the surest way rophesy - do you know what it is? AVENSBANE. Tell me.

ACHEL. To count the crows. Do you

w how?

One for sorrow -

AVENSBANE. Ha, yes! —

Two for mirth!

ACHEL.

Three for a wedding -

AVENSBANE.

Four for a birth -

ACHEL.

And five for the happiest thing on earth!

AVENSBANE. Mistress Rachel, come!

us go and count five crows.

ACHEL [delightedly]. Why, my lord, did you ever learn it? I got it from old goody here in town - a real witche. If you will promise not to tell a et, I will show you. - But you must mise!

LAVENSBANE. I promise.

ACHEL. Come, then. I will show you eal piece of witchcraft that I bought n her this morning — the glass of truth. ere! Behind that curtain. If you look vou will see — But come; I will show . [They put their hands on the cords of curtain.] Just pull that string, and -ah! DICKON [stepping out through the curtain]. lord, your pipe.

RACHEL. Master Dickonson, how you

htened me!

DICKON. So excessively sorry!

RACHEL. But how did you -? DICKON. I believe you were showing his

lship -

RACHEL [turning hurriedly away]. Oh, hing; nothing at all.

RAVENSBANE [sternly to Dickon]. Why

vou come?

DICKON [handing back RAVENSBANE'S e filled]. Allow me. [Aside.] 'T is high e you came to the point, Jack; 't is near r lordship's reception. Woo and win, ; woo and win.

RAVENSBANE [haughtily]. Leave me. DICKON. Your lordship's humble, very [Exit.]able.

RACHEL [shivering]. My dear lord, why

you keep this man?

RAVENSBANE. I — keep this man?

RACHEL. Pardon my rudeness — I cannot endure him.

RAVENSBANE. You do not like him? Ah, then, I do not like him also. We will send him away — you and I.

RACHEL. You, my lord, of course; but

RAVENSBANE. You will be Dickon! You

will be with me always and light my pipe. And I will live for you, and fight for you. and kill your betrothed!

RACHEL [drawing away]. No, no!

RAVENSBANE. Ah! but your eyes say "yes." Mistress Rachel leaves me; but Rachel in her eyes remains. Is it not so?

RACHEL. What can I say, my lord! It is true that since my eyes met yours, a new passion has entered into my soul. I have felt -- but 't is so impertinent, my lord, so absurd in me, a mere girl, and you a nobleman of power - yet I have felt it irresistibly, my dear lord, - a longing to help you. I am so sorry for you - so sorry for you! I pity you deeply. - Forgive me; forgive me, my lord!

RAVENSBANE. It is enough.

RACHEL. Indeed, indeed, 't is so rude of

me, — 't is so unreasonable.

RAVENSBANE. It is enough. I grow - I grow - I grow! I am a plant; you give it rain and sun. I am a flower; you give it light and dew; I am a soul, you give it love and speech. I grow. Toward you - toward you I grow!

RACHEL. My lord, I do not understand it, how so poor and mere a girl as I can have helped you. Yet I do believe it is so; for I feel it so. What can I do for you?

RAVENSBANE. Be mine. Let me be yours RACHEL. But, my lord -- do I love you? RAVENSBANE. What is "I love you"?

Is it a kiss, a sigh, an embrace? Ah! then, you do not love me. - "I love you": is it to nourish, to nestle, to lift up, to smile upon, to make greater - a worm? Ah! then, you love me.

[Enter Richard at left back, unobserved.]

RACHEL. Do not speak so of yourself, my lord; nor exalt me so falsely.

RAVENSBANE. Be mine.

RACHEL. A great glory has descended upon this day.

RAVENSBANE. Be mine.

RACHEL. Could I but be sure that this glory is love — Oh, then !

[Turns toward RAVENSBANE.]
RICHARD [stepping between them]. It is

not love; it is witchcraft.

RACHEL. Who are you? — Richard? RICHARD. You have, indeed, forgotten me? Would to God, Rachel, I could forget

RAVENSBANE. Ah, permit me, sir-

RICHARD. Silence! [To RACHEL.] Against my will, I am a convert to your own mysticism; for nothing less than damnable illusion could so instantly wean your heart from me to—this. I do not pretend to understand it; but that it is witchcraft I am convinced; and I will save you from it.

RACHEL. Go; please go.

RAVENSBANE. Permit me, sir; you have

not replied yet to flails!

RICHARD. Permit me, sir. [Taking something from his coat.] My answer is — bare cob! [Holding out a shelled corn-cob.] Thresh this, sir, for your antagonist. 'T is the only one worthy your lordship.

[Tosses it contemptuously toward him.]
RAVENSBANE. Upon my honor, as a

man —

RICHARD. As a man, forsooth! Were you, indeed, a man, Lord Ravensbane, I would have accepted your weapons, and flailed you out of New England. But it is not my custom to chastise runagates from asylums, or to banter further words with a natural and a ninny.

RACHEL. Squire Talbot! Will you leave

my uncle's house?

RAVENSBANE. One moment, mistress:—I did not wholly catch the import of this gentleman's speech, but I fancy I have insulted him by my reply to his challenge. One insult may perhaps be remedied by another. Sir, permit me to call you a ninny, and to offer you—[drawing his sword and offering it]—swords.

RICHARD. Thanks; I reject the offer.

RAVENSBANE [turning away despond-

ently]. He rejects it. Well!

RACHEL. [To RICHARD.] And now will

you leave?

RICHARD. At once. But one word more. Rachel — Rachel, have you forgotten this morning and the Glass of Truth?

RACHEL [coldly]. No.

RICHARD. Call it a fancy now if you wi I scoffed at it; yes. Yet you believed it. loved you truly, you said. Well, have changed?

RACHEL. Yes.

RICHARD. Will you test me again — the glass?

RACHEL. No. Go; leave us.

RICHARD. I will go. I have still a wor with your aunt.

RAVENSBANE. [To RICHARD.] I be your pardon, sir. You said just now th

had I been a man —

RICHARD. I say, Lord Ravensbane, the the straight fiber of a true man new warps the love of a woman. As for you self, you have my contempt and pity. Pre to God, sir, pray to God to make you a make y

RACHEL. Oh! it is intolerable! [7]?
RAVENSBANE.] My dear lord, I do belie in my heart that I love you, and if so, will with gratitude be your wife. But, n lord, strange glamors, strange darkness reel, and bewilder my mind. I must alone; I must think and decide. Will y give me this tassel?

RAVENSBANE [unfastening a silk task from his coat and giving it to her]. Oh, take

RACHEL. If I decide that I love yo that I will be your wife — I will wear this afternoon at the reception. Good-by [Exit, right]

RAVENSBANE. Mistress Rachel! -

[He is left alone. As he looks about gropingly, and raises his arms vague prayer, DICKON appeared from the right and watches his with a smile.]

God, are you here? Dear God, I pray you — make me to be a man!

[Exit, le

DICKON. Poor Jacky! Thou shouldst prayed to t' other one.

[Enter, right, JUSTICE MERTON.]

JUSTICE MERTON. [To DICKON.] Wyou not listen? Will you not listen!

DICKON. Such a delightful room!

JUSTICE MERTON. Are you merciless' DICKON. And such a living portrait your Worship! The waistcoat is so beau fully executed.

JUSTICE MERTON. If I pay him ten the

sand pounds —

r, right, MISTRESS MERTON, who goes toward the table. Enter, left, MICAH.] ISTRESS MERTON. Flails! Flails in the

ICAH. The minister and his wife have

ed into the gate, madam.

ISTRESS MERTON. The guests! Is it so

ICAH. Four o'clock, madam.

ISTRESS MERTON. Remove these things ce.

ICAH. Yes, madam.

[He lifts them, and starts for the door where he pauses to look back and

am, in all my past years of service at on House, I never waited upon a lord o-day. Madam, in all my future years rvice at Merton House, I trust I may wait upon a lord again.

STRESS MERTON. Micah, mind the

CAH. Yes, madam.

[Exit at left back. Sounds of a brass knocker outside.]

STRESS MERTON. Rachel! Rachel!

[Exit, left.] STICE MERTON. [To DICKON.] So you contented with nothing less than the fice of my niece!

[Enter MICAH.]

CAH. Minister Dodge, your Worship; Mistress Dodge. $\lceil Exit. \rceil$

[Enter the MINISTER and his WIFE.] STICE MERTON [stepping forward to rethem]. Believe me, this is a great priv-[Bowing.] -- Madam! NISTER DODGE [taking his hand]. The ege is ours, Justice; to enter a rightman's house is to stand, as it were, on

threshold.

STICE MERTON [nervously]. Amen, . Permit me—ah! Lord Ravensbane, oung guest of honor, will be here di-— permit me to present his lordship's Master Dickonson; the Reverend er Dodge, Mistress Dodge.

NISTER DODGE [offering his hand].

er Dickonson, sir-

CKON [barely touching the minister's finbows charmingly to his wife]. Madam, professions in the world, your huss most allures me.

STRESS DODGE. 'T is a worthy one, sir.

Dickon. Ah! Mistress Dodge, and so arduous — especially for a minister's wife.

[He leads her to a chair.]

MISTRESS DODGE [accepting the chair]. Thank you.

MINISTER DODGE. Lord Ravensbane comes from abroad?

JUSTICE MERTON. From London.

MINISTER DODGE, An old friend of yours, I understand.

JUSTICE MERTON. From London, ves. Did I say from London? Quite so; from

[Enter MICAH.]

MICAH. Captain Bugby, the Governor's secretary.

[Enter Captain Bugby. He walks with a slight lameness, and holds daintily in his hand a pipe, from which he puffs with dandy deliberation.

CAPTAIN BUGBY. Justice Merton, your

very humble servant.

JUSTICE MERTON. Believe me, Captain

Bugby.

CAPTAIN BUGBY [profusely]. Ah, Master Dickonson! my dear friend Master Dickonson - this is, indeed - ah! How is his lordship since — aha! but discretion! Mistress Dodge — her servant! Ah! yes — [indicating his pipe with a smile of satisfaction — the latest, I assure you; the very latest from London. Ask Master Dickonson.

MINISTER DODGE [looking at CAPTAIN Bugby]. These will hatch out in the spring

time.

[confidentially CAPTAIN BUGBY DICKON]. But really, my good friend, mag not I venture to inquire how his lordship ah! has been in health since the - ah! since —

Dickon [impressively]. Oh! quite, quite!

[Enter Mistress Merton; she joins Justice MERTON and MINISTER DODGE.

CAPTAIN BUGBY. You know, I informed Squire Talbot of his lordship's epigrammatic retort — his retort of — shh! ha haha! Oh, that reply was a stiletto; 't was sharper than a sword-thrust, I assure you. To have conceived it - 't was inspiration; but to have expressed it - oh! 't was genius. Hush! "Flails"! Oh! It sticks me now in the ribs. I shall die with concessing it.

MINISTER DODGE. [To MISTRESS MER-TON. Tis true, mistress; but if there were more like your brother in the parish, the conscience of the community would be clearer.

[Enter MICAH.]

MICAH. The Reverend Master Rand of Harvard College; the Reverend Master Todd of Harvard College.

[Enter two elderly, straight-backed divines.]

JUSTICE MERTON [greeting them]. Permit me, gentlemen; this is fortunate - before

your return to Cambridge.

[He conducts them to MISTRESS MER-TON and MINISTER DODGE, center. Seated left, Dickon is ingratiating himself with MISTRESS DODGE; CAPTAIN BUGBY, laughed at by both parties, is received by neither.]

CAPTAIN BUGBY [puffing smoke toward the ceiling]. Really, I cannot understand what keeps his Excellency, the Lieutenant-Governor, so long. He has two such charming daughters, Master Dickonson -

DICKON. [To MISTRESS DODGE.] Yes, yes; such suspicious women with their charms are an insult to the virtuous ladies

of the parish.

CAPTAIN BUGBY. How, sir!

MISTRESS DODGE. And to think that she should actually shoe horses herself!

CAPTAIN BUGBY [piqued, walks another

way]. Well!

REV. MASTER RAND. [To JUSTICE MER-TON. It would not be countenanced in the college yard, sir.

REV. MASTER TODD. A pipe! Nay,

mores inhibitæ!

JUSTICE MERTON. 'T is most unfortunate, gentlemen; but I understand 't is the new vogue in London.

[Enter MICAH.]

MICAH. His Excellency, Sir Charles Reddington, Lieutenant - Governor; the Mistress Reddingtons.

CAPTAIN BUGBY. At last!

MISTRESS MERTON [aside]. Micah.

[MICAH goes to her.]

Enter SIR CHARLES, MISTRESS REDDINGTON, and Amelia Reddington.

JUSTICE MERTON. Your Excellency, this is, indeed, a distinguished honor.

SIR CHARLES [shaking hands]. Fine weather, Merton. Where's your young lord?

THE TWO GIRLS [curtsying]. Justice Merton, Mistress Merton. [MICAH goes out.

CAPTAIN BUGBY. Oh, my dear Mistress Reddington! Charming Mistress Amelia You are so very late, but you shall hear hush!

MISTRESS REDDINGTON [noticing hi

pipe]. Why, what is this, Captain?

CAPTAIN BUGBY. Oh, the latest, I assure you, the very latest. Wait till you see hi

AMELIA. What! is n't he here ? [Laugh ing. La, Captain! Do look at the man! CAPTAIN BUGBY. Oh, he's coming di

rectly. Quite the mode — what?

He talks to them aside, where the

SIR CHARLES. [To DICKON.] What say Traveling for his health?

DICKON. Partially, your Excellency; bu my young pupil and master is a singularl affectionate nature.

THE TWO GIRLS. | To CAPTAIN BUGBY.

What! flails — really!

They burst into laughter amon themselves.]

Dickon. He has journeyed here to Ma sachusetts peculiarly to pay this visit t Justice Merton - his father's deare friend.

SIR CHARLES. Ah! knew him abroad eh?

Dickon. In Rome, your Excellency.

MISTRESS DODGE. [To JUSTICE ME TON.] Why, I thought it was in London.

JUSTICE MERTON. London, true, qui so; we made a trip together to Lisbon.

DICKON. Paris, was it not, sir?

JUSTICE MERTON [in great distress Paris, Paris, very true; I am — I am. sometimes I am -

[Enter MICAH, right.]

MICAH. [Announces.] Lord Ravensbar

[Enter right, RAVENSBANE with RACHEL.] JUSTICE MERTON [with a gasp of relief

Ah! his lordship is arrived. [Murmurs of "his lordship" and

> flutter among the girls and CAPTA BUGBY.

CAPTAIN BUGBY. Look! - Now!

USTICE MERTON. Welcome, my lord! SIR CHARLES.] Your Excellency, let introduce — permit me —

AVENSBANE. Permit me; [addressing Mistress Rachel! - Mistress Rachel

introduce —

ACHEL [curtsying]. Sir Charles, allow to present my friend, Lord Ravens-

ISTRESS REDDINGTON [aside to AMELIA].

friend - did you hear?

R CHARLES. Mistress Rachel, I see are as pretty as ever. Lord Ravense, your hand, sir.

AVENSBANE. Trust me, your Excely, I will inform his Majesty of your

APTAIN BUGBY [watching RAVENSBANE chagrin]. On my life! he's lost his

AVENSBANE [apart to RACHEL]. You : "A great glory has descended upon day."

ACHEL [shyly]. My lord!

AVENSBANE. Be sure — O mistress, be - that this glory is love.

R CHARLES. My daughters, Fanny and

elia — Lord Ravensbane.

HE TWO GIRLS [curtsying]. Your lord-

R CHARLES. Good girls, but silly.

HE TWO GIRLS. Papa!

AVENSBANE. Believe me, ladies, with true sincerity of the heart.

ISTRESS REDDINGTON. Is n't he per-

ion! APTAIN BUGBY. What said I?

MELIA [giggling]. I can't help thinking ails.

R CHARLES [in a loud whisper aside to FICE MERTON]. Is it congratulations

your niece?

JETICE MERTON. Not — not precisely. ICKON. [To JUSTICE MERTON.] Your [Leads him aside.] ship—a word. AVENSBANE [whom RACHEL continues to duce to the guests, to Master Rand]. ly, sir, as that prince of poets, the imal Virgil, has remarked:

deo in teneris consuescere multum est."

EV. MASTER TODD. His lordship is evily a university man.

EV. MASTER RAND. Evidently most

mplished.

JUSTICE MERTON [aside to DICKON]. A song! Why, it is beyond all bounds of custom and decorum.

DICKON. Believe me, there is no such flatterer to win the maiden heart as music.

JUSTICE MERTON. And here; in this presence! Never!

DICKON. Nevertheless, it will amuse me

vastly, and you will announce it.

JUSTICE MERTON [with hesitant embarrassment, which he seeks to conceal. Your Excellency and friends, I have great pleasure in announcing his lordship's condescension in consenting to regale our present company - with a song.

SEVERAL VOICES fin various degrees of

amazement and curiosity]. A song!

MISTRESS MERTON. Gilead! What is

JUSTICE MERTON. The selection is a German ballad — a particular favorite at the court of Prussia, where his lordship last rendered it. His tutor has made a translation which is entitled -

DICKON. "The Prognostication of the

Crows,"

ALL. Crows!

JUSTICE MERTON. And I am requested to remind you that in the ancient heathen mythology of Germany, the crow or raven, was the fateful bird of the god Woden.

CAPTAIN BUGBY. How prodigiously

novel!

MINISTER DODGE [frowning]. Unparalleled!

SIR CHARLES. A ballad! Come now, that sounds like old England again. Let's have it. Will his lordship sing without mu-

JUSTICE MERTON. Master Dickonson, hem! has been - persuaded - to accompany his lordship on the spinet.

AMELIA. How delightful!

REV. MASTER RAND [aside to TJDD]. Shall we remain?

REV. MASTER TODD. We must.

RAVENSBANE. [To RACHEL.] My tassel, dear mistress; you do not wear it?

RACHEL. My heart still wavers, my lord.

But whilst you sing, I will decide.

RAVENSBANE. Whilst I sing? My fate, then, is waiting at the end of a song?

RACHEL. At the end of a song.

DICKON [calling to RAVENSBANE]. Your lordship u

RAVENSBANE [starting, turns to the company]. Permit me.

[Dickon sits, facing left, at the spinet. At first, his fingers in playing give sound only to the soft tinkling notes of that ancient instrument; but gradually, strange notes and harmonies of an aërial orchestra mingle with, and at length drown, the spinet. The final chorus is produced solely by fantastic symphonic cawings, as of countless crows, in harsh but musical accord. During the song RICHARD enters. DICKON'S music, however, does not cease but fills the intervals between the verses. To his accompaniment, amid the whispered and gradually increasing wonder, resentment, and dismay of the assembled guests, RAVENSBANE, with his eyes fixed upon RACHEL, sings.]

Baron von Rabentod arose: (The golden sun was rising) Before him flew a flock of crows: Sing heigh! Sing heigh! Sing heigh! Sing —

"Ill speed, ill speed thee, baron-wight; Ill speed thy palfrey pawing! Blithe is the morn but black the night That hears a raven's cawing."

> [Chorus.] Caw! Caw! Caw!

MISTRESS DODGE. [Whispers to her husband. Did you hear them?

MINISTER DODGE. Hush!

AMELIA [sotto voce]. What can it be? CAPTAIN BUGBY. Oh, the latest, be sure. DICKON. You note, my friends, the accompanying harmonics; they are an intrinsic part of the ballad, and may not be omitted.

RAVENSBANE. [Sings.]

The baron reckèd not a pin: (For the golden sun was rising) He rode to woo, he rode to win; Sing heigh! Sing heigh! Sing heigh! Sing —

He rode into his prince's hall Through knights and damsels flow'ry: "Thy daughter, prince, I bid thee call; I claim her hand and dowry."

Enter RICHARD. MISTRESS MERTON seizes his arm nervously.

SIR CHARLES. [To CAPTAIN BUGBY.] This gentleman's playing is rather ventriloquistical.

CAPTAIN BUGBY. Quite, as it were.

REV. MASTER TODD. This smells unholy REV. MASTER RAND. [To TODD.] Shall we leave?

RAVENSBANE. [Sings.]

"What cock is this, with crest so high, That crows with such a pother?" "Baron von Rabentod am I; Methinks we know each other."

"Now welcome, welcome, dear guest of mine, So long why didst thou tarry?

Now, for the sake of auld lang syne, My daughter thou shalt marry.'

AMELIA. [To BUGBY.] And he kept righ on smoking!

MINISTER DODGE [who, with RAND and Todd, has risen uneasily]. This smacks of witchcraft.

RAVENSBANE. [Sings.]

The bride is brought, the priest as well: (The golden sun was passing) They stood beside the altar rail; Sing ah! Sing ah! Sing ah! Sing -

"Woman, with this ring I thee wed." What makes his voice so awing? The baron by the bride is dead: Outside the crows were cawing.

> [Chorus, which grows tumultuous seeming to fill the room with the in visible birds.

Caw! Caw! Caw!

The guests rise in confusion. DICKO still plays delightedly, and th strange music continues.]

MINISTER DODGE. This is no longe godly. — Justice Merton! Justice Merton

RAVENSBANE. [To RACHEL, who holds h tassel in her hand.] Ah! and you have m

RACHEL. See! I will wear it now. Yo yourself shall fasten it.

RAVENSBANE. Rachel! Mistress! RACHEL. My dear lord!

[As RAVENSBANE is placing the silken tassel on RACHEL'S brea to fasten it there, RICHARD, by the mirror, takes hold of the curtar

strings. RICHARD. I told you — witchcraft, lil murder will out! Lovers! Behold you selves! He pulls the curtain back

RACHEL [looking into the glass, screan and turns her gaze fearfully upon RAVEN BANE]. Ah! Do not look!

DICKON [who, having turned round fro

the spinet, has leaped forward, now turns back

again, biting his finger]. Too late!

[In the glass are reflected the figures of RACHEL and RAVENSBANE — RACHEL just as she herself appears, but RAVENSBANE in his essential form of a scarecrow, in every movement reflecting RAVENSBANE's motions. The thing in the glass is about to pin a wisp of corn-silk on the mirrored breast of the maden.]

RAVENSBANE. What is there?

RACHEL [looking again, starts away from RAVENSBANE]. Leave me! Leave me!—Richard! [She faints in RICHARD'S arms.] RAVENSBANE. Fear not, mistress, I will

kill the thing.

[Drawing his sword, he rushes at the glass. Within, the scarecrow, with a drawn wheel-spoke, approaches him at equal speed. They come face to face and recoil.]

to face and recoil.]

Ah! ah! Fear'st thou me? What art thou?

Why, 't is a glass. Thou mockest me?

Look, look, mistress, it mocks me! O God, no! no! Take it away. Dear God, do not

look! — It is I!

ALL [rushing to the doors]. Witchcraft!

[As RAVENSBANE stands frantically confronting his abject reflection, struck in a like posture of despair, the curtain falls.]

ACT IV

The same. Night. The moon, shining in broadly at the window, discovers RAVENSBANE alone, prostrate before the mirror. Raised on one arm to a half-sitting posture, he gazes fixedly at the vaguely seen image of the scarecrow prostrate

in the glass.

RAVENSBANE. All have left me—but not thou. Rachel has left me; her eyes have turned away from me; she is gone. All that I loved, all that loved me, have left me. A thousand ages — a thousand ages ago, they went away; and thou and I have gazed upon each other's desertedness. Speak! and be pitiful! If thou art I, inscrutable image, if thou dost feel these pangs thine own, show then self-mercy; speak! What art thou? What am I? Why are we here? How comes it that we feel and guess and suffer? Nay, though thou answer not these doubts, yet mock them, mock them aloud, even as there, monstrous, thou counterfeitest mine.

actions. Speak, abject enigma! — Speak, poor shadow, thou —

[Recoiling wildly.] Stand back, inanity! Thrust not thy mawkish face in pity toward me. Ape and idiot! Scarecrow! — to console me! Haha! — A flail and broomstick! a cob, a gourd and pumpkin, to fuse and sublimate themselves into a mage-philosopher, who discourseth metaphysics to itself - itself, God! Dost Thou hear? Itself! For even such am I — I whom Thou madest to love Rachel. Why. God — haha! dost Thou dwell in this thing? Is it Thou that peerest forth at me - from me? Why, hark then; Thou shalt listen, and answer - if Thou canst. Between the rise and setting of a sun, I have walked in this world of Thine. I have been thrilled with wonder; I have been calmed with knowledge; I have trembled with joy and passion. Power, beauty, love have ravished me. Infinity itself, like a dream, has blazed before me with the certitude of prophecv: and I have cried, "This world, the heavens, time itself, are mine to conquer," and I have thrust forth mine arm to wear Thy shield forever - and lo! for my shield Thou reachest me - a mirror, and whisperest: "Know thyself! Thou art - a scarecrow: a tinkling clod, a rigmarole of dust, a lump of ordure, contemptible, superfluous, inane!" Haha! Hahaha! And with such scarecrows Thou dost people a planet! O ludicrous! Monstrous! Ludicrous! At least, I thank Thee, God! at least this breathing bathos can laugh at itself. Thou hast youchsafed to me, Spirit, - hahaha !- to know myself. Mine, mine is the consummation of man — even self-contempt! [Pointing in the glass with an agony of derision. Scarecrow! Scarecrow! Scarecrow!

THE IMAGE IN THE GLASS [more and more faintly]. Scarecrow! Scarecrow!

[RAVENSBANE throws himself prone upon the floor, beneath the window, sobbing. There is a pause of silence, and the moon shines brighter.— Slowly then RAVENSBANE, getting to his knees, looks out into the night.]

RAVENSBANE. What face are you, high up through the twinkling leaves? Do you not, like all the rest, turn, aghast, your eyes away from me — me, abject enormity, groveling at your feet? Gracious being, do you not fear — despise me? O white peace of

the world, beneath your gaze the clouds glow silver, and the herded cattle, slumbering far afield, crouch - beautiful. The slough shines lustrous as a bridal veil. Beautiful face, you are Rachel's, and you have changed the world. Nothing is mean, but you have made it miraculous; nothing is loathsome, nothing ludicrous, but you have converted it to loveliness, that even this shadow of a mockery myself, cast by your light, gives me the dear assurance I am a man. Rachel, mistress, mother, out of my suffering you have brought forth my soul. I am saved!

THE IMAGE IN THE GLASS. A very pretty

sophistry.

[The moonlight grows dimmer, as at the passing of a cloud.

RAVENSBANE. Ah! what voice

snatched you from me?

THE IMAGE. A most poetified pumpkin! RAVENSBANE. Thing! dost thou speak at last? My soul abhors thee.

THE IMAGE. I am thy soul. RAVENSBANE. Thou liest.

THE IMAGE. Our daddy Dickon and our mother Rickby begot and conceived us at sunrise, in a Jack-o'-lantern.

RAVENSBANE. Thou liest, torturing illusion. Thou art but a phantom in a glass.

THE IMAGE. Wby, very true. So art thou. We are a pretty phantom in a glass.

RAVENSBANE. It is a lie. I am no longer thou. I feel it; I am a man.

THE IMAGE.

And prithee, what 's a man? Man 's but a mirror, Wherein the imps and angels play charades, Make faces, mope, and pull each other's hair—Till crack! the sly urchin Death shivers the glass,

And the bare coffin boards show underneath.

RAVENSBANE. Yea! if it be so, thou coggery! if both of us be indeed but illusions, why, now let us end together. But if it be not so, then let me for evermore be free of thee. Now is the test-the glass!

Springing to the fireplace, he seizes an iron crosspiece from the andirons.]

I'll play your urchin Death and shatter it. Let see what shall survive!

[He rushes to strike the glass with the iron. Dickon steps out of the mirror, closing the curtain.]

Dickon. I wouldn't, really!

RAVENSBANE. Dickon! dear Dickon! is ft you?

DICKON. Yes, Jacky! it's dear Dickor and I really would n't.

RAVENSBANE. Would n't what, Dickon

DICKON. Sweep the cobwebs off the sk with thine aspiring broomstick. When man questions fate, 't is bad digestion. Whe a scarecrow does it, 't is bad taste.

RAVENSBANE. At last, you will tell me the truth, Dickon! Am I, then - that thing? DICKON. You must n't be so skeptical

Of course you're that thing.

RAVENSBANE. Ahme despicable! Rachel why didst thou ever look upon me?

DICKON. I fear, cobby, thou hast never studied woman's heart and hero-worship Take thyself now. I remarked to Goody Bess, thy mother, this morning, as I wa chucking her thy pate from the hayloft, tha thou wouldst make a Mark Antony or as Alexander before night.

RAVENSBANE. Cease! cease! in pity's name. You do not know the agony of being

DICKON. Nay, Jacky, all mortals are ridiculous. Like you, they were rummaged out of the muck; and like you, they shall return to the dunghill. I advise 'em, like you, to enjoy the interim, and smoke.

RAVENSBANE. This pipe, this ludicrous pipe that I forever set to my lips and puff

Why must I, Dickon? Why?
DICKON. To avoid extinction—merely You see, 't is just as your fellow in there [pointing to the glass] explained. You yourself are the subtlest of mirrors, polished out of pumpkin and pipe-smoke. Into this mirror the fair Mistress Rachel has projected her lovely image, and thus provided you with what men call a soul.

RAVENSBANE. Ah! then, I have a soul -the truth of me? Mistress Rachel has

indeed made me a man?

DICKON. Don't flatter thyself, cobby. Break thy pipe, and whiff - soul, Mistress Rachel, man, truth, and this pretty world itself, go up in the last smoke.

RAVENSBANE. No, no! not Mistress

DICKON. Mistress Rachel exists for your lordship merely in your lordship's pipe-

RAVENSBANE. Wretched, niggling caricature that I am! All is lost to me - lost!

DICKON. "Paradise Lost" again! Always blaming it on me. There's that gaunt tellow in England has lately wrote a parody on me when I was in the apple business.

RAVENSBANE [falling on his knees and bowing his head]. O God! I am so contemptible!

Enter, at door back, Goody Rickby; her blacksmith garb is hidden under a dingy black mantle with peaked hood.

DICKON. Good verse, too, for a parody!

[Ruminating, raises one arm rhetorically above RAVENSBANE.]

- "Farewell, happy fields Where joy forever dwells! Hail, horrors; hail, Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell, Receive thy new possessor.

GOODY RICKBY [seizing his arm]. Dickon!

DICKON. Hullo! You, Bess! GOODY RICKBY. There's not a minute to lose. Justice Merton and the neighbors have ended their conference at Minister Dodge's, and are returning here.

DICKON. Well, let 'em come. We 're

ready.

GOODY RICKBY. But thou toldst me they

had discovered —

Dickon. A scarecrow in a mirror. Well? The glass is bewitched; that's all.

GOODY RICKBY. All? Witchcraft is hanging — that's all! And the mirror was bought of me - of me, the witch. Wilt thou be my hangman, Dickon?

Dickon. Wilt thou give me a kiss, Goody? When did ever thy Dickon desert

thee?

GOODY RICKBY. But how, boy, wilt

thou -

DICKON. Trust me, and thy son. When the Justice's niece is thy daughter-in-law, all will be safe. For the Justice will cherish his niece's family.

GOODY RICKBY. But when he knows ---

DICKON. But he shall not know. How can he? When the glass is denounced as a fraud, how will he, or any person, ever know that we made this fellow out of rubbish? Who, for sooth, but a poet - or a devil - would believe it? You must n't credit men with our imaginations, my dear.

GOODY RICKBY. Then thou wilt pull me

through this safe?

DICKON. As I adore thee — and my own

GOODY RICKBY [at the window]. I see their lanterns down the road.

DICKON. Stay, marchioness - his lordship! My lord --- your lady mother.

GOODY RICKBY [curtsying, laughs shrilly]. Your servant - my son! [About to depart.] RAVENSBANE. Ye lie! both of you! - I

was born of Rachel.

DICKON. Tut, tut, Jacky; you must n't mix up mothers and prospective wives at your age. It's fatal.

GOODY RICKBY [excitedly]. They're com-

DICKON [calling after her]. Fear not: I'll overtake thee.

RAVENSBANE. She is coming: Rachel i. coming, and I may not look upon her!

DICKON. Eh? Why not?

RAVENSBANE. I am a monster.

DICKON. Fie! fie! Thou shalt have here RAVENSBANE. Have her, Dickon?

DICKON. For lover and wife.

RAVENSBANE. For wife?

DICKON. For wife and all. Thou hast but to obey.

RAVENSBANE. Ah! who will do this for me?

Dickon, I!

RAVENSBANE. Dickon! Wilt make me a

man - a man and worthy of her?

DICKON. Fiddlededee! I make over no masterpieces. Thy mistress shall be Cinderella, and drive to her palace with her gilded pumpkin.

RAVENSBANE. It is the end.

DICKON. What! You'll not?

RAVENSBANE. Never.

DICKON. Harkee, manikin. Hast thou learned to suffer?

RAVENSBANE [wringing his hands]. O

DICKON. I taught thee. Shall I teach thee further?

RAVENSBANE. Thou canst not.

Dickon. Cannot — ha! What if I should teach Rachel, too?

RAVENSBANE. Rachel! — Ah! now I know thee.

DICKON [bowing]. Flattered.

RAVENSBANE. Devil! Thou wouldst not torment Rachel?

DICKON. Not if my lord -

RAVENSBANE. Speak! What must I do?

DICKON. Not speak. Be silent, my lord, and acquiesce in all I say.

RAVENSBANE. I will be silent.

DICKON. And acquiesce? RAVENSBANE. I will be silent.

Enter MINISTER DODGE, accompanied by SIR CHARLES REDDINGTON, CAPTAIN BUGBY, the REVEREND MASTERS RAND and TODD, and followed by Justice Merton, Richard, MISTRESS MERTON, and RACHEL. RICHARD and Rachel stand somewhat apart, Rachel drawing close to RICHARD and hiding her face. All wear their outer wraps, and two or three hold lanterns, which, save the moon, throw the only light upon the scene. All enter solemn and silent.

MINISTER DODGE. Lord, be Thou present with us, in this unholy spot.

SEVERAL MEN'S VOICES. Amen.

Dickon. Friends! Have you seized her? MINISTER DODGE. Stand from us.

DICKON. Sir, the witch! Surely you did not let her escape?

ALL. The witch!

Dickon. A dame in a peaked hood. She has but now fled the house. She called herself - Goody Rickby.

ALL. Goody Rickby!

MISTRESS MERTON. She here!

DICKON. Yea, mistress, and hath confessed all the damnable art, by which all of us have lately been so terrorized.

JUSTICE MERTON. What confessed she? MINISTER DODGE. What said she?

DICKON. This: It appeareth that, for Nome time past, she hath cherished revengeful thoughts against our honored host, Justice Merton.

MINISTER DODGE. Yea, he hath often

righteously condemned her!

Dickon. Precisely! So, in revenge, she bewitched yonder mirror, and this very morning unlawfully inveigled this sweet young lady into purchasing it.

SIR CHARLES. Mistress Rachel!

MINISTER DODGE. [To RACHEL.] Didst thou purchase that glass?

RACHEL [in a low voice]. Yes.

MINISTER DODGE. From Goody Rickby? RACHEL. Yes. [Clinging to RICHARD.] O Richard!

MINISTER DODGE. But the image; what was the damnable image in the glass?

Dickon. A familiar devil of hers—a sly imp, who wears to mortal eyes the shape of a scarecrow. It seems she commanded this devil to reveal himself in the glass as my lord's own image, that thus she might wreck Justice Merton's family fe licity.

MINISTER DODGE. Infamous!

DICKON. Indeed, sir, it was this ver devil whom but now she stole here to con sult withal, when she encountered me, at tendant here upon my poor prostrate lord and — held by the wrath in my eye — con fessed it all.

SIR CHARLES. Thunder and brimstone

Where is this accursed hag?

DICKON. Alas - gone, gone! If you had but stopped her. MINISTER DODGE. I know her den - the

blacksmith shop. Let us seize her there! SIR CHARLES [starting]. Which way?

MINISTER DODGE. To the left.

SIR CHARLES. Go on, there. MINISTER DODGE. My honored friends

come with us. Heaven shield, with her

guilt, the innocent ! [Exeunt all but RICHARD, RACHEL

DICKON, and RAVENSBANE.]

So, then, dear friends, this strange incident is happily elucidated. By gones, therefore, be bygones. The future brightens - with orange-blossoms. Hymer and Felicity stand with us here ready to unite two amorous and bashful lovers. His lordship is reticent; yet to you alone, or all beautiful ladies, Mistress Rachel -

RAVENSBANE [in a mighty voice]. Silence

Dickon. My lord would —

RAVENSBANE. Silence! Dare not to speal

DICKON [biting his lip]. My babe is weaned.

> [He steps back, and disappears, left in the dimness.

RACHEL [still at RICHARD'S side]. Oh my lord, if I have made you suffer -

RICHARD [appealingly]. Rachel! RAVENSBANE [approaching her, raises one arm to screen his face]. Gracious lady! le fall your eyes; look not upon me. If] dare now speak once more to you, 't is because I would have you know - Oh, forgive

me!—that I love you.
RICHARD. Sir! This lady has renewed

her promise to be my wife.

RAVENSBANE. Your wife, or not, I love her.

RICHARD. Zounds!

RAVENSBANE. Forbear, and hear me For one wonderful day I have gazed upon his, your world. A million forms—of rees, of stones, of stars, of men, of common things—have swum like motes before ny eyes; but one alone was wholly beautiful. That form was Rachel: to her alone was not ludicrous; to her I also was reautiful. Therefore, I love her.

RICHARD. Sir!

RAVENSBANE. You talk to me of mothers, mistresses, lovers, and wives and sisers, and you say men love these. What is ove? The night and day of the world—he all of life, the all which must include both you and me and God, of whom you lream. Well, then, I love you, Rachel. What shall prevent me? Mistress, mother, wife—thou art all to me!

RICHARD. My lord, I can only reply for Mistress Rachel, that you speak like one who does not understand this world.

RAVENSBANE. O God! Sir, and do you? If so, tell me—tell me before it be too ate—why, in this world, such a thing as can love and talk of love. Why, in this world, a true man and woman, like you and your betrothed, can look upon this counterfeit and be deceived.

RACHEL AND RICHARD. Counterfeit?
RAVENSBANE. Me — on me — the ignoniny of the earth, the laughing-stock of he angels!

RACHEL. Are you not Lord Ravens-

oane?

RAVENSBANE. No, I am not Lord Ravensbane. I am a nobleman of husks, bevitched from a pumpkin. I am Lord Scarecrow!

RACHEL. Ah me, the image in the glass

was true?

RAVENSBANE. Yes, true. It is the glass of truth — Thank God for you, dear.

DICKON [his face only reappearing in the mirror, speaks low]. Remember! if you dare — Rachel shall suffer for it.

RAVENSBANE. You lie. She is above your power.

DICKON. Still, thou darest not -

RAVENSBANE. Fool, I dare. [RAVENSBANE turns to RACHEL. While he speaks, DICKON's face slowly fades and disappears.] Mistress, this pipe is I. This intermittent smoke holds, in its nebula, Venus, Mars, the world. If I should break it—Chaos and the dark! And this of me that now stands up will sink jumbled upon the floor—a scarecrow. See! I break it. [He breaks the pipe in his hands, and flings the pieces to the ground; then turns, agonized, to RACHEL.] Oh, Rachel, could I have been a man—! [He sways, staggering.]

RACHEL. Richard! Richard! support

him.

[She draws the curtain of the mirror, just opposite which RAVENSBANE has sunk upon the floor. At her cry, he starts up faintly and gazes at his reflection, which is seen to be a normal image of himself.]

Look, look: the glass!

RAVENSBANE. Who is it?

RACHEL. Yourself, my lord — 't is the

glass of truth.

RAVENSBANE [his face lighting with an exalted joy, starts to his feet, erect, before the glass]. A man! [He falls back into the arms of the two lovers.] Rachel! [He dies.]

RICHARD [bending over him]. Dead!
RACHEL [with an exalted look]. But a man!



THE WEAVERS A DRAMA OF THE FORTIES By GERHART HAUPTMANN

Translated from the German by MARY MORISON

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TO MY FATHER

ROBERT HAUPTMANN

Tou, dear Father, know what feelings lead me to dedicate this work to you, and I am not called upon to analyse them here. Your stories of my grandfather, who in his young days sat at the loom, a poor weaver like those here depicted, contained the germ of my drama. Whether it possesses the vigor of life or is rotten at the core, it is the best, "so poor a man as Hamlet is" can offer.

Yours,

GERHART.

COMPLETE LIST OF CHARACTERS

Dreissiger, fustian manufacturer

Mrs. Dreissiger

Pfeifer, manager

Neumann, cashier

AN APPRENTICE | in Dreissiger's employment

th Dreissiger

John, coachman

A MAID

Weinhold, tutor to Dreissiger's soms

PASTOR KITTELHAUS

Mrs. Kittelhaus

Heide, Police Superintendent

Kutsche, policeman

Welzel, publican

MRS. WELZEL

ANNA WELZEL

Wiegand, joiner

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELER

A PEASANT

A FORESTER

SCHMIDT, surgeon

Hornig, rag dealer

WITTIG, smith

WEAVERS

BERKER

MORITZ JAEGER

OLD BAUMERT

MOTHER BAUMERT

BERTHA BAUMERT

FRITZ, EMMA'S son (four years old)

AUGUST BAUMERT

OLD ANSORGE

MRS. HEINRICH

OLD HILSE

MOTHER HILSE

GOTTLIEB HILSE

Luise, Gottlieb's wife

Mielchen, their daughter (six years old)

REIMANN, weaver

Heiber, weaver

A WEAVER'S WIFE

A number of weavers, young and old, of both sexes.

The action passes in the Forties, at Kaschbach, Peterswaldau and Langenbielau, in the Eulengebirge.



THE WEAVERS

THE FIRST ACT

A large whitewashed room on the ground floor f Dreissiger's house at Peterswaldau, where he weavers deliver their finished webs and the ustian is stored. To the left are uncurtained rindows, in the back wall there is a glass door, nd to the right another glass door, through which weavers, male and female, and children, re passing in and out. All three walls are lined with shelves for the storing of the fustian. lgainst the right wall stands a long bench, on which a number of weavers have already spread ut their cloth. In the order of arrival each resents his piece to be examined by Pfeifer, REISSIGER'S manager, who stands, with comass and magnifying-glass, behind a large able, on which the web to be inspected is laid. When Preifer has satisfied himself, the weaver sys the fustian on the scale, and an office aprentice tests its weight. The same boy stores the ccepted pieces on the shelves. Peeifer calls ut the payment due in each case to NEUMANN, ne cashier, who is seated at a small table.

It is a sultry day toward the end of May. The ock is on the stroke of twelve. Most of the aiting work-people have the air of standing efore the bar of justice, in torturing expectaon of a decision that means life or death to They are marked, too, by the anxious midity characteristic of the receiver of charity, ho has suffered many humiliations, and, conrious that he is barely tolerated, has acquired e habit of self-effacement. Add to this an exression on every face that tells of constant, fruitss brooding. There is a general resemblance mong the men. They have something about em of the dwarf, something of the schoolaster. The majority are flat-breasted, shortinded, sallow, and poor looking — creatures the loom, their knees bent with much sitting. t a first glance the women show fewer typical aits. They look over-driven, worried, reckless, hereas the men still make some show of a pitiul self-respect; and their clothes are ragged, hile the men's are patched and mended. Some the young girls are not without a certain arm, consisting in a wax-like pallor, a slender gure, and large, projecting, melancholy eyes.

NEUMANN [counting out money]. Comes

to one and sevenpence halfpenny.

WEAVER'S WIFE. [About thirty, emaciated, takes up the money with trembling fingers.] Thank you, sir.

NEUMANN [seeing that she does not move on]. Well, something wrong this time, too?

WEAVER'S WIFE [agitated, imploringly]. Do you think I might have a few pence in advance, sir? I need it that bad.

NEUMANN. And I need a few pounds. If it was only a question of needing it—! [Already occupied in counting out another weaver's money, shortly.] It's Mr. Dreissiger who settles about pay in advance.

WEAVER'S WIFE. Could n't I speak to

Mr. Dreissiger himself, then, sir?

PFEIFER. [Now manager, formerly weaver. The type is unmistakable, only he is well fed, well dressed, clean-shaven; also takes snuff copiously. He calls out roughly.] Mr. Dreissiger would have enough to do if he had to attend to every trifle himself. That's what we are here for. [He measures, and then examines through the magnifying-glass.] Mercy on us! what a draught! [Puts a thick muffler round his neck.] Shut the door, whoever comes in.

APPRENTICE [loudly to Pfeifer]. You might as well talk to stocks and stones.

Preifer. That's done! — Weigh! [The weaver places his web on the scales.] If you only understood your business a little better! Full of lumps again. . . . I hardly need to look at the cloth to see them. Call yourself a weaver, and "draw as long a bow" as you've done there!

[Becker has entered. A young, exceptionally powerfully-built weaver; offhand, almost bold in manner. Pfeifer, Neumann, and the Apprentice exchange looks of mutual understanding as he comes in.]

BECKER. Devil take it! This is a sweating job, and no mistake.

FIRST WEAVER [in a low voice]. This blazing heat means rain.

> OLD BAUMERT forces his way in at the glass door on the right, through which the crowd of weavers can be seen, standing shoulder to shoulder, waiting their turn. The old man stumbles forward and lays his bundle on the bench, beside Beck-ER's. He sits down by it, and wipes the sweat from his face.]

OLD BAUMERT. A man has a right to a rest after that.

Becker. Rest's better than money.

OLD BAUMERT. Yes, but we needs the money, too. Good-mornin' to you, Becker! Becker. Morning, Father Baumert!

Goodness knows how long we'll have to

stand here again.

FIRST WEAVER. And what does that matter? What's to hinder a weaver waitin' for an hour, or for a day if need be? What else is he there for?

PFEIFER. Silence there! We can't hear

our own voices.

Becker [in a low voice]. This is one of

his bad days.

PFEIFER. \[\(\tau\) the weaver standing before him. How often have I told you that you must bring cleaner cloth? What sort of mess is this? Knots, and straw, and all kinds of dirt.

REIMANN. It's for want of a new picker,

Apprentice. [Has weighed the piece.]

Short weight, too.

PFEIFER. I never saw such weavers. I hate to give out the yarn to them. It was another story in my day! I'd have caught it finely from my master for work like that. The business was carried on in different style then. A man had to know his trade that's the last thing that's thought of nowadays. Reimann, one shilling.

REIMANN. But there's always a pound

allowed for waste.

PFEIFER. I've no time. Next man! -

What have you to show?

Heiber. $\lceil Lays \text{ his web on the table. While}$ PFEIFER is examining it, he goes close up to him; eagerly in a low tone. Beg pardon, Mr. Pfeifer, but I wanted to ask you, sir, if you would perhaps be so very kind as do me the favor an' not take my advance money off this week's pay.

PFEIFER [measuring and examining the texture; jeeringly]. Well! What next, wonder? This looks very much as if ha the weft had stuck to the bobbins again.

Heiber. [Continues.] I'll be sure make it all right next week, sir. But th last week I've had to put in two day work on the estate. And my missus is ill i

PFEIFER [giving the web to be weighed] Another piece of real slop-work. [Alread examining a new web. What a selvage Here it's broad, there it's narrow; her it's drawn in by the wefts goodness know how tight, and there it's torn out again b the temples. And hardly seventy thread weft to the inch. What's come of the rest Do you call this honest work? I never say anything like it.

[Heiber, repressing tears, stand

humiliated and helpless.]

Becker [in a low voice to Baumert]. T please that brute you would have to pay for extra yarn out of your own pocket.

[The Weaver's Wife, who has re mained standing near the cashier table, from time to time looking round appealingly, takes courage and once more comes forward.]

WEAVER'S WIFE. [To cashier implos ingly.] I don't know what's to come of me sir, if you won't give me a little advance

this time — O Lord, O Lord!

PFEIFER. [Calls across.] It's no goo whining, or dragging the Lord's name int the matter. You're not so anxious about Him at other times. You look after you husband and see that he's not to be found s often lounging in the public house. We ca give no pay in advance. We have to ac count for every penny. It's not our money People that are industrious, and understan their work, and do it in the fear of Goo never need their pay in advance. So now you know.

NEUMANN. If a Bielau weaver got fou times as much pay, he would squander i four times over and be in debt into th

bargain.

WEAVER'S WIFE [in a loud voice, as i appealing to the general sense of justice]. N one can't call me idle, but I 'm not fit no for what I once was. I've twice had a mis carriage. And as to John, he's but a poo creature. He's been to the shepherd a Zerlau, but he could n't do him no good, and . . . you can't do more than you've trength for. . . . We works as hard as ever we can. This many a week I've been at it till far on into the night. An' we'll reep our heads above water right enough f I can just get a bit of strength into me. But you must have pity on us, Mr. Pfeifer, ir. [Eagerly, coaxingly.] You'll please be o very kind as to let me have a few pence on the next job, sir?

Preifer [paying no attention]. Fiedler,

one and twopence.

WEAVER'S WIFE. Only a few pence, to ouy bread with. We can't get no more redit. We've a lot of little ones.

NEUMANN [half aside to the APPRENTICE, n a serio-comic tone]. "Every year brings child to the linen-weaver's wife, heigh-ho, neigh-ho, heigh."

APPRENTICE. [Takes up the rhyme, half inging.] "And the little brat it's blind the irst weeks of its life, heigh-ho, heigh-ho,

reigh."

REIMANN [not touching the money which he cashier has counted out to him]. We've Iways got one and fourpence for the web.

Perifer. [Calls across.] If our terms lon't suit you, Reimann, you have only to ay so. There's no scarcity of weavers especially of your sort. For full weight we give full pay.

REIMANN. How anything can be wrong

vith the weight is past . . .

PFEIFER. You bring a piece of fustian vith no faults in it, and there will be no ault in the pay.

REIMANN. It's not possible that there's

oo many knots in this web.

Preifer [examining]. If you want to live

vell, then be sure you weave well.

Heiber. [Has remained standing near FEIFER, so as to seize on any favorable opportunity. He laughs at Pfeifer's little witicism, then steps forward and again addresses im. I wanted to ask you, sir, if you would erhaps have the great kindness not to take y advance of sixpence off to-day's pay? Ty missus has been bedridden since Febuary. She can't do a hand's turn for me, nd I've to pay a bobbin girl. And so . .

PFEIFER. [Takes a pinch of snuff.] Ieiber, do you think I have no one to atend to but you? The others must have

heir turn.

REIMANN. As the warp was given me I took it home and fastened it to the beam I can't bring back better yarn than I get. PFEIFER. If you are not satisfied, you

need come for no more. There are plenty ready to tramp the soles off their shoes to get it.

NEUMANN. [To REIMANN.] Do you not

want your money? REIMANN. I can't bring myself to take

such pay. NEUMANN [paying no further attention to REIMANN . Heiber, one shilling. Deduct sixpence for pay in advance. Leave six-

pence.

Heiber. Goes up to the table, looks at the money, stands shaking his head as if unable to believe his eyes, then slowly takes it up.] Well, I never! — [Sighing.] Oh, dear, oh,

OLD BAUMERT [looking into Heiber's face]. Yes, Franz, that 's so! There 's mat-

ter enough for sighing.

HEIBER [speaking with difficulty]. I've a girl lying sick at home, too, an' she needs a bottle of medicine.

OLD BAUMERT. What's wrong with

HEIBER. Well, you see, she's always been a sickly bit of a thing. I don't know. . . . I need n't mind tellin' you - she brought her trouble with her. It's in her blood, and it breaks out here, there, and everywhere.

OLD BAUMERT. It's always the way. Let folks be poor, and one trouble comes to them on the top of another There's no help for it and there 's no end to it.

Heiber. What are you carryin' in that

cloth, Father Baumert?

OLD BAUMERT. We have n't so much as a bite in the house, and so I've had the little dog killed. There's not much on him, for the poor beast was half starved. A nice little dog he was! I could n't kill him myself. I had n't the heart to do it.

PFEIFER. [Has inspected Becker's web — calls.] Becker, one and threepence.

BECKER. That's what you might give to

a beggar: it's not pay.

PFEIFER. Every one who has been attended to must clear out. We have n't room to turn round in.

Becker. [To those standing near, without lowering his voice. It's a beggarly pittance, nothing else. A man works his treadle from early morning till late at night, an' when he has bent over his loom for days an' days, tired to death every evening, sick with the dust and the heat, he finds he 's made a beggarly one and threepence!

PFEIFER. No impudence allowed here.

BECKER. If you think I'll hold my tongue for your telling, you're much mistaken.

PFEIFER. [Exclaims.] We'll see about that! [Rushes to the glass door and calls into the office.] Mr. Dreissiger, Mr. Dreissiger, will you be good enough to come here?

[Enter Dreissiger. About forty, full-bodied, asthmatic. Looks severe.]

Dreissiger. What is it, Pfeifer?

PFEIFER [spitefully]. Becker says he

won't be told to hold his tongue.

DREISSIGER. [Draws himself up, throws back his head, stares at Becker; his nostrils tremble.] Oh, indeed!—Becker. [To Pfeifer.] Is he the man?...

[The clerks nod.]
BECKER [insolently]. Yes, Mr. Dreissiger,
yes! [Pointing to himself.] This is the man.
[Pointing to DREISSIGER.] And that's a
man, too!

Dreissiger [angrily]. Fellow, how dare

you?

Preifer. He's too well off. He'll go dancing on the ice once too often, though.

BECKER [recklessly]. You shut up, you Jack-in-the-box. Your mother must have gone dancing once too often with Satan to have got such a devil for a son.

DREISSIGER. [Now in a violent passion, roars.] Hold your tongue this moment, sir,

OP . . .

[He trembles and takes a few steps forward.]

Becker [holding his ground steadily]. I'm not deaf. My hearing 's quite good yet.

Dreissiger. [Controls himself, asks in an apparently cool business tone.] Was this fellow not one of the pack . . .?

PFEIFER. He's a Bielau weaver. When there's any mischief going, they are sure

to be in it.

Dreissiger [trembling]. Well, I give you all warning: if the same thing happens again as last night—a troop of half-drunken cubs marching past my windows singing that low song . . .

BECKER. Is it "Bloody Justice" yo

DREISSIGER. You know well enough wha I mean. I tell you that if I hear it agai I'll get hold of one of you, and — mind I'm not joking — before the justice he shal go. And if I can find out who it was that made up that vile doggerel . . .

BECKER. It's a beautiful song, that

what it is!

Dreissiger. Another word and I sen for the police on the spot, without mor ado. I'll make short work with you youn fellows. I've got the better of very different men before now.

Becker. I believe you there. A reathoroughbred manufacturer will get the better of two or three hundred weavers in the time it takes you to turn round—swallow them up, and not leave as much as bone. He's got four stomachs like a covand teeth like a wolf. That's nothing thim at all!

Dreissiger. [To his clerks.] That ma

gets no more work from us.

Becker. It's all the same to me whether I starve at my loom or by the road side.

DREISSIGER. Out you go, then, this me ment! . . .

Becker [determinedly]. Not without m pay.

Dreissiger. How much is owing to the fellow, Neumann?

NEUMANN. One and threepence.

DREISSIGER. [Takes the money hurriedle out of the cashier's hand, and flings it on the table, so that some of the coins roll off on the floor.] There you are, then; and now out of my sight with you!

BECKER. Not without my pay.

Dreissiger. Do you not see it lyin there? If you don't take it and go . . It's exactly twelve now . . . The dyers ar coming out for their dinner . . .

BECKER. I get my pay into my hand -

here.

[Points with the fingers of his right hand at the palm of his left.]

Dreissiger. [To the Apprentice.] Pic up the money, Tilgner.

[The Apprentice lifts the money and puts it into Becker's hand.]

Becker. Everything in proper order.

[Deliberately takes an old purse or

of his pocket and puts the money

into it.]

DREISSIGER [as BECKER still does not ve away]. Well? Do you want me to

ne and help you?

[Signs of agitation are observable among the crowd of weavers. A long, loud sigh is heard, and then a fall. General interest is at once diverted to this new event.]

DREISSIGER. What's the matter there? CHORUS OF WEAVERS AND WOMEN. Some one's fainted."—"It's a little kly boy."—"Is it a fit, or what?"

Dreissiger. What do you say? Fainted? [He goes nearer.]

OLD WEAVER. There he lies, any way.

[They make room. A boy of about eight is seen lying on the floor as if dead.]

Dreissiger. Does any one know the y?

OLD WEAVER. He's not from our vil-

OLD BAUMERT. He's like one of Weaver einrich's boys. [Looks at him more closely.] es, that's Heinrich's little Philip.
DREISSIGER. Where do they live?

OLD BAUMERT. Up near us in Kaschch, sir. He goes round playin' music in a evenings, and all day he's at the loom. ney've nine children an' a tenth a-com-

CHORUS OF WEAVERS AND WOMEN.
They 're terrible put to it." — "The rain
mes through their roof." — "The woman
s n't two shirts among the nine."

OLD BAUMERT [taking the boy by the m]. Now then, lad, what's wrong with

u? Wake up, lad.

Dreissiger. Some of you help me, and all get him up. It's disgraceful to send sickly child this distance. Bring some ater, Pfeifer.

WOMAN [helping to lift the boy]. Surely

u're not going to die, lad!

Dreissiger. Brandy, Pfeifer, brandy will

better.

BECKER [forgotten by all, has stood looky on. With his hand on the door-latch, he
w calls loudly and tauntingly]. Give him
mething to eat, an' he'll soon be all
tht.

[Goes out.]

Dreissiger. That fellow will come to a d end. — Take him under the arm, Neu-

mann. Easy now, easy; we'll get him into my room. What?

NEUMANN. He said something, Mr. Dreis-

siger. His lips are moving.

Dreissiger. What — what is it, boy? Boy. [Whispers.] I'm h—hungry.

Woman. I think he says . . .

DREISSIGER. We'll find out. Don't stop. Let us get him into my room. He can fis on the sofa there. We'll hear what the doctor says.

[Dreissiger, Neumann, and the woman lead the boy into the office. The weavers begin to behave like school-children when their master has left the classroom. They stretch themselves, whisper, move from one foot to the other, and in the course of a few moments are conversing loudly.]

OLD BAUMERT. I believe as how Becker

was right.

CHORUS OF WEAVERS AND WOMEN. "He did say something like that." — "It's nothing new here to fall down from hunger." — "God knows what's to come of them in winter if this cutting down of wages goes on." — "An' this winter the potatoes are n't no good at all." — "Things'll get worse and worse till we're all done for together."

OLD BAUMERT. The best thing a man could do would be to put a rope round his neck and hang hisself on his own loom, like Weaver Nentwich. [To another old weaver.] Here, take a pinch. I was at Neurode yesterday. My brother-in-law, he works in the snuff factory there, and he give me a grain or two. Have you anything good in your handkercher?

OLD WEAVER. Only a little pearl barley. I was coming along behind Ulbrich the miller's cart, and there was a slit in one of the sacks. I can tell you we'll be glad

of it.

OLD BAUMERT. There's twenty-two mills in Peterswaldau, but of all they grind, there 's never nothing comes our way.

OLD WEAVER. We must keep up heart. There's always something comes to help us

on again.

HEIBER. Yes, when we're hungry, we can pray to all the saints to help us, and if that don't fill our bellies we can put a pebble in our mouths and suck it. Eh, Baumert?

[Reënter Dreissiger, Pfeifer, and Neumann.]

DREISSIGER. It was nothing serious. The boy is all right again. [Walks about excitedly, panting.] But all the same it 's a disgrace. The child's so weak that a puff of wind would blow him over. How people, how any parents can be so thoughtless is what passes my comprehension. Loading him with two heavy pieces of fustian to carry good six miles! No one would believe it that had n't seen it. It simply means that I shall have to make a rule that no goods brought by children will be taken over. He walks up and down silently for a few moments.] I sincerely trust such a thing will not occur again. — Who gets all the blame for it? Why, of course the manufacturer. It's entirely our fault. If some poor little fellow sticks in the snow in winter and goes to sleep, a special correspondent arrives posthaste, and in two days we have a blood-curdling story served up in all the papers. Is any blame laid on the father. the parents, that send such a child? -- Not a bit of it. How should they be to blame? It 's all the manufacturer's fault - he 's made the scapegoat. They flatter the weaver, and give the manufacturer nothing but abuse - he's a cruel man, with a heart like a stone, a wicked fellow, at whose calves every cur of a journalist may take a bite. He lives on the fat of the land, and pays the poor weavers starvation wages. In the flow of his eloquence the writer forgets to mention that such a man has his cares too and his sleepless nights; that he runs risks of which the workman never dreams: that he is often driven distracted by all the calculations he has to make, and all the different things he has to take into account: that he has to struggle for his very life against competition; and that no day passes without some annoyance or some loss. And think of the manufacturer's responsibilities, think of the numbers that depend on him, that look to him for their daily bread. No, No! none of you need wish yourselves in my shoes - you would soon have enough of it. [After a moment's reflection.] You all saw how that fellow, that scoundrel Becker. behaved. Now he'll go and spread about all sorts of tales of my hard-heartedness, of how my weavers are turned off for a mere trifle, without a moment's notice. Is that true? Am I so very unmediful?

CHORUS OF VOICES. No. sir.

Dreissiger. It does n't seem to me the I am. And yet these ne'er-do-wells corround singing low songs about us manufaturers—prating about hunger, with enough in their pockets to pay for quarts of brandy. If they would like to know who want is, let them go and ask the linen-wears: they can tell something about it. But yet here, you fustian-weavers, have every reson to thank God that things are no worthan they are. And I put it to all the olindustrious weavers present: Is a goworkman able to gain a living in my en ployment, or is he not?

MANY VOICES. Yes, sir; he is, sir.

Dreissiger. There now! You see! course such a fellow as that Becker can I advise you to keep these young lain check. If there's much more of the sort of thing, I'll shut up shop—gi up the business altogether, and then you have the you like—perhaps Mr. Becker will privide it.

FIRST WEAVER'S WIFE. [Has come clot to Dreissiger, obsequiously removes a litter dust from his coat.] You've been an' rubbe

ag'in' something, sir.

Dreissiger. Business is as bad as it es be just now, you know that yourselves. I stead of making money, I am losing every day. If, in spite of this, I take care th my weavers are kept in work, I look f some little gratitude from them. I ha thousands of pieces of cloth in stock, as don't know if I 'll ever be able to sell ther Well, now, I've heard how many weave hereabouts are out of work, and -I leave Pfeifer to give the particulars - b this much I'll tell you, just to show yo my good will. . . . I can't deal out chari all round; I'm not rich enough for tha but I can give the people who are out work the chance of earning at any rate little. It's a great business risk I run doing it, but that 's my affair. I say to m self: Better that a man should work for bite of bread than that he should star altogether. Am I not right?

CHORUS OF VOICES. Yes, yes, sir.
DREISSIGER. And therefore I am reato give employment to two hundred mo-

vers. Pfeifer will tell you on what con-[He turns to go.] IRST WEAVER'S WIFE. [Comes between and the door, speaks hurriedly, eagerly, oringly.] Oh, if you please, sir, will you me ask you if you'll be so good . . . been twice laid up for . . .

REISSIGER [hastily]. Speak to Pfeifer, I woman. I'm too late as it is.

[Passes on, leaving her standing.] EIMANN. [Stops him again. In an ined, complaining tone.] I have a complaint nake, if you please, sir. Mr. Feifer rees to . . . I've always got one and twoce for a web.

REISSIGER. [Interrupts him.] Mr. Pfei-'s my manager. There he is. Apply to

IEIBER [detaining Dreissiger; hurriedly confusedly]. O sir, I wanted to ask if would p'r'aps, if I might p'r'aps . . . Ir. Feifer might . . . might . .

DREISSIGER. What is it you want? IEIBER. That advance pay I had last e, sir; I thought p'r'aps you would

 $dly \dots$ REISSIGER. I have no idea what you are

ring about.

HEIBER. I'm awful hard up, sir, be-

DREISSIGER. These are things Pfeifer st look into - I really have not the e. Arrange the matter with Pfeifer.

[He escapes into the office. The supplicants look helplessly at one another, sigh, and take their places again among the others.]

Peter [resuming his task of inspection]. ell, Annie, let us see what yours is like. OLD BAUMERT. How much are we to get the web, then, Mr. Pfeifer?

HEIBER. One shilling a web. OLD BAUMERT. Has it come to that!

Excited whispering and murmuring among the weavers.]

THE SECOND ACT

A small room in the house of WILHELM SORGE, weaver and house-owner in the vile of Kaschbach, in the Eulengebirge.

In this room, which does not measure six feet m the dilapidated wooden floor to the smokeckened rafters, sit four people. Two young ls, EMMA and BERTHA BAUMEET, are working at their looms; Mother Baumert, a decrepit old woman, sits on a stool beside the bed, with a winding-wheel in front of her; her idiot son August sits on a footstool, also winding. He is twenty, has a small body and head, and long, spider-like legs and arms.

Faint, rosy evening light makes its way through two small windows in the right wall, which have their broken panes pasted over with paper or stuffed with straw. It lights up the flaxen hair of the girls, which falls loose on their slender white necks and thin bare shoulders, and their coarse chemises. These, with a short petticoat of the roughest linen, form their whole attire. The warm glow falls on the old woman's face, neck, and breast — a face worn away to a skeleton, with shriveled skin and sunken eyes, red and watery with smoke, dust, and working by lamplight; a long goître neck, wrinkled and sinewy; a hollow breast covered with faded, ragged shawls.

Part of the right wall is also lighted up, with stove, stove-bench, bedstead, and one or two gaudily colored sacred prints. On the stove rail rags are hanging to dry, and behind the stove is a collection of worthless lumber. On the bench stand some old pots and cooking-utensils, and potato-parings are laid out on it, on paper, to dry. Hanks of yarn and reels hang from the rafters; baskets of bobbins stand beside the looms. In the back wall there is a low door without fastening. Beside it a bundle of willow wands is set up against the wall, and beyond them lie some damaged quarter-bushel baskets.

The room is full of sound - the rhythmic thud of the looms, shaking floor and walls, the click and rattle of the shuttles passing back and forward, and the steady whirr of the windingwheels, like the hum of gigantic bees.

MOTHER BAUMERT [in a querulous, feeble voice, as the girls stop weaving and bend over their webs]. Got to make knots again already, have you?

EMMA. [The elder of the two girls, about twenty-two, tying a broken thread. It's the plaguyest web, this!

BERTHA. [Fifteen.] Yes, it's real bad yarn

they 've given us this time.

EMMA. What can have happened to father? He's been away since nine.

MOTHER BAUMERT. You may well ask. Where in the wide world can he be?

BERTHA. Don't you worry yourself,

mother. MOTHER BAUMERT. I can't help it, [EMMA begins to weave again.] Bertha lass. BERTHA. Stop a minute, Emma!

EMMA. What is it!

BERTHA. I thought I heard some one. EMMA. It'll be Ansorge coming home.

[Enter Fritz, a little, barefooted, ragged boy of four.]

FRITZ[whimpering]. I'm hungry, mother. EMMA. Wait, Fritzel, wait a bit! Gran'-father will be here very soon, an' he's bringin' bread along with him, an' coffee, too.

FRITZ. But I'm awful hungry, mother. EMMA. Be a good boy now, Fritz. Listen to what I'm tellin' you. He'll be here this minute. He's bringin' nice bread an' nice corn-coffee; an' when we stop working mother'll take the tater peelin's and carry them to the farmer, and the farmer'll give her a drop o' good skim milk for her little boy.

FRITZ. Where's grandfather gone? EMMA. To the manufacturer, Fritz, with a web.

FRITZ. To the manufacturer?

EMMA. Yes, yes, Fritz; down to Dreissiger's at Peterswaldau.

FRITZ. Is it there he gets the bread?

EMMA. Yes; Dreissiger gives him money, and then he buys the bread.

FRITZ. Does he give him a heap of money?

EMMA [impatiently]. Oh, stop that chatter, boy.

[She and Bertha go on weaving for a time, and then both stop again.]

BERTHA. August, go and ask Ansorge if he'll give us a light.

[August goes out accompanied by Fritz.]

MOTHER BAUMERT [overcome by her childish apprehension, whimpers]. Emma! Bertha! where can father be?

BERTHA. He'll have looked in to see Hauffen.

MOTHER BAUMERT [crying]. What if he's sittin' drinkin' in the public house?

EMMA. Don't cry, mother! You know well enough father's not the man to do that.

MOTHER BAUMERT [half distracted by a multitude of gloomy forebodings]. What . . . what . . . what's to become of us if he does n't come home?—if he drinks the money, and brings us nothin' at all? There's not so much as a handful of salt in the house

- not a bite o' bread, nor a bit o' wood the fire.

Bertha. Wait a bit, mother! It 's milight just now. We'll take August with and go into the wood and get some stice.

MOTHER BAUMERT. Yes, an' be can by the forester.

[Ansorge, an old weaver of gigantic state who has to bend down to get into the reputs his head and shoulders in at the definition, unkempt hair and beard.]

Ansorge. What 's wanted? Bertha. Light, if you please.

Ansorge [in a muffled voice, as if speing in a sick-room]. There's good dayli yet.

MOTHER BAUMERT. Are we to sit in dark next?

Ansorge. I 've to do the same mysel

Bertha. It's easy to see that he's miser.

EMMA. Well, there's nothin' for it to sit an' wait his pleasure.

[Enter Mrs. Heinrich, a woman of thi enceinte; an expression of torturing anx and apprehension on her worn face.]

Mrs. Heinrich. Good-evenin' t' you a Mother Baumert. Well, Jenny, a what's your news?

MRS. HEINRICH [who limps]. I've go piece o' glass into my foot.

BERTHA. Come an' sit down, then, I'll see if I can get it out.

[Mrs. Heinrich seats herself. B: Tha kneels down in front of i and examines her foot.]

MOTHER BAUMERT. How are you all home, Jenny?

Mrs. Heinrich, [Breaks out despaingly.] Things is in a terrible way with a [She struggles in vain against a r

of tears; then weeps silently.]

MOTHER BAUMERT. The best thing could happen to the likes of us, Jenu would be if God had pity on us an' took

away out o' this weary world.

MRS. HEINRICH. [No longer able to control herself, screams, still crying]. My charm's starvin'. [Sobs and moans.] I'm my wits' ends. Let me work till I fdown—I'm more dead than alive—i' all no use. Am I able to fill nine hung mouths? We got a bit o' bread last nig

it was n't enough even for the two llest ones. Who was I to give it to, eh? y all cried: Me, me, mother! give it to . . . An' if it's like this while I'm on my feet, what'll it be when I've to to bed? Our few taters was washed y. We have n't a thing to put in our ths.

ERTHA. [Has removed the bit of glass washed the wound.] We'll put a rag id it. Emma, see if you can find one.
OTHER BAUMERT. We're no better off

you, Jenny.

RS. HEINRICH. You have your girls, vay. You 've a husband as can work. e was taken with one of his fits last week n—so bad that I did n't know what to rith him, and was half out o' my mind fright. And when he's had a turn that, he can't stir out of bed under a

other Baumert. Mine's no better, breathin' is bad now as well as his back, there is not a farthin' nor a farthin's, h in the house. If he don't bring a few e with him to-day, I don't know what

re to do.

MMA. It's the truth she's tellin' you, by. We had to let father take the little with him to-day, to have him killed, we might get a bite into our stomachs a!

RS. HEINRICH. Have you not got as a sa handful of flour to spare?

OTHER BAUMERT. And that we have Jenny. There's not as much as a grain

lt in the house.

RS. HEINRICH. Oh, whatever am I to [Rises; stands still, brooding.] I don't what'll be the end of this! It's more can bear. [Screams in rage and despair.] uld be contented if it was nothin' but food!—But I can't go home again y-handed—that I can't. God forgive I see no other way out of it.

[She limps quickly out.]
OTHER BAUMERT. [Calls after her in a ing voice.] Jenny, Jenny! don't you be

anything foolish, now !

ertha. She'll do herself no harm,

er. You need n't be afraid.

That's the way she always goes

[Seats herself at the loom and weaves for a few seconds.]

[August enters, carrying a tallow candle, and lighting his father, Old Baumert, who follows close behind him, staggering under a heavy bundle of yarn.]

MOTHER BAUMERT. Oh, father, where have you been all this long time? Where

have you been?

OLD BAUMERT. Come now, mother, don't fall on a man like that. Give me time to get my breath first. Au' look who I've brought with me.

[MORITZ JAEGER comes stooping in at the low door. Reserve soldier, newly discharged. Middle height, rosy-cheeked, military carriage. His cap on the side of his head, hussar fashion, whole clothes and shoes, a clean shirt without collar. Draws himself up and salutes.]

JAEGER [in a hearty voice]. Good-even-

ing, Auntie Baumert!

MOTHER BAUMERT. Well, well, now! And to think you've got back! An'you've not forgotten us? Take a chair, then, lad.

EMMA [wiping a wooden chair with her apron, and pushing it toward MORITZ]. An'so you've come to see what poor folks are like again, Moritz?

JAEGER. I say, Emma, is it true that you 've got a boy nearly old enough to be a soldier? Where did you get hold of him,

eh?

[Bertha, having taken the small supply of provisions which her father has brought, puts meat into a saucepan, and shoves it into the oven, while August lights the fire.]

BERTHA. You knew Weaver Finger,

did n't you?

MOTHER BAUMERT. We had him here in the house with us. He was ready enough to marry her; but he was too far gone in consumption; he was as good as a dead man. It did n't happen for want of warning from me. But do you think she would listen? Not she. Now he 's dead an' forgotten long ago, an' she 's left with the boy to provide for as best she can. But now tell us how you 've been gettin' on, Moritz.

OLD BAUMERT. You've only to look at him, mother, to know that. He 's had luck. It'll be about as much as he can do to speak to the likes of us. He's got clothes like a prince, an' a silver watch, an' thirty shil-

lings in his pocket into the bargain.

JAEGER [stretching himself consequentially, a knowing smile on his face]. I can't complain. I did n't get on at all badly in the regiment.

OLD BAUMERT. He was the major's own servant. Just listen to him — he speaks like

a gentleman.

JAEGER. I've got so accustomed to it

that I can't help it.

MOTHER BAUMERT. Well, now, to think that such a good-for-nothing as you were should have come to be a rich man. For there was n't nothing to be made of you. You would never sit still to wind more than a hank of yarn at a time, that you would n't. Off you went to your tom-tit boxes an' your robin redbreast snares — they was all you cared about. Is it not the truth I'm telling?

JAEGER. Yes, yes, auntie, it's true enough. It was n't only redbreasts. I went after

swallows, too.

EMMA. Though we were always tellin'

you that swallows were poison.

JAEGER. What did I care? — But how have you all been getting on, Auntie Baumert?

MOTHER BAUMERT. Oh, badly, lad, badly these last four years. I've had the rheumatics—just look at them hands. And it's more than likely as I've had a stroke o' some kind, too, I'm that helpless. I can hardly move a limb, an' nobody knows the pains I suffers.

OLD BAUMERT. She 's in a bad way, she

is. She'll not hold out long.

BERTHA. We've to dress her in the mornin' an' undress her at night, an' to feed

her like a baby.

MOTHER BAUMERT [speaking in a complaining, tearful voice]. Not a thing can I do for myself. It's far worse than bein' ill. For it's not only a burden to myself I am, but to every one else. Often and often do I pray to God to take me. For oh! mine's a weary life. I don't know . . . p'r'aps they think . . . but I'm one that's been a hard worker all my days. An' I've always been able to do my turn too; but now, all at once, [she vainly attempts to rise] I can't do nothing. — I've a good husband an' good children, but to have to sit here and see them . . . ! Look at the girls! There's hardly any blood left in them - faces the color of a sheet. But on they must work at these weary looms whether they earn enough

to keep theirselves or not. What sort o'l is it they lead? Their feet never off treadle from year's end to year's end. with it all they can't scrape together much as'll buy them clothes that they elet theirselves be seen in; never a step they go to church, to hear a word of cofort. They're liker scarecrows than you girls of fifteen and twenty.

BERTHA [at the stove]. It's beginning

smoke again!

OLD BAUMERT. There now; look at t smoke. And we can't do nothin' for it. I whole stove's goin' to pieces. We must it fall, and swallow the soot. We're cou in' already, one worse than the other. may cough till we choke, or till we cour lungs up—nobody cares.

JAEGER. But this here is Ansorge's b

ness; he must see to the stove.

BERTHA. He'll see us out of the ho first; he has plenty against us with that.

MOTHER BAUMERT. We've only b

in his way this long time past.

OLD BAUMERT. One word of complean' out we go. He's had no rent from this last half-year.

MOTHER BAUMERT. A well-off man

him need n't be so hard.

OLD BAUMERT. He's no better off t we are, mother. He's hard put to it, for all he holds his tongue about it.

Mother Baumert. He's got his ho Old Baumert. What are you tal about, mother? Not one stone in the

is the man's own.

JAEGER. [Has seated himself, and take short pipe with gay tassels out of one of pocket, and a quart bottle of brandy out of other.] Things can't go on like this, dumbfoundered when I see the life people live here. The very dogs in the to live better.

OLD BAUMERT [eagerly]. That's Y I say! Eh? eh? You know it, too! B you say that here, they'll tell you that only bad times.

[Enter Ansorge, an earthenware pan soup in one hand, in the other a half-fin quarter-bushel basket.]

Ansorge. Glad to see you again, Mo JAEGER. Thank you, Father Ansor same to you! ANSORGE [shoving his pan into the oven]. by, lad, you look like a duke!

LD BAUMERT. Show him your watch, ritz! An' he's got a new suit of clothes ides them he's on, an' thirty shillings in purse.

NSORGE [shaking his head]. Is that so?

ll, well!

CMMA. [Puts the potato-parings into a ...] I must be off; I'll maybe get a drop kim milk for these. [Goes out.]

AEGER [the others hanging on his words]. a know how you all used to be down on It was always: Wait, Moritz, till your liering time comes — you'll catch it 1. But you see how well I 've got on. At end of the first half-year I had got my d conduct stripes. You've got to be will-— that 's where the secret lies. I brushed sergeant's boots; I groomed his horse; etched his beer. I was as sharp as a lle. Always ready, accoutrements clean shining — first at stables, first at rollfirst in the saddle. And when the bugle ided to the assault — why, then, blood thunder, and ride to the devil with you!! as as keen as a pointer. Says I to my-: There's no help for it now, my boy, got to be done; and I set my mind to d did it. Till at last the major said bethe whole squadron: There's a hussar that shows you what a hussar should

[Silence. He lights his pipe.]
NSORGE [shaking his head]. Well, well,
! You had luck with you, Moritz.

[Sits down on the floor, with his willow twigs beside him, and continues mending the basket, which he holds between his legs.]

LD BAUMERT. Let's hope you've ght some of it to us. — Are we to have

op to drink your health in?

AEGER. Of course you are, Father Baut. And when this bottle's done, we'll for more. [He flings a coin on the table.]

NSORGE [open-mouthed with amazement].

my! Oh, my! What goings on to be! Roast meat frizzlin' in the oven! A e o' brandy on the table! [He drinks f the bottle.] Here's to you, Moritz!—

l, well, well!

[The bottle circulates freely after this.]

ED BAUMERT. If we could anyway have
o' meat on Sundays and holidays, inl of never seein' the sight of it from

year's end to year's end! Now we'll have to wait till another poor little dog finds its way into the house like this one did four weeks gone by—an' that's not likely to happen soon again.

Ansorge. Have you killed the little dog? OLD BAUMERT. We had to do that or

starve.

Ansorge. Well, well!

MOTHER BAUMERT. A nice, kind little beast he was, too!

JAEGER. Are you as keen as ever on roast dog hereabouts?

OLD BAUMERT. My word, if we could only get enough of it!

MOTHER BAUMERT. A nice little bit o' meat like that does you a lot o' good.

OLD BAUMERT. Have you lost the taste for it, Moritz? Stay with us a bit, and it'll soon come back to you.

Ansorge [sniffing]. Yes, yes! That will be a tasty bite — what a good smell it has!

OLD BAUMERT [sniffing]. Splendid!

Ansorge. Come, then, Moritz, tell us your opinion, you that's been out and seen the world. Are things at all like improving for us weavers, eh?

JAEGER. They would need to.

Ansorge. We're in an awful state here. It's not livin' an' it's not dyin'. A man fights to the bitter end, but he's bound to be beat at last — to be left without a roof over his head, you may say without ground under his feet. As long as he can work at the loom he can earn some sort o' poor, miserable livin'. But it's many a day since I've been able to get that sort o' job. Now I tries to put a bite into my mouth with this here basket-makin'. I sits at it late into the night, and by the time I tumbles into bed I 've earned three-halfpence. I put it to you if a man can live on that, when everything 's so dear? Nine shillin' goes in one lump for house tax, three shillin' for land tax, nine shillin' for mortgage interest — that makes one pound one. I may reckon my year's earnin' at just double that money, and that leaves me twenty-one shillin' for a whole year's food, an' fire, an' clothes, an' shoes; and I 've got to keep up some sort of a place to live in. Is it any wonder if I'm behindhand with my interest payments?

OLD BAUMERT. Some one would need to go to Berlin an' tell the King how hard put

to it we are.

JAEGER. Little good that would do, Father Baumert. There's been plenty written about it in the newspapers. But the rich people, they can turn and twist things round . . . as cunning as the devil himself.

OLD BAUMERT [shaking his head]. To think they 've no more sense than that in

Berlin!

Ansorge. And is it really true, Moritz? Is there no law to help us? If a man has n't been able to scrape together enough to pay his mortgage interest, though he's worked the very skin off his hands, must his house be taken from him? The peasant that's lent the money on it, he wants his rights what else can you look for from him? But what 's to be the end of it all, I don't know. - If I'm put out o' the house . . . [In a voice choked by tears. I was born here, and here my father sat at his loom for more than forty year. Many was the time he said to mother: Mother, when I'm gone, the house 'll still be here. I 've worked hard for it. Every nail means a night's weaving, every plank a year's dry bread. A man would think that . . .

JAEGER. They're quite fit to take the last bite out of your mouth — that's what

they are.

Ansorge. Well, well, well! I would rather be carried out than have to walk out now in my old days. Who minds dyin'? My father, he was glad to die. At the very end he got frightened, but I crept into bed beside him, an' he quieted down again. I was a lad of thirteen then. I was tired and fell asleep beside him—I knew no better—and when I woke he was quite cold.

MOTHER BAUMERT [after a pause]. Give Ansorge his soup out o' the oven, Bertha.

BERTHA. Here, Father Ansorge, it'll do vou good.

Ansorge [eating and shedding tears]. Well, well!

[Old Baumert has begun to eat the meat out of the saucepan.]

MOTHER BAUMERT. Father, father, can't you have patience an' let Bertha serve it up

properly?

OLD BAUMERT [chewing]. It's two years now since I took the sacrament. I went straight after that an' sold my Sunday coat, an' we bought a good bit o' pork, an' since then never a mouthful of meat has passed my lips till to-night.

JAEGER. How should we need mea The manufacturers eat it for us. It's fat of the land they live on. Whoe does n't believe that has only to go do to Bielau and Peterswaldau. He'll see fthings there — palace upon palace, wtowers and iron railings and plate-gl windows. Who do they all belong to? Wo of course, the manufacturers! No signs bad times there! Baked and boiled a fried — horses and carriages and gov nesses — they've money to pay for all thand goodness knows how much mother they're swelled out to bursting with prand good living.

Ansorge. Things was different in young days. Then the manufacturers the weaver have his share. Now they ke everything to theirselves. An' would glike to know what's at the bottom of it a It's that the fine folks nowadays belie neither in God nor devil. What do the care about commandments or punishment And so they steal our last scrap o' bre an' leave us no chance of earnin' the bar living. For it's their fault. If our ma facturers was good men, there would be

bad times for us.

JAEGER. Listen, then, and I'll read a something that will please you. [He to one or two loose papers from his pocket. say, August, run and fetch another que from the public-house. Eh, boy, do laugh all day long?

MOTHER BAUMERT. No one knows we but our August's always happy — grins laughs, come what may. Off with you, the quick! [Exit August with the empty brand bottle.] You've got something good in

eh, father?

OLD BAUMERT [still chewing; spirits ris from the effect of food and drink]. Mor you're the very man we want. You read an' write. You understand the weat trade, and you've a heart to feel for poor weavers' sufferin's. You should st

up for us here.

JAEGER. I'd do that quick enoughere's nothing I'd like better than give the manufacturers round here a bi a fright—dogs that they are! I'm easy-going fellow, but let me once worked up into a real rage, and I'll the other, and knock their heads toge

the sparks fly out of their eyes. — If ould only arrange all to join together, I soon give the manufacturers a proper on . . . without help from King or ernment . . . all we'd have to do d be to say, We want this and that, we don't want the other thing. There d be a change of days then. As soon ey see that there's some pluck in us, 'll cave in. I know the rascals; they're ek of cowardly hounds.

OTHER BAUMERT. There's some truth that you say. I'm not an ill-natured an. I've always been the one to say as there must be rich folks as well as. But when things come to such a pass

S . . .

AEGER. The devil may take them all, what I care. It would be no more than deserve.

[OLD BAUMERT has quietly gone out.]

ERTHA. Where 's father?

OTHER BAUMERT. I don't know where an have gone.

to stomach the meat, with not gettin'

for so long?

TOTHER BAUMERT [in distress, crying]. re, now, there! He's not even able to bit down when he's got it. Up it comes n, the only bite o' good food as he's ed this many a day.

eënter OLD BAUMERT, crying with rage.]

LD BAUMERT. It 's no good! I'm too
gone! Now that I've at last got hold
omethin' with a taste in it, my stomach
't keep it.

[He sits down on the bench by the

stove crying.]

AEGER [with a sudden violent ebullition age]. And yet there are people not far n here, justices they call themselves over-fed brutes, that have nothing to all the year round but invent new ways rasting their time. And these people say the weavers would be quite well off if they were n't so lazy.

NSORGE. The men as say that are no

at all, they 're monsters.

AEGER. Never mind, Father Ansorge; re making the place hot for 'em. Becker I have been and given Dreissiger a e of our mind, and before we came y we sang him "Bloody Justice."

Ansorge. Good Lord! Is that the song? JAEGER. Yes; I have it here.

Ansorge. They call it Dreissiger's song,

don't they?

JAEGER. I'll read it to you.

MOTHER BAUMERT. Who wrote it?

JAEGER. That 's what nobody knows.

Now listen.

[He reads, hesitating like a schoolboy, with incorrect accentuation, but unmistakably strong feeling. Despair, suffering, rage, hatred, thirst for revenge, all find utterance.]

The justice to us weavers dealt
Is bloody, cruel, and hateful;
Our life's one torture, long drawn out:
For Lynch law we'd be grateful.

Stretched on the rack day after day, Hearts sick and bodies aching, Our heavy sighs their witness bear To spirits slowly breaking.

[The words of the song make a strong impression on OLD BAUMERT. Deeply agitated, he struggles against the temptation to interrupt JAEGER. At last he can keep quiet no longer.]

OLD BAUMERT. [To his wife, half laughing, half crying, stammering.] Stretched on the rack day after day. Whoever wrote that, mother, wrote the truth. You can bear witness . . . eh, how does it go? "Our heavy sighs their witness bear" . . . what's the rest?

JAEGER. "To spirits slowly breaking."
OLD BAUMERT. You know the way we sigh, mother, day and night, sleepin' and

wakin'.

[Ansorge has stopped working, and cowers on the floor, strongly agitated. Mother Baumert and Bertha wipe their eyes frequently during the course of the reading.]

JAEGER. [Continues to read.]

The Dreissigers true hangmen are, Servants no whit behind them; Masters and men with one accord Set on the poor to grind them.

You villains all, you brood of hell . . .

OLD BAUMERT [trembling with rage, stamping on the floor]. Yes, brood of hell!!!
JAEGER. [Reads.]

You fiends in fashion human, A curse will fall on all like you, Who prey on man and woman. Ansorge. Yes, yes, a curse upon them!
OLD BAUMERT [clenching his fist threateningly]. You prey ou man and woman.
JAEGER. [Reads.]

The suppliant knows he asks in vain,
Vain every word that 's spoken.
'If not content, then go and starve —
Our rules cannot be broken.'

OLD BAUMERT. What is it? "The suppliant knows he asks in vain"? Every word of it's true . . . every word . . . as true as the Bible. He knows he asks in vain.

Ansorge. Yes, yes! It's all no good. JAEGER. [Reads.]

Then think of all our woe and want, O ye who hear this ditty! Our struggle vain for daily bread Hard hearts would move to pity.

But pity's what you've never known,—You'd take both skin and clothing, You cannibals, whose cruel deeds
Fill all good men with loathing.

OLD BAUMERT. [Jumps up, beside himself with excitement.] Both skin and clothing. It 's true, it 's all true! Here I stand, Robert Baumert, master-weaver of Kaschbach. Who can bring up anything against me? I 've been an honest, hard-working man all my life long, an' look at me now! What have I to show for it? Look at me! See what they 've made of me! Stretched on the rack day after day. [He holds out his arms.] Feel that! Skin and bone! "You villains all, you brood of hell!!"

[He sinks down on a chair, weeping with rage and despair.]

Ansorge. [Flings his basket from him into a corner, rises, his whole body trembling with rage, gasps.] And the time's come now for a change, I say. We'll stand it no longer! We'll stand it no longer! Come what may!

THE THIRD ACT

The common room of the principal public-house in Peterswaldau. A large room with a raftered roof supported by a central wooden pillar, round which a table runs. In the back wall, a little to the right of the pillar, is the entrance door, through the opening of which the spacious lobby or outer room is seen, with barrels and brewing utensils. To the right of

this door, in the corner, is the bar - a wooden counter with receptacles for beer-m glasses, etc.; a cupboard with rows of brandy liqueur bottles on the wall behind, and bety counter and cupboard a narrow space for barkeeper. In front of the bar stands a t with a gay-colored cover, a pretty lamp hand above it, and several cane chairs placed aro it. Not far off, in the right wall, is a door a the inscription: Bar Parlor. Nearer the f on the same side an old eight-day clock sto ticking. At the back, to the left of the entre door, is a table with bottles and glasses, beyond this, in the corner, is the great stove. the left wall there are three small winds Below them runs a long bench; and in from each stands a large oblong wooden table, the end towards the wall. There are ben with backs along the sides of these tables. at the end of each facing the window stand wooden chair. The walls are washed blue decorated with advertisements, colored pr and oleographs, among the latter a portrai $Frederick\ William\ III.$

Welzel, the publican, a good-natured given upwards of fifty, stands behind the coun letting beer run from a barrel into a glass.

MRS. WELZEL is ironing by the store. is a handsome, tidily dressed woman in

thirty-fifth year.

Anna Welzel, a good-looking girl of set teen, with a quantity of beautiful, fair, red hair, sits, nicely dressed, with her embroid at the table with the colored cover. She looks from her work for a moment and listens, as sound of a funeral hymn sung by school-ed dren is heard in the distance.

WIEGAND, the joiner, in his working clot is sitting at the same table, with a glass of varian beer before him. His face shows that understands what the world requires of a rif he is to attain his ends — namely, craftin sharpness, and relentless determination.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELER is seated at pillar-table, rigorously masticating a beefst He is of middle height, stout and thriving-leing, inclined to jocosity, lively, and impud He is dressed in the fashion of the day, and portmanteau, pattern-case, umbrella, overcand traveling-rug lie on chairs beside him.

WELZEL [carrying a glass of beer to TRAVELER, but addressing WIEGAND]. I devil's loose in Peterswaldan to-day.

Wiegand [in a sharp, shrill voice]. The because it's delivery day at Dreissiger's Mrs. Welzel. But they don't genera

make such an awful row.

WIEGAND. It 's maybe because of

nundred new weavers that he 's going

ke on.

RS. WELZEL [at her ironing]. Yes, yes, ll be it. If he wants two hundred, six red's sure to have come. There's no

of them.

regand. You may well say that. e's no fear of their dying out, let be ever so badly off. They bring children into the world than we know to do with. [The strains of the funeral are suddenly heard more distinctly.] e's a funeral to-day, too. Weaver wich is dead, as no doubt you know. ELZEL. He's been long enough about le's been goin' about like a livin' ghost many a long day.

MEGAND. You never saw such a little cof-Welzel; it was the tiniest, miserablest thing I ever glued together. And a corpse! It didn't weigh ninety

ds.

RAVELER. [His mouth full.] What I understand's this. . . . Take up whatpaper you like and you'll find the most trending accounts of the destitution og the weavers. You get the impresthat three quarters of the people in neighborhood are starving. Then you e and see a funeral like what's going ust now. I met it as I came into the ge. Brass band, schoolmaster, schoolren, pastor, and such a procession bethem that you would think it was the eror of China that was getting buried. ne people have money to spend on this of thing, well . . . ! [He takes a drink er; puts down the glass; suddenly and sely. What do you say to it, Miss? 't you agree with me?

[Anna gives an embarrassed laugh, and goes on working busily.]

RAVELER. Now, I'll take a bet that

are slippers for papa.

ELZEL. You're wrong, then; I would

ut such things on my feet.

RAVELER. You don't say so! Now, I do give half of what I 'm worth if these ers were for me.

RS. WELZEL. Oh, you don't know noth-

about such things.

IEGAND. [Has coughed once or twice, and his chair, and prepared himself to k.] You were saying, sir, that you dered to see such a funeral as this. I

tell you, and Mrs. Welzel here will bear me out, that it's quite a small funeral.

TRAVELER. But, my good man . . . what a monstrous lot of money it must cost!

Where does that all come from?

WIEGAND. If you'll excuse me for saying so, sir, there 's a deal of foolishness among the poorer working-people hereabouts. They have a kind of inordinate idea, if I may say so, of the respect an' duty an' honor they 're bound to show to such as are taken from their midst. And when it comes to be a case of parents, then there's no bounds whatever to their superstitiousness. The children and the nearest family scrapes together every farthing they can call their own, an' what 's still wanting, that they borrow from some rich man. They run themselves into debt over head and ears; they're owing money to the pastor, to the sexton, and to all concerned. Then there's the victuals an' the drink, an' such like. No, sir, I'm far from speaking against dutifulness to parents; but it's too much when it goes the length of the mourners having to bear the weight of it for the rest of their

TRAVELER. But surely the pastor might

reason them out of such foolishness.

WIEGAND. Begging your pardon, sir, but I must mention that every little place hereabouts has its church an'its respected pastor to support. These honorable gentlemen has their advantages from big funerals. The larger the attendance is, the larger the offertory is bound to be. Whoever knows the circumstances connected with the working classes here, sir, will assure you that the pastors are strong against quiet funerals. [Enter Hornig, the rag-dealer, a little bandy-

legged old man, with a strap round his chest.] HORNIG. Good-mornin', ladies and gentlemen! A glass of schnapps, if you please, Mr. Welzel. Has the young mistress anything for me to-day? I 've got beautiful ribbons in my cart, Miss Anna, an' tapes, an' garters, an' the very best of pins an' hairpins an' hooks an' eyes. An' all in exchange for a few rags. [He changes his voice.] An' out of them rags fine white paper's to be made, for your sweetheart to write you a letter on.

Anna. Thank you, but I've nothing to

do with sweethearts.

MRS. WELZEL [putting a bolt into her

eron]. No, she 's not that kind. She 'll not

hear of marrying.

TRAVELER. [Jumps up, affecting delighted surprise, goes forward to Anna's table, and holds out his hand to her across it. That 's right, miss. You and I think alike in this matter. Give me your hand on it. We'll both remain single.

Anna [blushing scarlet, gives him her hand]. But you are married already!

TRAVELER. Not a bit of it. I only pretend to be. You think so because I wear a ring. I only have it on my finger to protect my charms against shameless attacks. I'm not afraid of you, though. The puts the ring into his pocket.] But tell me, truly, miss, are you quite determined never, never, never, to marry?

Anna. [Shakes her head.] Oh, get along

with you!

Mrs. Welzel. You may trust her to remain single unless something very extra

good turns up.

TRAVELER. And why should it not? I know of a rich Silesian proprietor who married his mother's lady's maid. And there 's Dreissiger, the rich manufacturer, his wife is an innkeeper's daughter too, and not half so pretty as you, miss, though she rides in her carriage now, with servants in livery. And why not? [He marches about, stretching himself, and stamping his feet. Let me have a cup of coffee, please.

[Enter Ansorge and Old Baumert, each with a bundle. They seat themselves meekly and silently beside Hornig, at the front table to

the left.

Welzel. How are you, Father Ansorge?

Glad to see you once again.

Hornig. Yes, it's not often as you crawl down from that smoky old nest.

Ansorge [visibly embarrassed, mumbles]. I've been fetchin' myself a web again.

BAUMERT. He's goin' to work at a shil-

ling the web.

Ansorge. I would n't have done it, but there's no more to be made now by basketweavin'.

WIEGAND. It's always better than nothing. He does it only to give you employment. I know Dreissiger very well. When I was up there taking out his double windows last week we were talking about it. him and me. It's out of pity that he does it.

Ansorge. Well, well, well! That I

WELZEL [setting a glass of schnapps on table before each of the weavers]. Here are, then. I say, Ansorge, how long i since you had a shave? The gentler over there would like to know.

Traveler. [Calls across.] Now, Welzel, you know I did n't say that. I only struck by the venerable appearance the master-weaver. It is n't often one s

such a gigantic figure.

Ansorge [scratching his head, emb

rassed]. Well, well!

TRAVELER. Such specimens of primit strength are rare nowadays. We're rubbed smooth by civilization . . . bu can still take pleasure in nature unta pered with. . . . These bushy eyebrov That tangled length of beard!

HORNIG. Let me tell you, sir, that th people have n't the money to pay a barl and as to a razor for themselves, that's together beyond them. What grows, gro They haven't nothing to throw away

their outsides.

Traveler. My good friend, you sur don't imagine that I would . . . [Asid Welzel.] Do you think I might offer hairy one a glass of beer?

Welzel. No, no; you must n't do the would n't take it He's got some qu

ideas in that head of his.

TRAVELER. All right, then, I wo With your permission, miss. The seats h self at Anna's table. I declare, miss, t I 've not been able to take my eyes off y hair since I came in - such glossy softn such a splendid quantity! [Ecstatic kisses his finger-tips. And what a col . . like ripe wheat. Come to Berlin v that hair and you'll create no end o sensation. On my honor, with hair like t you may go to Court. . . . [Leans be looking at it.] Glorious, simply glorious

WIEGAND. They've given her a na

because of it.

TRAVELER. And what may that be?

HORNIG. The chestnut filly, is n't it? Welzel. Come, now, we've had eno o' this. I'm not goin' to have the g head turned altogether. She 's had a-ple of silly notions put into it already. Sh hear of nothing under a count to-day, to-morrow it'll be a prince.

as. Welzel. You let her alone, father. e's no harm in wantin' to rise in the l. It's as well that people don't all as you do, or nobody would get on at if Dreissiger's grandfather had been of way of thinkin', they would be poor ers still. And now they're rollin' in th. An' look at old Tromtra. He was ng but a weaver, too, and now he owns be estates, an' he's been made a noble-into the bargain.

TEGAND. Yes, Welzel, you must look e thing fairly. Your wife 's in the right time. I can answer for that. I'd never here I am, with seven workmen under

f I had thought like you.

DRNIG. Yes, you understand the way to in; that your worst enemy must allow. The the weaver has taken to bed, you're n' his coffin ready.

IEGAND. A man must attend to his less if he's to make anything of it.

ORNIG. No fear of you for that. You before the doctor when death's on yay to knock at a weaver's door.

negand [attempting to laugh, suddenly ous]. And you know better than the e where the thieves are among the vers, that keep back two or three bobfull every week. It's rags you ask for, rou don't say No, if there's a little yarning them.

DRNIG. An' your corn grows in the chyard. The more that are bedded on awdust, the better for you. When you he rows of little children's graves, you yourself on the belly, and says you: This been a good year; the little brats have a like cockchafers off the trees. I can myself a quart extra in the week again. IEGAND. And supposing this is all true, ll does n't make me a receiver of stolen

pennice. No; perhaps the worst you do send in an account twice to the rich an manufacturers, or to help yourself plank or two at Dreissiger's when 's building goin' on and the moon enk not to be shinin'.

IEGAND [turning his back]. Talk to any you like, but not to me. [Then sud-

.] Hornig the liar !

DENIG. Wiegand the coffin-jobber!
IEGAND. [To the rest of the company.]
nows charms for bewitching cattle.

HORNIG. If you don't look out, I'll try one of 'em on you. [Wiegand turns pale.]

MRS. WELZEL. [Had gone out; now returns with the TRAVELER'S coffee; in the act of putting it on the table.] Perhaps you would rather have it in the parlor, sir?

TRAVELER. Most certainly not! [With a languishing look at Anna.] I could sit here

ll I die

[Enter a Young Forester and a Peasant, the latter carrying a whip. They wish the others "Good-Morning," and remain standing at the counter.]

PEASANT. Two brandies, if you please. Welzel. Good-morning to you, gentle-

men.

[He pours out their beverage; the two touch glasses, take a mouthful, and then set the glasses down on the counter.]

TRAVELER. [To Forester.] Come far

this morning, sir?

Forester. From Steinseiffersdorf—that's a good step.

[Two old Weavers enter, and seat themselves beside Ansorge, Baumert, and Hornig.]

TRAVELER. Excuse me asking, but are you in Count Hochheim's service?

Forester. No. I'm in Count Keil's.

TRAVELER. Yes, yes, of course — that was what I meant. One gets confused here among all the counts and barons and other gentlemen. It would take a giant's memory to remember them all. Why do you carry an axe, if I may ask?

FORESTER. I've just taken this one from

a man who was stealing wood.

OLD BAUMERT. Yes, their lordships are mighty strict with us about a few sticks for the fire.

TRAVELER. You must allow that if every one were to help himself to what he wanted . . .

OLD BAUMERT. By your leave, sir, but there's a difference made here as elsewhere between the big an' the little thieves. There's some here as deals in stolen wood wholesale, and grows rich on it. But if a poor weaver . . .

FIRST OLD WEAVER. [Interrupts BAU-MERT.] We're forbid to take a single branch; but their lordships, they take the very skin off of us—we've assurance money to pay, an' spinning-money, an' charges in kind — we must go here an' go there, an' do so an' so much field work, all willy-nilly.

Ansorge. That's just how it is — what the manufacturer leaves us, their lordships

takes from us.

SECOND OLD WEAVER. [Has taken a seat at the next table. I've said it to his lordship himself. By your leave, my lord, says I, it's not possible for me to work on the estate so many days this year. For why my own bit of ground, my lord, it's been next to carried away by the rains. I've to work both night and day if I'm to live at all. For oh, what a flood that was! . . . There I stood an' wrung my hands, an' watched the good soil come pourin' down the hill, into the very house! And all that dear, fine seed! . . . I could do nothing but roar an' cry until I could n't see out o my eyes for a week. And then I had to start an' wheel eighty heavy barrow-loads of earth up that hill, till my back was all but broken.

Peasant [roughly]. You weavers here make such an awful outcry. As if we had n't all to put up with what Heaven sends us. An' if you are badly off just now, whose fault is it but your own? What did you do when trade was good? Drank an' squandered all you made. If you had saved a bit then, you'd have it to fall back on now when times is bad, and not need to be goin' stealin' yarn and wood.

FIRST YOUNG WEAVER [standing with several comrades in the lobby or outer room, calls in at the door]. What's a peasant but a peasant, though he lies in bed till nine?

First Old Weaver. The peasant an' the count, it's the same story with 'em both. Says the peasant when a weaver wants a house: I'll give you a little bit of a hole to live in, an' you'll pay me so much rent in money, an' the rest of it you'll make up by helpin' me to get in my hay an' my corn—an' if that doesn't please you, why, then you may go elsewhere. He tries another, and the second he says the same as the first.

BAUMERT [angrily]. The weaver's like a bone that every dog takes a gnaw at.

PEASANT [furious]. You starving curs, you're no good for anything. Can you yoke a plough? Can you draw a straight furrow or throw a bundle of sheaves on to a cart. You're fit for nothing but to idle about an'

go after the women. A pack of scoundr ne'er-do-wells!

[He has paid and now goes out. Forester follows, laughing. Vzel, the joiner, and Mrs. Wellaugh aloud; the Traveler law to himself. Then there is a mome silence.]

HORNIG. A peasant like that's as str as his own ox. As if I didn't know about the distress in the villages ro here. Sad sights I've seen! Four and lyin' naked on one sack of straw.

TRAVELER [in a mildly remonstrative to Allow me to remark, my good man, there's a great difference of opinion a the amount of distress here in the Euler

birge. If you can read . . .

HORNIG. I can read straight off, as as you. An' I know what I've seen was you. An' I know what I've seen was your eyes. It would be queer if a sthat's traveled the country with a pack his back these forty years an' more dicknow something about it. There was blern, now. You saw the children scrap about among the dung-heaps with the pants' geese. The people up there canked, on the bare stone floors. In the sore need they at the stinking weak glue. Hunger carried them off by the bared.

TRAVELER. You must be aware, s you are able to read, that strict invest tion has been made by the Government, that . . .

Hornig. Yes, yes, we all know what means. They send a gentleman that kn all about it already better nor if he seen it, an' he goes about a bit in the lage, at the lower end, where the houses are. He doesn't want to dirty shining boots. Thinks he to himself: the rest'll be the same as this. An' so steps into his carriage, an' drives a home again, an' then writes to Berlin there's no distress in the place at all. he had but taken the trouble to go his up into a village like that, to where stream comes in, or across the stream of the narrow side - or, better still, if I gone up to the little out-o'-the-way ho on the hill above, some of 'em that b an' tumble-down as it would be the w of a good match to set fire to 'em another kind of report he'd have sen in. They should have come to me, these rument gentlemen that would n't bethere was no distress here. I would shown them something. I'd have ed their eyes for 'em in some of these ration holes.

[The strains of the Weavers' Song are heard, sung outside.]

ELZEL. There they are, roaring at that

's song again.

TEGAND. They 're turning the whole upside down.

RS. WELZEL. You'd think there was thing in the air.

GER and BECKER arm in arm, at the head a troop of young weavers, march noisily

ough the outer room and enter the bar.]
LEGER. Halt! To your places!

[The new arrivals sit down at the various tables, and begin to talk to other weavers already seated there.] ORNIG. [Calls out to BECKER.] What's ow, Becker, that you've got together

owd like this?

ECKER [significantly]. Who knows but

thing may be going to happen? Eh,

DRNIG. Come, come, lads. Don't you gettin' of yourselves into mischief.
ECKER. Blood's flowed already. Would

like to see it?

[He pulls up his sleeve and shows bleeding tattoo-marks on the upper part of his arm. Many of the other young weavers do the same.]

CCKER. We've been at Father Schmidt's

n' ourselves vaccinated.

DRNIG. Now the thing's explained. e wonder there's such an uproar in place, with a band of young rapscal-

like you paradin' round.

may bring two quarts at once, Welzel! y. Perhaps you think I have n't got leedful. You're wrong, then. If we dw could sit an' drink your best ly an's will coffee till to-morrow mornith any bagman in the land.

[Laughter among the young weavers.]
AVELER [affecting comic surprise]. Is
oung gentleman kind enough to take

e of me?

[Host, hostess, and their daughter, Wiegand, and the Traveler all laugh.] JAEGER. If the cap fits wear it.

TRAVELER. Your affairs seem to be in a thriving condition, young man, if I may

be allowed to say so.

JAEGER. I can't complain. I'm a traveler in made-up goods. I go shares with the manufacturers. The nearer starvation the weaver is, the better I fare. His want butters my bread.

BECKER. Well done, Moritz! You gave

it to him that time. Here's to you!

[Welzel has brought the cornbrandy. On his way back to the counter he stops, turns round slowly, and stands, an embodiment of phlegmatic strength, facing the weavers.]

Welzel [calmly but emphatically]. You let the gentleman alone. He's done you no

harm

Young Weavers. And we're doing him no harm.

[Mrs. Wellel has exchanged a few words with the Trayeler. She takes the cup with the remains of his coffee and carries it into the parlor. The Trayeler follows her amidst the laughter of the weavers.]

YOUNG WEAVERS [singing].

"The Dreissigers the hangmen are, Servants no whit behind them."

WELZEL. Hush-sh! Sing that song anywhere else you like, but not in my house.

FIRST OLD WEAVER. He's quite right,

Stop that singin', lads.

Becker. [Roars.] But we must march past Dreissiger's, boys, and let them hear it once more.

WIEGAND. You 'd better take care -

you may march once too often.

[Laughter and cries of Ho, ho!]

[Wittig has entered; a gray-haired old smith bareheaded, with leather apron and wooder shoes, sooty from the smithy. He is standing at the counter waiting for his schnapps.]

YOUNG WEAVER. Wittig, Wittig!

WITTIG. Here he is. What do you want with him?

Young Weavers. "It's Wittig!"—"Wittig, Wittig!"—"Come here, Wittig."—"Sit beside us, Wittig."

WITTIG. Do you think I would sit be

side a set of rascals like you?

JAEGER. Come and take a glass with us

WITTIG. Keep your brandy to yourselves. I pay for my own drink. [Takes his glass and sits down beside BAUMERT and AN-Sorge. Clapping the latter on the stomach.] What's the weavers' food so nice? Sauerkraut and roasted lice !

OLD BAUMERT [excitedly]. But what would you say now if they 'd made up their minds as how they would put up with it no

WITTIG [with pretended astonishment, staring open-mouthed at the old weaver]. Heinerle! you don't mean to tell me that that 's you? [Laughs immoderately.] O Lord, O Lord! I could laugh myself to death. Old Baumert risin' in rebellion! We'll have the tailors at it next, and then there 'll be a rebellion among the baa-lambs, and the rats and the mice. Damn it all, but we'll see some sport. [He nearly splits with laughter.]

OLD BAUMERT. You need n't go on like that, Wittig. I'm the same man I've always been. I still say 't would be better if things could be put right peaceably.

WITTIG. Peaceably! How could it be done peaceably? Did they do it peaceably in France? Did Robespeer tickle the rich men's palms? No! It was: Away with them, every one! To the gilyoteen with them! Allongs onfong! You 've got your work before you. The geese 'll not fly ready roasted into your mouths.

OLD BAUMERT. If I could make even

half a livin' -

FIRST OLD WEAVER. The water 's up to

our chins now, Wittig.

SECOND OLD WEAVER. We 're afraid to go home. It 's all the same whether we works or whether we lies abed; it's starvation both ways.

FIRST OLD WEAVER. A man's like to go

mad at home.

OLD ANSORGE. It's that length with me

now that I don't care how things go.

OLD WEAVERS [with increasing excitement]. "We 've no peace anywhere." -"We've no spirit left to work." — "Up with us in Steenkunzendorf you can see a weaver sittin' by the stream washin' hisself the whole day long, naked as God made him. It 's driven him clean out of his mind."

THIRD OLD WEAVER [moved by the spirit, stands up and begins to "speak with tongues," stretching out his hand threateningly]. Judgment is at hand! Have no dealings with rich and the great! Judgment is at ha The Lord God of Sabaoth . . .

> Some of the weavers laugh. H pulled down on to his seat.]

WELZEL. That 's a chap that can't st a single glass — he gets wild at once.

THIRD OLD WEAVER. [Jumps up aga But they — they believe not in God, no hell, not in heaven. They mock at

FIRST OLD WEAVER. Come, come n

that 's enough!

BECKER. You let him do his little b preaching. There 's many a one would the better for taking it to heart.

Voices [in excited confusion]. "Let alone!"-"Let him speak!"

THIRD OLD WEAVER [raising his von But hell is opened, saith the Lord; its j are gaping wide, to swallow up all those oppress the afflicted and pervert judgn in the cause of the poor. Wild exciteme

THIRD OLD WEAVER Suddenly deck

ing schoolboy fashion.

man.

When one has thought upon it well, It's still more difficult to tell Why they the linen-weaver's work despi

BECKER. But we 're fustian-wear

[Laugh Hornig. The linen-weavers is ever much worse off than you. They're wande about among the hills like ghosts. people here have still got the pluck le you to kick up a row.

WITTIG. Do you suppose the wor over here? It won't be long till the m facturers drain away that little bit strength they still have left in their bo

Becker. You know what he said will come to the weavers working f bite of bread. |Upr

SEVERAL OLD AND YOUNG WEAV

Who said that?

Becker. Dreissiger said it.

A Young Weaver. The damned ra

should be hung up by the heels. JAEGER. Look here, Wittig. You'v

ways jawed such a lot about the Fr Revolution, and a good deal too about own doings. A time may be coming, that before long, when every one will a chance to show whether he's a brag or a true man.

WITTIG [flaring up angrily]. Say aner word if you dare! Have you heard whistle of bullets? Have you done post duty in an enemy's country?

JAEGER. You need n't get angry about We're comrades. I meant no harm.

WITTIG. None of your comradeship for you impudent young fool.

[Enter Kutsche, the policeman.]

SEVERAL VOICES. Hush - sh! Police! [This calling goes on for some time, till at last there is complete silence, amidst which KUTSCHE takes his place at the central pillar-table.]

KUTSCHE. A small brandy, please.

[Again complete silence.] WITTIG. I suppose you've come to see we 're all behaving ourselves, Kutsche? Kutsche [paying no attention to Wit-J. Good-morning, Mr. Wiegand.

WIEGAND [still in the corner in front of counter]. Good-morning t'you, sir.

KUTSCHE. How's trade?

WIEGAND. Thank you, much as usual. BECKER. The chief constable 's sent him see if we're spoiling our stomach on ese big wages we're getting. [Laughter.] JAEGER. I say, Welzel, you will tell n how we've been feasting on roast pork ' sauce an' dumplings and sauerkraut, d now we're sitting at our champagne ne. WELZEL. The world 's upside down with

em to-day. KUTSCHE. An' even if you had the ampagne wine and the roast meat, you ould n't be satisfied. I 've to get on thout champagne wine as well as you.

BECKER [referring to KUTSCHE'S nose]. e waters his beet-root with brandy and n. An' it thrives upon it, too. [Laughter.] WITTIG. A p'liceman like that has a hard e. Now it 's a starving beggar boy he has lock up, then it 's a pretty weaver girl he s to lead astray; then he has to get roardrunk an' beat his wife till she goes reamin' to the neighbors for help; and ere's the ridin' about on horseback and e lyin' in bed till nine - nay, faith, but 's no easy job!

Kutsche. Jaw away; you'll jaw a rope und your neck in time. It 's long been own what sort of a fellow you are. The agistrates know all about that dangerous

tongue of yours. I know who 'll drink wife and child into the poorhouse an' himself into jail before long, who it is that 'll go on agitatin' and agitatin' till he brings down judgment on himself and all concerned.

WITTIG. [Laughs bitterly.] It 's true enough - no one knows what 'll be the end of it. You may be right yet. [Bursts out in fury. But if it does come to that, I know who I've got to thank for it, who it is that 's blabbed to the manufacturers an' all the gentlemen round, an' blackened my character to that extent that they never give me a hand's turn of work to do - an' set the peasants an' the millers against me, so that I'm often a whole week without a horse to shoe or a wheel to put a tire on. I know who 's done it. I once pulled the damned brute off his horse, because he was givin' a little stupid boy the most awful flogging for stealin' a few unripe pears. But I tell you this, Kutsche, and you know me — if you get me put into prison, you may make your own will. If I hear as much as a whisper of it, I'll take the first thing as comes handy, whether it 's a horseshoe or a hammer, a wheel-spoke or a pail; I'll get hold of you if I've to drag you out of bed from beside your wife, and I'll beat in your brains, as sure as my name 's Wittig.

[He has jumped up and is going to rush at Kutsche.]

OLD AND YOUNG WEAVERS [holding him back]. Wittig, Wittig! Don't lose your

KUTSCHE. [Has risen involuntarily, his face pale. He backs toward the door while speaking. The nearer the door the higher his courage rises. He speaks the last words on the threshold, and then instantly disappears.] What are you goin' on at me about? I did n't meddle with you. I came to say something to the weavers. My business is with them an' not with you, and I 've done nothing to you. But I've this to say to you weavers: The Superintendent of Police herewith forbids the singing of that song - Dreissiger's song, or whatever it is you call it. And if the yelling of it on the streets is n't stopped at once, he 'll provide you with plenty of time and leisure for going on with it in jail. You may sing there, on bread and water, to your hearts' [Goes out.] content.

WITTIG. [Roars after him.] He's no right to forbid it—not if we were to roar till the windows shook an' they could hear us at Reichenbach—not if we sang till the manufacturers' houses tumbled about their ears an' all the Superintendents' helmets danced on the top of their heads. It's nobody's business but our own.

[Becker has in the mean time got up, made a signal for singing, and now leads off, the others joining in.]

The justice to us weavers dealt
Is bloody, cruel, and hateful;
Our life's one torture, long drawn out;
For Lynch law we'd be grateful.

[Welzel attempts to quiet them but they pay no attention to him. Wiegand puts his hands to his ears and rushes off. During the singing of the next verse the weavers rise and form into procession behind Becker and Wittig, who have given pantomimic signs for a general break-up.]

Stretched on the rack, day after day, Hearts sick and bodies aching, Our heavy sighs their witness bear To spirit slowly breaking.

[Most of the weavers sing the following verse out on the street, only a few young fellows, who are paying, being still in the bar. At the conclusion of the verse no one is left in the room except Wellel and his wife and daughter, Hornig, and Old Baumert.]

You villains all, you brood of hell, You fiends in fashion human, A curse will fall on all like you Who prey on man and woman.

Welzel [phlegmatically collecting the glasses]. Their backs are up to-day, and no mistake.

HORNIG. [To OLD BAUMERT, who is preparing to go.] What in the name of Heaven are they up to, Baumert?

BAUMERT. They're goin' to Dreissiger's to make him add something on to the pay.

WELZEL. And are you joining in these

foolish ongoings?

OLD BAUMERT. I've no choice, Welzel. The young men may an' the old men must.

Hornig. It'll not surprise me if this ends badly.

WELZEL. To think that even old fellow like him are goin' right off their heads!

HORNIG. We all set our hearts on som thing!

THE FOURTH ACT

Peterswaldau. Private room of DREISSIGE the fustian manufacturer - luxuriously fu nished in the chilly taste of the first half of th century. Ceiling, doors, and stove are whi and the wall paper, with its small, straigh lined floral pattern, is dull and cold in ton The furniture is mahogany, richly-carved, as upholstered in red. On the right, between to windows with crimson damask curtains, stan the writing-table, a high bureau with fallis flap. Directly opposite to this is the sofa, we the strong-box beside it; in front of the sofa table, with chairs and easy-chairs arrang about it. Against the back wall is a gun-cu board. All three walls are decorated with be pictures in gilt frames. Above the sofa is mirror with a heavily gilt rococo frame. On t left an ordinary door leads into the hall. A open folding-door at the back shows the draw ing-room, over-furnished in the same style comfortless splendor. Two ladies, MRS. DREI SIGER and MRS. KITTELHAUS, the Pastor wife, are seen in the drawing-room, looking at pictures. Pastor Kittelhaus is there to engaged in conversation with WEINHOLD, to tutor, a theological graduate.

KITTELHAUS [a kindly little elderly ma enters the front room, smoking and talking the tutor, who is also smoking; he looks roun and shakes his head in surprise at finding ti room empty]. You are young, Mr. Wei hold, which explains everything. At you age we old fellows held - well, I won't sa the same opinions - but certainly opinion of the same tendency. And there's some thing fine about youth - youth with i grand ideals. But unfortunately, Mr. Wein hold, they don't last; they are as fleeting a April sunshine. Wait till you are my ag When a man has said his say from the pu pit for thirty years - fifty-two times ever year, not including saints' days - he ha inevitably calmed down. Think of me, M Weinhold, when you come that length.

WEINHOLD [nineteen, pale, thin, tall, win lanky fair hair; restless and nervous in h movements]. With all due respect, Mr. Ki telhaus — I can't think — people have sur

different natures.

ATTELHAUS. My dear Mr. Weinhold, vever restless-minded and unsettled a n may be — $\lceil in \ a \ tone \ of \ reproof \rceil$ — and are a case in point — however violently wantonly he may attack the existing er of things, he calms down in the end. ant you, certainly, that among our profesnal brethren individuals are to be found, o, at a fairly advanced age, still play thful pranks. One preaches against the nk evil and founds temperance societies, ther publishes appeals which undoubty read most effectively. But what good they do? The distress among the weav-, where it does exist, is in no way lessd - but the peace of society is underned. No, no; one feels inclined in such es to say: Cobbler, stick to your last; i't take to caring for the belly, you who e the care of souls. Preach the pure ord of God, and leave all else to Him o provides shelter and food for the birds, I clothes the lilies of the field. But I uld like to know where our good host, . Dreissiger, has suddenly disappeared to.

[Mrs. Dreissiger, followed by Mrs. KITTELHAUS, now comes forward. She is a pretty woman of thirty, of a healthy, florid type. A certain discordance is noticeable between her deportment and way of expressing herself and her rich, elegant

toilette.]

MRS. DREISSIGER. That's what I want know, too, Mr. Kittelhaus. But it 's what lliam always does. No sooner does a ng come into his head than off he goes l leaves me in the lurch. I've said enough out it, but it does no good.

KITTELHAUS. It's always the way with iness men, my dear Mrs. Dreissiger. Weinhold. I'm almost certain that

nething has happened downstairs.

[Dreissiger enters, hot and excited.] Dreissiger. Well, Rosa, is coffee served? Mrs. Dreissiger [sulkily]. Fancy your ding to run away again!

OREISSIGER [carelessly]. Ah! these are ngs you don't understand.

KITTELHAUS. Excuse me — has anything ppened to annoy you, Mr. Dreissiger? DREISSIGER. Never a day passes without t, my dear sir. I am accustomed to it. nat about that coffee, Rosa?

[Mrs. Dreissiger goes ill-humor-

edly and gives one or two violent tugs at the broad embroidered bell-

Dreissiger. I wish you had been down stairs just now, Mr. Weinhold. You'd hav gained a little experience. Besides . . . But now let us have our game of whist.

KITTELHAUS. By all means, sir. Shake off the dust and burden of the day, Mr. Dreissiger; forget it in our company.

Dreissiger. [Has gone to the window, pushed aside a curtain, and is looking out.] Vile rabble!! Come here, Rosa! [She goes to the window. Look . . . that tall redhaired fellow there! . . .

KITTELHAUS. That's the man they call

Red Becker.

DREISSIGER. Is he the man that insulted you the day before yesterday? You remember what you told me — when John was helping you into the carriage?

Mrs. Dreissiger [pouting, carelessly].

I'm sure I don't know.

DREISSIGER. Come now, what's the use of being cross? I must know. If he's the man, I mean to have him arrested. [The strains of the Weavers' Song are heard.] Listen to that! Just listen!

KITTELHAUS [highly incensed]. Is there to be no end to this nuisance? I must acknowledge now that it is time for the police to interfere. Permit me. [He goes forward to the window.] See, see, Mr. Weinhold! These are not only young people. There are numbers of steady-going old weavers among them, men whom I have known for vears and looked upon as most deserving and God-fearing. There they are, taking part in this intolerable uproar, trampling God's law under foot. Do you mean to tell me that you still defend these people?

Weinhold. Certainly not, Mr. Kittelhaus. That is, sir . . . cum grano salis. For after all, they are hungry and they are ignorant. They are giving expression to their dissatisfaction in the only way they understand. I don't expect that such people . . .

MRS. KITTELHAUS. [Short, thin, faded, more like an old maid than a married woman.] Mr. Weinhold, Mr. Weinhold, how can you?

Dreissiger. Mr. Weinhold, I am sorry to be obliged to ... I did n't bring you into my house to give me lectures on philanthropy, and I must request that you will confine yourself to the education of my boys, and leave my other affairs entirely to me -

entirely! Do you understand?

WEINHOLD. Stands for a moment rigid and deathly pale, then bows, with a strained smile. In a low voice. Certainly, of course I understand. I have seen this coming. It is my wish too. [Goes out.]

DREISSIGER [rudely]. As soon as possible

then, please. We require the room.

Mrs. Dreissiger. William, William! DREISSIGER. Have you lost your senses, Rosa, that you're taking the part of a man who defends a low, blackguardly libel like that song?

Mrs. Dreissiger. But, William, he

did n't defend it.

Dreissiger. Mr. Kittelhaus, did he de-

fend it or did he not?

KITTELHAUS. His youth must be his ex-

cuse, Mr. Dreissiger.

Mrs. Kittelhaus. I can't understand it. The young man comes of such a good, respectable family. His father held a public appointment for forty years, without a breath on his reputation. His mother was overjoyed at his getting this good situation here. And now . . . he himself shows so little appreciation of it.

PFEIFER [suddenly opens the door leading from the hall and shouts in]. Mr. Dreissiger, Mr. Dreissiger! they 've got him! Will you come, please? They've caught one of them.

Dreissiger [hastily]. Has some one gone for the police?

PFEIFER. The Superintendent's on his way upstairs.

Dreissiger [at the door]. Glad to see you, sir. We want you here.

> [KITTELHAUS makes signs to the ladies that it will be better for them to retire. He, his wife, and MRS. Dreissiger disappear into the drawing-room.

Dreissiger [exasperated, to the Police Superintendent, who has now entered]. I have at last had one of the ringleaders seized by my dyers. I could stand it no longer - their insolence was beyond all bounds — quite unbearable. I have visitors in my house, and these blackguards dare to . . . They insult my wife whenever she shows herself; my boys' lives are not safe. My visitors run the risk of being jostled and cuffed. Is it possible that in a wellordered community incessant public insult offered to unoffending people like mys and my family should pass unpunished? so . . . then I must confess that have other ideas of law and order.

SUPERINTENDENT. [A man of fifty, m dle height, corpulent, full-blooded. He we cavalry uniform with a long sword and spur No, no, Mr. Dreissiger . . . certainly no I am entirely at your disposal. Make your mind easy on the subject. Dispose of me you will. What you have done is quite rig I am delighted that you have had one of ringleaders arrested. I am very glad indethat a settling day has come. There ar few disturbers of the peace here whom have long had my eye on.

Dreissiger. Yes, one or two raw la lazy vagabonds, that shirk every kind work, and lead a life of low dissipation, has ing about the public-houses until they sent their last halfpenny down their throa But I'm determined to put a stop to trade of these professional blackgua once and for all. It's in the public inter to do so, not only my private interest. SUPERINTENDENT. Of course it is! M

possibly blame you. And everything t

lies in my power . . . DREISSIGER. The cat-o'-nine tails is w

undout tedly, Mr. Dreissiger! No one

should be taken to the beggarly pack. SUPERINTENDENT. You're right, qu

right. We must make an example. [Kutsche, the policeman, enters

salutes. The door is open, and sound of heavy steps stumbling the stair is heard.

KUTSCHE. I have to inform you, sir, t we have arrested a man.

Dreissiger. [To Superintendent.]

you wish to see the fellow?

Superintendent. Certainly, most of tainly. We must begin by having a le at him at close quarters. Oblige me, I Dreissiger, by not speaking to him at pr ent. I'll see to it that you get compl satisfaction, or my name 's not Heide.

DREISSIGER. That 's not enough for though. He goes before the magistra

My mind's made up.

[JAEGER is led in by five dyers, have come straight from their u -faces, hands, and clothes star with dye. The prisoner, his can jauntily on the side of his h presents an appearance of impudent gayety; he is excited by the brandy he has just drunk.]

LEGER. Hounds that you are ! - Call selves workingmen! - Pretend to be rades! Before I would do such a thing ay my hands on a mate, I'd see my l rot off my arm!

> [At a sign from the Superintendent, Kutsche orders the dyers to let go their victim. Jaeger straightens himself up, quite free and easy.

Both doors are guarded.]

JPERINTENDENT. [Shouts to JAEGER.] with your cap, sir. [JAEGER takes it off, very slowly, still with an impudent grin on ace. What's your name!

AEGER. What's yours? I'm not your eherd.

Great excitement is produced among the audience by this reply.

REISSIGER. This is too much of a good UPERINTENDENT. [Changes color, is on point of breaking out furiously, but controls rage. We'll see about this afterwards. Ince more, what 's your name? [Receivto answer, furiously.] If you don't an-

r at once, fellow, I'll have you flogged he spot.

AEGER. | Perfectly cheerful, not showing much as the twitch of an eyelid that he heard the Superintendent's angry ts, calls over the heads of those around to a pretty servant girl, who has brought he coffee and is standing open-mouthed astonishment at the unexpected sight.] lo, Emmy, do you belong to this comy now? The sooner you find your way of it, then, the better. A wind may beto blow here, an' blow everything away rnight.

[The girl stares at JAEGER, and as soon as she comprehends that it is to her he is speaking, blushes with shame, covers her eyes with her hands, and rushes out, leaving the coffee things in confusion on the table. Renewed excitement among

those present.]

UPERINTENDENT. [Half beside himself, REISSIGER. Never in all my long serv-... such a case of shameless effront-

[JAEGER spits on the floor.] REISSIGER. I'll thank you to remember this is not a stable.

Superintendent. My patience is at an end now. For the last time: What's your name?

> [KITTELHAUS, who has been peering out at the partly opened drawingroom door, listening to what has been going on, can no longer refrain from coming forward to interfere. He is trembling with excitement.]

KITTELHAUS. His name is Jaeger, sir. Moritz . . . is it not? Moritz Jaeger. [To JAEGER.] And, Jaeger, you know me.

JAEGER [seriously]. You are Pastor Kit-

telhaus.

KITTELHAUS. Yes, I am your pastor, Jaeger! It was I who received you, a babe in swaddling clothes, into the Church of Christ. From my hands you took for the first time the body of the Lord. Do you remember that, and how I toiled and strove to bring God's Word home to your heart? Is this your gratitude?

JAEGER [like a scolded schoolboy, in a surly voice]. I paid my half-crown like the rest.

KITTELHAUS, Money, money . . . Do you imagine that the miserable little bit of money . . . Such utter nonsense! I'd much rather you kept your money. Be a good man, be a Christian! Think of what you promised. Keep God's law. Money, money! . . .

JAEGER. I'm a Quaker now, sir. I don't

believe in anything.

KITTELHAUS. Quaker! What are you talking about? Try to behave yourself, and don't use words you don't understand. Quaker, indeed! They are good Christian people, and not heathers like you.

SUPERINTENDENT. Mr. Kittelhaus, I must ask you . . . [He comes between the Pastor and JAEGER. | Kutsche! tie his

hands!

[Wild yelling outside: "Jaeger, Jaeger! come out!"]

Dreissiger. [Like the others, slightly startled, goes instinctively to the window.] What's

the meaning of this next?

SUPERINTENDENT. Oh, I understand well enough. It means that they want to have the blackguard out among them again. But we're not going to oblige them. Kutsche, you have your orders.. He goes to the lock-up.

KUTSCHE [with the rope in his hand, hesitating]. By your leave, sir, but it'll not be an easy job. There's a confounded big

crowd out there — a pack of raging devils. They've got Becker with them, and the smith . . .

KITTELHAUS. Allow me one more word!
—So as not to rouse still worse feeling,
would it not be better if we tried to arrange
things peaceably? Perhaps Jaeger will give
his word to go with us quietly, or . . .

SUPERINTENDENT. Quite impossible! Think of my responsibility. I could n't allow such a thing. Come, Kutsche! lose no

more time.

JAEGER [putting his hands together, and holding them out]. Tight, tight, as tight as ever you can! It's not for long.

[Kutsche, assisted by the workmen,

ties his hands.]

SUPERINTENDENT. Now, off with you, march! [To Dreissiger.] If you feel anxious, let six of the weavers go with them. They can walk on each side of him, I'll ride in front, and Kutsche will bring up the rear. Whoever blocks the way will be cut down.

[Cries from below: "Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo! Bow, wow, wow!"]

SUPERINTENDENT [with a threatening gesture in the direction of the window]. You rascals, I'll cock-a-doodle-doo and bowwow you! Forward! March!

[He marches out first, with drawn sword; the others, with JAEGER,

follow.]

JAEGER. [Shouts as he goes.] An' Mrs. Dreissiger there may play the lady as proud as she likes, but for all that she's no better than us. Many a hundred times she's served my father with a half penny-worth of

schnapps. Left wheel — march!

[Exit laughing.]
DREISSIGER [after a pause, with apparent calmness]. Well, Mr. Kittelhaus, shall we have our game now? I think there will be no further interruption. [He lights a cigar, giving short laughs as he does so; when it is lighted, bursts into a regular fit of laughing.] I'm beginning now to think the whole thing very funny. That fellow! [Still laughing nervously.] It really is too comical: first came the dispute at dinner with Weinhold—five minutes after that he takes leave—off to the other end of the world; then this affair crops up—and now we'll proceed with our whist.

KITTELHAUS. Yes, but . . . [Roaring is

heard outside.] Yes, but ... that's a trible uproar they're making outside.

DREISSIGER. All we have to do is to into the other room; it won't disturb us

the least there.

KITTELHAUS [shaking his head]. I wish knew what has come over these people. so far I must agree with Mr. Weinhold, at least till quite lately I was of his opinion that the weavers were a patient, humb easily-led class. Was it not your idea

them, too, Mr. Dreissiger? DREISSIGER. Most certainly that is wh they used to be - patient, easily manage peaceable people. They were that as lo as these so-called humanitarians let the alone. But for ever so long now they had the awful misery of their conditi held up to them. Think of all the societ and associations for the alleviation of t distress among the weavers. At last t weaver believes in it himself, and his head turned. Some of them had better come a turn it back again, for now he 's fairly s a-going there's no end to his complaining This does n't please him, and that does please him. He must have everything the best.

[A loud roar of "Hurrah!" is hed from the crowd.]

KITTELHAUS. So that with all their h manitarianism they have only succeeded almost literally turning lambs into wolve

Dreissiger. I won't say that, sir. Wh you take time to think of the matter cool it's possible that some good may come of yet. Such occurrences as this will not punnoticed by those in authority, and m lead them to see that things can't be a lowed to go on as they are doing—the means must be taken to prevent the uttruin of our home industries.

KITTELHAUS. Possibly. But what is t cause, then, of this terrible falling off

trade?

Dreissiger. Our best markets have be closed to us by the heavy import duties for eign countries have laid on our goods. home the competition is terrible, for have no protection, none whatever.

PFEIFER. [Staggers in, pale and brea less.] Mr. Dreissiger, Mr. Dreissiger!

Dreissiger [in the act of walking into drawing-room, turns round, annoyed]. We Pfeifer, what now?

Preifer. Oh, sir! Oh, sir!... It 's

rse than ever

Dreissiger. What are they up to next? KITTELHAUS. You're really alarming us

what is it?

PFEIFER [still confused]. I never saw the e. Good Lord! — The Superintendent uself . . . they 'll catch it for this yet. DREISSIGER. What's the matter with 1, in the devil's name? Is any one's neck ken?

Preifer. [Almost crying with fear, screams.] ey 've set Moritz Jaeger free — they 've ashed the Superintendent and driven him ay - they 've thrashed the policeman and it him off to - without his helmet . . . sword broken . . . Oh dear, oh dear! Dreissiger. I think you've gone crazy,

eifer.

KITTELHAUS. This is actual riot.

PFEIFER [sitting on a chair, his whole body mbling]. It's turning serious, Mr. Dreiser! Mr. Dreissiger, it's serious now! Dreissiger. Well, if that's all the

lice . . .

PFEIFER. Mr. Dreissiger, it's serious now! Dreissiger. Damn it all, Pfeifer, will u hold your tongue?

Mrs. Dreissiger [coming out of the draw-eroom with Mrs. Kittelhaus]. This is ally too bad, William. Our whole even-'s being spoiled. Here's Mrs. Kittelhaus ring that she 'd better go home.

KITTELHAUS. You must n't take it amiss, ar Mrs. Dreissiger, but perhaps, under e circumstances, it would be better . . . MRS. DREISSIGER. But, William, why in

world don't you go out and put a stop it?

Dreissiger. Go you and try if you can it. Try! Go and speak to them! [Standhelplessly in front of the pastor. Am I ch a tyrant? Am I a cruel master?

[Enter John the coachman.]

JOHN. If you please, m'm, I've put to horses. Mr. Weinhold's put Georgie d Charlie into the carriage. If it comes the worst, we're ready to be off.

Mrs. Dreissiger. If what comes to the

 $\operatorname{rst} ?$

JOHN. I'm sure I don't know, m'm. But e crowd's gettin' bigger and bigger, an' by 've sent the Superintendent an' the iceman to the right-about.

PFEIFER. It's serious now, Mr. Dreis-

siger! It's serious!

Mrs. Dreissiger [with increasing alarm]. What's going to happen? — What do the people want? - They're never going to attack us, John?

JOHN. There's some rascally hounds

among 'em, ma'am.

Perifer. It's serious now! serious! Dreissiger. Hold your tongue, fool!

Are the doors barred?

KITTELHAUS. I ask you as a favor, Mr. Dreissiger . . . as a favor . . . I am determined to . . . I ask you as a favor . . . [To John.] What demands are the people making?

JOHN [awkwardly]. It's higher wages

they 're after, the blackguards.

KITTELHAUS. Good, good!—I shall go out and do my duty. I shall speak seriously to these people.

JOHN. Oh, sir, please, sir, don't do any

such thing. Words is quite useless.

KITTELHAUS. One little favor, Mr. Dreissiger. May I ask you to post men behind the door, and to have it closed at once after

Mrs. Kittelhaus. O Joseph, Joseph!

you're not really going out?

KITTELHAUS. I am. Indeed I am. I know what I'm doing. Don't be afraid. God will protect me.

[Mrs. Kittelhaus presses his hand, draws back, and wipes tears from

her eyes.]

KITTELHAUS [while the murmur of a great, excited crowd is heard uninterruptedly outside]. I'll go . . . I'll go out as if I were simply on my way home. I shall see if my sacred office . . . if the people have not sufficient respect for me left to . . . I shall try . . . [He takes his hat and stick.] Forward, then, in God's name!

> [Goes out accompanied by DREIS-SIGER, PFEIFER, and JOHN.]

MRS. KITTELHAUS. Oh, dear Mrs. Dreissiger! [She bursts into tears and embraces her. I do trust nothing will happen to

Mrs. Dreissiger [absently]. I don't know how it is, Mrs. Kittelhaus, but I . . . I can't tell you how I feel. I did n't think such a thing was possible. It's . . . it's as if it was a sin to be rich. If I had been told about all this beforehand, Mrs. Kittelhaus, I don't know but what I would rather have been left in my own humble position.

MRS. KITTELHAUS. There are troubles and disappointments in every condition of

life, Mrs. Dreissiger.

MRS. DREISSIGER. True, true, I can well believe that. And suppose we have more than other people . . . goodness me! we did n't steal it. It's been honestly got, every penny of it. It's not possible that the people can be going to attack us! If trade's bad, that's not William's fault, is it?

[Loud, confused yelling is heard outside. While the two women stand gazing at each other, pale and startled, Dreissiger rushes in.]

DREISSIGER. Quick, Rosa, — put on something, and get into the carriage. I'll be after you this moment.

[He rushes to the strong-box, and takes out papers and various articles of value.]

[Enter John.]

JOHN. We're ready to star But come quickly, before they get round to the back door.

MRS. DREISSIGER [in a transport of fear, throwing her arms around John's neck]. John, John, dear, good John! Save us, John. Save my boys! Oh, what is to become of us?

Dreissiger. Rosa, try to keep your head.

Let John go.

JOHN. Yes, yes, ma'am! Don't you be frightened. Our good horses 'll soon leave them all behind; an' whoever does n't get out of the way'll be driven over.

MRS. KITTELHAUS [in helpless anxiety]. But my husband . . . my husband? But,

Mr. Dreissiger, my husband?

Dreissiger. He's in safety now, Mrs. Kittelhaus. Don't alarm yourself; he's all right.

MRS. KITTELHAUS. Something dreadful has happened to him. I know it. You need

n't try to keep it from me.

Dreissiger. You must n't take it to heart—they 'll be sorry for it yet. I know exactly whose fault it was. Such a detestable, shameful outrage will not go unpunished. A community laying hands on its own pastor and maltreating him—abominable! Mad dogs they are—raging brutes—and they 'll be treated as such. [To his wife who still

stands petrified.] Go, for my sake, Ross go quickly! [The clatter of window pane being smashed on the ground floor is heard. They've gone quite mad. There's nothin for it but to get away as fast as we can.

[Cries of "Feifer, come out!"—"W want Feifer!"—"Feifer, con out!" are heard.]

Mrs. Dreissiger. Feifer, Feifer, the want Feifer!

PFEIFER. [Dashes in.] Mr. Dreissige: there are people at the back gate already and the house door won't hold much longe. The smith's battering it in with a stable pail.

[The cry sounds louder and cleare "Feifer! Feifer! Feifer! come out! Mrs. Dreissiger rushes off as pursued. Mrs. Kittelhaus follows. Pfeifer listens, and chang color as he hears what the cry is. perfect panic of fear seizes him; weeps, entreats, whimpers, writhe all at the same moment. He ove whelms Dreissiger with childicaresses, strokes his cheeks as arms, kisses his hands, and at lalike a drowning man, throws harms round him and prevents his moving.]

PFEIFER. Dear, good, kind Mr. Drei siger, don't leave me behind. I 've alway served you faithfully. I 've always treate the people well. I could n't give them mowages than the fixed rate. Don't leave n here — they'll do for me! If they find m they'll kill me. O God! O God! My wif my children!

Dreissiger [making his way out, vain endeavoring to free himself from Pfeifer clutch]. Can't you let me go, fellow? It

be all right; it 'll be all right.

[For a few seconds the room is empt Windows are broken in the dra ing-room. A loud crash resoun through the house, followed shouts of "Hurrah!" For an is stant there is silence. Then gent cautious steps are heard on t stair, then timid, hushed ejacutions: "To the left!"—"Up w you!"—"Hush!"—"Slo slow!"—"Don't shove like that —"It's a wedding we're go to!"—"Stop that crowding!"

"You go first!" - "No, you go

Young weavers and weaver girls appear at the door leading from the hall, not daring to enter, but each trying to shove the other in. In the course of a few moments their timidity is overcome, and the poor, thin, ragged or patched figures, many of them sickly-looking, disperse themselves through Dreissiger's room and the drawing-room, first gazing timidly and curiously at everything, then beginning to touch things. Girls sit down on the sofas, whole groups admire themselves in the mirrors, men stand up on chairs, examine the pictures and take them down. There is a steady influx of miserable-looking creatures from the hall.

IRST OLD WEAVER [entering]. No, no, is carryin' it too far. They 've started shing things downstairs. There 's no se nor reason in that. There 'll be a bad to it. No man in his wits would do a. I'll keep clear of such ongoings.

EGER, BECKER, WITTIG carrying a wooden ail, BAUMERT, and a number of other old nd young weavers, rush in as if in pursuit f something, shouting hoarsely.]

AEGER. Where has he gone?

SECKER. Where 's the cruel brute?
SAUMERT. If we can eat grass, he may

sawdust. Vittig. We'll hang him whenever we

h him.

TRIST YOUNG WEAVER. We'll take him the legs and fling him out at the window, to the stones. He'll never get up again. ECOND YOUNG WEAVER. [Enters.] He's

ALL. Who? SECOND YOUNG WEAVER. Dreissiger.

BECKER. Feifer too?

VOICES. Let's get hold of Feifer. Look Feifer!

BAUMERT. Yes, yes! Feifer! Tell him re's a weaver here for him to starve.

[Laughter.]

[AEGER. If we can't lay hands on that the Dreissiger himself... we'll at any the make a poor man of him.

BAUMERT. As poor as a church mouse

. we'll see to that!

[All, bent on the work of destruction, rush towards the drawing-room door.] BECKER [who is leading, turns round and stops the others]. Halt! Listen to me! This is nothing but a beginning. When we're done here, we'll go straight to Bielau, to Dittrich's, where the steam power-looms are. The whole mischief's done by these factories.

OLD Ansorge. [Enters from hall. Takes a few steps, then stops and looks round, bewildered; shakes his head, taps his forehead.] Who am I? Weaver Anton Ansorge. Has he gone mad, Old Ansorge? My head's goin' round like a humming-top, sure enough. What's he doing here? He'll do whatever he's a mind to. Where is Ansorge? [He taps his forehead repeatedly.] Something's wrong! I'm not answerable! I'm off my head! Off with you, off with you, rioters that you are! Heads off, legs off, hands off! If you take my house, I take your house. Forward, forward!

[Goes yelling into the drawing-room, followed by a yelling, laughing mob.]

THE FIFTH ACT

Langen-Bielau. OLD WEAVER HILSE'S workroom. On the left a small window, in front of which stands the loom. On the right a bed, with a table pushed close to it. Stove, with stovebench, in the right-hand corner. Family worship is going on. HILSE, his old, blind, and almost deaf wife, his son Gottlieb, and Luise, GOTTLIEB'S wife, are sitting at the table, on the bed and wooden stools. A winding-wheel and bobbins on the floor between table and loom. Old spinning, weaving, and winding implements are disposed of on the smoky rafters; hanks of yarn are hanging down. There is much useless lumber in the low narrow room. The door, which is in the back wall, and leads into the big outer passage, or entry-room of the house, stands open. Through another open door on the opposite side of the passage, a second, in most respects similar weaver's room is seen. The large passage, or entry-room of the house, is paved with stone, has damaged plaster, and a tumble-down wooden staircase leading to the attics; a washing-tub on a stool is partly visible; dirty linen of the most miserable description and poor household utensils lie about untidily. The light falls from the left into all three apartments.

OLD HILSE is a bearded man of strong build, but bent and wasted with age, toil, sickness, and hardship. He is an old soldier, and has lost an arm. His nose is sharp, his complexion ashengray, and he shakes; he is nothing but skin and bone, and has the deep-set, sore weaver's eyes.

OLD HILSE. [Stands up, as do his son and daughter-in-law; prays. O Lord, we know not how to be thankful enough to Thee, for that Thou hast spared us this night again in thy goodness . . . an' hast had pity on us . . . an' hast suffered us to take no harm. Thou art the All-Merciful, an' we are poor, sinful children of men - that bad that we are not worthy to be trampled under thy feet. Yet Thou art our loving Father, an' Thou will look upon us an' accept us for the sake of thy dear Son, our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. "Jesus' blood and righteousness, Our covering is and glorious dress." An' if we're sometimes too sore cast down under thy chastening -- when the fire of thy purification burns too raging hot -- oh, lay it not to our charge; forgive us our sin. Give us patience, heavenly Father, that after all these sufferin's we may be made partakers of thy eternal blessedness. Amen.

MOTHER HILSE [who has been bending forward, trying hard to hear]. What a beautiful prayer you do say, father!

[Luise goes off to the wash-tub, Gott-Lieb to the room on the other side of the passage.]

OLD HILSE. Where 's the little lass?
LUISE. She 's gone to Peterswaldau, to
Dreissiger's. She finished all she had to
wind last night.

OLD HILSE [speaking very loud] You 'd like the wheel now, mother, eh?

MOTHER HILSE. Yes, father, I'm quite ready.

OLD HILSE [setting it down before her]. I wish I could do the work for you.

MOTHER HILSE. An' what would be the good of that, father? There would I be, sittin' not knowin' what to do.

OLD HILSE. I'll give your fingers a wipe, then, so that they'll not grease the yarn.

[He wipes her hands with a rag.]
LUISE [at her tub]. If there's grease on
her hands, it's not from what she's eaten.

OLD HILSE. If we've no butter, we can eat dry bread — when we've no bread, we can eat potatoes — when there's no potatoes left, we can eat bran.

Luise [saucily]. An' when that's all eaten, we'll do as the Wenglers did—

we'll find out where the skinner's bur some stinking old horse, an' we'll dig it an' live for a week or two on rotten carr.
— how nice that'll be!

GOTTLIEB [from the other room]. The you are, letting that tongue of yours r

away with you again.

OLD HILSE. You should think twice, la before you talk that godless way. [He go to his loom, calls.] Can you give me a har Gottlieb?——there's a few threads to p through.

Luise [from her tub]. Gottlieb, you

wanted to help father.

[GOTTLIEB comes in, and he and father set themselves to the troul some task of "drawing and sling," that is, pulling the strands the warp through the "heddle and "reed" of the loom. They he hardly begun to do this will Hornig appears in the outer roo

Hornig [at the door]. Good luck to yo work!

HILSE AND HIS SON. Thank you, Horr GOTTLIEB. I say, Hornig, when do y take your sleep? You're on your roun all day, and on watch all night.

Hornig. Sleep's gone from me now

days.

Luise. Glad to see you, Hornig! OLD HILSE. And what's the news?

HORNIG. It's queer news this morn. The weavers at Peterswaldau have talt the law into their own hands, an' chas Dreissiger an' his whole family out of place.

Luise [perceptibly agitated]. Hornig's

his lies again.

Hornic. No, missus, not this time, to-day.—I've some beautiful pinafores my cart.—No, it's God's truth I'm ting you. They've sent him to the rig about. He came down to Reichenbach I night, but, Lord love you! they dare take him in there, for fear of the weav—off he had to go again, all the way Schweinitz.

OLD HILSE. [Has been carefully lift threads of the web and approaching them the holes, through which, from the other signatures gottled pushes a wire hook, with which catches them and draws them through.] I about time you were stopping now, Hing!

IORNIG. It's as sure as I'm a livin' i. Every child in the place 'll soon tell the same story.

LD HILSE. Either your wits are a-wool-

ierin' or mine are.

lornic. Not mine. What I 'm telling 's as true as the Bible. I would n't bee it myself if I had n't stood there an' it with my own eyes — as I see you Gottlieb. They 've wrecked his house n the cellar to the roof. The good china e flyin' out at the garret windows, ratdown the roof. God only knows how ly pieces of fustian are lying soakin' in river! The water can't get away for n-it's running over the banks, the or of washin'-blue with all the indigo y've poured out at the windows - it flyin' like clouds of sky-blue dust. Oh, a terrible destruction they 've worked! dit's not only the house—it's the dyeks, too, - an' the stores! They've broken stair rails, they 've torn up the fine ring - smashed the lookin'-glasses an' hacked an' torn an' smashed the as an' the chairs. — It 's awful — it 's

se than war.

t?

ILD HILSE. An' you would have me eve that my fellow weavers did all

[He shakes his head incredulously. Other tenants of the house have collected at the door and are listening eagerly.]

IORNIG. Who else, I'd like to know? I ld put names to every one of 'em. It s me took the sheriff through the house, I spoke to a whole lot of 'em, an' they wered me back quite friendly like. They their business with little noise, but my d! they did it well. The sheriff spoke hem, and they answered him mannerly, they always do. But there was n't no opin' of them. They hacked on at the utiful furniture as if they were workin' wages.

ILD HILSE. You took the sheriff through

house?

IORNIG. An' what would I be frightened Every one knows me. I 'm always ning up, like a bad penny. But no one anything agin' me. They're all glad see me. Yes, I went the rounds with , as sure as my name's Hornig. An' may believe me or not as you like, but my heart's sore yet from the sight - an' I could see by the sheriff's face that he felt queer enough, too. Not a living word did we hear - they were doin' their work and holdin' their tongues. It was a solemn an' a woeful sight to see the poor starving creatures for once in a way takin' their re-

Luise [with irrepressible excitement, trembling, wiping her eyes with her apron]. An' right they are! It's only what should be!

VOICES AMONG THE CROWD AT THE Door. "There's some of the same sort here." — "There's one no farther away than across the river." — "He's got four horses in his stable an' six carriages, an' he starves his weavers to keep them."

OLD HILSE [still incredulous]. What was it set them off?

HORNIG. Who knows? Who knows? One says this, another says that.

OLD HILSE. What do they say?

HORNIG. The story as most of them tells is that it began with Dreissiger sayin' that if the weavers were hungry they might eat grass.

> [Excitement at the door, as one person repeats this to the other, with signs of indignation.]

OLD HILSE. Well, now, Hornig - if you was to say to me: Father Hilse, says you, you'll die to-morrow, I would answer back: That may be - an' why not? You might even go to the length of saying: You'll have a visit to-morrow from the King of Prussia. But to tell me that weavers, men like me an' my son, have done such things as that - never! I'll never in this world believe it.

MIELCHEN. [A pretty girl of seven, with long, loose flaxen hair, carrying a basket on her arm, comes running in, holding out a silver spoon to her mother.] Mammy, mammy! look what I 've got! An' you're to buy me a new frock with it.

LUISE. What d' you come tearing in like that for, girl? [With increased excitement and curiosity.] An' what 's that you 've got hold of now? You 've been runnin' yourself out o' breath, an' there - if the bobbins are n't in her basket yet? What 's all this about?

OLD HILSE. Mielchen, where did that spoon come from?

Luise. She found it, maybe.

Hornig. It's worth its seven or eight shillin's at least.

OLD HILSE [in distressed excitement]. Off with you, lass — out of the house this moment — unless you want a lickin'! Take that spoon back where you got it from. Out you go! Do you want to make thieves of us all, eh? I'll soon drive that out of you.

[He looks round for something to beat her with.]

MIELCHEN [clinging to her mother's skirts, crying]. No, grandfather, no! don't lick me! We — we did find them. All the other bob — bobbin . . . girls has . . . has them too.

Luise [half frightened, half excited]. I was right, you see. She found it. Where did

you find it, Mielchen?

MIELCHEN [sobbing]. At—at Peterswal—dau. We—we found them in front of—in front of Drei—Dreissiger's house.

OLD HILSE. This is worse an' worse! Get off with you this moment, unless you

would like me to help you.

MOTHER HILSE. What's all the to-do about?

HORNIG. I'll tell you what, Father Hilse. The best way 'll be for Gottlieb to put on his coat an' take the spoon to the police office.

OLD HILSE. Gottlieb, put on your coat.

GOTTLIEB [pulling it on, eagerly]. Yes, an' I'll go right in to the office an' say they 're not to blame us for it, for what can a child like that understand about it? an' I brought the spoon back at once. Stop your crying now, Mielchen!

[The crying child is taken into the opposite room by her mother, who shuts her in and comes back.]

Hornig. I believe it's worth as much as nine shillin's.

GOTTLIEB. Give us a cloth to wrap it in, Luise, so that it'll take no harm. To think of the thing bein' worth all that money!

[Tears come into his eyes while he is wrapping up the spoon.]

Luise. If it was only ours, we could live

on it for many a day.

OLD HILSE. Hurry up, now! Look sharp! As quick as ever you can. A fine state o' matters, this! Get that devil's spoon out o' the house.

[Gottlieb goes off with the spoon.]

Hornig. I must be off now, too.

[He goes, is seen talking to the peo in the entry-room before he lea the house.]

SURGEON SCHMIDT. [A jerky little b of a man, with a red, knowing face, com into the entry-room.] Good-morning, a These are fine goings on! Take care! Ta care! [Threatening with his finger.] You a sly lot—that's what you are. [HILSE'S door without coming in.] Mornin Father Hilse. [To a woman in the our room.] And how are the pains, mother Better, eh? Well, well. And how's with you, Father Hilse? [Enters.] Why the deuce! what's the matter with mother?

Luise. It's the eye veins, sir — they' dried up, so as she can't see at all now.

SURGEON SCHMIDT. That 's from t dust and weaving by candle-light. W you tell me what it means that all Peter waldau's on the way here? I set off on I rounds this morning as usual, thinking harm; but it was n't long till I had n eyes opened. Strange doings these! Wh in the devil's name has taken possession them, Hilse? They're like a pack of ra ing wolves. Riot - why, it 's revolutio they 're plundering and laying waste rig and left . . . Mielchen! where 's Mielche [MIELCHEN, her face red with crying, pushed in by her mother. Here, Mielche put your hand into my coat pocket. MIR CHEN does so. The ginger-bread nuts a for you. Not all at once, though, you be gage! And a song first! The fox jump up on a . . . come, now . . . The fox jump up . . . on a moonlight . . . Mind, I heard what you did. You called the sp rows on the churchyard hedge a nas name, and they're gone and told the p tor. Did any one ever hear the like? F teen hundred of them agog - men, wom and children. [Distant bells are hear That's at Reichenbach — alarm-bells! F teen hundred people! Uncomfortably li the world coming to an end!

OLD HILSE. An' is it true that they

on their way to Bielau?

SURGEON SCHMIDT. That 's just will I'm telling you. I've driven through a middle of the whole crowd. What I'd haliked to do would have been to get do and give each of them a pill there a then. They were following on each other.

s like grim death, and their singing more than enough to turn a man's each. I was nearly sick, and Frederick shaking on the box like an old woman. had to take a stiff glass at the first rtunity. I would n't be a manufacturer, though I could drive my carriage and . [Distant singing.] Listen to that! It's all the world as if they were beating at e broken old boiler. We'll have them in five minutes, friends. Good-bye! 't you be foolish. The troops will be n them in no time. Keep your wits it you. The Peterswaldau people have theirs. [Bells ring close at hand.] Good ious! There are our bells ringing too! ry one's going mad. [He goes upstairs.] OTTLIEB. [Comes back. In the entryn, out of breath.] I've seen them, I've them! [To a woman.] They're here, tie, they 're here! [At the door.] They 're e, father, they 're here! They 've got n-poles, an' ox-goads, an' axes. They 're din' outside the upper Dittrich's kickup an awful row. I think he's payin' n money. O Lord! whatever 's goin' appen? What a crowd! Oh, you never such a crowd! Dash it all - if once y make a rush, our manufacturers'll be d put to it.

)LD HILSE. What have you been runnin' that for? You'll go racin' till you ng on your old trouble, and then we'll e you on your back again, strugglin' for

ath. FOTTLIEB [almost joyously excited]. I had un, or they would have caught me an' t me. They were all roarin' to me to them. Father Baumert was there too, says he to me: You come an' get your pence with the rest - you're a poor rving weaver too. An' I was to tell you, ner, from him, that you were to come help to pay out the manufacturers for ir grindin' of us down. Other times is ning, he says. There 's going to be a nge of days for us weavers. An' we 're to come an' help to bring it about. 're to have our half-pound of meat on idays, and now and again on a holiday sage with our cabbage. Yes, things is be quite different, by what he tells me. OLD HILSE [with repressed indignation]. 'that man calls himself your godfather!

he bids you take part in such works of

wickedness? Have nothing to do with them, Gottlieb. They've let themselves be tempted by Satan, an' it 's his works they're doin'.

Luise [no longer able to restrain her passionate excitement, vehemently. Yes, Gottlieb, get into the chimney corner, an' take a spoon in your hand, an' a dish of skim milk on your knee, an' put on a petticoat an' say your prayers, an' then father 'll be pleased with you. And he sets up to be a man!

[Laughter from the people in the entryroom.

OLD HILSE [quivering with suppressed rage]. An' you set up to be a good wife, eh? You call yourself a mother, an' let your evil tongue run away with you like that? You think yourself fit to teach your girl, you that would egg on your husband

to crime an' wickedness?

Luise. [Has lost all control of herself.] You an' your piety an' religion — did they serve to keep the life in my poor children? In rags an' dirt they lay, all the four - it did n't as much as keep them dry. Yes! I set up to be a mother, that's what I do an' if you 'd like to know it, that 's why I would send all the manufacturers to hellbecause I'm a mother! - Not one of the four could I keep in life! It was cryin' more than breathin' with me from the time each poor little thing came into the world till death took pity on it. The devil a bit you cared! You sat there prayin' and singin', and let me run about till my feet bled, tryin' to get one little drop o' skim milk. How many hundred nights have I lain an' racked my head to think what I could do to cheat the churchyard of my little one? What harm has a baby like that done that it must come to such a miserable end eh? An' over there at Dittrich's they 're bathed in wine an' washed in milk. No! you may talk as you like, but if they begin here, ten horses won't hold me back. An' what 's more — if there's a rush on Dittrich's, you'll see me in the forefront of it -an' pity the man as tries to prevent me - I've stood it long enough, so now you know it.

OLD HILSE. You're a lost soul — there's

no help for you.

Luise [frenzied]. It's you that there's no help for! Tatter-breeched scarecrows that 's what you are - an' not men at all-

Whey-faced gutter-scrapers that take to your heels at the sound of a child's rattle. Fellows that say "thank you" to the man as gives you a hidin'. They 've not left that much blood in you as that you can turn red in the face. You should have the whip taken to you, an' a little pluck flogged into your rotten bones. [She goes out quickly.] [Embarrassed pause.]

MOTHER HILSE. What's the matter with

Liesl, father?

OLD HILSE. Nothin', mother! What should be the matter with her?

MOTHER HILSE. Father, is it only me that's thinkin' it, or are the bells ringin'? OLD HILSE. It'll be a funeral, mother.

MOTHER HILSE. An' I've got to sit waitin' here yet. Why must I be so long a-dyin',

OLD HILSE. [Leaves his work, holds himself up straight; solemnly.] Gottlieb! - you heard all your wife said to us. Look here, Gottlieb! [He bares his breast.] Here they cut out a bullet as big as a thimble. The King knows where I lost my arm. It was n't the mice as ate it. [He walks up and down. Before that wife of yours was ever thought of, I had spilled my blood by the quart for King an' country. So let her call what names she likes — an' welcome! It does me no harm. — Frightened? Me frightened? What would I be frightened of, will you tell me that? Of the few soldiers, maybe, that 'll be comin' after the rioters? Good gracious me! That would be a lot to be frightened at! No, no, lad; I may be a bit stiff in the back, but there's some strength left in the old bones; I've got the stuff in me yet to make a stand against a few rubbishin' bay'nets. - An' if it came to the worst! Willin', willin' would I be to say good-bye to this weary world. Death would be welcome - welcomer to me to-day than to-morrow. For what is it we leave behind? That old bundle of aches an' pains we call our body, the care an' the oppression we call by the name of life. We may be glad to get away from it. - But there's something to come after, Gottlieb! - an' if we 've done ourselves out of that too - why, then it's all over with us!

GOTTLIEB. Who knows what's to come after? Nobody's seen it.

OLD HILSE. Gottlieb! don't you be throwin' doubts on the one comfort us poor people have. Why have I sat here an' worke my treadle like a slave this forty year a more? - sat still an' looked on at him over yonder livin' in pride an' wastefulness why? Because I have a better hope, som thing as supports me in all my trouble [Points out at the window.] You have you good things in this world - I 'll have min in the next. That 's been my thought. A I'm that certain of it - I'd let myself ! torn in pieces. Have we' not His promise There's a Day of Judgment coming; by it's not us as are the judges - no: veng ance is mine, saith the Lord.

> [A cry of "Weavers, come out!" heard outside the window.]

OLD HILSE. Do what you will for m [He seats himself at his loom.] I stay here GOTTLIEB [after a short struggle]. I' going to work, too, - come what may.

> Goes ou [The Weavers' Song is heard, sung hundreds of voices quite close hand; it sounds like a dull mone onous wail.

INMATES OF THE HOUSE [in the entr room]. "Oh, mercy on us! there they con swarmin' like ants!" - "Where can these weavers be from?"-"Don't sho like that, I want to see too." - "Look that great maypole of a woman leadin' in front!"-"Gracious! they 're comi thicker an' thicker."

HORNIG. [Comes into the entry-room from outside.] There's a theayter play for ye now! That's what you don't see every da But you should go up to the other Dittrick an' look what they 've done there. It's beno half work. He's got no house now, n no factory, nor no wine-cellar, nor nothin They 're drinkin' out of the bottles - n so much as takin' the time to get out the corks. One, two, three, an' off with the neck, an' no matter whether they cut the mouths or not. There's some of them ru nin' about bleedin' like stuck pigs. - No they 're goin' to do for this Dittrich.

[The singing has stopped INMATES OF THE HOUSE. There's not

in' so very wicked-like about them.

HORNIG. You wait a bit! you'll so see! All they 're doin' just now is mak up their minds where they'll begin. Loc they 're inspectin' the palace from eve side. Do you see that little stout man the with the stable pail? That's the smith Peterswaldau—an' a dangerous little he is. He batters in the thickest doors they were made o' pie-crust. If a manuturer was to fall into his hands it would ll over with him!

NMATES OF THE HOUSE. "That was a ck!"—"There went a stone through window!"—"There 's old Dittrich, kin' with fright."—"He 's hangin' out oard."—"Hangin' out a board?"—

hat 's written on it?"—"Can you not d?"—"It would be a bad job for me [could n't read!"—"Well, read it, n!"—"'You—shall have—full—sfaction! You—shall have full satis-ion."

fornic. He might ha' spared himself trouble—that won't help him. It 's tething else they've set their minds on E. It's the factories. They 're goin' to sh up the power-looms. For it's them tare ruinin' the hand-loom weaver. Even tind man might see that. No! the good as know what they 're after, an' no riff an' no p'lice superintendent 'll bring m to reason—much less a bit of a board. In as has seen them at work already was what 's comin'.

NMATES OF THE HOUSE. "Did any one or see such a crowd?"—"What can see ones be wantin'?"—[Hastily.] "hey 're crossin' the bridge!"—[Anxious-they?"—[In excitement and terror.] t's to us they're comin'!"—"They're in' to us!"—"They 're comin' to fetch weavers out of their houses!"

[General flight. The entry-room is empty. A crowd of dirty, dusty rioters rush in, their faces scarlet with brandy and excitement; tattered, untidy-looking, as if they had been up all night. With the shout: "Weavers, come out!" they disperse themselves through the house. Becker and several other young weavers, armed with cudgels and poles, come into Old Hilbe's room. When they see the old man at his loom they start, and cool down a little.]

BECKER. Come, Father Hilse, stop that. ave your work to them as wants to work. ere's no need now for you to be doin' urself harm. You'll be well taken care of. FIRST YOUNG WEAVER. You 'll never need to go hungry to bed again.

SECOND YOUNG WEAVER. The weaver's goin' to have a roof over his head and a shirt on his back once more.

GLD HILSE. An' what 's the devil sendin' you to do now, with your poles an' axes?

BECKER. These are what we're goin' to break on Dittrich's back.

SECOND YOUNG WEAVER. We'll heat them red hot an' stick them down the manufacturers' throats, so as they'll feel for once what burnin' hunger tastes like.

THIRD YOUNG WEAVER. Come along, Father Hilse! We'll give no quarter.

SECOND YOUNG WEAVER. No one had mercy on us — neither God nor man. Now we're standin' up for our rights ourselves.

[OLD BAUMERT enters, somewhat shaky on the legs, a newly killed cock under his arm.]

OLD BAUMERT [stretching out his arms].
My brothers — we're all brothers! Come
to my arms, brothers!
[Laughter.]

OLD HILSE. And that's the state you're in, Willem?

OLD BAUMERT. Gustav, is it you? My poor starvin' friend! Come to my arms, Gustav!

OLD HILSE. [Mutters.] Let me alone.

OLD BAUMERT. I'll tell you what, Gustav. It's nothin' but luck that's wanted. You look at me. What do I look like? Luck's what's wanted. Do I not look like a lord? [Pats his stomach.] Guess what's in there! There's food fit for a prince in that belly. When luck's with him a man gets roast hare to eat an' champagne wine to drink. — I'll tell you all something: We've made a big mistake — we must help ourselves.

All [speaking at once]. We must help ourselves, hurrah!

OLD BAUMERT. As soon as we get the first good bite inside us we're different men. Damn it all! but you feel the power comin' into you till you're like an ox, an' that wild with strength that you hit out right an' left without as much as takin'

time to look. Dash it, but it's grand!

JAEGER [at the door, armed with an old cavalry sword]. We've made one or two

first-rate attacks.

Becker. We know how to set about it now. One, two, three, an' we're inside the house. Then, at it like lightning—bang,

crack, shiver! till the sparks are flyin' as if it was a smithy.

FIRST YOUNG WEAVER. It would n't be

half bad to light a bit o' fire.

SECOND YOUNG WEAVER. Let's march to Reichenbach an' burn the rich folks' houses over their heads!

JAEGER. That would be nothing but butterin' their bread. Think of all the insurance money they 'd get. [Laughter.]

BECKER. No, from here we'll go to Frei-

burg, to Tromtra's.

JAEGER. What would you say to givin' all them as holds Government appointments a lesson? I 've read somewhere as how all our troubles come from them birocrats, as they call them.

SECOND YOUNG WEAVER. Before long we'll go to Breslau, for more an' more 'll

be joining us.

OLD BAUMERT. [To HILSE.] Won't you take a drop, Gustav?

OLD HILSE. I never touches it.

OLD BAUMERT. That was in the old world; we're in a new world to-day, Gustav.

FIRST YOUNG WEAVER. Christmas comes but once a year. [Laughter.]

OLD HILSE [impatiently]. What is it you want in my house, you limbs of Satan?

OLD BAUMERT [a little intimidated, coaxingly]. I was bringin' you a chicken, Gustav. I thought it would make a drop o' soup for mother.

OLD HILSE [embarrassed, almost friendly].

Well, you can tell mother yourself.

MOTHER HILSE [who has been making efforts to hear, her hand at her ear, motions them off]. Let me alone. I don't want no

chicken soup.

OLD HILSE. That 's right, mother. An' I want none, an' least of all that sort. An' let me say this much to you, Baumert: The devil stands on his head for joy when he hears the old ones jabberin' and talkin' as if they was infants. An' to you all I say—to every one of you: Me and you, we've got nothing to do with each other. It's not with my will that you're here. In law an' justice you've no right to be in my house.

A VOICE. Him that's not with us is

against us.

JAEGER [roughly and threateningly]. You're a cross-grained old chap, and I'd have you remember that we're not thieves.

A VOICE. We're hungry men, that's a FIRST YOUNG WEAVER. We want to li—that's all. An' so we've cut the rope were hung up with.

JAEGER. And we were in our right [Holding his fist in front of the old man face.] Say another word, and I'll give yo

one between the eves.

Becker. Come now, Jaeger, be quie Let the old man alone. — What we say tourselves, Father Hilse, is this: Better deathan begin the old life again.

OLD HILSE. Have I not lived that li

for sixty years an' more?

Becker. That does n't help us — there got to be a change.

OLD HILSE. On the Judgment Day.

BECKER. What they 'll not give us wi

ingly we're going to take by force.

OLD HILSE. By force. [Laughs.] Ye may as well go an' dig your graves at one They 'll not be long showin' you where the force lies. Wait a bit, lad!

JAEGER. Is it the soldiers you're meaning? We've been soldiers, too. We'll so

do for a company or two of them.

OLD HILSE. With your tongues, maybut supposin' you did — for two that you beat off, ten'll come back.

Voices. [Call through the window.] Ti

soldiers are comin'! Look out!

[General, sudden silence. For a ment a faint sound of fifes a drums is heard; in the ensui silence a short, involuntary e clamation, "The devil! I'm off followed by general laughter.]

BECKER. Who was that? Who speaks

running away?

JAEGER. Which of you is it that 's afra of a few paltry helmets? You have me command you, and I 've been in the track I know their tricks.

OLD HILSE. An' what are you goin'

shoot with? Your sticks, eh?

FIRST YOUNG WEAVER. Never mind the old chap; he's wrong in the upper story.

SECOND YOUNG WEAVER. Yes, he's

bit off his head.

GOTTLIEB. [Has made his way unnotic among the rioters; catches hold of the speaker Would you give your impudence to an o man like him?

SECOND YOUNG WEAVER. Let me alor

'T was n't anything bad I said.

OLD HILSE [interfering]. Let him jaw, ttlieb. What would you be meddlin' with n for? He'll soon see who it is that's en off his head to-day, him or me.

Becker. Are you comin', Gottlieb? OLD HILSE. No, he 's goin' to do no such

Luise. [Comes into the entry-room, calls.] hat are you puttin' off your time with ayin' hypocrites like them for? Come ick to where you're wanted! Quick! ther Baumert, run all you can! The ajor's speakin' to the crowd from horseck. They're to go home. If you don't

rry up, it 'll be all over. JAEGER [as he goes out]. That's a brave

sband of yours.

nd!

Luise. Where is he? I've got no hus-[Some of the people in the entry-room

> sing. Once on a time a man so small, Heigh-ho, heigh!

Set his heart on a wife so tall, Heigh diddle-di-dum-di! WITTIG, THE SMITH. [Comes downstairs, Il carrying the stable pail; stops on his way

ough the entry-room. Come on! all of u that are not cowardly scoundrels! rrah! [He dashes out, followed by Luise,

JAEGER, and others, all shouting "Hurrah!" Becker. Good-bye, then, Father Hilse;

'll see each other again. [Is going.] OLD HILSE. I doubt that. I 've not five ars to live, and that'll be the soonest u'll get out.

Becker. [Stops, not understanding.] Out

what, Father Hilse?

OLD HILSE. Out of prison — where else? BECKER. [Laughs wildly.] Do you think would mind that? There's bread to be

d there anyhow! [Goes out.] OLD BAUMERT. [Has been cowering on a v stool, painfully beating his brains; he now ts up.] It's true, Gustav, as I've had a op too much. But for all that I know at I'm about. You think one way in this re matter; I think another. I say Becker 's tht: even if it ends in chains an' ropes — 'll be better off in prison than at home. ou're cared for there, an' you don't need to rve. I would n't have joined them, Gus-, if I could have let it be; but once in a lifetime a man's got to show what he feels. Goes slowly toward the door. Good-bye, Gustav. If anything happens, mind you put in a word for me in your prayers.

[Goes out.] [The rioters are now all gone. The entry-room gradually fills again with curious onlookers from the different rooms of the house. Old HILSE knots at his web. GOTT-LIEB has taken an axe from behind the stove and is unconsciously feeling its edge. He and the old man are silently agitated. The hum and roar of a great crowd penetrate into the room.

MOTHER HILSE. The very boards is shakin', father — what 's goin' on? What 's

goin' to happen to us?

[Pause.]

OLD HILSE. Gottlieb! GOTTLIEB. What is it?

OLD HILSE. Let that axe alone. GOTTLIEB. Who's to split the wood, then?

[He leans the axe against the stove.] [Pause.]

MOTHER HILSE. Gottlieb, you listen to what father says to you.

[Some one sings outside the window.]

Our little man does all that he can, Heigh-ho, heigh! At home he cleans the pots an' the pan, Heigh-diddle-di-dum-di!

[Passes on.] Gottlieb. [Jumps up, shakes his clenched] fist at the window.] Brute that you are,

would you drive me crazy? [A volley of musketry is heard.] MOTHER HILSE. [Starts and trembles.]

Good Lord! is that thunder again?

OLD HILSE [instinctively folding his hands]. Oh, our Father in heaven! defend the poor weavers, protect my poor brothers!

[A short pause ensues.]

OLD HILSE. [To himself, painfully agia tated. There's blood flowing now.

Gottlieb. [Had started up and grasped the axe when the shooting was heard; deathly pale, almost beside himself with excitement.] And am I to lie to heel like a dog still?

A GIRL. [Calls from the entry-room.] Father Hilse, Father Hilse! get away from

the window. A bullet's just flown in at

ours upstairs. [Disappears.] MIELCHEN. [Puts her head in at the window, laughing. Gran'father, gran'father, they've shot with their guns. Two or three's been knocked down, an' one of them's turnin' round and round like a top, an' one 's twistin' himself like a sparrow when its head 's bein' pulled of. An' oh, if you saw all the blood that came pourin' -! [Disappears.]

A WEAVER'S WIFE. Yes, there's two or

three 'll never get up again.

AN OLD WEAVER [in the entry-room]. Look out! They're goin' to make a rush on the soldiers.

A SECOND WEAVER [wildly]. Look, look, look at the women! - skirts up', an' spittin'

in the soldiers' faces already!

A WEAVER'S WIFE. [Calls in.] Gottlieb, look at your wife. She 's more pluck in her than you. She's jumpin' about in front o' the bay'nets as if she was dancin' to music.

> [Four men carry a wounded rioter through the entry-room. Silence, which is broken by some one saying in a distinct voice, "It's Weaver Ulbrich." Once more silence for a few seconds, when the same voice is heard again: "It's all over with him; he's got a bullet in his ear." The men are heard climbing the wooden stair. Sudden shouting outside: "Hurrah, hurrah!"]

Voices in the Entry-Room. "Where did they get the stones from?"-"Yes, it's time you were off!"-"From the new road." — "Ta-ta, soldiers!" — "It's rain-

ing paving-stones."

Shrieks of terror and loud roaring outside, taken up by those in the entry-room. There is a cry of fear, and the house door is shut with a

Voices in the Entry-Room. "They're loading again."—"They'll fire another vollev this minute." - "Father Hilse, ge

away from that window."

GOTTLIEB. [Clutches the axe.] What! ar we mad dogs? Are we to eat powder as shot now instead of bread? [Hesitating a instant: to the old man.] Would you have me sit here an' see my wife shot? Never [As he rushes out.] Look out! I'm coming OLD HILSE. Gottlieb, Gottlieb!

MOTHER HILSE. Where's Gottlieb gone OLD HILSE. He's gone to the devil.

VOICES FROM THE ENTRY-ROOM. G away from the window, Father Hilse.

OLD HILSE. Not I! Not if you all g crazy together! [To MOTHER HILSE, wire rapt excitement.] My heavenly Father he placed me here. Is n't that so, mother Here we'll sit, an' do our bounden dutyay, though the snow was to go on fire.

He begins to weave [Rattle of another volley. Old Hills mortally wounded, starts to his fe and then falls forward over the loon At the same moment loud shouting of "Hurrah!" is heard. The pe ple who till now have been standing in the entry-room dash out, joining in the cry. The old woman repeatedly asks: "Father, fathe what's wrong with you?" The co tinued shouting dies away grad ally in the distance. MIELCHE comes rushing in.]

MIELCHEN. Gran'father, gran'fathe they 're drivin' the soldiers out of the vi lage; they 've got into Dittrich's house, a they 're doin' what they did at Dreissiger'

Gran'father!

[The child grows frightened, notice that something has happened, pu her finger in her mouth, and go up cautiously to the dead man.

Gran'father!

MOTHER HILSE. Come now, father, can you say something? You're frightenin' m

THE VALE OF CONTENT DAS GLÜCK IM WINKEL A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS BY HERMANN SUDERMANN Translated by WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Wiedemann, Principal of an intermediate school of a township Elizabeth, his second wife

HELENE,

FRITZ, his children by his first wife

EMIL,

FREIHERR VON ROECKNITZ, of Witzingen

BETTINA, his wife

DOCTOR ORB, School Inspector of the district

FRAU ORB

Dangel, second teacher

Fräulein Goehre, woman teacher

Rosa, maid at the Wiedemanns'

Place — A small district seat in North Germany
Time — The present



THE VALE OF CONTENT

ACT I

The School Principal's farmyard.

To the left the dwelling-house with a veranda, I with a wing that extends at right angles into scene. A large linden, in the shadow of ich stands a white-covered table with chairs. the right the gable-end of the schoolhouse; ore it gymnastic apparatus, toward the yard I the footlights, inclosed by a low picket-fence, the house a door. In the background a stable, h farm apparatus, wagons, etc., in front. vicket-gate leads out to the street beyond.

To the left, at the table, are seated ELIZABETH I HELENE, busied with woman's work, ELIZETH with embroidery, HELENE with knit-7. From the schoolhouse is heard an anthem, as by the children in two voices, accompanied a violin, and now and then by a powerful

le voice.

ELIZABETH. I've noticed it, too, my child. HELENE. Often now he has a something something glad in his voice. Again and in it seems as if he wanted to thank the or God for something — and with such a latert. [Tenderly.] And I know, too, at for. . . . Mamma, don't scold me; e lost my ball of yarn.

[Lays down her work.]

HELENE. If I should feel along the und, I could find it well enough, but n I'm always sure to unravel it... unk you, thank you, mamma. But why n't they singing any more?

 lot of trouble with me. That's probably because he intends to become a teacher of the blind, and so he's practicing on me. . . Yesterday he had on a coat that felt as soft as clouds. . . But listen, mamma.

ELIZABETH. What is it, darling?
HELENE. Papa's laughing . . . papa's so happy. . . . Do you know, too, why?

Now guess.

ELIZABETH [smiling]. M—m, because—his rape has been growing so well.

HELENE. No.

ELIZABETH. Or because he got first prize at the bee-show.

HELENE. Oh. no.

ELIZABETH [smiling]. Then, I don't know, I 'm sure.

HELENE. Because he has you . . . because he has you! . . . And I'm so happy, too, because I have you! During the three years that you've been here, it's all the time like harps in the house. . . There's music in every corner. . . Oh, when I think of the times before you were here, oh, how dreadful it all was! . . . the youngsters so naughty — and papa so sullen — and I everywhere in the way. . . . Here a cuff . . . and soon another cuff. . . . And now how good the youngsters are to me. . . . And my first mamma, she was always so sad. And she was always weeping to strangers about me. . . . And that made me so sorry.

ELIZABETH. Let that rest, my child;

that 's a long time ago.

HELENE. Dear, dear, what if you had n't come . . . what if you had n't . . .

[Noise to the right.]

ELIZABETH. Listen, listen! Is n't that Herr Dangel's class?

HELENE [nodding]. Hm!... Mamma, do you suppose he'll come to take leave?

ELIZABETH [smiling]. Why, he usually

does, my child; and he'll surely — HELENE. Do you hear? There he is!

Oh, he has such a melodious step.

[Dangel comes out of the schoolhouse.]

Dangel. [With blond and very youthful full beard,—somewhat narrow-chested—gray coat, too tight.] Good afternoon, Frau Wiedemann. I only wanted to—

ELIZABETH. Well, did things go hard to-

day, Herr Dangel?

DANGEL. I find things never really hard enough, Frau Wiedemann. When I reflect how little we do and—

HELENE [interrupting]. How much our

Lord Jesus does — you mean?

ELIZABETH. Well, every one has his own field of influence, Herr Dangel.

Dangel. And to have to say to one's self: Perhaps thou failest even there.

ELIZABETH. Well, you'll soon be having a harder one.

HELENE [eagerly]. When are you going

away, Herr Dangel?

DANGEL. I don't know, Fräulein Helene. I've applied to School Inspector Orb and told him that I'm at the service of the Institutes for the Blind and ready to take any and every examination.

ELIZABETH. Will that succeed?

Dangel. Whatever I will succeeds, Frau Wiedemann.

ELIZABETH [with warning finger]. Tut,

tut, not too chesty.

DANGEL. Oh, Frau Wiedemann, you're such a highly respected, motherly friend to me —

HELENE. Pooh! Herr Dangel! Such a big son! I think mamma would rather be

ELIZABETH. Call me so, if you will,

Herr Dangel.

Dangel. But you must n't be always

humbling me.

ELIZABETH [calm, almost serene]. If nobody else does, life itself bumbles us, my good friend.

DANGEL. You say that so bitterly.

ELIZABETH. Why bitterly? I say it, because it's so.

HELENE [listening at something]. Mamma! [Points to the rear.]

[Points to the rear.] ELIZABETH. Who's coming there?

HELENE. School Inspector Orb. ELIZABETH. Do you recognize him,

ELIZABETH, Do you recognize him

Helene. Why, I recognize every one.
Dangel. Good-bye, then, Frau Wiedemann.

[Attempts to hasten off.]

[DOCTOR ORB enters from the street.]
ORB [benignantly]. Now, now, my you

friend, am I then so dreaded that at mere appearance you take to your heels

Dangel. Oh, not in the least dread Herr Inspector.

ORB. But also not beloved — eh?
[Dangel is silent with embarred]

ment 1

ELIZABETH [coming to his rescue]. S ness before such a mighty man, Herr Schu Inspector-of-the-District, you must recl to the credit of us poor souls. And by way, how do you do? [Extends her has Orb. How do you do, Fran Principal

ORB. How do you do, Fran Principa How do you do, Fraulein Hel—bah! I clare, there's another running away frame. [Helene disappears into the hou

ELIZABETH [smiling]. Well, she's range for a fact because she's afraid.

Orb. The poor child! And, my frie we'll talk over later your philanthru plans for the blind. I'm expecting any the decision of the provincial school box [Extends his ha

DANGEL. I would be, indeed, so hap

Orb [formally]. As I said, we'll talter. [Exit Dangel, bowi

Orb. This increasing ardor of the yo man gives me an idea; has something b brewing?

ELIZABETH $\lceil dryly \rceil$. Perhaps.

ORB. Hm! [They sit.] And you per that?

ELIZABETH. Yes.

ORB. Mm . . . cool!

ELIZABETH. Oh, no. But let's leave t
The affair will be subject to the judgm
of the board of control only after se
years. In the mean time the chief par
themselves don't know anything about
as yet.

ÖRB. Do you know, Frau Principal,

I admire you?

ELIZABETH. Now, that's very nice

Orb. So calm—so full of planssure of your own affairs.... The thing I don't understand is that yo been able to adapt yourself to these productions—for which—frankly—yo

too good.

ELIZABETH. Did n't you want to sp with my husband? RR. I wanted to, for a fact, but I hear a regret that he's still holding recitas. [Looks at his watch.] Half past four. e keeping them in for punishment?

LIZABETH. Oh, no, thank goodness, my

oand has n't much to punish.

RB. Yes, he accomplishes much with iness. I've observed that. An extraority man. Too bad, too bad! . . . Why ild this man, who, just as much as any is was called to a higher career, suffer wreck on his way. . . . Now, there are many people, and no more gifted than who pass the higher examinations easily. I yet he must make shift with this positation, at best so inferior. Too bad, as I said, gether too bad!

LIZABETH. Herr Inspector, do you sup-

husband?

RB. Come, now, come, I'm assuming we two, as his best friends and wellners, we've surely a right to converse

ıt his luck. ыzаветн. About his luck, yes — about

lack, no.

RB. Well, as to his luck, my dear male, we would have to talk about — you. LIZABETH. You are really too kind,

r Doctor.

RB. Ah, men of our walk follow a world human life through the most diverse sees of development. . . To be sure, e not been here long, but — let's see — you know him in the days when he was mily tutor at Witzlingen?

LIZABETH. Oh, no.

RB. But it was at Witzlingen manor se that you made his acquaintance?

LIZABETH. Very true. . . . Only fifteen so later. His pupils certainly had to have to grow up and marry, for I came, you we, first to Witzlingen as the friend of u yon Roecknitz.

RB. Ah, so it was. . . . Besides, it was creditable to the Herr Baron; I'd him variously well spoken of, as an aential and brilliant personality, but ly I'd never suspected so much gratical and loyalty.

LIZABETH. How so?

RB. Why, in maintaining so genuinely associations with his former tutor 's not usually the way with grand gener. But, Frau Principal, when you

came here, out of the splendor of the house of Roecknitz, out of the circles of gentle-folk and culture—

ELIZABETH [rising]. I hope, Herr Inspector, that in this house you will have to lack neither for gentility nor for culture.

[To the left a noise of school-children going home.]

Orb. Oh, as to that I've never doubted
— I only meant —

ELIZABETH. Pardon; see, there is my husband.

[Wiedemann comes from the school with a bundle of exercise-books under his arm.]

WIEDEMANN. Ah, Herr Inspector Orb... at such an unexpected moment.... If I'd had any inkling, I'd have had the children at least sing a closing anthem.

ELIZABETH [turning around as she leaves]. Pardon, but would you drink a cup of cof-

fee with us, Herr Doctor?

Orb. Very kind of you... you know my notions in these matters are pretty strict; — but, as I'm here this time unprofessionally, I may, in lieu of the lacking anthem ... [Makes a bow.]

WIEDEMANN. I beg you, Herr School Inspector, — I have them sing it regularly; only because to-day it was already so —

ELIZABETH [stroking her husband's arm]. Well, is it going to cost him his head, Herr Doctor?

ORB [with deprecating smile]. Ah!

ELIZABETH. Shall I take the exercise-books along?

WIEDEMANN. Please be so good, dear. ELIZABETH. So, auf wiedersehen.

[Goes in through the veranda.] ORB [sitting down, after she has disappeared]. On the contrary, my dear Principal, if I may use this opportunity to allow myself a small friendly observation, I am much more inclined to warn you against a certain — over-zealousness.

WIEDEMANN. How? Have I —?

Orb. You have not . . . indeed not at all. . . . Understand me rightly. But there can be too much of a good thing. . . . Four o'clock is the prescribed hour for closing. The children are needed at home. The distance is in some cases long. The Superintendent was saying to me only the other day, Wiedemann's pupils have a sort of haggard look.

WIEDEMANN. Is that the judgment of the Herr Superintendent about me?

ORB. Oh, no, he merely let it fall in

passing.

WIEDEMANN. I am a father to my pupils, Herr School Inspector. [EMIL and FRITZ bob up by the schoolhouse, and are about to shy back.] Everybody knows that. . . . Look, there come my two youngsters—tut, come here, youngsters. . . . The Herr School Inspector won't hurt you. . . . [Softer.] Look you, every one loves his own flesh and blood best; that's a matter of course, and it's sheer cant for any one to argue to the contrary—but you'll find that the last boy on the last seat goes home feeling he's just as dear to me as these here.

Orb. Oh, I'm convinced of that, — quite convinced. . . . And I did n't intend, either, to — How'do, youngsters, studying hard?

Fritz. Yes, sir, I'm studying Greek,

too, now.

ORB. Ah!

FRITZ. By next Michaelmas I 'll be to the mi-verbs —

ORB. Ei, ei, ei. And you? What can you do?

EMIL. I can do any day what Fritz

ORB. So? And when will you be going

to the Gymnasium?

EMIL. Father says he does n't know yet. Wiedemann. I intend to carry them as far as Unter-Secunda myself, Herr School Inspector. They 've been too long without a mother for me to withdraw them from a mother's influence yet. . . . So, now make your bows to the Herr Inspector.

FRITZ. Father, can we go down to the

market-place a little while?

WIEDEMANN. Why, what's there?

EMIL. 'S a man come to the horse-fair with a cemul.

Orb. We say "a camel," my son. Emil. Yes, sir, a ca-ame-el. Wiedemann. First ask mother.

[Exeunt Fritz and Emil.]

ORB. After all, you are really in enviable circumstances, my dear Principal. About to send two sons to the higher schools. Not many teachers can afford that.

WIEDEMANN. To be perfectly frauk, Herr School Inspector, our fortune is the school land which we farm ourselves. Formerly, you know, I leased it out. But wife, who grew up in a country he longed for agricultural work, and u her blessed hands the little enterprist thriving so famously.

ORB. Now that 's all very well and and I congratulate you heartily; but yourself, my very dear Principal, don't feel to a degree — uh — distracted?

WIEDEMANN. Di — dis —?

ORB. I mean by that, a man, you must give his undivided attention to profession—really, he must—uh—

WIEDEMANN. Well, now I 'm quit

sea ~

ELIZABETH. [Comes with the coffeethrough the door, with an air of supgayety.] Well, Herr School Inspector, you nagging again a bit?

WIEDEMANN. Why, Elizabeth!

ORB. Mm! Mm!

ELIZABETH. I'd like to ask you favor, dear Doctor; leave my husband peace—he's doing his duty.

WIEDEMANN. I do my duty, to be s But, Elizabeth, dear, you must n't say s ELIZABETH. Cup of coffee, Doctor?

ORB. Oh, thank you — very kind.

[Helps himself. Exit ELIZABE WIEDEMANN. I beseech you most enestly, Herr School Inspector, not to exthat against my wife. She is still in enignorance how the—

Orb. You don't smoke?

WIEDEMANN. No, I don't smoke — ermit me — [Starts to r

Orb. I beg you, — I have my of [Draws out his cigar-case.] Look you, good friend, that 's also a matter we have to talk over some time. Your part comes from the manor house of Roecki which by hearsay we all know and p so, even though we 've not all had the vantage of frequenting it — by the way the opportunity offers, you might make acquainted with the Baron. I underst you're still on friendly terms?

WIEDEMANN. Friendly terms -

18 —

ORB. Oh, well, well, — but he calls you, does n't he?

WIEDEMANN. The Baron and his I have n't been here for a good while.

ORB. But won't he be coming to to-nrow's horse-fair? One would suppose

WIEDEMANN. It's not impossible - peros even probable. In short, I'm sure I

't know.

ORB. Now, what was it I was going to ? Oh, your wife has been accustomed the Witzlingen manor house to a nonlant, rather patronizing tone which truly es n't altogether fit her present situan. You heard yourself just now . . . that l never do . . . that is, I don't mean to me her, for, thank Heaven, there was n't y one else of the teaching staff [looks about around. But now, tell me, my very ar friend; in a word, how did you hapupon the idea of - a young woman of ch pretensions, who played a part in soty — why, that is really a puzzle. . . . w did it happen? Did somebody give n encouragement? . . . Have you someng or other - somehow or other -

WIEDEMANN. Herr Inspector Orb, if s question is not perhaps of a profes-

nal character ---

ORB. But, my dear friend, how can you cribe a dictated interest to my purely hu-

an good will - how -ELIZABETH [who has been standing some nutes in the open door]. Well, then, Herr spector, permit me, instead of my husnd, to be responsible for the answer you em so exceedingly to desire. . . Look u . . . I was an orphan . . . and poor, d from my twelfth year bandied about nong my fashionable relations. Fetched om the railway station, shipped back to e station - nothing but unclaimed goods. a, it's then one begins to long for a proctor. I was so weary and broken that in e end I wanted, oh, merely some still lite nook where I could serve and labor in ace. And if I'd had to filch my happiss and rend it even from high heaven, I ould have done so — and would have ndled it off in secret into my nook and t it down before me - like a magpie th his shining trinket. And if I'd stolen a thousand times over - my little happiss - and if a thousand times over I don't long here, yet here I'll stand on guard fore it, and spread my arms out over it, d he who would touch it will have to ep across my body. . . . So, Herr School spector, - and if you still desire to know ore, ask me, just ask me -I'm at your rvice.

ORB. But, my most honored friend, I don't know why you are so excited. ELIZABETH. Oh, I'm not excited.

ORB. I came as a friend, as a sympathetic friend, as a well-wishing friend and there was nothing I more desired than to be a humble witness of your happiness. [Takes hat and cane.]

ELIZABETH. Are you going so soon? ORB. Unfortunately, my time, - my dear Principal, I leave you with the greatest admiration [with an attempt to jest], and if I were n't a good, Christian father of a family, I verily believe I'd be envious.

Toward the rear with a bow, accompanied by the Principal. ELIZA-BETH walks thoughtfully back and forth. WIEDEMANN comes back and sinks, as if exhausted, into a chair.]

ELIZABETH. What is it, Georg? Why, you 're all . . . Shall I bring you your medicine, dear? [He shakes his head; she remains by him standing and stroking his hair.] They 've got to leave us in peace.
. . . What do they want of us? We 're not hurting a soul. . . . We only ask that they leave us in peace.

WIEDEMANN. Yes, yes. What must be,

comes.

ELIZABETH. What comes? What must? WIEDEMANN shakes his head.]

ELIZABETH. Now, dear, don't make me

coax; speak one little word.

WIEDEMANN. They begrudge it us. ELIZABETH. Begrudge what?

WIEDEMANN. Our happiness.

ELIZABETH [reflectively]. Our happiness! WIEDEMANN. No, no, - forgive me! I mean, mine, mine . . . altogether selfishly, only my happiness. . . For you — oh, thanks for all. . . . You 've been speaking out for us warmly, splendidly. . . . And you mean it, too, — indeed, you do. . . . Rather - you try to force yourself to mean it. . . . Yet, for all that, you must find life here one continual penance. Such a visitor as this fellow who's just gone! What secret contempt you must feel.

ELIZABETH. Dear, you know I never

feel contempt.

WIEDEMANN. They all ask me: How could you dare - how could you dare to do it, fellow? And do you see, Elizabeth, I could n't have dared, indeed not . . . for, after all, what was I? The reduced scholar without his degree, the poor schoolmaster, the widower no longer young, with three children and one of them a cripple. I had merely looked up at you, shyly as at one in a higher sphere, and at your sorrowful eyes . . . for I was only tolerated among the guests at Witzlingen. . . . Had that night not come in the manor garden, where I met you weeping behind the Neptune grotto and where your dear heart told me of its loneliness —

ELIZABETH. How nobly you gave me sourage there. Dear man that you are.

Wiedemann. See, from then on, I conceived I might . . . for, after all, the happiness that's fused from a twofold unhappiness holds the firmest. . . . But my hopes never mounted as high as this. . . . I thought only: It lasts as long as it lasts . . . she needs help . . . she'll get strong again in a quiet retreat. . . . And then in Heaven's name I will have her shake the dust of my house from her feet. And if I have her only a year to myself — that will be more than enough for a whole lifetime. . . And now it's already going on three years. . . And that seems to me more and more a crime against you.

ELIZABETH. See, Georg, dear, you all make the same mistake, you and all of you here — even the sniff-nose who just went: you all take me for something quite uncommon. But I'm nothing uncommon. . . . I'm quite an ordinary mortal: and where I used to

live they knew it well enough.

WIEDEMANN. You're wrong there. . . . They were all raving about you — the women and the men.

To and the mer

ELIZABETH [with bitter smile]. Oh, yes, especially the men. [As he flinches slightly.] What's the matter, Georg?

WIEDMANN With me? Nothing

WIEDEMANN. With me? — Nothing. ELIZABETH. Now and then you seem to be hiding something from me.

WIEDEMANN. Tell me, are you hiding

nothing from me?

ELIZABETH. Dearest friend, you remember: trust for trust. You said to me: "If you will be mine, dearest,—or perhaps you had n't begun to say 'dearest' then,—you need explain me nothing, dear lady, and let the past be buried. I'm begging the same for myself."... Did n't you say just that?

WIEDEMANN. Oh, don't remind me. ELIZABETH. Why not?

WIEDEMANN. Good Heavens, what I to do? To belch up all that I'd swalld for such a long time?—all the humb and humiliation and self-degradatio there would have been surely no sens that. I would have won the fight for obread, that's certain enough—for you be sure of one thing: I was never with earnestness.

ELIZABETH [smiling]. There's not

I'm quite so sure of.

WIEDEMANN. But harder and ha grew the fight with my own dull and we brain. . . . When the whole world of out at you, every comrade that outst you, every fop that tries his wit on every bright and successful fellow w questions balk you, when everybody co "It's brains that count, brains that cou . . . and you feel that you've come to end of your rope, your mind has lost spring in the long struggle. . . . And when all private-tutordom has patched with much good sweat a passable exam tion for a job in the intermediate sch . . . merely to have at last a roof on head . . . for such a poor devil is sur have a girl waiting for him, besides.

ELIZABETH. Let the girl rest, Ge . . . We'll put a wreath on her grav

and so, enough.

WIEDEMANN. All right—I'll let rest... But should I have repeated you all the wretched business? No, El beth, that would have been suicide. Ittle respect you cherished toward me I had to guard that at least. But it that I have you, dear, and happiness really come to this little nook, with here, now that I've learned again a licheerfulness, I can't get rid of the dread losing it all again.

ELIZABETH. But, Georg, who is to

it from you?

WIEDEMANN. I don't know. . . . what must happen, happens. For, you it does n't belong to me at all. . . . W I 've stolen it. . . . Everybody has same feeling and — [hesitating, uneasy] have it, too.

ELIZABETH. Stolen it from who Georg, stop and think, from whom?

WIEDEMANN. That 's not so easy to

d have to be clearer about much in you d in me. . . . But just now, as you menned the magpie carrying its shining inket into the nook, every limb of my dy began to burn, on fire with —

[Helenz appears on the veranda.]
ELIZABETH. Sh-sh!... What is it, my grling!

HELENE. Mamma, Rosa wants to know here to set the table for supper.

ELIZABETH. Come here, Lenchen. HELENE. What do you want, mamma? ELIZABETH [taking her hand]. Give papa kiss and tell him that he 's plaguing himlf foolishly, and how we all love him so.

HELENE [stroking his cheek]. Papa, yes lots and lots, papa.

WIEDEMANN. And you tell mamma, enchen child, how it used to be here and ow we will thank her to the last—

EMIL AND FRITZ [storming into the yard, ill-mell]. Mamma, papa, oh, to think!—ncle Roecknitz and Aunt Bettina are here! WIEDEMANN. Ah, but that's good news!

n't it, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH [quietly]. Certainly. I'm alays glad when Bettina comes.

EMIL. Oh, to think!—Uncle Roecknitz s brought along nine horses—three sorls—and a black with a white spot and hite feet—and two grays—and—

FRITZ. No, only one gray; the other was

dappled gray.

EMIL. Mamma, he thinks I don't know dappled gray.

WIEDEMANN. And where did you meet

em?
FRITZ. Before the Black Eagle Inn. They ere just coming out—over to us—Uncle becknitz was just as awfully funny as er. "Run on home ahead and make a cket," that 's what he said.

EMIL. "The point is to make a racket,"

at's what he said.

WIEDEMANN. That's just like him. The dd boy — that's the way he was, Elizath.

ELIZABETH [agreeing.] Mm! HELENE. Mamma, what ails you? ELIZABETH. Nothing, my darling.

nter the Freiherr von Roecknitz and Bettina.

EMIL AND FRITZ [going toward them]. urrah, Uncle Roecknitz!

ROECKNITZ. Come, forward! forward! Scream, you rascals! Well, what's up?

FRITZ AND EMIL [louder]. Hurrah!!
ROECKNITZ. That 's it! [Extending his hand to WIEDEMANN, while ELIZABETH and BETTINA are embracing.] Well, then, how are you, my lord and master?

WIEDEMANN. Very well, thank you, my

old friend Roecknitz. And you?

ROECKNITZ. Oh, you know, you know, one swindles his way along — so-so — Keep still, youngsters, keep still there! — first comes mamma. . . . What the devil, Frau Elizabeth! — ta-ta — you need n't be afraid, — my demonstrations of regard I 'll keep to myself . . . [Kisses her hand.] It would be too easy to singe my mouth.

EMIL. Why would he singe his mouth,

papa?

Wiedemann. Uncle Roecknitz is joking. ELIZABETH. What lodgings have you, Bettina?

BETTINA. [Smiles as she shrugs her shoulders.] Ach, my dearest Elizabeth, God bless any one who'll put at our disposal even a cast-off dog kennel.

WIEDEMANN. Won't you make an exception, then, and for this once accept our—

ELIZABETH [hurriedly breaking in]. Why, but you know, Georg, much as we'd.... Oh, it could be arranged for Bettina, easily enough — but —

WIEDEMANN. I don't comprehend you, Elizabeth. As for me, at a pinch I can go

over to the schoolhouse.

ROECKNITZ. My pretty housewife, cross your heart! Does n't there lurk just a grain of unwillingness in this?

Bettina. Elizabeth fosters no unwillingness toward us, Alfred. . . . Do you, my

love

ELIZABETH. It's likely you know that

best, Bettina.

ROECKNITZ. Good; then matters would be straightened out, after all. Why should n't he go to the schoolhouse. Even if we are n't invited, we'll accept with thanks. . . . And you youngsters, run now, quick, over to the Black Eagle and tell my stable-boy, August, where we are. He'll manage the rest himself. For you know August, with his red Turk's fez, don't you?

FRITZ. Why, August is a friend of mine. EMIL. He showed me his watch, too. He

did n't show it to Fritz.

ROECKNITZ. So. Well, then, perhaps he confided to you besides where he stole it! The fellow's a sad dog, for a fact, but quite indispensable with the horses. [To the youngsters.] Come, use your legs! Exeunt FRITZ and EMIL. Yes, sir, I and my August - we're the only two people left who understand anything about horses. And by the way, Elizabeth, you yourself used to be rather knowing. Something might have been made of you, sooner or later.

ELIZABETH [smiling]. But yet I would

never have got so far as stable-boy.

ROECKNITZ. Too bad, too bad. There are people who botch their destiny right in the bud. . . . Don't they, my old Doctor that was to be? Oh, you, you indeed befool and mock us all.

WIEDEMANN. I rather think I have n't much talent for mockery, dear Roecknitz.

ROECKNITZ. A man with such a wife, he has talent for anything. . . . Hello - what's hiding there behind that tree? There's something hiding there, still as a mouse, be-

Bettina [hastening toward Helene]. Lenchen, since when have you grown so

HELENE [flying into her arms]. Dear,

dear Aunt Bettina.

ROECKNITZ. Well, and don't I get a kiss, 600 ?

> HELENE goes slowly up to him and begins to offer him her brow, then turns suddenly around and feels her way hastily into the house, stumbling on the steps.]

ELIZABETH. Lenchen!

WIEDEMANN. What ails the child?

ROECKNITZ. Little girls grow into young ladies — that 's all.

Elizabeth. Excuse me, Bettina, dear, only I'll have to see what -

Bettina. Take me along, sweetheart; I'm tired.

Roecknitz [tapping her cheek idly]. Yes,

take her along. I've talked her to death. ELIZABETH. We'll revive her for you. Auf wiedersehen.

ROECKNITZ. Auf wiedersehen, pretty [Both women go into the house.] [Staring after the ladies.] Do you know, Wiedemann, she 's grown even more beautitul, since she 's your wife. The grace with which she went up the steps . . . and wife beside her! . . . Tell me, man; you the least idea what you've got the

WIEDEMANN. I believe so, Roecknit ROECKNITZ [doubtfully]. Well, well! yes . . . yes, yes . . . Well, and, for rest, how goes the noble schoolmaster l ness? Still as gayly? A god-forsaken . . . In Siberia — round the corner over der to the left — there 's an arsenic-pit. People have often been seen going in no one ever yet came out . . . That 's a no one ever yet came out . . . That 's a my notion of school-teaching. [WIEDEM clucks smilingly with his tongue. Nix! t brats! . . . Lay a train of powder u 'em and blow 'em up, - that would be pedagogy. . . . And I was the wildest of -eh?

WIEDEMANN, Well, and that's you've become such a top-notcher, too.

Roecknitz. Oh, yes, — so they say least things have to buzz with me. Wh can't drudge, I 'm up to fool's pranks for I tell you, the women, how they g fellow into hot water! Thus I 've gon for drudgery. Since you were last at V lingen, I've drained sixty acres of mea -I've doubled the productive area of lowlands — I've introduced goat-bree - I 've delivered thirty-two head of car horses - I've bought a portable rail for carting off sugar-beets. I'm rer them out one after the other to the ne bors and making a pile of money at it. I'm a divil of a chap and everything co my way.

WIEDEMANN [beaming]. Yes, yes, Ro nitz - a man like you - such a mas nature - it's good merely to stand by

see it spread its wings.

ROECKNITZ. You mean by that, to s thrashing around, eh! - Tut, never i . . . By the way, old chap, your school - my compliments! . . . Just now was driving by, I said to my wife: "I we could n't do it better ourselves" the grass-fodder and the vegetables .

WIEDEMANN. Ah, but you just oug

see my rape.

ROECKNITZ. And the like of that is a schoolmaster! the like of that plie

WIEDEMANN [smiling]. Or somet even the violin bow.

ROECKNITZ. And the way every

ks around the yard here ... the wagons I the dung-heap ... just like a guest unber ... Man, why did n't you let ar gifts be known sooner? ... Why, my her would never have let you out of the ise. .. We 'd have wrapped you in ton-batting, — tell you that!

WIEDEMANN. But I 've explained aldy, dear Roecknitz, that most of all this

the work of my wife.

ROECKNITZ. Yes, and now, your wife! w, your wife! Look here, don't I know men! And I know your wife, too!— of wife's friends I know her perhaps the st of all.... And I can assure you of thing, old man: She's not at all happy

WIEDEMANN. Roecknitz, you believe tt?—you believe that, too—?

ROECKNITZ. Why, now, I fancy that's

ar enough.

WIEDEMANN [looking about him, softly]. s true she's never complained; she goes ways calmly and apparently joyously. She looks like happiness itself. . . . d I'd do anything for her. . . I'd lay very hands under her footsteps. . . . thow am I to change things here?

ROECKNITZ. Just wait — just let me... perfectly calm ... you're a substantial low — always were — a little heavy, but iable to the last ditch. ... So — now y want to elect me for the Reichstag. Lord, why not, then? With so many le sticks there, there's always room for igger. If I only had the palest shimmer o could manage things on the place... wife's a good creature, surely, but high, one must n't cast reflections on the ies... So, as I was saying, I need a n on whom I can rely blindly — a man genius — a man of character — and the ught struck me that perhaps I could it is your wretched schoolmaster legs out the ice.

WIEDEMANN. So I'm this man of gen-

ROECKNITZ. We'll arrange matters thus:
t you may feel independent, you take
of my farms on lease or on commission
or any way you will, and meanwhile you
up an eye on all the rest. . . . Rather a
ver scheme, eh!

WIEDEMANN. My dear friend, now that 's

y another of your wild ideas.

ROECKNITZ. How so, then?

WIEDEMANN. I 'm no agriculturalist—I 'm a schoolmaster. . . . I studied languages and by dint of digging I've got as far as the principalship of the three grades of an intermediate school in a township. That 's not a brilliant position, but I'm an unpretending man and I'm happy in it.

ROECKNITZ. And your wife?

WIEDEMANN [startled, without spirit]. Yes,

my wife.

ROECKNITZ. This very minute you avow to me that you'd do anything under heaven to alter this existence here; and now, when I give you the chance, you shrink back afraid. Have you no fear that she'll inevitably pine away in this shopkeeper atmosphere, when she won't even pass muster with madame, the District Judge's wife, and with madame, the Doctor's? . . . If you don't know it, old man, your wife has in her nature the most remarkable mixture possible to a human temperament: she is at once kind-hearted and proud. . . . But take care what will become of her kindheartedness if day in and day out her pride is trodden under foot.

WIEDEMANN. Oh, if you knew how near

right you are.

ROECKNITZ. Consider in time: such a chance will never be offered you again.... She must be got out of this scurvy hole. She must go back among friends — back to the world... And you yourself, my old friend, how you would pick up —

WIEDEMANN. Oh, leave me out of the game. It's not a question of me. But I'll

speak to her this very day. I'll -

ROECKNITZ. No, no. Let me do the speaking.

WIEDEMANN. Why you?

ROECKNITZ. I know your wife, I take it! If she gets the least notion that anything on earth is done her as a favor—

WIEDEMANN. Yes, I confess then she'd say no, even if she went to wrack and ruin.

ROECKNITZ. Well, good. . . . The preliminaries you can undertake, but the master-stroke I'll manage myself. Agreed?

WIEDEMANN. And one thing still, Rocknitz, on your honor now! Is not the whole affair in the end perhaps nothing more or less than a service of friendship?

ROECKNITZ. Not much, little man! Be quite easy there. I 'm a rank egoist...

If you were n't necessary to me, I'd leave you without ado sitting in your nook.

WIEDEMANN [looking about him]. My nook, my beloved nook! It has become so dear to me through her. It 's as if consecrated through her.

ROECKNITZ [shrugging his shoulders].

Well, very good, stay there.

WIEDEMANN [hastily]. No, no, no! It must be done! You are right. [Seizing his hands.] I thank you. I thank you! I will-

ROECKNITZ. Be still! Is n't that she? [The glass door to the veranda opens.]

WIEDEMANN. I'm going - I'm too much agitated. She 'd mark at once how -

[Turns to the rear.] ROECKNITZ. Wiedemann, that's not wise. [WIEDEMANN goes.]

[Elizabeth comes leading Helene by the hand.]

ELIZABETH. Where did my husband go

ROECKNITZ. He had to look after something about the farm. He'll be back in a minute.

ELIZABETH. Bettina's asleep. She was

very tired from the long drive.

ROECKNITZ. Well, praise the Lord! when Bettina is n't sleeping, she 's out of

ELIZABETH. So, Lenchen, now go and say: "Beg pardon, Uncle Roecknitz, that I

HELENE [without expression]. Beg pardon,

Uncle Roecknitz, that I ran off.

ROECKNITZ. No matter, little chicken, no matter! [Helene whirls about and runs off.] Queer child, she 's become.

ELIZABETH. [Calls after her.] Lenchen! ROECENITZ. Elizabeth! She

around. No greetings?

ELIZABETH looks him full in the face with a glance of gentle reproach and then turns to go.]

[Passionately.] Elizabeth!

ACT II

The Principal's living-room and study.

In the background at the left a door to the dining-room; at the right a glass door to the veranda; between them a china-closet. On the left side a door to the kitchen, pantry, etc.; further to the front a sofa with table and easy-

chairs. On the right side a window; ne bookcases surmounted by plaster busts of S ler and Goethe. On the walls a picture of marck, collections of bugs and butterfli violin and bow, models of beehives, a pe lum clock, etc. A desk, and, at right ange it, a card-table piled with volumes and exer books. Before it an armchair. Bourgeois nishings, which with slender means attem give the impression of elegance and cultur

ELIZABETH and HELENE are busy she peas, in linen aprons, with small platters b

them. BETTINA watching.

Bettina. Have n't you an apron a plate for me, too, Lisbeth? I don't lil be just looking on when you're at wor ELIZABETH. Let it be, Bettina,

you're not used to it.

BETTINA. Once you were n't used

either. ELIZABETH. Ach, I!

BETTINA. To be sure, you have to. HELENE. No, Aunt Bettina, she di have to - did you, mamma? For, you Rosa and I, we could just as soon done everything. . . . I'm not quit helpless as people may suppose. I stitch the coarser things myself, I iron, too, - and feed the geese and d too, -

Bettina. Indeed you can, Lenchen HELENE. I believe I could even dr coach out into the country.

ELIZABETH. Now, it would be ju well not to try that, Lenchen.

HELENE. Besides, we have n't any c BETTINA. But you'd like one?

HELENE. Not for myself, Aunt Bet only for mamma.

BETTINA. That's so, Elizabeth; with the reins in your hand, that was -

[Elizabeth lays a finger on her BETTINA. Yes, what I wanted to was, when I go would n't you like to me take Lenchen along as I pay my c

HELENE. Me?

BETTINA. The District President's remarked only recently she wished bring the child over sometime.

ELIZABETH. Why, the District 1 dent's wife knows me. . . . How is: never breathed her wish to me?

Bettina [embarrassed]. You and husband have never called, you see. ELIZABETH. At the District Preside rely, that would have been an imperti-

ice.

BETTINA. Anyhow, just let me take her ong. Who knows but what good may me of it.

ELIZABETH. Yes, you are right. Go,

ess yourself, Lenchen.

HELENE. Must I, mamma, dear?

ELIZABETH. Yes, my child. Papa will ank you for it.

HELENE. Yes — then, I will. [Exit.]

BETTINA. Poor Lisbeth!

ELIZABETH. Why poor Lisbeth?... verybody pities me! Everybody acts as he had to beg my pardon for some—I low not what—injustice or other. Why, we chosen my fate myself.... And I'm questing nothing better.... Why, I'm together happy as it is.

BETTINA. One may say so, of course.

ELIZABETH. Good Heavens, one has to crifice many things. Why, our youthful teams, for that matter, don't exactly exist in the purpose of coming true. Who dares y of himself, "I have a right to happiness"? . . . When one has come to some rms merely with the demands of every ty, then there's — already — much —

Listens

BETTINA. What's the matter, love? ELIZABETH. Nothing. I seemed to hear our husband.

BETTINA. Oh, we won't have much sight in to-day. . . . With him it's always horse before even a woman — especially

efore his own.

ELIZABETH. See now — how resigned nat sounds — from you too — who now are this man, the much-sought-for! — and 'll wager if one were to ask you on your onscience —

BETTINA. Ach, I! Why, I'm entirely ut of the question. . . . Good Heavens,

hy, I only sleep.

ELIZABETH [startled]. What does that

nean, child?

BETTINA. You heard it, did n't you?—
When she is n't sleeping, she 's out of
orts;— when she is n't sleeping, she is n't
appy"— So it goes a hundred times—
ay after day.

ELIZABETH. But he does n't mean it hat way, Bettina! Why, he must always ave something to tease — we know that,

urely.

BETTINA. True enough, he must be teasing somebody. . . . But yet this is something different. Toward me, there 's always malice behind it — Ach, one gets used to it — and then it hardly hurts any more. . . . If I only did n't have the feeling: You were n't the right one for him. . . . No, I don't measure up to him — not in energy — and not in intelligence. . . . Do you know, dear, who'd have been the right one for him?

ELIZABETH. Well?—

Bettina. You!

ELIZABETH [startled]. What sort of jok-

ing is this, Bettina?

Bettina [laughing]. Now I can say it. In those days, when you were with us at the house, and you two discussed hour after hour everything under the sun till your heads were hot, often I thought to myself: How long perhaps will it be before I get word: "Bettina, clear out!"

ELIZABETH. What? You endured me in your house and yet carried about with you the secret thought that I wanted to crowd

you out?

BETTINA. Not wanted to—no, no—but it would have come about of itself. . . . I don't believe I could have been even angry at you. . . For at that time my child had n't come yet. . . . And my fortune was guaranteed . . and there was n't anybody in the world I begrudged him less than you, dear.

ELIZABETH. Do you know, Bettina, that

you're tormenting me?

BETTINA. Don't be angry, Lieselchen. I'm just pouring my heart out to you, that's all. . . . See now, why, for all of them he has. . . Whether he plays with them, or they with him, it's all the same to me! . . . I'm already used to it. . . . Then whenever they're staring so wistfully into a corner—as you're doing now.—

ELIZABETH [startled]. What am I doing?
BETTINA [laughing]. And especially, then,
whenever they start up so, as you even

now –

ELIZABETH. Do you mean by that—?
BETTINA. But, Lieselchen—shame! See,
otherwise I trust no one out of my sight. . . .
Only of you was I always absolutely sure.
Ah, the sun could sooner have fallen out of
heaven—I know you could have stepped
up to me and said: "I love him, and I am

stronger than you — give me your place."
. . Yes, you could have done that.

ELIZABETH. Do you think so?

Bettina. But behind my back — in my own house — ugh! — no, you? — never!

ELIZABETH [embracing her]. You are right in that, Bettina. God knows you are right in that.

BETTINA. And so, you see, now I'm merely living alongside him. Oh, believe me, I loved him as only a girl can. I could have offered up my last breath for him—but he's said too often to me: "Go—sleep—sleep."... And so one feeling after another has really gone to sleep.... Many a time I almost wonder even if I still love my child.

ELIZABETH. Bettina, this is infinitely sad,

all this you 're saying.'

BETTINA. Why sad? — It does n't grieve me any more. . . . One changes so, in time. . . . But I'm sorry for him. He could have had so many joys in his house, if he had taken a little trouble to be contented with me. . . . Now he must be running after all these strange women, who still either are n't worthy of him, or if — then they are made unhappy by him — And to be such a dumb spectator of it all—

ELIZABETH. Stop!

BETTINA. What's the matter?

ELIZABETH. That was he. [Pause.]—[Knocking.] Come in!

[Enter Roecknitz.]

ROECKNITZ. Good-morning, noble ladies!

Well, been gossiping a bit about me?—
for you seem so embarrassed— Morning,
Frau Elizabeth!

ELIZABETH [extending her hand]. We let you go off early this morning without something warm, my dear Roecknitz. Many

apologies.

ROECKNITZ. But, dear hostess, it was only half past four. I slunk down the stairs in my stocking-feet, like a successful lover. . . And anyway, I always carry for such emergencies a pocket-pistol of cognac.

ELIZABETH. But perhaps now you'd—?
ROECKNITZ. Thanks, my sweet one,
thanks, thanks! . . . I've breakfasted with
four jockeys to-day. . . . It was swell, I can
assure you — well, it gave me a chance to do
the duffers—damn if it did n't! . . . You
there, I got two hundred thalers for that

lop-sided sorrel—that's the talented you have for a wedded lord! Yes, yes, I Elizabeth—horse-trading, there's whe man is still of some account—quite opposite from love—there he's o'no'c't all.

BETTINA. That's a fact.

ROECKNITZ [laughing]. Hm-ha-ha! such an occasion even you wake up ag too... Donnerwetter, but what diccome for?... Oh, of course—the conficate. You there, have n't you seen pocket-book with the pedigrees?—It sulay before the mirror—

BETTINA. If you wish, I'll look for

ROECKNITZ [with a glance at ELIZABE Ach, yes, be so good.

ELIZABETH [jumping up]. Oh, let

Bettina.

ROECKNITZ. But I beg of you. ELIZABETH. Oh, no, no, no!

ROECKNITZ. It seems, indeed, almost if she — [Goes about awhile whistling.] Wis she pretty?

BETTINA [smiling]. You ask if sl

pretty!

ROECKNITZ. There's something or of restrained in her conduct now. . . . Of she seems a madonna, and often there luinside her something or other like a lichante. Does n't there—eh?

BETTINA. A bacchante?—how so? ROECKNITZ. Oh, well, then, there do... Has she told you anything of a for coming change in her affairs?

BETTINA. A change?

ROECKNITZ. Well, then don't ask ! either, understand?—say!

BETTINA. What, Alfred?

ROECKNITZ. Nothing, nothing, nothing. Yes, are you going out after a while

... Yes, are you going out after a whil BETTINA. Yes, I'm going to pay calls ROECKNITZ. Oh, of course! Do th That 's right. — Shall I send over coach?

BETTINA. Oh, no. It's only a little wa ROECKNITZ. But you snap it out so jealous?

BETTINA. I? Of whom?

ROECKNITZ [winking, with admonished finger]. Tut!

Bettina. Ought to be ashamed of you self, Alfred.

ROECKNITZ. Good, I am ashamed of myf-apropos, I 've met our late friend hann.

BETTINA [gladly]. Old Johann? How is

? Dear me!

Fine — excellent — abso-ROECKNITZ. tely splendid! - A brandy nose and a ggar.

Bettina. A beggar — and you say that

ROECKNITZ. Heavens, child, why, everying's already arranged. Day after toorrow he 's to move over to Witzlingen there I'll first break him of his guzzling, d then you can stuff him to death.

BETTINA [wiping her eyes]. Forgive me,

lfred; ach, you're so good.

LIZABETH reënters, a pocket-book in her hand.]

ELIZABETH. That 's it, is n't it?

ROECKNITZ. My dearest friend, my soul ruggles for appropriate expressions of ratitude - but don't find 'em.

ELIZABETH. Crying, Bettina? [Chiding.]

oecknitz!

BETTINA [quickly]. You 're mistaken,

ieselchen.

ROECKNITZ. She's only a little moved, ecause I'm so generous-hearted — that is, ou know, my specialty. Recommend me all subsequent cases as doer-of-good, riend-of-man, rescuer-of-the-wretched, nything you like - only it must n't cost nything.

BETTINA. Don't believe him! Don't be-

eve him!

ROECKNITZ [counts the certificates]. One, wo, three, four - number four - that's a ascally beast. Now as to him if I could nce - ach, he 's got, you see, the concealed mp. Do you know what that is? - We ave it, too! - When our spirits begin to rag - when there is n't one feeling that ny longer really dares to speak outwhen the — [with emphasis] — do you know what the concealed limp is?

ELIZABETH. My dear Roecknitz, truly our philosophy of life is altogether too nuch borrowed from the horse-market for

is to be able to follow it.

ROECKNITZ. Do you want to provoke ne?

ELIZABETH shakes her head with a serious smile.]

ROECKNITZ. My dear madame, I gather

from this you know exactly what sort of a friend you have in me - I thank you. . . . Bettina, when are you going to pay your calls?

Bettina. By eleven I think - I could -ROECKNITZ. Good! - Auf wiedersehen,

my very dear lady!

ELIZABETH. We eat at half past twelve,

my dear Roecknitz.

ROECKNITZ [stiffly polite]. You'll find me even earlier on the spot! [With a bow, toward the door. Falling back into his previous tone. Good-morning, noble ladies! [Exit.]

BETTINA. Really, that was n't right of

you, Elizabeth. ELIZABETH. Yes, forgive me; you are

my guests; forgive me, dear.

BETTINA. It's not on that account truly it is n't! - But if you knew, how often - he thinks of you and how he -

ELIZABETH. Don't, I beseech you, don't! Bettina. Good, - as you will. Oh, about what I wanted to ask you. What, then, has been happening, as a matter of fact? - I won't repeat it - Have you and your husband — another position in prospect — or will your husband even -

ELIZABETH. My husband - what?

BETTINA. I thought you knew it. I'm supposed, you see, not to mention it. Please, please, don't ask either.

ELIZABETH. Well, what is this going on here? Behind my back things are happen-

ing which I -

BETTINA. Perhaps they want to surprise you.

ELIZABETH. I 'm no child. I need no

surprises.

Bettina. Has n't your husband, then-ELIZABETH. He has n't - not a - yes, this morning he let fall a hint or so that if something better offered, something that must have been by way of preparation. Forgive me, Bettina; after all, of what interest can this be to you?... I'm entirely - [pressing her hands to her face] - oh, I want my peace! It's my peace I want!

[Helene appears and behind her in the doorway Rosa with a coffee-tray.]

HELENE. The bell will ring in a minute, mamma. Can Rosa bring in the breakfast? ELIZABETH. Rosa can bring in the break-

HELENE [hastening to her]. Mamma, dear, mamma, dear!

ELIZABETH. What, child?

HELENE. Had n't I better stay with you? ELIZABETH [rising]. For Heaven's sake.

go, darling !

The school-bell rings. One hears forthwith a buzzing of children's voices that continues during the following scenes until the bell rings a second time.]

ELIZABETH [stepping up to the table on which Rosa has laid the tray with bread, butter, ham, and a jug of fresh milk]. Would n't you have just a bite, Bettina?

Bettina. No, thanks - only a glass of

real cold milk, if you will, please.

HELENE [listening at the window, with her face turned toward the audience]. Just hear, Aunt Bettina, how the youngsters are cutting up again. Now, the girls are always so much better behaved. There's a boy called Jerschke who fights everybody but Michaelmas he's going to the Gymnasium; then things will be quiet again. Crying out with delight. Oh, there 's Herr Dangel, too, - Aunt Bettina, do you hear Herr Dangel?

BETTINA. No, my child.

HELENE. Mamma, but you hear Herr Dangel, don't you?

ELIZABETH. Lenchen, our ears are not

so sharp.

HELENE. Is n't that funny !

[EMIL and FRITZ come storming in.] EMIL [bowing and scraping]. Good-morn-

FRITZ [likewise]. Good-morning.

[Bettina nods to them.]

EMIL. Breakfast, please.

FRITZ. Oh, yes, breakfast please, real quick!

ELIZABETH. But go first, kiss Aunt Bettina's hand, and ask her how she slept at our house.

EMIL [kissing BETTINA'S hand]. Aunt Bettina, how did you sleep at our house?

Bettina [stroking his head]. thanks, my little boy.

EMIL [with a sharp turn]. Breakfast, please!

Fritz. Aunt Bettina, how -

Bettina [laughing]. Thanks, thanks, thanks! I slept well.

FRITZ. Mamma, please, do hurry We've got to beat up that Jerschke yet. He's too fresh.

HELENE. But you can't fix him.

FRITZ. Pooh — ha!

EMIL [at the same time]. We'll fix all right.

HELENE. He does n't mind anybody Herr Dangel.

EMIL. Oh, you, forever with your loved Herr Dangel.

ELIZABETH [with warning finger].

youngsters! [FRITZ and EMIL, with their butt bread, slip noiselessly past WIE MANN as he enters.]

WIEDEMANN. Very good-morning! [. tending BETTINA his hand. Now, what you say, dear Frau von Roecknitz, to this noise?

Bettina. It takes me back most ple antly to my own school-days, my go

Herr Principal.

WIEDEMANN. It's a jolly uproar, is it?—It's something I would n't for the world - [with a glance at ELIZABE correcting himself hastily] - that is, if has n't, indeed, a sense for something high [As the noise outside becomes sudde louder.] Ah, but yet that's going too f

What can they be up to to-day? HELENE. They're beating up the Jersch

WIEDEMANN. What's become of D

gel, then?

HELENE [very warmly]. But Herr Dan must have at least a second's relief son times, too, papa. You absolutely can't pect of him that he -

WIEDEMANN [calling into the yard]. Qu

outside there!

The noise suddenly subsides into low buzzing till the ringing of school-bell, then slightly increas and stops in a moment altogether

BETTINA [softly]. Do you want to ta with him now? ELIZABETH noo

BETTINA. Come, Lenchen, let's get read HELENE. Only think, papa, Aunt Be tina's going to take me along to the D trict President's.

WIEDEMANN [startled, dubious]. Ah, s dear Frau von Roecknitz, is n't that, aft

all-

BETTINA. Let me assume the entire

nsibility. Auf wiedersehen, my dear

neipal.

VIEDEMANN. Auf wiedersehen, Frau Roecknitz.

Execunt Bettina and Helene.]
Wiedemann. Mm, well— Have you
t a note to the School Inspector's, Eliz-

th, with regard to this evening? ELIZABETH. Oh, yes — they're coming.

WIEDEMANN. What will you have? ELIZABETH. There's a leg of veal and ing peas. Besides, I did n't send the

ches to market to-day.

WIEDEMANN. That 's right, that 's all ht. What about the dessert and punch? well, we'll think that over. There 's ne Mosel on hand, too. — Has Roeckz turned up yet?

ELIZABETH. He was here — but off again

ht away.

WIEDEMANN. So! Mm! - How goes it,

in, at the fair?

ELIZABETH. First-rate, I think.

WIEDEMANN. Oh, farming 's the thing! tarts to go. Well—

ELIZABETH. Have you still a moment's

ne for me?

WIEDEMANN. Only that it will ring right

ay, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH. No matter, — Georg, — aight out with it, what are you with-lding from me?

WIEDEMANN [confused]. Allow me, Eliz-

eth, how -

ELIZABETH. Georg, see, I don't deserve is. We joined hands to share all.... ou've found me in joy and sorrow — found always at your side!... Georg!

WIEDEMANN. Forgive me, Elizabeth—didn't want to hurt you. Everything is—I will explain these events—I will. e, dear,—that I've been discontented the my lot here, that 's something you've rely noticed in me for some time now.

ELIZABETH. Till early this morning—no. WIEDEMANN. But just stop and think! ow often I 've said, My life is botched—y—my—

ELIZABETH. Oh, that you did n't pass the aminations for Gymnasium teacher—
ny, there 's nothing more to do about that.
WIEDEMANN. See, and there you are aming me for it.

ELIZABETH. So many people have blamed on for it, it would be cruel if I did, too.

WIEDEMANN. And even if you hide it from me — out of tact, out of compassion —I don't know what! — still, in yourself you'll have contempt enough — why, it simply can't be otherwise. . . For such an existence! Dependent on every tomfool about! I 've always been for liberty — But this!

ELIZABETH. But reflect, Georg, — in any other position you'd be, why, just as dependent — even in a Gymnasium. And there, in fact, still more. . . That lies in the very nature of your profession.

WIEDEMANN. And a fine profession — digging arsenic — that would be better —

upon my soul!

ELIZABETH. Georg, dear, have n't you often told me how happy you are in this

nook of ours?

WIEDEMANN [to whom her words come home]. In — this nook — of ours. . . Yes, yes — oh, yes — one can say so. . . . But that's not enough — a man must out — his tasks grow. [Outside the school-bell rings — he starts to go out.] However — we'll talk it over later.

ELIZABETH. Georg, are you going to

leave me so alone?

WIEDEMANN. But, sweetheart, dearest, darling, have n't I said the bell will ring right off, — and besides, I can't lop a single minute from the Latin class. That would be a regular crime.

ELIZABETH. Now, that does n't look exactly — does it? — as if you were sick of

your profession.

WIEDEMANN [silent, abashed]. Good, let them wait - Believe me, that may deceive one, Elizabeth! A fellow in the treadmill has to tread, and no help for it. . . . And it's all to be only for our own best interest - just think, with our talents for agriculture — just think, I with first prize as beekeeper — and you — ach — what a landed proprietress you 'd make - oh, that 's something I must see before I die. And now, just suppose there was offered us a sphere of activity - as manager or as trustee, or where, unhampered by snoopers and sniffnoses, - I'm only using your expression, Elizabeth, — industrious and happy — even happier than here — we —

ELIZABETH. Even happier than here, you

say — don't forget that.

WIEDEMANN. Oh, well — much happier — incomparably happier — where we'd be

respected and honored, where we could plough, sow, and reap, at our own pleasure.

ELIZABETH. Dear, don't you plough, sow,

and reap here, too?

WIEDEMANN. Ach, this trifle. The few miserable acres. ELIZABETH. I mean in human hearts,

Georg, and I use only your own expression,

WIEDEMANN. [Sinks into a chair, as her words come home. After a pause.] Oh, really there's no discussing with you. You're too obstinate, Elizabeth! There'll have to come somebody who's stronger than I am. Just wait; Roecknitz, he'll make the matter clear enough to you.

ELIZABETH [with a start - half to her-

self]. So - it is Roecknitz.

WIEDEMANN. Yes, indeed, Roecknitz!
—See, that's a man! He knows how to appraise us better than we do ourselves—and now excuse me, dear, if I—

[About to go.]
ELIZABETH [following him, anxious]. One
word more. Is the sphere of activity you
mention offered us perchance by any recom-

mendation of his?

WIEDEMANN. No, my dear child! He's not the man to let matters rest there. He's the one I educated into a whole man, something I, poor chump, had n't the stuff to become. If he gets it into his head that we'd be a valuable acquisition, he's not the one to wait till somebody else snaps us up.

ELIZABETH [in a panic]. Ah!

WIEDEMANN. Well, but you're rather good at concealing your joy. And I thought precisely — Just say a word, Elizabeth; are n't you, then, at all glad?

ELIZABETH [who has sunk into a chair]. Go now, please, Georg, — later! — go now!

WIEDEMANN. Oh, it is n't on your account, Elizabeth — for Heaven's sake, no! [Begging.] But say: are n't you at all glad?

[She does n't answer; he goes off shaking his head.]

tion, then forces herself to be calm and calls through the door. Rosa!

Rosa. What do you wish, Frau Princi-

ELIZABETH. [Walks about in great agita-

pal?

ELIZABETH. If the Herr Baron comes sooner than—no, no, say nothing—I'm not well—I'll—

Rosa. I think, Frau Principal, that's Herr Baron coming already.

ELIZABETH [after a short struggle, reherself erect]. Good! [Exit R

ROECKNITZ [sticking his head throug door]. May I come in, my dear lady?

ELIZABETH. By all means.
ROECKNITZ [looking about]. Are

alone?

ELIZABETH. I am all alone.

ROECKNITZ. Ah — you were experme, then?

ELIZABETH. Oh, yes, — I was expec

you.

ROECKNITZ. Just look at that, will—I was n't in the least prepared for good treatment. For the way you've han me ever since yesterday—Donnerwett

ELIZABETH. If as a housewife I was polite enough to you a little while as

ask your pardon.

ROECKNITZ. But, Elizabeth, I beg

you, — between us two!

ELIZABETH. Why between us two? tween us two, my dear Roecknitz,—or ter, between you and me,—exists not in common. I beg you to take that I kindly into account.

ROECKNITZ. More's the pity! - I k

that the best.

ELIZABETH. And nothing ever did in common.

ROECKNITZ. So? Cross your heart? ELIZABETH. I was Bettina's girl fri I was for two years the guest of your hand as such made myself useful, as far could. . . . That justifies, I take it, a tain easy familiarity with one's as ates —

ROECKNITZ. But not a serious un standing?

ELIZABETH. No.

ROECKNITZ. Very kind of you. Re extraordinarily kind of you. . . . Now, me, are you merely putting on, or is y memory really so short that, under three years' matrimonial yoke, all pretty unspoken things that hovered tween us in the air have been shattere fragments?

ELIZABETH. My dear Roecknitz, I consay to you: That concerns us no longer but I'd rather not slink behind a subfuge.... And now that you've made to touch on matters that were better

centioned for all time, I'll ask you ight in the eye: What did you want of ?-I was a lone waif: I had no protecin the world but you - you could so utifully have spread your hands out over . Why did you want to make me your impet?

ROECKNITZ. Elizabeth!

ELIZABETH. Surely, there were women ough. Why my poor self? - You know, ake life not lightly - there is in my nae something of moral earnestness that, toyed with, brings nothing but misery. hy did n't you leave me my little peace? ROECKNITZ. Have you left me mine?

ELIZABETH. What harm did I do you, n? Can you dare to accuse me of ever ving played the coquette with you?

ROECKNITZ. No - everything that's fair good - that was far from your thoughts Elizabeth, look at me; I'm not a base low! - But down in me somewhere I 've train of blood, with the very devil in it, it's not to be controlled. . . . God, what ttles I've fought from my twelfth - what I saying ! - it seems from my very crae, - beyond all counting! . . . I demand men — I need women — I can't live witht women.

ELIZABETH. And Bettina?

ROECKNITZ. Oh, now, let me alone with ttina.

ELIZABETH. Why, you don't know Bet-

ROECKNITZ. Very well, then - we'll let r sleep! — But you can believe me in is: if ever in the same breath with all the st I had named that name — I mean yours that would have been - have been thout fine phrases - that would have en the profanation of a shrine.

ELIZABETH. You've had to say that to

ery one, have n't you?

ROECKNITZ. Elizabeth, I'm not lying don't need to lie - [with wild energy] r what I will, I put through ! - Don't u know that? - Have you never yet en in dread of my will?

[Elizabeth is silent, turning away.] ROECKNITZ. See, when I let you enter oon this marriage, - pardon, I do not innd any criticism, - it was not perchance ecause I felt myself beaten, but simply: would not! - For two years, as long as ou were under my roof, every morning I

waked up trembling with thoughts of you: every evening I threw myself upon my bed trembling with thoughts of you; day by day I yearned to snatch you to me. . . . But I understood you, I knew it would have been your death. . . . A beast of prey that has pity — uh!... And now accuse me, if you can - eh! eh! [A pause.] Yes, lovely they were, those times in spite of all! - God, those were lovely times ! - For once a helpmeet at one's side — a woman with your eyes in her head! - who reads one's plans from out his soul, ere ever he knows them himself. . . . Elizabeth, those summer nights when we were sitting up there on the terrace, stretched out in the steamer-chairs with heads toward the stars — and Bettina beside us - she was fast asleep, of course, in her plaid - eh! eh! - were those lovely times, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH [dreamily]. Oh, yes; those

were lovely times.

ROECKNITZ. Well, there you are. ELIZABETH. Why could n't you have kept

silent?

ROECKNITZ. Silent? Oh, yes!—I 've choked it down well-nigh all these two years. Till it got too much for me ! - And all the stages one has to go through before he can make up his mind to show his good wife the door. That's no small matter.

ELIZABETH [shocked]. This? — have

ROECKNITZ. How, then? Were you, I wonder, in earnest just now, with that horrible word there? - Be at rest, Elizabeth; you're not made of the clay they fashion courtesans of.

ELIZABETH. The poor girl, the poor girl! If she ever guessed it, what she must have

suffered!

ROECKNITZ. Well, everything 's to the good now. Everything 's once more admirably adjusted in this best of all worlds. My old girl has a bouncing boy — and you are the Frau Principal!... That you in the first passion had to rush headlong into just this - if this at least had n't happened!

ELIZABETH. I must remind you, Roecknitz; you're in the house of my husband.

ROECKNITZ. I beseech you, Elizabeth; no sensitiveness. Much really depends upon this hour - for you and - for me too - I presume your husband has told you what ELIZABETH nods. it's about?

ROECKNITZ. And you surely assent?

ELIZABETH. Oh, no.

ROECKNITZ [painfully mastering himself]. Mm! — May one at least know your

grounds?

ELIZABETH. It would be perhaps rather my place to ask you for your grounds. For surely it's not for amusement that one uproots from its plot of earth a family honestly supporting itself, and exposes it to a hazardous future.

ROECKNITZ. Ah, you desire guarantees. ELIZABETH. I desire no guarantees. I

desire to be left in peace.

ROECKNITZ. Elizabeth, now just sit down here—so. See now—that time you told us, out of a clear sky, that you had accepted my former tutor, it was not for an instant unclear to me that here was a case of desperation.

ELIZABETH. But you see now well enough

that you were deceived.

ROECKNITZ. So?—well! And it was forthwith just as clear that I—no other than I—had driven you to it... Had it been in my power to—but you were balking again, you see. My letters you sent back unopened, and you denied me an interview. Come to think of it, to-day is absolutely the first time that we've had another talk alone.

ELIZABETH. It's likely to be the last,

too.

ROECKNITZ. Who knows? . . . See here, a delicate conscience is not exactly my failing, but damn if I've ever once ceased to reel myself responsible for the whole transaction. Day after day I 've said to myself : She went to pieces through you. . . . Please, let me say my say. . . . Your middle-class surroundings, everything in the way of humiliation and deadening of spirit in the way of — ach, what shall I say? This playing the stepmother, all this miserable subserviency that's inevitable in the situation of your husband and that with good grace or bad you have to share with him - for all this I've blamed myself continually. . . . And I had no rest till I came to the decision: "Make it good!"-I will make it good. . . . See, that is it.

ELIZABETH. And it's with this design that you came yesterday to our house?

ROECKNITZ. Design?—no! I suppose I came wishing to set things here a little to rights, but I did n't yet know how. . . . My

idea came to me first as I saw how splend you two are farming it here. . . . Vyou're doing on a small scale, you can a large — and so you profit, and so I fit. . . . Thus if you had the intention upbraiding me for an eventual abase of your husband, let the dagger rest is sheath, my dearest friend. It's not a can tion of a sinecure, and I value my dear tutor quite as much as you do.

ELIZABETH [extending her hand]. I to you, Roecknitz, for taking the trouble give matters this concluding turn.

ROECKNITZ. And?

ELIZABETH. We won't speak of it fur ROECKNITZ [holding her hand ti Elizabeth—see—I—I—if not—on account, then do it—for—me.

ELIZABETH. For you!

ROECKNITZ. Elizabeth, since you 've out of my life — I don't know what is coming of me; I 've been going to since you 've been away.

ELIZABETH. You, Roecknitz? The resteemed man in the district, the most liant in society [smiling bitterly], the regallant in affairs of the heart?—Ah, not right of you to frighten me so.

ROECKNITZ. What I'm telling you, E beth, is like a cry for help. . . . It 's me my life that I'm trying to save, for the no longer life - it's a mere existing aimless, hollow, feverish reeling about hither and thither. And how coarse] become ! - and how small I 've becom everything big has gone out of my life, s you are away . . . the fresh air seems off from me, and I have so much room breathing there. I work from four in morning on into the night, but that doe good. For a man wants to know what I working for. Don't come at me with child - that's a plaything, nothing m For a man must have a human being whom he - ah, if one might feel you as near at hand - think, evenings I'd e riding over to Angerershof or Brickyare no matter which - your husband can che for himself - or you two would come to and we'd sit again on the terrace as of and discuss what we'd been doing and w we intended to do. When one pictures that! - To become a living man as through you - to grow in peace and po - day by day! And never will I talk to n of love. That I'll swear to you with most solemn of oaths. . . . Besides, ld be no use - would seem in fact ely an insult to you. . . . Don't worry; know how to hold myself in. You'll [Silence.] Elizabeth — not a word?

LIZABETH [after continued silence, deeply ed, though outwardly calm]. Dear friend, t you're recounting me here is indeed very fine and tempting, but it 's out of

question, no less.

ROECKNITZ [hoarsely]. Why out of the

stion?

CLIZABETH. I see I must tell you the son which will convince you; otherwise 'll be tormenting each other still, who ws how long. I still love you, Roecknitz 've never ceased to feel love for you y you see, surely, that it's out of the estion - don't you?

ROECKNITZ [pressing up to her with out-tched arms]. Elizabeth!

ELIZABETH [fleeing into a corner, warding off in horror]. Have mercy! Spare me! ROECKNITZ. At last! at last!

[About to snatch her to him.]

ELIZABETH. At last!

She flings herself with a cry of joy upon his breast, and remains, after he has kissed her long, with shut eyes, as if lifeless, hanging in his arms.

ROECKNITZ. Elizabeth! [She does n't re-; he leads her to a chair. She sinks with ed against the arm; he kneels down before .] Elizabeth! come to yourself! Or I'll

ve to fetch help!

ELIZABETH [opening her eyes wildly, raises self slowly up and lays her hands on his ulders, as she looks into his eyes]. And this his face! - And so I have him! This ce! this once!

ROECKNITZ. Woman — adored!

ELIZABETH [laying a hand on his mouth]. Il! not a word! not a word!

ROECKNITZ [springing up]. Ah, won't at be a life now! Won't that be a life w! All one great festival! - What say,

izabeth — ha — oho!

ELIZABETH [anxiously]. What do you

ean by that?

ROECKNITZ. What do I mean by it? ell, is that so hard, then? - Is that so

rd, then? ELIZABETH. You and I, are we not, after

all, seeing each other for the last time in this world? After all, we dare not meet again - Roecknitz, that stands to reason, if we wish for the courage still to live.

ROECKNITZ. No, no, no! Everything that - but Elizabeth, why, we 're both no longer children - we've not exactly dropped out of the moon. God, woman, - you woman - she can kiss, the woman can! No more refusals! I will have no more resistance, else I'll go mad. I'll sooner raze your house and my house to the ground than ever let you out of my hands again. I'll give you time till this evening, and then if you don't say yes, then -

ELIZABETH. What - then?

ROECKNITZ. You 'll see soon enough. Then I'll have to act on my own hook. There's no way out of that! - Good-bye sweet, my-

About to embrace her. Elizabeth draws back with a shudder.]

ROECKNITZ. Well, what 's up, then? [Shaking his head.] Women, women, who can fathom you!— Well, I'd better be go-[Exit.] ing, then.

ELIZABETH collapses in tearless sob-

Rosa [entering from the left]. Ach, Frau Principal, it 's almost twelve. Because today the Baron and his lady are here, won't you see to dinner a little again?

ELIZABETH [dazed]. Yes. I'm coming

right away to see to dinner.

Rosa goes off. Elizabeth lifts herself wearily; the bell rings; she shudders and goes staggering to the door. Amid the muffled noise of the children pouring out of the school. the curtain falls.

ACT III

Setting of the previous act.

Lamps with tissue-paper shades are burning on both tables. Through the shut glass door one looks out upon the veranda, where another lamp burns on the table round which the company sits. Pale moonlight falls through the window.

Outside on the veranda are WIEDEMANN, ELIZABETH, VON ROECKNITZ, BETTINA, DOC-TOR ORB, FRÄULEIN GOEHRE. The lamp is flickering in the wind. Merry laughter.

HELENE sits to the right at the window,

dreaming away to herself, half listening.

Dangel steps in through the glass door, looking cautiously about.

HELENE [starting up joyously]. Herr

Dangel - you!

DANGEL. Pardon me, Fräulein Helene, but I was sent to get the fire screen out of the dining-room — the lamp is flickering so.

HELENE [standing up]. Are you having

a nice time out there?

Dangel. Oh, charming! And everything makes such an impression of distinction. One feels absolutely elevated in one's social standing. Now, if you, too, were with us. . . Fräulein Helene, are n't you coming, then, out there to the company even a minute?

HELENE. Why, you know, Herr Dangel, that 's nothing for me. . . . And besides, I always make the others so sad . . . for every one thinks: Ach, the poor little girl! And in a jiffy it's all up with the fun.

DANGEL. You must n't talk so, Lenchen.

That pierces one's heart.

HELENE. Does the peach-punch taste

good, Herr Dangel?

Dangel. I would never have thought, Fräulein Helene, that there existed anything so delicious in the world.

HELENE. See, I prepared the peaches myself. They have to be peeled carefully, and soaked eight hours in the Mosel.

DANGEL. Oh, I suspected that at once.

[Laughter outside.]
HELENE. Only hear how they 're laugh-

ing!

DANGEL. The Herr Baron tells such comical stories. Oh, often they 're perfectly killing. . . . The School Inspector has already twice given me a very rebuking glance. But I don't pay any attention to it. Well, — he 's got the wrong fellow there.

HELENE [anxiously]. And how is mamma?

Is she gay?

DANGEL. Why do you ask it so?

HELENE [softly]. She was so strange—all this afternoon. . . . She did n't once hear what one said to her, and her hands were all hot.

DANGEL. Now that you remind me, I must say, too, she is n't quite herself. . . . Oh, no, she is in fact very absent-minded.

HELENE. Does she laugh?

DANGEL. Often a great deal. But then

again not a bit. . . . The most conthings she seems not to have heard at

HELENE. You see, you see. Ach, I Dangel, I can't be with her, I knows sides I'm too stupid. But you will out, you will protect her. You'll pro me that, won't you, Herr Dangel?

DANGEL. Certainly, Lenchen —

only -

ELIZABETH [coming in]. Herr Dang DANGEL [with a start]. Ach!

ELIZABETH. But you were going to so kind as to fetch the screen.

Dangel. Ach, pardon — I — [Exit to the left and r

ELIZABETH. My Lenchen! [HELENE circles dumbly her waist.] Not coming child? [HELENE shakes her h

ELIZABETH. [To DANGEL, coming with the fire screen.] Herr Dangel, comhere for a moment a little later, please

DANGEL. Very well, Frau Principal

ELIZABETH. It's half past ten, my ling. . . . Instead of sitting here, it we be better to go to bed — would n't it?

HELENE. If you wish me to, man

dear, of course I will.

ELIZABETH. Good-night, then, my cl HELENE. Good-night!

[Kisses Elizabeth's hand. Et Beth lays a hand on the ch brow, looks her in the face with votion, then kisses her softly of brow. Helene goes to the doo

ELIZABETH. [Gazes after her with gemotion, then half-choking.] Len-

HELENE. Did you call me, mamma de ELIZABETH. No, no, no, my darl Sleep well!

HELENE. You, too, mamma, dear!

[ELIZABETH goes to the glass of ROECKNITZ steps in; she s back.]

ROECKNITZ. Well? Yes or no? [ELBETH turns away.] Girl, just look he [Shows her his shut right hand.] Now I Hyou so. By this you may know. I don't let you go any more. . . . Be so of that,

ELIZABETH. What harm can you do

if I am not willing?

ROECKNITZ. You'll see soon enor This very evening. . . . I'll have no

with me. . . . Whether the whole cadle here goes a-flying through the air

not is utterly all one to me.

ELIZABETH. How extraordinary! Why, nought I knew you, Roecknitz. That you

ROECKNITZ. Brutal! . . . Say it brisknow: brutal. . . . Be perfectly at ease out it — This is the dear old song that one so often has heard.

ELIZABETH. The shame!— the shame! ROECKNITZ. Yes or no, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH [as DANGEL appears at the ss door]. But you need n't go, Herr Dandler. Does the lamp burn steadier

w, Herr Dangel?

Dangel. It seems to, Frau Principal, that unless a regular gust comes—then—ROECKNITZ [with meaning]. I bet it will

on be coming, Frau Principal.

ELIZABETH [pointing to DANGEL]. Ach, ar Roecknitz, will you leave me a moent with —

ROECKNITZ [shrugging his shoulders]. As u command, dear lady. [Exit.]

[ELIZABETH sinks into a chair at the left.]

DANGEL. Frau Principal, are you not

ell? ELIZABETH. Quite well, my good friend, ank you kindly. . . . Sit down here a

tle beside me — so. DANGEL. Pardon, Frau Principal, but

on't they be missing you?

ELIZABETH. Perhaps so. But I'd like to part some news which will certainly give u pleasure. Your application is as good

granted. DANGEL. Oh? Did the Herr School In-

ector give you the

ELIZABETH. Yes. But for the time being n't seem to know. My husband must first ake his official statement concerning you. DANGEL. Ach, I am absolutely—

ELIZABETH. And so you'll be leaving us fore long, Herr Dangel. I'm sorry—for l of us—for you've become a reliable iend. . . . I'm sorry for Lenchen, too, ho is so fond of you.

DANGEL. Yes, is that true?

ELIZABETH. The child is so in need of rotection. And you've always been so atentive and friendly.

DANGEL. Ach, Frau Principal, if it were

ermitted me to say -

ELIZABETH. Rather, say nothing — words bind one — and I won't have that. . . . But circumstances can arise — pretty soon — when she'll be yet more in need of your protection, of your sympathy.

DANGEL [disconcerted]. What do you

mean by that, Frau Principal?

ELIZABETH. Good Heavens, we're all in God's hands, are n't we? . . . It's easily possible that hereafter I can't be with her as much as I gladly would. . . . In such event, I may count on you—may I not?—to be to her—let us say—a dear brother?—

DANGEL. Frau Principal, my whole

power, my whole life -

ELIZABETH. No, no, no!—not too much. And now give me your hand! God bless you my dear boy! [Whilst he inclines his head to her hand, she adds softly, half turning aside with eyes to the ground.] God bless you both!

DANGEL. Why, that's like a parting for life, Frau Principal. . . . What, then, can

ELIZABETH. Nothing — nothing of importance — only — But just look and see what's the matter out there?

[It has become dark on the veranda. Laughter.]

Dangel [from the doorway]. Now the lamp's gone out, after all.

[Frau Orb, Fräulein Goehre, Von Roeck-NITZ, Doctor Orb, Wiedemann, and Bet-Tina come into the room.]

Frau Orb [with a wineglass in her hand]. Well, I never, such a lamp. Such a lamp.

ELIZABETH [who has come some steps nearer the ladies]. I hope you were not frightened, Frau School Inspector.

FRAU ORB. Oh, I beg of you — not the least. [Sits down. With benignant superiority.] It's wisest, of course, in such cases to use a wind lamp. . . . However, one can't possess everything, and you're still such a young wife!

BETTINA [who has likewise sat down]. For all that, I've already learned very much

from my dear friend Elizabeth.

FRAU ORB [piqued, yet zealous]. Well, of course, if you say that, Lady von Roecknitz, you with your splendid ménage, then of course —

[ELIZABETH goes out on the veranda to fetch the punch-bowl and glasses; Dangel assists her.] Orb [with two glasses in his hand]. I have taken the liberty to bring your glass, esteemed Lady von Roecknitz.

BETTINA [friendly]. Many thanks.

Orb. I was just permitting myself to lay before your consort, Lady von Roecknitz, some of the cases where the discipline of the Church has presumably a vigorous word to add, without, however, essentially restricting the personal competency of the nobility . . . in cases of drunkenness, unchastity, and idleness — entirely apart from the specific paragraphs of the legal —

ROECKNITZ [who has thrown himself into the easy-chair]. Now that we're just talking of drunkenness, my dear Elizabeth, give

me another glass of punch.

[Stands up and walks to the card-table, where she has set the bowl.]

ELIZABETH. Permit me.

ROECKNITZ. Thanks most humbly. [Soft-

ly. Yes or no?

ELIZABETH [hastily]. Who else of our guests will have a glass? Don't you drink anything at all, Fraulein Goehre?

FRÄULEIN GOEHRE [with constrained laugh]. Really, I don't know whether I —

BETTINA [kindly]. Just come now, dear Fräulein. Both of us are always good for one more. The constituted authorities will keep an eye shut—what say, my dear Principal?

Wiedemann. Seeing that we are all poor sinners — that is, excuse me, I speak

only for myself.

ORB. Now, now, I am myself no inhuman creature either. . . . The Horatian desipere in loco was written for me too — in a way.

Frau Orb [gazing about]. No, how nice everything is here, is n't it, Lady von Roecknitz? So tasteful and genuine. . . . You must feel, after all, really quite happy here, Frau Principal?

WIEDEMANN [as she does n't hear]. Eliz-

abeth!

ELIZABETH [starting]. What were you saying, please?

Bettina. Now - happiness makes one

silent. That's the case with her.

ROECKNITZ [with emphasis]. For a fact it's an awful shame that everything here's coming so soon to an end.

[ELIZABETH shrinks with a start.] Wiedemann [confused]. But, Roecknitz!

ORB. What for, then? I think the no one more secure in his position that dear Principal.

ROECKNITZ. That you don't intenoust him, I take for granted, my hon

sir.

ORB. But?

WIEDEMANN. Why, you see, Herr Se Inspector, he's having his joke.

ROECKNITZ. So?...Mm yes. Oh, please, my dearest housewife, fill glass again.

[Draws near to Elizabeth. wants to talk to him, but dares

ORB. [Takes WIEDEMANN in the ntime aside.] Now, tell me, — for you such a start, — what did he mean by the

WIEDEMANN. I know — absolutely n

ing.

ORB. Won't you be so friendly as to plain yourself more clearly, Herr Bar... It's a matter that interests us, too a way.

ROECKNITZ. Oh, what is there here explain, then? Why, there's nothing at to explain. One can hold what notions at it he will. What say, dearest housew surely every one can hold what notion will?

ELIZABETH [desperately]. Oh, certain BETTINA. What can be the matter on by husband?

ROECKNITZ. Now, tell me, my dear E School Inspector — for it's all right to me — have you ever stolen silver spoon

ORB [joining in the laughter]. But,

mit me—
ROECKNITZ. Neither have I... I sw
it: neither have I... I'm in every wa
model youth.... When I want to ta
anything from one, I do it eye to e
shoulder against shoulder... You a
this fine trait of character I've inheri
from my ancestors... there was one
pecially—a sturdy knight—who carried
a thriving business in silk-stuffs, rosewo
Genoese brocade, precious stones, whit
and pomade—what one calls a dealer
sundries... Nix, he was n't partieu
... he took everything that the grace
God brought along by his castle. [Wild
Eye to eye, shoulder against should

That's the traffic for me . . . we'll tr

too! . . . What, my old tutor? This v

!... We'll try - what? ... this very -- mm ?

VIEDEMANN [perplexed at his wild talk]. t, my dear Roecknitz, now I really don't w what I — [Turns to Orb.] ROECKNITZ. Ha ha, ha ha, ha ha — yes,

, yes! ELIZABETH [behind him—softly]. Have

v — be still! ROECKNITZ [relieved, to himself]. Mm,

a !

ORB. That is all so incoherent - one uld suppose - yes, will you not, in the erest of our guests, permit me again question, Herr Baron: now, how do explain, then, the mysterious words t everything here will soon be at an

ROECKNITZ. Now — since — uh — since s time to go to bed. That's very simple, [The other guests rise laughing.] elv. ORB. Oh, yes. . . . You've been amusyourself, to be sure, somewhat at our pense, Herr Baron — but I may, I trust, press the hope [putting forth his hand for ve-taking of meeting you shortly again a vein so jocose.

ROECKNITZ. Don't mention it. . . . e've missed you and your wife for some ne at our house.

ORB. Ah — this pleasure comes — so un-

pectedly, Herr Baron.

ROECKNITZ. And so - auf wiedersehen! Turns to the rear. General leavetaking.

WIEDEMANN. I'll unlock the garden te for the company, Elizabeth.

DECKNITZ. Excuse me a moment. ELIZABETH. [Nods. To DANGEL, who gers by the door.] Good-night, my dear

err Dangel!

Dangel [choked]. Frau Principal — ELIZABETH. Yes - can I do anything

Dangel [constrained]. Good-night. [Exit, with a bow.]

Bettina. Nice people, these Orbs. ROECKNITZ. Ugh! - Earwigs! BETTINA. If they 're so distasteful to you, hy, then, did you invite them, dear?

ROECKNITZ. I say, Bettina - go to bed. Bettina. But I'm not the least bit -ROECKNITZ. Quick, quick, quick, say ood-night. It's time. I'll be with you

ght away.

BETTINA [sighing]. And so good-night, Lieschen!

[Elizabeth looks earnestly into her eyes and then kisses her lovingly.] ROECKNITZ. Children, keep your tender-

ness for to-morrow. Quick, quick!

Exit BETTINA. ROECKNITZ. You said I should keep silent. So I have kept silent. Elizabeth for the last time -

Elizabeth [pressing her hands against her brow and eyes]. Why have you been baiting me so to my terror. I'm hardly a wild beast that one -

ROECKNITZ. Before he comes in again -

at once ! - yes or no?

ELIZABETH. It is, then, your fixed determination to ruin my life, in case I did not as you -

[Roecknitz utters a short, impatient

laugh.

ELIZABETH. Roecknitz, even if I tell you

ROECKNITZ. It is my fixed determination to possess you. I've nothing further to say. ELIZABETH. And you would tell my husband what to-day — between us —?

ROECKNITZ. Here - right off - on the spot! In two minutes, you can see for yourself, my girl.

ELIZABETH [after some silence]. It is well,

Roecknitz. And so — I — yield —

ROECKNITZ [lifting himself in triumph]. Ah! . . . And just wait till we have you in the new conditions. O woman — it 's you, and of course I'll-

ELIZABETH. And with you that means: eye to eye, shoulder against shoulder?

ROECKNITZ. Every time that it's necessary. . . . But why, then, - now any longer? And when he comes back, we'll set in order the matter of the lease at once. There must be order. Obviously.

ELIZABETH. I beg you urgently: wait

till to-morrow.

ROECKNITZ. What's the good of that? Why to-morrow?

ELIZABETH. I beg you!

ROECKNITZ. Good, good! Gallant to a fault! [With awakening suspicion.] That is, Elizabeth - in case, my girl, you may be playing me some trick before tomorrow - it won't do any good - mark me I'll find you for all that.

ELIZABETH. Go now! please!

ROECKNITZ. Yet I must say good-night to him. What may he -?

ELIZABETH. I'll attend to that for you!

For to-morrow will -

ROECKNITZ [suspiciously]. Everything tomorrow! - Oh, well, good - and so tomorrow. [Tenderly, from the doorway.] Goodnight!

ELIZABETH. Good-night!

[Elizabeth goes to the door at the right, toward WIEDEMANN.]

WIEDEMANN. Have the Roecknitzes gone to bed?

ELIZABETH. They were all tired out and

begged to be excused.

WIEDEMANN. It was doubtless a little careless of me to make them wait so long, but Orb simply would hold on to me . . . yes, - say, what got into Roecknitz all of a sudden that he seemed about to trumpet the affair from the house-tops? My heart stood still with fright. . . . It was almost as if he intended to devise a fait accompli right over our heads. Now, one can't permit one's self to be treated after that fashion. . . . It would really be better - one - well, I'll say nothing - nothing at all . . . you're to do the deciding.

ELIZABETH [mildly]. Wait till to-morrow,

Georg.

WIEDEMANN. Anything you will, child !

. . Anything you -

[Laughs aloud to himself, as he recalls something.

ELIZABETH. And you laugh?

WIEDEMANN. Oho, for everything in the world has its humorous side, too. . . . Orb quite correctly smelt a rat . . . for he 's a sly one. . . . But, instead of being offended, he's put a higher price on me. . . . You know well enough how he usually bulldozes me. Just now on leaving he literally showered me with sugar-plums. . . . He even hinted the prospect of a raise in salary. . . . Yes, yes, one must make one's self a rarity and play the part of the much-sought-after. . . . That 's what I 've neglected all my life.

ELIZABETH. So you'd be - glad enough

- to stay - right here?

WIEDEMANN. [Takes a book from the shelf - sighing. Ach, Heavens - I - after all-ELIZABETH [with energy]. And you shall

stay, Georg!

WIEDEMANN. No - no - no - not for all the world. [He seats himself at the desk.] ELIZABETH. Are you still going to

Georg?

WIEDEMANN. Heavens, I'm only goi - Why, one can't come to class withou least a glimmer — [With covert bitters Even for a prospective overseer tl hardly the square thing - I'll do the in bed.

ELIZABETH. Do you sleep well over

the schoolhouse?

WIEDEMANN. Thank you, very well ELIZABETH. [Extinguishes the lamp o table to the left. Are you going over p

WIEDEMANN. Of course — I 've only

ELIZABETH. Then shove the key in again - so we can unlock to-morrow n

WIEDEMANN. Certainly. We'll do ELIZABETH. Good-night, then, Geor

Offers him her h

WIEDEMANN. How the affair does u you! . . . You 're perfectly pale. . . . noticed it - the whole evening! . . . Heaven . . . and all was so good and so and so rich. . . . One can scarce trust self to believe that he has all this in his own house. . . . Thank you so, o About to kiss her. ELIZABETH starts be Don't want to give me a kiss?

ELIZABETH. Surely!

[Leans toward his hand, which touches hastily with her lips.]

WIEDEMANN [startled, withdrawing hand]. But, Elizabeth!

> [Exit Elizabeth hastily. WI MANN peers after her in deep tion, then takes a bundle of b under his arm, and is about to tinguish the lamp. One hears i yard muffled steps, which stop fore the house. He listens and through the glass door.]

WIEDEMANN. Any one there? DANGEL'S VOICE. Herr Principal -

WIEDEMANN. Dangel! you? What you want now? [DANGEL enters.] How you get into the yard, anyway?

DANGEL. I climbed over the fence, I

Principal.

WIEDEMANN. Man, why that's ha the thing for you to be doing. . . . If body had - Why did n't you ring?

ANGEL. Before I left I wanted to-I thought I - That is to say, I want to ak with you in private, Herr Principal. WIEDEMANN. So? . . . Dangel, before begin telling me any yarns, - our Rosa re in the kitchen is a pretty girl. You're h young - I will seem not to have rerked anything - but hereafter spare house anything of this sort - if you

ase. DANGEL [indignantly]. Herr Principal, not insult me. . . . There is some one in s house I love, but that is your Lenchen. WIEDEMANN. Dangel! . . . Dangel, I n't know whether I ought to rejoice. . . . at can easily ruin your life, Dangel. And poor child shall ruin no man's life.

DANGEL. Herr Principal, my life is aldy mapped out.

WIEDEMANN. And so it was for this ur plans - about becoming a teacher of blind! Does she know anything?

[Dangel shakes his head.] WIEDEMANN. That is good, Dangel. . . .

at is honorable of you.

DANGEL. Herr Principal, I did n't come that account. . . . I 've come - because Herr Principal - I suspect, something eadful's going to happen in your house. WIEDEMANN. Dangel! . . . Sh! . . .

pens the door to the corridor, listens, and ys, coming back. Now, tell me.

DANGEL. Well, then, Herr Principal, toy Lenchen drew me aside and fervently sought me to keep an eye on Frau Wiedeann, - for she seemed so different.

WIEDEMANN. My wife? . . . Yes, yes there are reasons for that.

DANGEL. Herr Principal, but your wife en bade me good-bye. WIEDEMANN. Good-bye? - to you?

by, then, precisely to you? DANGEL. Because she knows - or rather es through - this matter with Lenchen. nd then she urged me to watch over the nild - if she - should n't be here - any ore.

WIEDEMANN. [Lifts himself to his full ight, speechless. His features become stoneulm. Did she say anything more?

DANGEL. No. But I observed her then.

WIEDEMANN And?

DANGEL. Well, if, in my inexperience, 've a right to an opinion, she intends — she tends -

WIEDEMANN. To leave this house? Dangel. Yes.

WIEDEMANN. [Sinks into his chair again, brooding with head in his hands. That may — well — be.

Dangel. Herr Principal—my dear Herr

Principal!

WIEDEMANN. And this very night — is n't it?

Dangel. Well, one can't tell as to that,

Herr Principal.

WIEDEMANN. And so I'll stay here all night, for any chance. It 's here that she 'll have to pass through. If she - can one see the light shine very far ? [DANGEL makes a motion of not understanding.] I mean, the light from the house.

DANGEL. I rather think so, Herr Prin-

cipal.

WIEDEMANN. Then, I'll close up. . . . I thank you, Dangel !- Here 's the key to the garden gate . . . you can leave that open.

DANGEL. Shan't I rather ---

WIEDEMANN. If she intends to go, the way must be left free. Good-night, Dangel. DANGEL. Good-night, Herr Principal.

[WIEDEMANN closes the shutters of the window and of the glass door, listens at the corridor door and hangs his handkerchief over the keyhole, then sits down at his desk and tries to read, but his agitation overmasters him. A soft sound becomes audible from the adjacent room. He starts up and listens with averted face. The door opens; there's a crythen shuts quickly.]

WIEDEMANN. Is any one there still up? [Goes a few steps toward the door.]

ELIZABETH [coming in fearsomely with a dark crocheted kerchief over her head]. It's only me, Georg.

WIEDEMANN. Are you going out into the

air again?

ELIZABETH [panting]. Yes, I just wanted to go down to the river. . . . I wanted to see if there are any fish in the box - the Roecknitzes are likely to stay over till dinner, you know-

WIEDEMANN. You must sit down, Elizabeth. Why, you can hardly keep your feet.

ELIZABETH [trying to steady herself]. Oh, no - I -

WIEDEMANN. Just come, now. This day's been too much for you. Then I'll go down with you.

[He leads her to the easy-chair, into which she sinks heavily.]

ELIZABETH. But — you were — going — to bed — right away?

Wiedemann. True, but I found a little more work to tend to.

ELIZABETH. What, then?

WIEDEMANN. Ach, nothing of . . . Elizabeth!

ELIZABETH. What, Georg?

WIEDEMANN. Elizabeth, if it's now at an end between us—I've seen it coming, you know that—but to slink out of the house in night and darkness, see, now,—you don't have to do that.

ELIZABETH. Where — did you know —

what -- I -- ?

WIEDEMANN. In reality I know nothing . . . nothing, except what you said to Dangel. . . . But now that we stand here face to face for the last time, we 're surely not going to play each other a comedy. And I won't hold you back . . . the gate is already open, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH [a moment undecided; then with sudden resolution]. Then, farewell!

[About to rush forth.]

WIEDEMANN. Elizabeth!

ELIZABETH. What still do you wish of

WIEDEMANN. You 've, indeed, nothing more to say to me, I see that. . . . And what could it possibly be? You go now your own way . . . whither? I won't even ask you. . . . You 've been to me all love and kindness — and I 've broken your life . . .

ELIZABETH. How, then, Georg? . . . You came to me in my hour of grief and I said yes. . . In a joyful hour I would have said no. I admit it. . . But ultimately—it was my own free will . . . or what one calls free will when one's drowning and snatches at an outstretched hand. . . I fled then from the same man from whom I'm fleeing to-night.

WIEDEMANN [stammering]. I — don't —

understand - you -

ELIZABETH [simply, without gesture].

Who's sleeping there upstairs?

WIEDEMANN [precipitously]. Elizabeth! ... [Controlling himself forthwith, without expression.] Were you his mistress, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH. In that case I would n here.... One is n't likely to deliver a self up quite so entirely....

WIEDEMANN. True — then I fancy house ought to be the best protection

have on earth.

ELIZABETH. It was, Georg. It was to-day. . . . But your house has guame ill. Or rather, indeed, you've the rosay: I've guarded your house ill. Georg, I've thrown myself upon his nin your own house.

[Wiedemann presses toward reels back and then sinks du

into a chair.]

ELIZABETH [after a pause]. I've sought this interview, Georg. I did n't to hurt you. . . . On the contrary. More dearly one could n't purchase o silence. . . . You'd both have found m morrow — and there an end.

WIEDEMANN. Elizabeth — have pit child, what did you — Thank God, I sta

up. Thank God, thank God.

ELIZABETH. Do not thank God. . . . two have no occasion for that. True, if we been different from what we are — hor self-righteous, or something else—then we'd have an easy parting . . . two 'd throw in each other's faces all s of accusations, and in the end I'd shut door blandly behind me. . . Indeed, the the way married people usually separ . . . But we two! . . . Oh, dear Ge. . . never has there been one harsh we between us . . . from you have I had ming but kindness and forethought. . . . were destined to be happy, and if we wonot, woe to us now.

WIEDEMANN. Did the fault lie in

my child?

ELIZABETH. Ah, it 's easy for you talk. . . You were done with your you but I was not. In me all was still on fire every nerve still. . . I was full to the b of longing. [Softly, half to herself.] what a world of experience I have crafor! And then there come the winter evings when one stares at the lamp, and summer nights when the linden blooms fore the door — ach, Georg! and one s to one's self: Off beyond somewhere the great world and life and happiness but you sit here and knit stockings.

WIEDEMANN. Oh, yes, child, perh

at's what every one must go through, no has chosen his lot . . . perhaps in every e there was once a whole hell of such

pes and desires.

ELIZABETH. But all that I hoped and sired was riveted to that man there upuirs. . . . It was madness, I knew that rfectly. Ah, it was madness! But for at very reason I clung so tight to it—
deed, I don't know myself how it all ngs together! But, Georg, I have not received you—I've come to care for you do the children with my whole soul; I've rown used to it here as to my daily bread.

And yet—if I have lived here among out till this day, I've been able to do so only through this one longing. . . . So drive e out, if you will.

Wiedemann [after a pause, hurt but calm]. ou are mistress here. Go or stay, as it

eases you.

ELIZABETH. Then say at least one hard ord to me. . . . So much kindness —

at's too much to bear.

WIEDEMANN. Where are you going to?

ave you any plan as yet?

[ELIZABETH shakes her head.] WIEDEMANN. What does he desire of you? ELIZABETH. Have n't you yourself conived that with him? [WIEDEMANN starts.] ELIZABETH. Ah, now I understand him! ow I know on what sort of a man I've rown away my best of life! . . . Be at st, Georg, I would not have sold myself d you—[with the laughter of pain]—od knows, no!

WIEDEMANN. Is it for this, Elizabeth,

at this night you have -

ELIZABETH. Whether this night — or one other time! . . . I'm too weary to egin anew. . . . Anyway, it would be likely come to the same in the end.

WIEDEMANN [after some silence]. Eliza-

eth!

ELIZABETH. What, Georg?

WIEDEMANN. Will you stay with us? ELIZABETH. Georg!

WIEDEMANN. Will you stay with us? ELIZABETH. Georg, how am I to live here among you with this stain on my soul? ... How am I to look you in the eye? ... Where am I to get a little self-respect when depressed by some reproach? It won't do — why, you see it won't. . . . And you will get over it. . . .

WIEDEMANN. Ah, what of it whether I get over it or not! . . . But the children!

. . . I'm so grieved for Lenchen.

ELIZABETH. Don't think of Lenchen!

Don't make it too hard for one.

Wiedemann. Now that you speak of a stain, Elizabeth, and suppose you'd have to be in dread of me, I'll confess something to you—a suspicion—a—something that I've always been carrying about within mel.

As I found you that night so forlorn in the manor garden I believed you'd been forsaken by some one or other in your world—I mean—I mean—become a sacrifice—Now you know why I said I'd stolen you... yet in spite of the suffering it cost me, did I ever once let you feel it?...

Do you still suppose you dare n't look me in the eye any more?

ELIZABETH. Georg! Georg!

[She buries her face in his arm.] Wiedemann [stroking her hair]. My youth, indeed, — that I cannot bring back to you. . . . But little by little yours too will pass away. . . . The desires will become more still . . . the longing will go to sleep . . . every one must resign one's self — even the happiest. . . And who knows but then there 'll be once more some happiness in this old nook of ours.

[ELIZABETH nods again and again

amid her tears.]

WIEDEMANN. Now go to bed, child....
Just go to bed.... To-morrow morning
our house shall be cleansed; let me take
care of that.... Why are you looking at
me this way?

ELIZABETH. It seems as if I saw you to-

night for the first time.



THE RED ROBE LA ROBE ROUGE A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS Crowned by the French Academy

By BRIEUX OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY

Translated by F. O. REED.

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PERSONS OF THE PLAY

Mouzon Police Sergeant

VAGRET CLERK
ETCHEPARE PLACAT

MONDOUBLEAU JANITOR OF THE COURT

LA BOUZULE YANETTA

BUNERAT ETCHEPARE'S MOTHER

ATTORNEY-GENERAL MADAME VAGRET

MADAME BUNERAT

PRESIDENT OF THE ASSIZES MADAME B
DELORME BERTHA
CATIALÉNA

ARDEUIL BRIDET

Time - the present, at Mauléon



RED ROBE THE

ACT I

modest drawing-room in an old house at

uléon.

1s the curtain rises MADAME VAGRET, in ning dress, is arranging the position of the irs in her drawing-room.

ter Bertha, also in evening dress, holding a

newspaper.]

BERTHA. Here's the paper. I have had Record taken to father. He is just back m court and is dressing.

MADAME VAGRET. Is the hearing over?

BERTHA. Not yet.

MADAME VAGRET [taking the paper]. e paper is still full of it?

BERTHA, As usual.

MADAME VAGRET. It does n't take long find it. . . . Here it is in the headlines, large letters: "THE IRISSARRY IME." They are after your father v! [Reading.] "M. Vagret, our prose-ing attorney . . ." [Continuing to her-And subheadings: "Murderer still large." As if it were our fault!...
ustice asleep." Asleep, indeed! The a of writing things like that when your her has n't had a wink of sleep for two eks! Has n't he done his duty? Is n't lorme, the examining magistrate, doing ? He has made himself sick over it, r man! . . . Just day before yesterday arrested another vagabond with scarcely shred of evidence against him! Well, n! No, I tell you, these reporters are d!

BERTHA. It seems there's going to be article in the Basque paper too . . .

MADAME VAGRET. The Eskual Herria! BERTHA. So the apothecary told me just

MADAME VAGRET. What do I care for aper like that? The A.G. doesn't read

BERTHA. On the contrary, father was ing the other day that the AttorneyGeneral has a translation sent him of all

articles bearing on the magistracy.

MADAME VAGRET. Is that so? Then it's a pretty state of affairs! Well, we'll not talk of it any more. . . . How many of us will there be this evening? Have you the list?

Bertha. Yes. . . . [Getting it from the mantel and reading.] The Judge of the Assizes . . . the Judge of the Court . .

MADAME VAGRET. All right, all right!

. . . Nine in all, are n't there?

BERTHA. Yes, nine.

MADAME VAGRET. Nine! To have nine people to dinner and not to know at what time they will come - that's the worst of these session-end dinners which we are obliged to give in honor of the Judge of the Assizes. . . . We dine after the hearing! . . . After the hearing! Well! Let us await the good pleasure of these gentlemen. . . . [Sighing.] Well, my child?

BERTHA. Mamma?

MADAME VAGRET. Do you still want to marry a magistrate?

BERTHA [decidedly]. Oh, no!
MADAME VAGRET. To think that you had that idea two years ago!

BERTHA. I'm over it now!

MADAME VAGRET. Just look at us! Consider your father. . . . Public Prosecutor — in a court of the third class, just because he is not a schemer, and has never known how to take advantage of politics. ... Well — there's no use talking! he's an able man. Since he has been in office he has obtained three life-imprisonments! And in a district like this, where cases are hopelessly rare! Is n't that doing pretty well? Of course, he has just had two acquittals in this last session. Granted! But that was only bad luck. . . . And for defending Society as he does, what does he get? Do you even know?

BERTHA. Oh, yes, I know. You have

told me often enough, mother.

MADAME VAGRET. And I'll tell you again. Counting what is kept back for his pension, he gets in all, three hundred ninety-five francs and eighty-three centimes per month. . . And we find ourselves obliged to give a dinner for nine to receive the counselor, Judge of the Assizes. . . I hope everything is ready, at least. Let us see. . . Is my Revue des Deux Mondes there? . . Yes. . . Is my chair placed right? [Sitting down in it.] Yes. . . [Bowing by way of rehearsal.] "Judge, be seated, I beg you . . ." I hope it will go off like that. . . And to think that Dufour, who was a simple judge when we were at Castelnaudary, is to-day Judge of the second class at Douai after serving only at Brest! . . .

Bertha. Really?

MADAME VAGRET [getting a book from the mantel]. Look it up in the Year Book.

Bertha. I'll take your word for it.
MADAME VAGRET. You well may! The
Year Book of the Magistracy, I know that by
heart!

BERTHA. But as father is going to receive his appointment as counselor almost any day . . .

MADAME VAGRET. It's been a long time coming — that counselor's appointment of

his.

Bertha. But it's all settled now. He is slated for the first vacancy — since the death of Lefèvre.

MADAME VAGRET. I hope to goodness you're right! If we miss it again this time, it's all up. We'll have to stay at Mauléon until we're pensioned. What a shame they can't lay hands on that accursed murderer! Such a beautiful crime! . . . This time we might hope for the death sentence—the very first!

BERTHA. Never mind, little mother,

there is still a chance.

MADAME VAGRET. You take it lightly, I must say! You see that the papers are beginning to growl. They are attacking us for indolence. My child, I suppose you do not know that there is talk of sending to Paris for a member of the police! That would be disgrace itself! Everything promised so well. . . . You have no idea how excited your father was when they woke

him up to tell him that an old man, eig seven years old, had just been murdere his district! He had on his clothes in than five minutes and he said to me, retering his feelings, but vigorously presmy hand: "I think I've got it this timy appointment!" [She sighs.] And there's everything going to smash throthe fault of this good-for-nothing who fuses to be caught! [She sighs again.] We time is it?

BERTHA. It has just struck six.

MADAME VAGRET. Go make the me . . . Don't forget that only the titles put on: "Judge of the Assizes . . . Ju of the Court of Mauléon . . ." and so

BERTHA. That's a good deal to writ MADAME VAGRET. There's no way get out of it! Here's your father. Go a look into the kitchen as if by accident. [BERTHA goes

[Enter Vagret, in evening dress.]
MADAME VAGRET. Is n't the hea

over?

VAGRET. No. When I left, my Sultute was rising to demand the applica of the penalty.

MADAME VAGRET. Anything new? VAGRET. About the crime? N

ing. . .

MADAME VAGRET. And is Delorme, examining magistrate, making thorough vestigations?

VAGRET. He is doing all he can.

MADAME VAGRET. Oh! If I were in place, it seems to me. . . . There! The amining magistrates ought to be wom [Absent-mindedly.] Nothing in the I ord?

VAGRET [annoyed]. Yes.

MADAME VAGRET. And you did n't me. . . . Something for us?

VAGRET. No. . . . Nanteuil has been pointed Advocate-General.

MADAME VAGRET. Nanteuil?

VAGRET. Yes.

MADAME VAGRET. That 's the last str He was Assistant Judge at Lunéville w you were Substitute there!

VAGRET. Yes, but he has a cousin is a Deputy — you can't beat that comb

tion!

[Silence. MADAME VAGRET sits of and begins to cry.]

ADAME VAGRET. We never have any

AGRET. Come, come! my dear, don't cry.
ADAME VAGRET [still weeping]. My
dear, I know well enough it's not your
t... you do the best you can... the
trouble with you is that you are too
set, and I would be the last one to rech you for it ... only, what's the use of
ing! Everybody gets ahead of us ...
are long you will be the oldest Prose-

AGRET. What! I? Where is the Year

IADAME VAGRET [still in tears]. Look er Length of Service — farther over. [AGRET [throwing aside the Year Book]. I't cry like that! You know I have been

ted out as Lefèvre's successor. IADAME VAGRET. Yes, I know.

AGRET. I am slated for advancement. IADAME VAGRET. So is everybody else. AGRET. But I have the definite promise the Attorney-General and of the Chief tice.

MADAME VAGRET. It's the Deputy's need.

AGRET. Oh!

MADAME VAGRET. Certainly. Until now have waited for advancement; you st meet it halfway, my dear. If you i't do as others do, you are only a simton.

VAGRET. A man of principle, you mean! MADAME VAGRET. And for the very reathat you are a man of principle you that to strive to attain to higher duties. The independent and capable magistrates the others outstrip them, what will be

future of the magistracy?

VAGRET. There is some truth in that ...
MADAME VAGRET. Since you can better
situation through the influence of a
puty, and still scrupulously retain your
egrity, you would be wrong not to do
... What do they want you to do in
urn, anyway?—to defend the Minis-

VAGRET. As it happens, I am on that

e anyway.

MADAME VAGRET. Hurry, then: a Minry does n't last long. . . . To defend the mistry is to defend the Government, that the State, that is, Society. It is to do s's duty.

VAGRET. You are ambitious.

MADAME VAGRET. Ambitious! No, my dear . . . but really one must think of the future. . . . If you knew how hard it is for me to make both ends meet. . . . We ought to be getting Bertha married; our sons are going to cost us more every year; on account of our position we are constrained to certain useless expenditures which we could well dispense with, but we must keep up appearances, we must maintain our position. We want George to enter the Polytechnic, and that 's going to take money! And then, there is Henry who is going to study law. . . . The better position you hold the better you will be able to help him.

VAGRET [after a pause]. I have n't told

you all.

MADAME VAGRET. What is it now? VAGRET [timidly]. Cortan has been appointed Counselor at Amiens.

MADAME VAGRET [angrily]. What! That

idiot Cortan?

VAGRET. Yes.

MADAME VAGRET. Worse than ever!

VAGRET. What did you expect? The new Keeper of the Seals is from his Department; you can't beat that combination!

MADAME VAGRET. There is always something. . . . Cortan! What a splurge she will make! — Madame Cortan! A woman who writes "judiciary" with an s. . . . I suppose she'll trot out that yellow hat! Don't you remember that yellow hat?

VAGRET. No.

MADAME VAGRET. It's the husband who should wear that color.

VAGRET. Rosa, you are unjust.
MADAME VAGRET [nervously]. I know

[Enter CATIALÉNA.]

CATIALÉNA. Madame, where shall I put that bundle that we took out of the linencloset this morning?

MADAME VAGRET. What bundle?

CATIALENA. That bundle, you know, — when we took the linen-closet for the cloak-room . . .

MADAME VAGRET [suddenly]. Yes, yes

. . . take it to my room.

it, but it relieves me . . .

CATIALENA. This way?
MADAME VAGRET. No; just leave it here. I will put it away myself.

CATIALENA. Very well, madame. [Goes

out.

MADAME VAGRET. [To herself, smelling of the bundle.] For all my moth-balls, it will be all worm-eaten before you ever get a chance to wear it.

VAGRET. What is it?

MADAME VAGRET [putting the bundle on the table and opening the wrapper]. Look.

VAGRET. Ah, yes, my red robe . . . the one you bought me ahead of time two years ago.

MADAME VAGRET. Yes. That time it was Gamard who was chosen in your place.

VAGRET. How else could it be! Gamard was brother-in-law of a Deputy. You can't beat that combination! Of course, the Ministry has to assure itself of a majority.

MADAME VAGRET. And to think that in spite of all my hunting I have not been able to discover even among my cousins as

much as an alderman!

VAGRET. Here, put it away. I don't like to look at it. . . . [Giving back the robe which he has unfolded.] Perhaps it would n't fit me now . . .

MADAME VAGRET. Oh, those things fit

every one!

VAGRET. Let's see. [Takes off his coat.]
MADAME VAGRET. And they bring you
a thousand francs more a year!
VAGRET. It has n't faded.

[Enter Bertha; he hides his red robe.]

What is it?

BERTHA. It is I.

VAGRET. You frightened me.

Bertha [seeing the robe]. You are appointed! You are appointed!

VAGRET. Be quiet! Go lock the door!

BERTHA. Papa is appointed?

MADAME VAGRET. Do as you're told! No, he is not appointed.

VAGRET. It's just as good as new, is n't it?

[Putting on the robe.]

MADAME VAGRET. Well, it ought to be!

I got the best there was.

VAGRET. Ah, if I only had that on to demand the head of the Irissarry murderer! There's no use talking, the man who planned that costume was no fool. What an effect it does have on the jury! And just as much on the prisoner! I remember one fellow who did not take his eyes from the robe of the Prosecutor during a whole hearing.

You feel stronger with it on, you have dignity, a freer gesture. . . . "Gentle of the court, gentlemen of the jur Would n't my demand have an ethough! "Gentlemen of the court, ge men of the jury; 't is in the name of ety, which voices its vengeance through't is in the name of the sacred interes humanity, in the name of the eternal ciples, 't is in the strength of my right of my duty, that I rise — [recommencin gesture] — that I rise to demand of you head of the wretch who is before you.

MADAME VAGRET. How well you sp

[VAGRET, after shrugging his s ders, sighs, takes off his robe s in silence and gives it to his wi

VAGRET. Here, put it away. MADAME VAGRET. There's the bell

BERTHA. Yes.

MADAME VAGRET. [To her daughtere, take it!

BERTHA. Yes, mother.

[Does up the bundle and starts to go MADAME VAGRET. Bertha.

BERTHA. Mother?

MADAME VAGRET [weeping] Put 8 more mothballs in it, my poor child!

[Bertha goes

[Enter CATIALENA.]

CATIALÉNA. [Hands a note to VAGR Some one just brought this for you.

VAGRET. What is it? The Basque pa the Eskual Herria . . . an article man with blue pencil. [Reading.] "Eskual I guzia, hamabartz égun huntan . . .", try to make something out of that langu of savages, will you!

MADAME VAGRET [who has been reasover his shoulder]. It is something all

you.

VAGRET. No!

MADAME VAGRET. Yes, there ... "
gret procuradoreak galdegin . ." V
a minute. [Calling at the door in the b
ground.] Catialéna! Catialéna!

VAGRET. What are you doing?

MADAME VAGRET. Catialéna will tr late it for us. . . . [To CATIALÉNA has just entered.] Here, Catialéna, read this, will you?

CATIALENA. Yes, madame. [Readi "Eta gaitzegilea ozda oraino gakopian

sarryko."

GRET. What does that mean? TIALENA. That means that the Irismurderer has not been arrested

AGRET. We know that. What else? TIALÉNA. "Baginakien yadanik dona léano tribunala yuye bourru arin edo endka ko béréchiazela"... that means at Mauléon there are only judges who been driven away from everywhere and who don't know how to do any-

AGRET. Very well, that's enough ADAME VAGRET. No, no; go on, Catia-

ATIALÉNA. "Yaun hoyen Biribi . . ." ADAME VAGRET. Biribi?

ATIALÉNA. Yes, madame.

ADAME VAGRET. What does that mean asque, — "Biribi?"

ATIALÉNA. I don't know.

ADAME VAGRET. You don't know? mean you don't want to say it? Is it arse word?

ATIALENA. Oh, madame, in that case I

ld understand it . . . AGRET. Biribi . . .

ERTHA. Perhaps it is a nickname they e given you . . .

IADAME VAGRET. Perhaps . . . [A si-

e. To CATIALENA.] Go on.

ATIALÉNA. It's about Monsieur Vagret. IADAME VAGRET. [To her husband.] I you so . . . [To CATIALENA.] Any-

g bad? AGRET. Enough of this, I tell you! atches the paper from CATIALENA and it in his pocket. Go to your kitchen,

! And be mighty quick about it! ATIALENA. Sir, I swear I will not tell

ATIALÉNA, I knew you would get an-[Starts to go out.]

IADAME VAGRET. Catialéna! ATIALÉNA. Madame?

IADAME VAGRET. So you really don't w what Biribi means?

ATIALÉNA. No, madame, . . . on my

d . . . MADAME VAGRET. All right. There 's bell. Go see what it is. [CATIALENA out.] That girl's going to get her k's notice — and no later than to-morVAGRET. Well, now . .

CATIALENA [returning]. It is Monsieur Delorme, sir.

MADAME VAGRET. Your examining mag-

istrate?

VAGRET. Yes, he has come to give me his reply. [To CATIALENA.] Show him in. MADAME VAGRET. What reply?

VAGRET. He has come to give up the

MADAME VAGRET. Give up the case . . . VAGRET. Yes, I asked him to think it over until this evening.

MADAME VAGRET. Perhaps he has only

come to dinner.

VAGRET. No, you know, of course, his health . . . Here he is. Leave us.

[Enter Monsieur Delorme.]

MADAME VAGRET [amiably, going out]. Good-evening, Monsieur Delorme. DELORME. Madame . . .

VAGRET. Well, my friend . . . DELORME. It's no; that's final.

VAGRET. Why?

DELORME. I've already told you. [A silence.]

VAGRET. And the alibi of your prisoner?

DELORME. I have verified it.

VAGRET. It holds?

DELORME. Beyond the shadow of a doubt. VAGRET [sadly]. Then you let the fellow go?

DELORME [regretfully]. There was noth-

ing else to do.

VAGRET [still sad]. Of course. [Pause.] It's too bad, though.

DELORME. Yes.

VAGRET. And what, then?

DELORME. I wish you would give the case to some one else.

VAGRET. There's no appeal?

DELORME. I'm afraid not; you see, my dear Vagret, I am too old to adapt myself to the customs of the present day. . . . I am a magistrate of the old school, like yourself. I inherited from my father certain scruples which are no longer the fashion. These daily attacks in the papers are driving me wild.

VAGRET. They would stop soon enough

at the news of an arrest.

Delorme. Precisely! The result would be that I would do something foolish - in fact, I have already: I would not have arrested that fellow if I had n't been hounded as I was.

VAGRET. He was only a vagabond; you gave him shelter for a few days - there's no harm done.

Delorme. All the same . . .

VAGRET. You are too easily discouraged; this very evening or to-morrow some chance may put you on a new track.

DELORME. Even so . . . By the way, they say Placat, the Bordeaux attorney, will come to defend the accused.

VAGRET. I don't see what interest he can have in the matter.

DELORME. He expects to run at the next elections in our district and counts on his plea, in which he will not fail to lodge certain attacks, to work up a little popularity

VAGRET. What difference will that make? Delorme. Don't you see? He will be able to be present at all the examinations of the prisoner - the law allows it - and, as he is thirsting for notoriety, he will communicate to the papers whatever he may wish and they will insult me every morning if my proceedings do not suit him.

VAGRET. You take it too seriously.

Delorme. Not a bit. Nowadays examinations aren't conducted by the magistrate, but by the public and by the news-

papers.

VAGRET. That is true for the big criminals - in reality the new law is an advantage to no one else. You know as well as I that for the common run of offend-

Delorme. Really, I must beg you to let

VAGRET. Come, now, you do not imagine that Placat, who has a hundred cases to look after, will come to all your examinations. You know well enough what these fellows generally do. . . . He will send some subordinate - if, indeed, he sends any one at all.

Delorme. Please don't insist, my mind

is made up.

VAGRET. In that case . . .

DELORME. Allow me to withdraw. I don't want to meet my colleagues who are dining here.

VAGRET. Until to-morrow, then . . . I

am very sorry . . .

DELORME. To-morrow. [Goes out.] [Enter immediately MADAME VAGRET other door.]

MADAME VAGRET. Well, I was ing; he gives up the case.

VAGRET. Yes . . . his health . .

papers . . . MADAME VAGRET. Well?

VAGRET. Don't tell any one. No or

MADAME VAGRET. Never fear. tens. This time it's our guests.

BERTHA [entering]. Here they are. MADAME VAGRET. Your work, Be My Revue des Deux Mondes . . .

They settle down in their Silence.

BERTHA. They are taking their tim MADAME VAGRET. It's that Ma Bunerat with her ceremony . . .

BUTLER. Judge of the Court and dame Bunerat . . .

MADAME VAGRET. Good-evening [Effusive green BUTLER. Judge La Bouzule

Mouzon.

Deep bows. They all take MADAME VAGRET. [To MADAME I RAT.] Well, madame, there's one session over.

MADAME BUNERAT. Yes, at last! MADAME VAGRET. Your husband ably is n't sorry . . .

MADAME BUNERAT. Nor yours eitl

am sure . . .

MADAME VAGRET. Is n't the judg

the Assizes coming?

BUNERAT. He will be a little late expects to leave early to-morrow mor and he has a lot of things to sign. must remember the hearing is only over. . . . When we saw that there w end to it, we sent for our evening cle while the jury was out, put them on then put our robes over them to prono the sentence . . .

MADAME VAGRET. What was it?

Bunerat. Acquittal.

MADAME VAGRET. Another! Juror such idiots!

VAGRET. Aren't you a little immode in your speech, my dear?

MADAME BUNERAT. Come, mad don't take it so hard . . .

[The two go together toward the re the stage.]

NERAT. [To VAGRET.] Yes, my dear ney, an acquittal . . . that makes

for the session.

UZON. [Forty years of age, side whiskand some but of coarse type.] Three ners released, all because we had no e for holding them any longer.

NERAT. A veritable run of black. BOUZULE. [Seventy years of age.] No , you would have preferred one of red,

ear colleagues . .

NERAT. La Bouzule, you're a cynic. I see how you have the heart to joke ch a subject.

BOUZULE. I would n't be joking if

prisoners had been convicted.

ouzon. Never you mind the prisoners. ourselves we have to think of. If you we shall receive congratulations from hancery, you are very much mistaken. NERAT. A lot he cares whether the eon court is in bad odor at Paris or

BOUZULE. You are right, Bunerat, I care a fig. I have nothing more to for. I am seventy years old next week shall be retired on pension. Nothing to hope for: I have the right to judge ding to my conscience. I'm free! ! Oho! [Executes a step.] Don't get y, I won't say anything more. I see Year Book over there; I will look up pproaching vacancies for you.

[Sits down at the left.] NERAT. Go ahead! [To VAGRET.] The

e of the Assizes is furious.

ouzon. This won't help him any, either.

GRET. And my substitute?

NERAT. That's true . . OUZON. It's all his fault. . . . He I for extenuating circumstances.

NERAT. Where does the idiot come

GRET. He is far from an idiot, I asyou. He has been Secretary of the erence at Paris, he is Doctor of Laws, very capable man.

NERAT. Capable?

GRET. Yes, capable — he has real ora-I gifts.

NERAT. Ah, we noticed it.

GRET. He is a very distinguished

g man.

NERAT [vehemently]. Yes, I suppose But when one has as much talent as that, he goes into practice, he does not enter

the magistracy!

MADAME VAGRET. [To LA BOUZULE, who has come up to her. So, really, Judge La Bouzule, it was the fault of the new substitute, it seems . . .

MADAME BUNERAT. Tell us all about

it.

LA BOUZULE. It was like this . . .

Goes toward the ladies and continues in a low voice. BERTHA has come in and has joined the group of which Vagret also is a member.]

MOUZON. [To BUNERAT.] All this is not going to hasten the appointment of poor

Vagret . .

BUNERAT [with a smile]. The fact is, poor Vagret is playing in bad luck just now.

MOUZON. Is it true that he was seriously thought of when there is at the Mauléon court a man so much better qualified . .

BUNERAT [with an air of false modesty]. I don't see. . . . Whom have you in mind? Mouzon. Yourself, Judge.

BUNERAT. In fact, I have been consid-

ered by the Ministry.

Mouzon. When you preside at the Assizes, the debates will be different from these lately.

BUNERAT. Why do you say that, Mou-

Mouzon. Because I have seen you preside at the police court.

BUNERAT. What are you laughing at? Mouzon. Something you said comes to my mind - what you said the other day.

BUNERAT [radiant]. I 've forgotten . . . Mouzon. So funny . . . BUNERAT. What was it? I said some-

thing funny? I don't remember . . . Mouzon. I should say you did! A hundred times! You were in such spirits, that day. And what a face he made, the prisoner, you know, the ragged fellow; his name was Fawcett . . .

BUNERAT. Oh, yes! When I said to him: "Fawcett, turn on the confession!"

MOUZON. That's it! That's it! And the witness for the prisoner, that idiot! Did n't you disconcert him, though! He could n't finish, they laughed so hard, when you said to him: "If you wish to direct the hearing, say so! Do you want my place?"

BUNERAT. Oh, yes. . . . Ladies, Mouzon has just recalled to me a rather amusing incident. The other day at the police court . . .

BUTLER [announcing]. Monsieur Gabriel

Ardeuil, Substitute.

ARDEUIL. [To MADAME VAGRET.] Pray, pardon me, madame, for my tardiness. I was detained until just this minute.

MADAME VAGRET. Certainly, and the more readily in view of your success of today. They say it was enough to make all

the lawyers of the district jealous.

[Leaves Ardeuil by himself.]
LA BOUZULE [touching Ardeuil on the shoulder]. Young man, sit down by me, please do! . . . You know, of course, that it would not take many hearings like that of to-day to get yourself recalled . . .

ARDEUIL. Do you mean to say they would

recall me . . .

LA BOUZULE. Believe me, it does n't do

one any good to be considered odd!

ARDEUIL. Odd! But you—in spite of the secrecy of the deliberations, I know that you stand for independence and leniency.

LA BOUZULE. Yes, for some little time I

have been indulging in that luxury.

Ardeuil. For some little time?

LA BOUZULE. Yes, my young friend; for I have been recently cured of the malady which makes bad judges out of so many decent people. This malady is the madness for advancement. Look at those over there. If they had not been infected by this microbe, they would be kind and just men, instead of cruel and servile magistrates.

ARDEUIL. You are exaggerating, sir.

The French magistracy is not . . .

LA BOUZULE. Is not venal, very true: among the four thousand magistrates, perhaps you would not find one - not one! Do you understand? - even among the poorest and most humble . . . especially among the poorest and most humble . . . who would accept money to modify his decision. That is the glory and the peculiar possession of the magistracy of our country. Let us pay it that respect! But a large number of them are ready to make concessions and to compromise if it is a matter of being agreeable either to the influential elector, or to the Deputy, or to the Ministry which dispenses places and favors. Universal suffrage is the God and the tyrant of magistrates. You are, therefore, right, and I am not wrong.

ARDEUIL. No one can rob us of dependence.

LA BOUZULE. True enough, but, Tocqueville said somewhere, we sur it ourselves.

ARDEUIL. You are pessimistic. The magistrates on whom no promise . . .

LA BOUZULE. Yes, there are son those without needs, or without ambit certain obscure fellows who give up whole lives without ever soliciting any But you may believe me, these are tions; and the Mauléon court which have before your eyes represents a average integrity of our magistrates. I gerate? Granted! Let's say that in I there are only fifty courts like this twenty; one would be too many! Ah, man, what kind of an idea have you magistracy, anyway?

ARDEUIL. I am afraid of it. LA BOUZULE. Are you serious?

ARDEUIL. Certainly.

LA BOUZULE. Then why are you Stute?

ARDEUIL. Did I have any choice parents put me into this career.

LA BOUZULE. Yes, the magistracy sidered a career. . . . The main thin succeed!

Ardeuil. It would be so wonder dispense justice, tempered with merce

LA BOUZULE. Yes, it would be w ful. [Pause.] Do you want the advis man who has been for forty years a of the third class?

ARDEUIL. By all means.

LA BOUZULE. Hand in your resign you have chosen the wrong robe. O that of a priest could you attempt into practice the ideas which you aring.

ARDEUIL. [As if to himself.] Yes, would take a simple heart, capal

faith.

BUNERAT. [In the group.] If or were lucky enough to have for Kee the Seals a Deputy from the Depar—just for one week!

LA BOUZULE. [To ARDEUIL.] The the things you ought to be thinking

BUTLER [entering]. From the Jucthe Assizes.

[Gives a letter to MADAME VA

GRET. He's not coming?

ADAME VAGRET [after reading it]. No,

not coming!

NERAT. I was almost expecting it . . . ADAME VAGRET. He says he has a ache . . . He took the six-forty-nine

OUZON. That means something.

ADAME BUNERAT. He could n't have

n his displeasure more clearly.

NERAT. Three acquittals, too!

ADAME BUNERAT. If only they had to deal with celebrated attorneys there t have been some excuse — but these

pettifoggers!
UNERAT. Mere nobodies!

ADAME VAGRET. [To her daughter.]
ny poor child, what kind of report will

ake!

ERTHA. What report?

ADAME VAGRET. Didn't you know the Judge makes a report to the Minat the end of each session?... Oh, noor Madame Bunerat!

[The three women go and sit down at

the rear.

ouzon. Three acquittals . . . the Iriscrime . . . a horrible showing. . . . We

n a pretty muddle!

noutspoken man; I am not accustomed ating about the bush. When I hunt the I drive him hard. I am speaking to frankly, with my heart on my sleeve am a peasant's son, and not ashamed, either! Well! In my opinion, your mistration—of course you direct it your characteristic integrity and hon—but it seems to me—how shall I t?—that it is losing its hold. Mouzon, remember, we were just speaking of s we were looking over the statis-

ouzon. Yes, not much prospect for a

showing this year.

EXERAT. You know, of course, that was a question of making us an extent to the general rule and raising us class.... Well, if the number of cases nishes like this, Mauléon will certainly be promoted from the third class to the

nd. OUZON. We must show that there is

eat deal to do here.

UNERAT. And many cases which you

dismiss could very well furnish grounds for prosecution.

MOUZON. Just think! We imposed this year one hundred and eighteen years of imprisonment less than last year!

BUNERAT. And it's not the fault of the court, either. We defend the interests of Society with the utmost vigilance.

Mouzon. But, before we can convict,

you must furnish us the accused.

VAGRET. It is only recently that I gave the strictest orders for the suppression of the smuggling that is so common in this region.

BUNERAT. A good idea, too. You understand, of course, our point of view . . .

it is a question of public safety.

MOUZON. We are behind the other courts of the same class. Look here— I have worked it out. [Draws a paper from his portfolio and accidentally drops other papers which LA BOUZULE picks up.] See here!

LA BOUZULE. You are losing your papers, Mouzon. . . . Is this envelope yours? [Reads:] "Mr. Benoît, Officer of the Navy, Hôtel Terminal, Bordeaux . . . "perfumed.

MOUZON [taking the envelope, embarased]. Yes, this letter belongs to one of

my friends . . .

LA BOUZULE. And this? The Irissarry

Crime . . .

MOUZON. Ah, yes, I will tell you about that... It is ... it is about the Irissarry crime, — it is the translation which Bunerat gave me of the article which appeared in to-day's Eskual Herria... It is very unkind. It says that Mauléon is the place of discipline for judges, something like the Coventry of the magistracy.

VAGRET. But I really can't invent this murderer, can I?—if he persists in not allowing himself to be caught. Delorme has sent to every center the description

which was given us . .

MOUZON. Delorme! Do you want me to tell you what I think! Well! Our colleague Delorme is wrong to persist in the idea that a vagabond is the criminal . . .

VAGRET. But there is a witness... MOUZON. The witness is lying or is mis-

taken.

BUNERAT. A witness who saw some gypsies come out of the victim's house in the morning.

Mouzon. The witness is lying or is mistaken. I tell vou.

VAGRET. How do you make that out?

Mouzon. I am sure of it.

VAGRET. How so?

Mouzon. Because I am convinced the murderer was not a gypsy.

VAGRET. I don't understand you.

Mouzon. Please don't insist, Vagret; I know too well my duties toward my colleague Delorme; I have said too much already.

VAGRET. No, you have n't! Go on!

BUNERAT. Yes, go on! Mouzon. With the utmost delicacy I warned our colleague, who was kind enough to consult me frequently and show me the results of his investigations day by day -I warned him that he was on the wrong track. He would n't listen and persists in looking for his vagabond . . . let him look! There are fifty thousand vagabonds in France. After all, I am probably mistaken. ... It would surprise me, though, if I were, for in the large cities where I have served as magistrate and where I came. not accidentally, but, so to speak, every day, face to face with difficulties of this sort, I succeeded in acquiring some little familiarity with criminal cases and some little insight into them.

VAGRET. Of course. Delorme, you know, has never had a chance to handle such a

Mouzon. At Bordeaux, in the case of the fair Toulousaine, which made a good deal of talk, it was I who forced the prisoner to a confession which brought him to the guillotine.

Bunerat [admiringly]. Indeed?

VAGRET. My dear Mouzon, I am speaking most seriously, and if I insist, it is because I have grave reasons for so doing. Just between ourselves, I beg of you, tell us what are the grounds for your opinion.

Mouzon. Since you're so insistent, I

will.

BUNERAT. We 're all attention.

Mouzon. Let us recall the facts. In a house, isolated as are the majority of the Basque houses, there is found in his bed. one morning, an old man of eighty-seven, beaten to death. Servants sleeping in a neighboring building had heard nothing. The dogs had n't barked; there was theft, it was true, but not simply of mone also of family papers. Keep this pomind. I will call your attention to an detail. It had rained the evening b In the garden are found footprints, are immediately attributed to the mure a man who was so badly shod that th toe of his right foot protruded from shoe. Delorme starts out on this clue receives evidence which encourages and he declares that a vagabond wa murderer. All false, I tell you! The derer was not a vagabond! The hor the crime is, indeed, an isolated one. known that within a radius of six to miles no tramp came to ask for food to the crime. Therefore, this tramp was one, would have eaten and dru the scene of the murder, either before after the deed. No evidence has been to warrant the belief that this was the We have, therefore, a man who a worn out with fatigue. He asks for he is refused; then he hides and, nightfall, he kills and steals. There is there, bread, eatables of various k he leaves without touching them. I likely? No! Don't tell me he was rupted and fled. That won't do, since witness himself declares that he say in the morning some few yards from house — now the crime was committed fore midnight. If Delorme, in addit his other rare qualities, had also ha perience in things of this sort, he have known that empty bottles, gl remnants of eatables left on a table, c tute, so to speak, the signature which bond murderers leave on the scene of crime.

BUNERAT. In fact, I knew that poi LA BOUZULE [in a low voice to ARDI Mouzon would have a man convicted ply for looking intelligent.

VAGRET. Go on, go on . . .

Mouzon. Delorme might have h this also: there is, in the life of the bond, one pressing need, second in it tance only to hunger, the need of This is so true that sometimes they u subterfuge of appealing their case. the trip to the court of appeal is gen made on foot, and the State furnishes with shoes for the journey. These hardly wear during their detention ar m accordingly in good condition on their ase. Now the foot of the alleged vagad is about the same size as that of his tim. His shoes, as you say yourself, are very bad condition. Well, gentlemen! is ill-shod vagabond did not take any of stout, serviceable shoes which were re! I will add only one word more. If crime was committed by a chance sser, by a professional beggar, will some e tell me what this strange murderer was ing on the road which passes before the use of the crime, - a road devoid of atction for beggars, - on which the houses e several miles apart, - when there is ite near at hand another road passing rough villages and connecting numerous mhouses where it is a tradition never to fuse hospitality to a fellow man? One ord more - why, then, does this vagabond al family papers which will identify him the criminal at his first encounter with police? No, gentlemen; the criminal not a vagabond. If you wish to discover n, you must not look for him wandering the highways; you must look for him tht in the neighborhood of his victim; you ast look for him among those who would ofit by his death - relatives, friends, or

btors. VAGRET. That is very true . . .

BUNERAT. There's logic and clearness

r you!

MOUZON. You may take my word for it, e case is simple. If I were entrusted with e investigation, I guarantee that the culit would be under lock and key within

ree days.

VAGRET. Well, my dear colleague, I have me news to impart to you. Delorme, nose health is very frail, gave up the case is afternoon and it devolves on you. It is u henceforth who are entrusted with the vestigation of the Irissarry crime.

MOUZON. I don't need to say that I acpt, my dear attorney. My duty is to obey. retract nothing of what I have said; within ree days the murderer will be arrested.

BUNERAT. Good for you!

VAGRET. In the name of all of us I thank u for this promise. . . . I must acknowled that you have relieved me of a great rden. [To his wife.] Listen, my dear, M. ouzon takes charge of the case and promes us the solution within three days . . .

MADAME VAGRET. We are very grateful to M. Mouzon . . .

MADAME BUNERAT. Very . . .

VAGRET. Bertha! Give the order to serve,—and have some old Bordeaux wine brought up! I wish to drink to your success, Mouzon.

Butler. Madame is served.

[The couples assemble, and all pass to the dining-room.]

ACT II

Office of MOUZON, examining magistrate. Door in the background; also at the right. At the left, two desks. Files, armchairs, a chair. As the curtain rises the CLERK, sitting in the JUDGE'S armchair, is drinking his coffee.

[Enter the Janitor.]

CLERK. Well, Sir Janitor of the Court, what's the news?

JANITOR. Here's the old man.

CLERK. So soon?

JANITOR. He came back from Bordeaux yesterday evening. He seemed tired.

CLERK [loftily]. A magistrate of Mauléon is always tired when he comes back from Bordeaux!

JANITOR. Why?

CLERK [after a pause]. I don't know.

JANITOR. It is the Irissarry case which

brings him so early.

CLERK. Probably. [While speaking, he has put away his things—cup, saucer, coffeepot, sugar-bowl—in a cabinet. Takes his own place at the desk in the rear. Enter MOUZON. The JANITOR puts on an air of dignity and goes out. The CLERK rises with effusive politeness.] Good-morning, Judge.

MOUZON. Good-morning. You have n't summoned any one, have you, except on

the Irissarry case?

CLERK. I have summoned the police offi-

cer, the accused, and his wife.

Mouzon. I am tired out, Benoît . . . I have such a headache. No telegram for me?

CLERK. No, Judge.

Mouzon. Has the Prosecutor asked for

CLERK. No, sir . . . but I have something for you, though . . .

[Gives him an envelope.]

MOUZON [opening the envelope]. Stamps

for my collection! Ah, that's fine, that is, Benoît. Let us see what it is, let us see. [Takes a stamp-album from the drawer of his desk which was locked.] Uruguay . . . I have that, it will do to exchange . . . that one, too. Oh, Benoît, a George Albert, first issue! . . . Where did you get that, Benoît?

CLERK. A lawyer's clerk found it among

some papers.

MOUZON. Beautiful! . . . I must stick it in at once. . . . Hand me the mucilage, will you. [Trims the stamp delicately with the scissors and sticks it in with the greatest care, speaking all the while.] It is rare, very rare! According to the Stamp Collector it will exchange for three Blue Amadeuses or for a canceled Khedive of '70. There! [Running through his album.] Now! That commences to look like something, eh! It's beginning to fill up, eh, friend? And do you know, I think I'm going to get that Haiti one? [Gleefully.] Look here! Here's a page full! All filled up! And such beautiful specimens. [Closes the album and utters a sigh.] Oh, Lord!

CLERK. Don't you feel well?

Mouzon. No, I had some annoyances at

CLERK. In connection with stamps?

MOUZON. No. [Sighs; then to himself.] Accursed women, I really needed something like that! [Takes up his album again.] When I get that Haiti one I shall need only three to fill up this page . . . yes . . . [Closes the album.] What's in the mail? Ah, ha! here are the reports from Paris on the Etchepare woman and the court record of her husband.

[Enter the Janitor with a visiting card.]

Who 's coming to disturb me now? [Mollified after having read it.] Ah! [To the CLERK.] You may leave us, Benoît.

CLERK. Yes, sir. [Goes out.]

MOUZON. [To the JANITOR.] Show
him in.

[Hides his album, seizes a file of papers which he pretends to be reading with the greatest attention.]

[Enter Mondoubleau.]

Mondoubleau. [Gascon accent.] I was passing by the court-house and I thought I would come in and shake hands with you. I hope I'm not intruding . . .

MOUZON [smiling and closing his fill papers]. An examining magistrate, my Deputy, is always busy . . . but it is a ful and agreeable to receive from tim time pleasant calls. Be seated, I beg please do . . .

Mondoubleau. I will keep you bu

moment.

Mouzon. I'm sorry.

MONDOUBLEAU. What 's the news on Irissarry crime?

Mouzon. Nothing, so far. I have he the accused. He has a bad look and ma a poor defense. He denied everything, angry, and I had to remand him to offinement without getting anything out him.

Mondoubleau. Are you really sure

have the right man?

MOUZON. Sure? No—but I would surprised if I were mistaken.

Mondoubleau. I saw Delorme yes

day; he is a little better.

Mouzon. I know. He still holds that murderer is a vagabond. And in that onection, Deputy, I must call your attent to a peculiarity of us examining magistre—it takes the devil himself to make abandon the first idea which has come our mind. I guard against this professio failing as much as I can. I am going question Etchepare; I am awaiting the sult of an investigation conducted by police . . . if all that does not give me results, I shall set him at liberty and slook elsewhere . . . but I repeat, sir, I th I am on the right track.

Mondoubleau. Delorme is an old m istrate, very clear-sighted, and, I conf

the reasons which he gave me . . .

Mouzon. I know my colleague is an a man. Notice, I do not claim that he wrong. . . . We shall see. I have up to present time only a moral certainty. I shave a material certainty when I find the antecedents of the accused and whe have established beyond question the tive for the deed. Just as you came in I about to open my mail. Here is a leftrom the court at Pau; it is the court to ord of the fellow.

[Takes a paper-cutter to open envelope.]

Mondoubleau. You have a stra

MOUZON. That? It is the knife-blade d in the murder of the fair Toulousaine Bordeaux. Quite a weapon, eh? I had it de into a paper-cutter . . . [Opens the elope. There! Just it! Four convictions assault and battery. See . . .

Mondoubleau. You don't say so! Four

victions!

Mouzon. This is significant. Moreover, have neglected nothing. I have learned t his wife, Yanetta Etchepare . . .

MONDOUBLEAU. Is that the young woman aw in the corridor a moment ago? Mouzon. Yes. I have summoned her as

vitness. I am going to examine her in a ment.

MONDOUBLEAU. She looks to me like a

od sort.

Mouzon. Very likely. I learned, as I was ying, that she had lived in Paris before her rriage. I sent for information and here it Topens the envelope. Smiles. Well! This ung woman who "looks like a good sort" s once sentenced to a month's imprisonent for complicity in theft. . . . We will w listen to the police sergeant who is ming to report officially the results of the amination which I entrusted to him and nich he will draw up formally this even-MONDOUBLEAU. You think he brings

mething new?

MOUZON. If you are interested I will reive him in your presence. Goes to the or and beckons. Returns and sits down.] ear in mind that I am asserting nothing. is very possible that my colleague has en nearer right than I. . . .

[Enter the Police Officer.]

Officer. Good-morning, your honor. Mouzon. Good-morning, Sergeant. You ay speak before this gentleman.

Officer [bowing]. Mr. Deputy . . .

Mouzon. Well?

OFFICER. You were right! It is he . . . MOUZON [after a look at MONDOUBLEAU]. ot so fast. On what do you base your tement?

Officer. You will see. In the first place, has been convicted four times.

Mouzon. Yes, I know.

Officer. In the next place, fifteen years o he bought of old man Goyetche, the etim, a vineyard payable by annuity.

Mouzon. Good.

Officer. He claimed to have made a very bad bargain and used to call old man Govetche a robber.

Mouzon. Exactly.

OFFICER. Five years ago he sold this vinevard.

MOUZON. So that for five years he had been paying an annuity to the victim, although the vineyard no longer belonged to

Officer. Yes, your honor.

Mouzon. Go on.

Officer. After his arrest gossip started; the neighbors began to talk.

Mouzon. That's the way it always is.

OFFICER. To a certain girl, Gracieuse Mendione, whom I have examined as witness, Etchepare said: "What a nuisance to have to give money to that old rapscallion."

Mouzon. Wait a minute. You say Gra-

cieuse . . .?

Officer. Mendione.

MOUZON [writing]. "Mendione . . . what a nuisance . . . money . . . to that old rap-scallion." Now I call that good! What next?

Officer. I have another witness, Piar-

rech Artola . .

MOUZON [writing]. "Piarrech Artola . . ." OFFICER. About two months ago Etche-

pare said to him, speaking of old man Goyetche: "Did you ever hear anything like it! the Good Lord must have forgot-

MOUZON [still writing]. "The Good Lord must have forgotten him." Excellent. Is that all you have.

Officer. About all, your honor.

Mouzon. When was the next annuity to old man Goyetche due?

Officer. A week after Ascension.

Mouzon. That is, about a week after the crime?

Officer. Yes, your honor!

MOUZON. [To MONDOUBLEAU.] Remarkable coincidence. . . . [To the Officer.] Was this Etchepare well off?

Officer. On the contrary, he was hard up. Three months ago he borrowed eight hundred francs from a Mauléon merchant.

Mouzon. And what do the neighbors

sav?

OFFICER. They say that Etchepare was

tricky and miserly, and they are not surprised that he is the guilty party. On the other hand, they are all kindly disposed to the wife, Yanetta, and used to cite her as a model wife and mother.

Mouzon. How many children?

Officer. Two: George, and ... I have forgotten the name of the other.

Mouzon. The morals of the woman?

Officer. Irreproachable.

Mouzon. Very well.

Officer. I almost forgot something....
One of my men, one of those sent to arrest
Etchepare, told me that Etchepare, seeing
him coming, said to his wife: "They've got
me!"

Mouzon. "They've got me."... Well,

that's rather important!

OFFICER. And he said to his wife in Basque: "Don't let on, for anything, that I was out last night."

Mouzon. He said that before the police-

man?

Officer. No, your honor. . . . the policeman was outside . . . by an open window. Etchepare did n't see him.

MOUZON. Have that man summoned.

OFFICER. Yes, your honor.... There is also that witness for the prisoner, Bridet.

Mouzon. Oh, yes. . . . I have read the deposition which he made before you — it does n't amount to anything. However, if he is there, I will hear him. Thank you. So, then, draw up a very detailed report and procure summons for the witnesses.

Officer. Yes, your honor.

[Bows; goes out.]

Mondoubleau. Delorme is a fool.

Mouzon [laughing]. I did n't say so, Deputy.

Mondoubleau. A wonderful faculty of

intuition you have!

Mouzon. Wonderful, no . . . I assure

Mondoubleau. How did you come to

suspect this Etchepare, anyhow?

MOUZON. There are, you know, Deputy, professional accomplishments. The search for a criminal is an art in itself. I mean that a good examining magistrate is less guided by the facts themselves than by a sort of inspiration.

MONDOUBLEAU. Wonderful! I repeat it, wonderful! And this witness for the pris-

oner?

Mouzon. He must be a false witness Mondoubleau. What makes you the ?

Mouzon. He accuses gypsies of crime! Besides that, he was in business lations with Etchepare. The Basques, know, consider us still somewhat as emies, as conquerors, and think nothing perjuring themselves to us.

Mondoubleau. So you have never be willing to accept the hypothesis of v

predecessor . . .

Mouzon. Vagabonds . . . The unformate! . . . I know your love for the hum Deputy, and I had the same feelings as yin not directing my suspicions exclusive upon the outcast, homeless, and hungry

Mondoubleau. Good for you! I am lighted to see that you are not merel capable judge, but that you hold politiviews which are not at variance very selection.

mine ...

MOUZON. I am only too glad ...

Mondoubleau. I hope that hencefor the Basque paper will cease its attacks you...

MOUZON. I hardly think...
MONDOUBLEAU. Come now...

Mouzon. How can it, Deputy? T paper is your enemy, and as I am not be ward in supporting openly your candidathey make me pay as magistrate for

opinions as a citizen Mondoubleau. I am overwhelmed and I thank you, my dear friend, with my heart. Continue, but be prudent, wyou? The Keeper of the Seals was say just day before yesterday: "I am countupon you to avoid for me all trouble in y district. No scandals; especially no so dals." I must tell you that Eugène is m

attacked at this moment . . .

MOUZON. Are you on terms of such
timacy with the Keeper of the Seals?

Mondoubleau [with a wave of his he simply]. We fought together in the Comune.

Mouzon. I understand . . .

Mondoubleau. By the way, tell What sort of a man is your Public Procutor?

Mouzon. Vagret? Mondoubleau. Yes.

Mouzon. Oh, he is a very conscient magistrate, punctilious, even.

MONDOUBLEAU. No, I mean from the

litical point of view.

Mouzon. You ought not to bear him y ill-will, Deputy, for being in the camp metrically opposed to ours. Don't get e idea that he's a bad fellow, though.

MONDOUBLEAU. He's narrow-minded. or some little time he has been looking over desk of Mouzon. I just happen to see your desk the Labastide case . . . there's t enough in the case to whip a cat for. know Labastide well; he is one of my st lieutenants, and I assure you he is inpable of committing the things of which is accused. I have already told Vagret, t I see that he has gone ahead with the se just the same.

Mouzon. I can assure you of only one ng, Deputy. I will look into the Labas-

e case with particular care.

MONDOUBLEAU. I esteem you too highly, to ask more. Well! I won't take any

ore of your time. Good luck!

MOUZON. Good-day. [DEPUTY goes out.] hink the Deputy won't have too bad an ea of me. [Smiling.] The fact is, I was etty clever in suspecting Etchepare. Now, point is to make him confess as soon as ssible.

[Enter Janitor with a telegram.]

MOUZON. A telegram for me?

JANITOR. Yes, your honor. Mouzon. Give it to me. ANITOR goes out. He reads:] "Diana ll in jail. Report of yesterday's affair sent torney - General. — Lucian." at puts me in a pretty fix! Silence. ell! There's work to do. [Goes to the or in the rear, calls his clerk.] Benoît!

[The Clerk enters.]

MOUZON. [Seated, gives a file of papers the CLERK. Draw up for me a discharge this Labastide and a warrant for his mediate release. You can do that during e examination. Come, let's get started! is already two o'clock and we have done thing yet. Hurry up, won't you? What you waiting for? Give me a list of the tnesses, don't you understand? What is matter with you to-day? All right. . Well! Send in this famous witness the prisoner so we can get rid of him. Etchepare here?

CLERK. Yes, Judge. Mouzon. His wife, too? CLERK. Yes, Judge.

Mouzon. Come, now! What are you looking at me like that for? Send him

CLERK. Who, Etchepare?

Mouzon. Of course not! The witness for the prisoner - the wit-ness for the pris—on—er! Do you understand?

CLERK. [Outside, angrily.] Bridet! Come, Bridet, are you deaf? Come in. [Rough-

ly.] Hurry up!

[Enter Bridet.]

BRIDET. Your honor, I came to tell

Mouzon. Keep still. You can speak when you are spoken to. Name, given names, age, occupation, address . .

BRIDET. Bridet, Jean-Pierre, thirtyeight, sandal manufacturer at Baïgorry.

MOUZON [without stopping to take breath]. You swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth - say: I do. You are neither kith nor kin of the prisoner, you are not in his service nor he in yours. [To the CLERK.] Is he sworn?

CLERK. Yes, your honor.

MOUZON. [To BRIDET.] Speak. [Silence.]

Speak, can't you! BRIDET. I am waiting to be questioned.

Mouzon. A minute ago there was no keeping you still; now that I want you to speak, you don't find anything to say. What's your object in taking the defense of Etchepare?

BRIDET. My object?

Mouzon. Yes, your object. Don't you understand your own language?

BRIDET. Yes, sir. . . . Why, no object,

Mouzon. No object? That's the truth, is it? Eh? No object? Well, I am willing to believe you. [Very sternly.] However, it is my duty to remind you that according to the Penal Code, Article 361, perjury is punishable by solitary confinement. Now that you understand the consequences of not telling the truth, I am willing to listen.

Bridet [confused]. I was going to tell you that old man Goyetche was murdered by some gypsies who crossed the frontier and who came down from the mountain.

Mouzon. Are you sure of that?

BRIDET. That 's what I think.

Mouzon. You are not here to tell me what you think. Tell me what you have seen or heard. That is all that is required

of you.

Bridet. Why, you meet them all the time, these gypsies. Just the other day again they robbed a tobacco shop - there were three of them. Two went in - for I must tell you that they had examined the neighborhood in the day time.

Mouzon. Did you come here to make a

jest of the law?

BRIDET. 1? Why . . . sir . . .

Mouzon. I asked you if you came here to make a jest of the law.

BRIDET. No, sir.

MOUZON. You are wise, for that would n't be a safe thing to do. Do you understand? BRIDET. Yes, sir.

Mouzon. Have you anything more to

say?

BRIDET. Yes, sir.

Mouzon. Well, then! Say it! Lord Almighty! And don't make me waste my time like this. Do you think I have nothing else to do but listen to your gossip? If you have anything to say, say it!

BRIDET. It was like this; the day after Ascension, on a Monday - no, on a Fri-

day . . .

Mouzon. Well, which was it?

Bridet. On a Friday . . . I thought at first it was Monday, being the day after a holiday — anyway, the day after old man Goyetche was found murdered I saw a band of gypsies coming away from there.

MOUZON. Then you were close to the

house?

Bridet. No, I was going along the road . . .

Mouzon. Did they shut the door after

Bridet. I don't know, sir.

Mouzon. Then, why do you say you saw them coming away?

Bridet. I saw them coming from the field in front of the house.

Mouzon. Well?

BRIDET. That's all.

MOUZON [lying back in his chair]. And is that all you came to disturb me for? Say! Is that all?

Brider. But, sir . . . I beg your pardon ... I thought ... I beg your pardon ...

Mouzon. Wait a minute. . . . I many gypsies were there? Think ha don't make any mistake . . .

BRIDET. Five.

Mouzon. Are you sure of it? Brider. Yes, sir.

MOUZON. You are? Well, to the po officers you said there were five or six. you are more sure of something a mo after it happened than the day you saw On the other hand, you have forgot whether the thing took place Monday Friday, and whether the gypsies were co ing out of the house or whether they w simply crossing the fields. [Sternly.] me, you know the prisoner, Etchepare, de vou?

Bridet. Yes, sir . . .

Mouzon. You have business dealings w him; you used to sell him sheep?

Bridet. Yes, sir . . .

Mouzon. That's all I want of you.

BRIDET. Yes, sir.

Mouzon. And you may call your lucky that I let you off so easy.

Bridet. Yes, sir.

Mouzon. In future, before asking to pear as witness for the defense, I adyou to think twice. BRIDET. You need n't worry, sir;

won't catch me again, I can tell you.

Mouzon. Sign your examination and If there were not so many simpletons blunder-heads like you, there would not so often occasion to complain of the del and hesitations which justice is blamed but cannot help.

Bridet. Yes, sir.

MOUZON. [To the CLERK.] Send Etc. pare in.

CLERK [returning immediately]. Sir .

Mouzon. Well?

CLERK. The counsel for the defense, Placat.

Mouzon. Is he there?

CLERK. Yes, your honor. He would to see you before the examination.

Mouzon. Well, show him in, will ye What are you waiting for? Leave us; co back when I send for the prisoner.

[Clerk goes

[Enter PLACAT.]

Mouzon. Good-afternoon, Placat. I goes it?

PLACAT. Quite well, thank you. How you? I caught a glimpse of you at the and yesterday evening; you were with a ry pretty woman.

Mouzon. Yes, in fact, I . . .

PLACAT. I did n't mean to be indiscreet. . By the way . . . I wanted to have a ord with you about the Etchepare case. Mouzon. If you are free now, we will oceed at once to the examination.

PLACAT. The fact is . . . I have n't a nute.

Mouzon. Would you like to have it put f until to-morrow?

PLACAT. No. I have just had a conversa-on with the prisoner. The case is without terest. He denies and denies, and that is there is to it. He is willing to be examed without me. [Laughing.] I may as ell tell you, of course, that I advised him

keep on denying. Well, good-day. If he ks for counsel later, let me know and I'll nd one of my clerks.

Mouzon. All right. I'll see you soon . . . [Placat goes out. Mouzon comes back to his desk.

nter the CLERK; then ETCHEPARE between two officers.]

CLERK. Come forward. MOUZON. [To the CLERK.] Take this wn. [Very hastily, mumbling.] In the ar eighteen hundred ninety-nine, etc. . . . fore me, examining magistrate, aided by . etc. . . . was brought Etchepare, Jeanerre, whose first appearance is recorded the report of the . . . etc. . . . be it hereby tested that the prisoner, having consented be examined without the presence of his

unsel . . . [To ETCHEPARE.] You con-ETCHEPARE. I am innocent. I have no

nt, don't you? ed of counsel.

MOUZON. All right. [Continuing his muming. We proceeded. In consequence, we ssed without delay as follows to the exnination of the aforesaid Etchepare, Jeanerre. [Speaking to ETCHEPARE.] Etchere, at the time of your first appearance, u refused to answer — a thing which was ot very wise on your part, but within your ghts. You became angry and I even had recall to your mind the respect due the w. Will you speak to-day?

ETCHEPARE [confused]. Yes, your honor.

Mouzon. So, my fine fellow! You are off your high horse now!

ETCHEPARE. Yes. I have thought it over and want to get out of this as soon as pos-

sible.

Mouzon. Well, for my part, I ask nothing better than to release you. So far we understand each other; let us hope it will last. Be seated. First of all, I advise you to abandon the line of defense which consists in laying the crime to a band of gypsies. A certain Bridet who is in business relations with you has tried, doubtless at your instigation, to have us accept this story. . . . I must tell you that he has not been successful.

ETCHEPARE. I have no idea what Bridet

may have told you . . .

Mouzon. Ah! You do not acknowledge him? Very well, you are more clever than I thought. Is it you who murdered old man Goyetche?

ETCHEPARE. No. sir.

Mouzon. You had an interest in his death?

ETCHEPARE. No. sir.

Mouzon. Oh, really? I thought that you had to pay him an annuity.

ETCHEPARE [after hesitating]. Yes, sir.

Mouzon. Then you did have an interest in his death? [Silence.] Well, you're not going to answer? Let's go on. You said to one witness . . . a certain . . . Mendione, Gracieuse Mendione: "What a nuisance to have to give money to that old rapscal-

ETCHEPARE [feebly]. That's not true. Mouzon. Not true . . . the witness lies,

ETCHEPARE. I don't know.

Mouzon. You don't know! . . . [Silence.] You thought it was time for old man Govetche to die?

ETCHEPARE. No, sir . . . Then why did you say to another witness, Piarrech Artola by name . . . why did you say to him, speaking of your creditor: "Did you ever hear anything like it? The Good Lord must have forgotten him"?

ETCHEPARE. I did n't say it . . .

Mouzon. You did n't. . . . That witness lies too. . . . Answer me, does he lie? [Silence.] You're not going to answer? It is just as well. . . . Come, Etchepare,

what 's the use? Is n't it clear? You are miserly, self-seeking, greedy for gain . . .

ETCHEPARE. It is so hard to earn one's

living.

Mouzon. You are quick-tempered. You get drunk once in a while, and then you become dangerous. You have been convicted four times for assault and battery. You are quick with the knife. Is n't it all clear enough? You were tired of paying - without return — an annuity of considerable amount to the old man. This year's payment was approaching. You were short of funds. You thought it was time for old man Goyetche to die and you murdered him . . . You can't help seeing it, can you? Is n't it true?

ETCHEPARE [gradually recovering his self-

possession]. I did n't murder him.

Mouzon. Let's not trifle over words. . . . Did you pay some one else to kill him? ETCHEPARE. I had nothing to do with

his death. You say yourself that I was hard up. How could I have paid any one to kill him?

Mouzon. Then you did it yourself . . .

ETCHEPARE. I did not.

Mouzon. Listen, Etchepare. . . . You will confess some day or other - your defense is already weakening . . .

ETCHEPARE. If I screamed it at you, you would say I was putting on . . .

Mouzon. Sooner or later, I tell you, you will make up your mind to confess. You already acknowledge facts which in themselves are serious charges against you.

ETCHEPARE. I say what is the truth without being concerned about the conse-

Mouzon. Well! You ought to be concerned about the consequences because they may be particularly serious for you . . .

ETCHEPARE. I have no fear of death.

Mouzon. For others . . .

ETCHEPARE. Nor for myself.

Mouzon. So much the better. But you are Basque, you are Catholic. After death,

ETCHEPARE. I have no fear of hell because I have n't done anything wrong.

MOUZON. There is the dishonor which will fall upon your children. You love them, your children, don't you? They ask for you . . . they love you because they don't know yet.

ETCHEPARE. Suddenly bursting tears. My poor little ones, my poor li

Mouzon. Come, now! Not all good stincts are extinguished in you. Believe Etchepare, the jury will give you credit your confession, your repentance. You escape the severest penalty. You are s young . . . you have long years before to expiate your crime. Good behavior n reduce your sentence, and perhaps you again see your children, who will have f given you. Believe me, believe me, in yo own interest, confess. . . . [Mouzon . approached him during the preceding. F his hand on his shoulder. Continues with gr kindness.] Well, is it true? If you can speak, just nod your head, eh? It is true I know it, anyway. . . . What? I do hear what you say. It was you, was n't It was you?

ETCHEPARE [still weeping]. It was I, sir! I swear to you I did n't do it

swear it.

Mouzon. [Back in his place; speak sternly. Oh, you don't need to swear: you need to do is to tell me the truth.

ETCHEPARE. I am telling the truth am . . . but I can't say that I did it wl

I did n't!

Mouzon. Well! We'll get nothing of him to-day. [To the CLERK.] Read h his examination and have him taken be to his cell. . . . Wait a minute, Etchepa

ETCHEPARE. Yes, sir.

Mouzon. There is one way to prove ye innocence, since you claim to be innoce Prove in some way or other that you we somewhere else than at Irissarry the nig of the crime and I will release you. Wh were vou?

ETCHEPARE. Where was I?

Mouzon. Yes; I want to know who you were the night of Ascension. Were at home?

ETCHEPARE. Yes.

Mouzon. Is that really the truth?

ETCHEPARE. Yes.

Mouzon. [Rising, somewhat theatrica with his finger pointed at ETCHEPAR Well! Etchepare. That convicts you. happen to know that you were out. Wh you were arrested, you said to your wir "Don't let on, for anything, that I was last night." I may as well tell you ne one saw you, a maid. She has testi-I to the police that just as she was leava young man with whom she had been a dance — at ten o'clock — she met you few hundred yards from your house.

 $\mathrm{ell}\,?$

ETCHEPARE. It is true. I went out. MOUZON [triumphantly]. Ah; — well, my od fellow, it is hard enough to make you anything. But it shows on your face en you lie. It shows! I read it on your ee as if it were written in letters as big that! To prove it, no witness claims to ve seen you go out, neither your own id, nor any other, and still I would have orn it with my head under the knife! me, now, we have made some progress the last few minutes. [To the CLERK.] ou have his first confession down? . . . od! [To Etchepare.] Collect yourself moment . . . we are going on with our tle talk. . . .

[Goes to the fireplace rubbing his hands, pours himself a glass of brandy, utters a sigh of satisfaction, returns and sits down at his place.]

FIRST POLICEMAN. [To his companion.]

nat Judge is a wonder!

SECOND POLICEMAN. I should say so. Mouzon. Let's go on; while you're at confess everything - why not? Look those good policemen who are dying to to supper. [POLICEMEN, CLERK, and OUZON laugh. You confess? No? Well, en, tell me, why did you persist in claimg that you were not out?

ETCHEPARE. Because I had said so to e police and did n't want to go back on

hat I had said.

Mouzon. But why did you say it to the lice in the first place?

Because I thought they ETCHEPARE. d come to arrest me for smuggling. Mouzon. Very well. Then you did not

to Irissarry that night?

ETCHEPARE. No.

MOUZON. Then, where did you go? ETCHEPARE. To the mountain, to look ra horse that had run off the night bere from a troop which we were bringing in om Spain.

Mouzon. Very well, fine! Not a bad ought. It is capable of defense. You ent to look for a horse lost in the mounin, a horse which had escaped from a troop which you were smuggling in the night before - precisely. If it's the truth, it lies in your own power to be released at once. You will simply tell me to whom you sold this horse; we will send for the purchaser, and, if he confirms your statement, I shall at once sign your release. To whom did you sell it?

ETCHEPARE. I did n't sell it.

Mouzon. You gave it away. . . . You did something with it?

ETCHEPARE. No, I did n't find it.

Mouzon. Oh, you did n't find it! The devil, you did n't - that changes the situation. Anyway, we'll try another tack. You did n't go all alone to the mountain?

ETCHEPARE. Yes, all alone.

Mouzon. That's unfortunate. Next time, you see, you should take along a companion. Did you stay out long?

ETCHEPARE. All night. I came back at

five o'clock in the morning.

Mouzon. That was a long time. ETCHEPARE. We are not rich and for

us a horse is a fortune.

Mouzon. Very well. But you did n't stay all night in the mountain without meeting a single soul - a shepherd, customs officers?

ETCHEPARE. It was raining torrents.

Mouzon. Then you met no one?

ETCHEPARE. No one.

MOUZON. I suspected it. [In a tone of pouting reproach, with a show of pity. Tell me, Etchepare, do you take the jury for idiots? [Silence.] So this is all you have been able to think up, my poor man? . . . I was saying just a little while ago that you were clever - I take it back. What you're telling me is enough to put one to sleep standing up. Why, a child of eight would have done better. It's ridiculous, I tell you, ridiculous! The jury will shrug their shoulders when they hear it. Out all night in a driving rain-storm, looking for a horse which you don't find. . . . And without meeting a living soul, neither shepherds, nor customs officers - coming back at five o'clock in the morning . . . it is light this time of year and has been for some time -But no! No one saw you and you saw no one. . . . Everybody had become blind, eh? There was a miracle and everybody was blind that night. . . . You don't claim that? No? Why? It is just as plausible as the rest of your story.... Was n't everybody blind? [The CLERK bursts out laughing; the POLICEMEN follow his example.] You see what it's worth, your defense! It makes even the officers and my clerk laugh. Don't you agree that your new line of defense is ridiculous?

ETCHEPARE [stupefied, half to himself]. I

don't know.

Mouzon. If you don't, we do. Anyway, I have no advice to give you. Just repeat that at the hearing, — you will see what an effect it will produce. But why not confess? Why not confess? I really don't understand your stubbornness. . . . I don't understand it, I tell you.

ETCHEPARE. Well, if I didn't do it, have I got to say, just the same, that I

did?

Mouzon. Then you still persist in your

phantom horse story, do you?

ETCHEPARE. How do I know? How do I know what to say? It would be better for me not to say anything. Everything I

say turns against me!

Mouzon. It's because you invent stories which are altogether too ridiculous. It is because you think I am more stupid than I am that you believe I am going to take stock in such ridiculous inventions. I liked your first way better. You at least had two witnesses on your side — two witnesses without great weight, to be sure, but still two witnesses. You adopt a new plan . . . that is your right. . . . Let's go after the lost horse. . . .

ETCHEPARE. Well? [A long silence.]
MOUZON, Come now! Out with it!

Mouzon. Come, now! Out with it! ETCHEPARE [weakly, hesitatingly, looking at the clerk as if to read in his eyes whether he is answering as he ought to]. Well! I will tell you, sir, you are right. . . . It is not the truth. . . . I did not go to the mountain. . . . I told the truth in the first place. I did n't leave the house. Just a moment ago, I was confused. In the first place I denied everything, even what was true, I was so afraid of you; then when you said to me . . . I have forgotten what - because my head is getting weak - I have forgotten, I have forgotten . . . I am sure that I 'm innocent, though . . . well, a moment ago, I almost wanted to acknowledge myself guilty so you would leave me in peace. What was I saying? I have forgotten ... Oh, yes, when you said to me . . . those things which can't remember . . . it seemed to me to it was better to say that I had gone out I lied . . . [With earnestness.] But what swear to, though, is that I am not the critical . . . That I swear to, I swear you . . .

Mouzon. I repeat that I ask noth better than to believe it. This time,

agree, you were at home? ETCHEPARE. Yes, sir.

Mouzon. We will hear your wife. Y have no other witnesses to bring forward

ETCHEPARE. No, sir.

Mouzon. Very well. Take away prisoner... but stay in the court-house shall probably need him in a few mome to face his wife. His examination is not or yet.

[The POLICEMEN take ETCHEPARE OF MOUZON. [To the CLERK.] What a rase eh? You could have caught him in the swith knife in hand and he would still hadenied it. And he's a sly one, too! He pup an excellent defense!

CLERK. I thought for a moment th

your honor had him.

Mouzon. When I spoke to him of

children?

CLERK. Yes, it brought tears to on eyes. It made one want to confess with having done anything.

Mouzon. Did n't it, though? A., if only did n't have this headache! [Silence

I have just put my foot in it.

CLERK. Oh, your honor! Mouzon. I did, just the same! I w wrong to show him the weakness of his n story. . . . It is so absurd that it would ha ruined him. Whereas, if he continues assert that he did n't leave the house, if ! maid persists, if his wife says the say thing, it will be enough to east a doubt in t mind of the jury . . . he was well aware it, the brute! He perceived well enou that of his two methods, the first was t better. It is I who was outwitted, Benoît. . [To himself.] The question, now, is how repair the damage! Let us reflect. . Etchepare committed the crime . . . of the there is no doubt. I am as sure of it as I had seen him. Therefore he was not home the night of the crime and his w knows it. . . . After his hesitation of a n ment ago, if I succeed in making his w fess that he was out until morning, we back the ridiculous story of the lost ese - I'll catch him twice in a lie and I ve him! ... Yes! The thing to do now to put the woman through the third deee and it will be a wonder if I don't ceed. [To the CLERK.] What did I do th the police report from Paris about the chepare woman?

CLERK. You put it with the other papers. MOUZON. Yes, here it is . . . the extract om her police record. Bulletin number o, one month's imprisonment . . . comicity . . . I suspected it ! Send her in.

The CLERK goes to the door and calls.

YANETTA comes in.

Mouzon. Come forward, madame. I do t administer the oath to you, since you e the wife of the prisoner. But I must ge you most earnestly to tell the truth. I arn you that a lie on your part might cessitate my accusing you of complicity th your husband in the crime of which he accused and make me proceed to your imediate arrest.

YANETTA. I am not afraid. I cannot be accomplice of my husband since he is not

ulty.

Mouzon. I am not of your opinion, and, may add, it is my conviction that you know ore about this matter than you are will-

g to testify.

YANETTA. I? It's an outrage, sir! Mouzon. Come, come! Don't get exted! I don't say you took part directly in e murder. I mean, it is very probable that ou knew of it, perhaps advised it, and that ou profited by it. That is enough to bring ou to the bar of the Assizes beside your husand. On the frankness of your replies will epend my conduct toward you; and acording as you tell the truth or not, I shall ave you released or arrested. You can't y you have not been warned, can you? ow, be kind enough to inform me if you ersist in your first declaration, namely, at Etchepare passed the night of Ascenon Day at home.

YANETTA. I do.

Mouzon. Well, it is false!

YANETTA [excitedly]. The night old man oyetche was murdered my husband did ot go out of the house.

Mouzon. It is false, I tell you.

YANETTA [still excited]. The night old

man Goyetche was murdered my husband did not leave the house.

Mouzon. You are so stubborn, you'll do nothing but repeat the same thing.

YANETTA. Yes, I shall do nothing but repeat the same thing.

Mouzon. Then we shall examine the worth of your testimony. Since your marriage . . . for ten years . . . your conduct has been above reproach. You are thrifty, faithful, industrious, honest . . .

YANETTA. What of it?

Mouzon. Don't interrupt. Wait. You have two children whom you adore. You are an excellent mother. People even talk of almost heroic deeds of devotion at the time your oldest boy - George, I think -

YANETTA. Yes, George . . . but what 's that got to do with the charge against my

Mouzon. Be patient; you'll see.

YANETTA. I'm waiting.

Mouzon. You are especially meritorious in being what you are in that your husband does not furnish an example of the same virtues. He drinks to excess occasionally.

YANETTA. He does not.

Mouzon. Come, now! Everybody knows it. He is quarrelsome.

YANETTA. He is not quarrelsome.

MOUZON. So much so that he has been convicted four times for assault and bat-

YANETTA. It is possible: evenings of holidays there are disputes. And, besides, that was a long time ago. Lately he has been gentler and I am very happy with him. Mouzon. I am surprised . . .

YANETTA. Anyway, how does that prove

that he killed old man Goyetche?

Mouzon. Your husband is very miserly. YANETTA. The poor must be miserly, sir, or drop in their tracks of hunger.

Mouzon. You defend him well.

YANETTA. Did you think I was going to accuse him?

Mouzon. Have n't you ever been convicted in court?

YANETTA [embarrassed]. I?

Mouzon. Yes, you. YANETTA [weakly]. No, I have never been convicted.

Mouzon. That is strange. There was, however, a girl with the same name who once served a month's imprisonment at Paris for complicity in theft.

YANETTA [weakly]. For complicity. Mouzon. You are not so confident. You seem embarrassed . . .

YANETTA [still weakly.] No, no . . . MOUZON. You are pale, you are trembling - are you faint? Give her a chair, Benoît. [The CLERK obeys.] Pull yourself together. YANETTA. My God! How did you find that out?

Mouzon. The record which has been sent me reads as follows: "The herein mentioned Yanetta X. was brought to Paris at the age of sixteen as companion, or waiting-maid by the M--- family who took her into their employ at Saint-Jean-de-Luz." Is that correct?

YANETTA. Yes.

Mouzon. To continue: "It was not long before a love affair developed between the girl Yanetta and the son of the house, aged twenty-three. Two years later the lovers took flight, carrying with them eight thousand francs which young M--- had stolen from his father. On the complaint of this latter, Yanetta was arrested and sentenced to one month's imprisonment for complicity in the theft. After serving this sentence she disappeared. It is believed that she went back to her native district." I suppose you are the one?

YANETTA. Yes. My God! I thought that was so far off and so forgotten! It is all true, sir, but for ten years I have devoted every minute of my life to expiation, to an attempt to redeem myself. . . . Just now, sir, I answered you rudely. . . . I implore your pardon. You hold in your hands now not only my life, but my husband's life, and

the honor of my children . . .

Mouzon. Your husband doesn't know? YANETTA. No, sir. Oh! You won't tell him, will you! I beg you on my knees. It would be criminal, yes, criminal! Listen, listen to me! I came back home, I hid . . . I would have preferred to die . . . I did n't want to stay in Paris, you understand why. And then, after a little while, I lost mamma. Etchepare was in love with me and kept urging me to marry him. I refused . . . I had the courage to refuse for three years. . . . Then I was so lonely, so sad and he so unhappy, that I finally yielded. I ought to have told him everything. I wanted to,

but I could n't. He would have suffered much. For he is good, sir, I swear it. . [At a gesture of Mouzon.] Yes, yes . sometimes, it is true, when he has b drinking, he is brutal . . . I was going tell you. I won't lie to you any more, ... but he does it less and less. [Weepin Oh! Don't let him know, sir, don't let l know! He would go away, he would le me . . . he would take away my childr [A shriek.] Oh! He would take my child from me! I don't know what to say to y but it can't be that you would tell him now that you know all the harm it wo do . . . Please don't! Of course I was blame, but how was I to understand? I I know? - I was n't sixteen years old, when I went to Paris. My employers ha son; he took me almost by force . . . a then I came to love him . . . and then wanted to take me with him because parents wanted to send him away. I what he wanted me to. . . . That money I did n't know he had stolen it . . . I swe sir, that I did n't know it.

Mouzon. All right, calm yourself.

YANETTA. Yes, sir.

Mouzon. Let us drop that for a n ment.

YANETTA. Yes, sir.

Mouzon. And return to your husbane YANETTA. Yes, sir.

Mouzon [bluntly]. Try to be brave, 1 poor woman. Your husband is guilty.

YANETTA. It can't be, it can't be! . MOUZON [with engaging frankness].] has n't confessed yet, himself, but very ne it. I know, as a matter of fact, that passed that night away from home. . . . have witnesses to that effect . . .

YANETTA. No, sir! My God, my Go Witnesses, what witnesses? It is n't so!

Mouzon. Now, for your own sake, do be so obstinate! Do you want me to t you where you will come out? You w ruin your husband! If you persist, in t face of evidence, in your assertion that spent the night at home, you will ruin hi I tell you. . . . On the other hand, if y tell me the truth, if he is not the murder he will tell us what he did do; he will t us who his companions were.

YANETTA. He did n't have any. Mouzon. Then he went out alone?

YANETTA. Yes.

OUZON. At ten o'clock?

ANETTA. Yes.

louzon. And came back alone at five ock in the morning?

ANETTA. Yes, all alone. IOUZON. But you may be mistaken in evening. Are you sure that it was the ning of Ascension that he went out ie? . . .

ANETTA. Yes.

IOUZON. Have you got that down, oît?

LERK. Yes, your honor . . .

IOUZON. Madame, I understand what r sorrow must be, but I beg of you to en to me with the greatest attention. ir husband was short of funds, was n't

ANETTA. No.

IOUZON. Yes, he was.

ANETTA. I tell you he was n't.

louzon. Here's the proof of it. Three iths ago he borrowed eight hundred nes from a Mauléon merchant.

ANETTA. He never told me anything

ut it . . .

MOUZON. Besides that, he was in debt a considerable amount to old man Goche.

ANETTA. I never heard of it . . .

Mouzon. Here is a promise to pay writby your husband; I suppose it is his nature?

MANETTA. Yes, but I did n't know MOUZON. You did n't know of the existe of this debt . . . that supports still re what I know. Your husband went to

sarry.

ANETTA. No, sir.
MOUZON. He told you that he was goto the mountain, but he went to Iris-

TANETTA. No, sir; he tells me every-

ng he does.

MOUZON. You can see plainly that he s not, since you did not know of the exnce of this debt. He went to Irissarry.

. Don't you believe it?

YANETTA. Yes, sir, I believe it, but he er murdered a man for money; that is

se, false, I tell you!

Mouzon. False? How do you expect to see that? Your husband begins by ying everything, blindly; then he offers in succession two methods of defense. You begin by false testimony yourself. All

this, I repeat, is ruining him.

YANETTA. I don't know anything about that, but what I do know and what I shall keep on repeating as long as I live is that

he never killed a man for money.

Mouzon. Well, after all. . . . Perhaps he is not as guilty as I thought a moment ago. Perhaps he acted without premeditation. It may have happened like this: Etchepare, somewhat under the influence of liquor, goes to Goyetche's to ask him to wait a little for the payment of the debt. A dispute ensues between the two men; old man Goyetche was still very vigorous; there may have been, on his part, provocation, and a struggle may have followed with the tragic end which you know. In this case the situation of your husband changes absolutely. He is no longer the criminal planning his crime in advance; and the penalty pronounced against him may be one of the very lightest. So you see, madame, how important it is for you to obtain from him a complete confession. If he persists in his denials I fear for him, at the hands of the jury, the greatest severity. That he killed old man Goyetche there is not the slightest doubt. Under what circumstances did he kill him? That is the whole question. If he persists in his attempt to make himself pass for entirely innocent, he runs the risk of being held more guilty than he is. Do you get my meaning?

YANETTA. Yes, sir.

Mouzon. Are you willing to speak to him from this point of view? Shall I send for him?

YANETTA. Yes, sir.

Mouzon. [To the CLERK.] Bring in the prisoner. Tell the officers I won't need them.

[Enter Etchepare.]

YANETTA. Pierre! You! Is this the way I find you, my Pierre, in prison, like a thief! . . My poor husband, my poor husband! Come, prove to him that you have n't done anything! Tell the Judge! Tell him the truth. . . . That will be the best way. I beg you, tell him the truth.

ETCHEPARE. What's the use now? I see well enough that I am lost. Nothing I could do, nothing I could say, would do any good.

Every one of my words turns against me. The Judge will have it I am guilty. For him, I must be guilty. So then ! . . . How else can it be, my poor wife? . . . I am not strong enough to struggle against him. Let them do what they want with me, - I shan't say anything more.

YANETTA. Oh, yes, do speak! You must speak, you must defend yourself. I beg you, Pierre, I implore you, defend yourself.
Etchepare. What's the use?

YANETTA. I implore you in the name of your children . . . they know nothing yet, but they cry when they see me cry . . . because, you see, in spite of my hiding, in spite of my trying to control myself before them, I can't be gay, can I? Then, as they love me, they see it! And there are questions and more questions. . . . If you only knew! They ask for you . . . André was saying to me just this morning: "Where is papa? You'll go and get him, won't you? Say you will!" I said I would and ran off. . . . You see you must defend yourself, so you can come back to them as soon as possible. . . . If you have anything, the least little thing, to reproach yourself for, say so . . . you are rough sometimes; then, I don't know . . . if you went to Irissarry, say so. . . . Perhaps you got into a quarrel with the wretched man. . . . If that is it, say so, say so . . . perhaps you had a fight with him and . . . I say that . . . I don't know . . . you understand . . . you see, the Judge promised me a moment ago that, in that case, you would n't be punished, or not so much. . . . My God, what ought I to say to you? What ought I to do?

ETCHEPARE. So you believe me guilty, too, do you? You believe it too; do you?

YANETTA. I don't know what to think, I

don't know . .

ETCHEPARE. [To MOUZON.] Ah! So you have thought out another way, have you? You have thought that out, too! To have me tortured by my wife, and it is you who have prompted her to speak to me of my children. . . . I don't know what you may have told her, but you have almost convinced her that I am a scoundrel, and you hoped that she would succeed in having me sent to the guillotine in the name of my children by speaking to me of them, because you know that I adore them and because they are everything to me. You are

right, perhaps there is n't a father in world who loves his little ones as mu-I love mine. [To YANETTA.] You knot too, Yanetta! You know it! And you know that, in spite of my faults, I a good Christian, that I believe in Go Almighty God. . . . Well! Listen; my sons, - my little George, my little Ar - I pray God to kill them both, if I

guilty! YANETTA [at the highest pitch of feel He is innocent! He is innocent, I tell [Pause.] Ah! Now you may bring on proofs and ten witnesses, - a hundre you want to, and you could tell me you saw him do it and I would tell "It is not true. It's a lie!" Even if should prove to me that he had confer I would still tell you, he is innocent. Judge, you must have felt it . . . you a heart . . . you know how it is when loves one's children. . . . So you mus sure now that he is innocent. . . . You going to give him back to me, are n't y It is all settled now, and you are going give him back to me?

Mouzon. If he is innocent, why di

lie to me just a moment ago?

ETCHEPARE. It was you who lied! you! You told me that you had witne who saw me leave the house that eve . . and you did n't have any!

Mouzon. If I didn't have any then, now. Yes, there is a witness who has t fied that on the night of the crime you not at home, and that witness - is wife!

ETCHEPARE. [To YANETTA.] You? Mouzon. [To the CLERK.] Give me

examination.

[While Mouzon is looking among papers, Yanetta looks a long at her husband and then at MOU She reflects deeply. Finally seems to have made up her min

Mouzon. There! Your wife has just tified that you went out at ten o'clock did n't return until five in the morning.

YANETTA [very short]. It's a lie, I die

say any such thing.

Mouzon. You went on to testify tha returned alone at five o'clock in the morn

YANETTA. I did not!

Mouzon. I will read you your examtion. [Reads.] "Question: Then he was

t alone? Answer: Yes. Question: At ten lock? Answer: Yes."

YANETTA. I never said it.

Mouzon. Come, now! I even took the ouble to be more exact and said to you: But you may be mistaken in the evening. re you sure that it was the evening of cension that he went out alone?" You swered : "Yes."

YANETTA. It's a lie!

MOUZON. But I have it down here in ack and white.

YANETTA. You can put down anything n want to.

MOUZON. So, then, I am a liar! The

erk is a liar, too!

YANETTA. The night old man Govetche as murdered my husband did not leave the

Mouzon. Sign this paper and be quick out it . . . it is your examination.

YANETTA. Everything in it is false! It is lse, I tell you. [With a shriek.] The night d man Goyetche was murdered my husand did not leave the house . . . my hus-

and did not leave the house!

Mouzon [pale with wrath]. You'll pay r that! [To the CLERK.] Draw up for me once an order for her detention; call the ficers. [To YANETTA.] Yanetta Etcheare, I hereby put you under arrest on the arge of complicity in murder. . . . \ To the ficers. The man you may take back to s cell; then come back and get the woman.

[The officers take Etchepare out.] YANETTA. Ah! You are furious, are n't ou, eh, not to have gained your point! h! You have done everything you could, ough-except to have us burned with slow re! You have pretended to be kind - you ooke gently! You wanted to have me send y husband to the scaffold! [Mouzon has ken his file of papers and pretends to be runing through them with indifference. It is our trade to furnish heads to be cut off . . . ou must have victims! You must have em at any price. When a man has fallen to your claws he is lost. One enters here nocent, he must go out a criminal. It is our trade, it is your glory to succeed in it. ou put questions which don't seem to be nything and which may send a man into e other world, and when you have forced e wretch to convict himself, you feel a nnibal's joy!

Mouzon. [To the officers.] Take her away;

hurry up, can't you!

YANETTA. Yes! A cannibal's joy! That, justice? Is that what you call justice? . . . [To the officers.] You won't get me out so easy! No, you won't! [Grasps a heavy piece of furniture. You are a torturer! You are as bloodthirsty as those of the olden days, who used to crush your bones to make you confess! [The officers have torn her loose; she throws herself to the floor and roars out the following while the officers drag her to the door at the rear: Yes! Cruel! You don't even realize it and probably think yourself a decent man, but you are only a torturer ...

Mouzon. Come, take her out, won't you! What! Can't the two of you rid me of that

mad woman?

[The officers put forth renewed efforts.] YANETTA. Hangman! Coward! Judas! Heartless! Yes, heartless! And still more false and still more cruel when you have to deal with poor people like us! \(\bar{A} t \text{ the door} \) where she holds on : Oh! The brutes, they are breaking my fingers! Yes, the poorer people are, the worse you are to them! [She is taken away. Her shrieks are still heard outside as the curtain falls. The poorer people are, the worse you are to them . . .

THIRD ACT

The office of the Public Prosecutor. A door, on a cant, opening upon a corridor at the left. It opens inward allowing the sign to be read: "Public Prosecutor." Desk, chairs, files.

As the curtain goes up, the CLERK is collecting into a cardboard folder various papers which he

is taking from the desk.

[Enter LA BOUZULE.]

LA BOUZULE. Good afternoon, Benoît. CLERK [hesitating to take the hand which LA BOUZULE extends to him]. Sir, you do me too much honor . . .

La Bouzule. Come, come, Benoît, give me your hand. I ceased to be a magistrate this morning: my dignity no longer requires me to be impolite to my inferiors. . . . How far are they in the Etchepare case?

CLERK. The hearing so far has been entirely devoted to the demand for punishment and to the pleas

LA BOUZULE. Will they get through to

day?

CLERK. Without a doubt. . . . Even if Monsieur Vagret should reply - seeing that the Judge of the Assizes is going hunting to-morrow morning.

LA BOUZULE. Are you looking for an

acquittal, Benoît?

CLERK. I am inclined to, your honor.

About to go out.

LA BOUZULE. Who is that old woman waiting in the corridor?

CLERK. Etchepare's mother, sir.

LA BOUZULE. Poor woman! She must

be very anxious.

CLERK. Not at all. She is confident of the verdict. She has n't the least concern. She spent all yesterday afternoon there and came back this morning as tranquil as you please . . . except that to-day she wanted at all odds to see the Prosecuting Attorney or a Substitute . . . Monsieur Ardeuil is away, and Monsieur Vagret . . .

LA BOUZULE. Is at the hearing . . . CLERK. She seemed greatly disappointed

not to be able to find any one.

LA BOUZULE. Well, send her in; perhaps I can give her some good advice. Placat will speak for some little time yet, won't

CLERK. I think so.

LA BOUZULE. Then tell her to come and speak to me — this good woman. It won't disturb anybody, and perhaps will be of some help to her in her trouble. CLERK. Very well, your honor.

Goes to the door at the right, beckons to Etchepare's mother and goes out of the door at the rear.]

LA BOUZULE. [Alone.] It's remarkable how kindly disposed I've been feeling since this morning.

[Enter Etchepare's mother in the costume of the old Basque women.

LA BOUZULE. They tell me, madame, that you wish to see some member of the administration.

MOTHER. Yes, sir.

LA BOUZULE. You would like to attend

the hearing?

MOTHER. No, sir. . . . I am so sure that my son cannot be convicted that I am not a bit interested in all they are saying inside there. I'm just waiting for him. I only came because we have been driven from our home.

LA Bouzule. Driven from your home?

MOTHER. Some officers came.

LA BOUZULE. Your son had debts, th MOTHER. After he was arrested our left us. We could n't get the crops in, pay our debts. But I know they will m all that up to us as soon as my son is quitted.

LA BOUZULE. [To himself.] Poor wom

MOTHER. I am so glad to see the end our troubles coming. . . . He will co back, he will go and get his house and la again. He will have our cattle given be That is why I wanted to see one of magistrates.

LA BOUZULE. I don't understand.

MOTHER. Two weeks after the office came to arrest my son, Monsieur Clau had the water from his factory turned i the stream which flows through our l and where our cattle drink. That was a one of the causes of our ruin. If Etchep sees that when he comes back, God kno what he will do! Justice must stop wrong that is being done us.

LA BOUZULE. Justice! Ah, madame, h much better it would be for you if you co

avoid recourse to it.

MOTHER. Why? Is n't it for everyboo

LA BOUZULE. Of course.

MOTHER. Does Monsieur Claudet ha

LA BOUZULE. Certainly not.

MOTHER. Then I come to ask the jud to make him stop.

LA BOUZULE. That is not so simple you think, madame. You must first go t bailiff.

MOTHER. All right, I will.

LA BOUZULE. He will authenticate ye statement.

MOTHER. What does that mean?

LA BOUZULE. He will examine whet your water-course has been contaminat

MOTHER. There is no use of botherin bailiff, a child could see it.

LA BOUZULE. That is the law.

MOTHER. What next?

LA BOUZULE. Then you will have to to a solicitor and get an opinion.

MOTHER. All right, if there is no ot

LA BOUZULE. That is not all. If Claus contests the facts the Judge will appo an expert who will visit the spot and ma a report. You would have to petition e to assign an early date in view of the ncy of the matter. . . . Your case once he docket, it would be heard in its turn the recess . . .

OTHER. After the recess!

A BOUZULE. And that is not all. Monr Claudet's attorney might make default, vhich case you would have to take ment by default. Then Monsieur Claumight take issue or any sort of exceps, require a decision on these exceptions, eal from the decision before coming to a l issue . . . all that would cost a great

IOTHER. Who would pay it?

A BOUZULE. You, of course - and

IOTHER. That would be nothing for him, s rich; but for us, who have nothing 1 . . .

A BOUZULE. Then you will have to sue

orma pauperis.

udet.

TOTHER. Will that take still more time? A BOUZULE. A great deal .

MOTHER. But I always heard that jus-

was free in France.

A BOUZULE. So it is, but the means to ain it are sometimes expensive, that is all. MOTHER. And how long would that take? A BOUZULE. If Monsieur Claudet apls, it might take two years.

MOTHER. It can't be! Have n't I the

ht on my side, sir?

A BOUZULE. My poor woman, it is not ugh to have the right on your side . . .

need the law, too.

MOTHER. I understand. What is called tice - we poor know of it only when it pops down on us - by the wrong it does Then we will have to go away, no matwhere. Anyway, I shall not miss the ce . . . they insult us everywhere. . . . chepare could never stand that.

A BOUZULE. On that point the law prots you. Lodge a complaint and those who

ult you will be punished.

MOTHER. I don't believe it. . . . I have eady lodged one complaint, as you say . but they didn't do anything to the n who was hurting us . . . so he keeps

LA BOUZULE. Is it a man of your place? MOTHER. Yes, a neighbor, Labastide, a end of Monsieur Mondoubleau, the Dep-

LA BOUZULE. Very well, I shall do all I can, I promise you. . . .

MOTHER. I thank you sir. . . . [A pause.] Well, then, I will wait for them to give me

back my son. LA BOUZULE. That's right.

[She goes our slowly.]

CLERK [entering by the door in the rear]. The court has adjourned for a recess, your honor.

LA BOUZULE. Has Placat finished?

CLERK. In the midst of applause. Two jurors were seen to wipe their eyes. No one doubts an acquittal.

LA BOUZULE. I am glad of it.

CLERK. Does your honor know the great news?

LA BOUZULE. What news?

CLERK. The arrival of the Attorney.

LA BOUZULE. No, I had n't heard.

CLERK. The Attorney-General has just arrived. . . . They say he is bringing the appointment of some one here as Counsellor at the Court of Appeal.

LA BOUZULE. Ah, ha! Benoît, in your opinion, who is going to capture the plum?

CLERK. That was my opinion. . . . I hesitated a long time between the Prosecutor and the Judge, and had about decided for the Prosecutor, but I think I was wrong.

LA BOUZULE. Is it Bunerat?

CLERK. No, your honor, I am proud to say that I think it is my employer who has the honor . . .

LA BOUZULE. Mouzon!

CLERK. Yes, your honor.

LA BOUZULE. What makes you think

CLERK. The Attorney-General instructed me to ask Monsieur Mouzon to come and speak with him before the end of the hearing.

LA BOUZULE. My congratulations, Benoît.

[Enter MADAME BUNERAT.]

MADAME BUNERAT [in tears]. Oh, my dear Monsieur La Bouzule . . .

LA BOUZULE. What has happened, Mad-

ame Bunerat?

MADAME BUNERAT. It was that lawyer! What talent! What feeling! What talent! I am overcome with emotion.

LA BOUZULE. An acquittal?

MADAME BUNERAT. It is hoped so. . . . MADAME VAGRET [entering]. Well, my dear sir . . . did you hear that famous lawyer? What a clown!

LA BOUZULE. They say he had quite an effect on the jury, — the prisoner will be

acquitted.

MADAME VAGRET. I am afraid so.

[Enter Bunerat, in a black robe.]

BUNERAT. Do you know what they tell me? The Attorney-General is here.

MADAME BUNERAT. Is that so? MADAME VAGRET. Are you sure?

LA BOUZULE. Absolutely . . . he is bringing to Monsieur Mouzon his appointment at the Court of Pau . . .

BUNERAT. Mouzon!

MADAME BUNERAT AND MADAME VA-GRET. And my husband! We had a definite promise.

[Enter the Judge of the Assizes in a red robe.]

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. Good-afternoon. gentlemen. . . . You have n't seen the Attorney-General, have you?

LA BOUZULE. No, Judge . . . but if you

wish to wait for him . . .

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. No . . . By the way, La Bouzule, you old veteran, were you at the hearing?

LA BOUZULE. I stayed until the lawyers

began to talk.

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. You did not see me overlook any ground for appeal, did

LA BOUZULE. I can't say that I did . . . JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. That is my bogy . . . that 's all I can think of during the whole hearing. . . . I always keep the Judges' Handbook wide open before me, but I am always afraid of forgetting some formality. . . . Think of the effect at the Chancery. My mind is not easy until the time of limitation has elapsed. . . . [Pause.] They tell me there were reporters from Toulouse and Bordeaux present.

LA BOUZULE. And one from Paris.

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. One from Paris? Are you sure?

LA BOUZULE. He was standing up near

the prisoners' bench.

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. Standing up! A reporter from Paris, and he had to stand? [Noticing the CLERK.] You knew it, and I

did n't tell me? Is that the way yo your duty? Go at once and present hir regrets and find him a good place, yo derstand?

CLERK. Yes, Judge. | Starts to go JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES [running him]. Look here! [In a low voice.] T

find out if he is displeased.

CLERK. Yes, Judge. JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. And then Meeting MADAME BUNERAT at the doc beg your pardon, madame.

[Goes out running, holding up his LA BOUZULE. When I was at Montpe I knew an old tenor who had the same iety at the beginning of his third seaso

[Enter MOUZON; cool bows.]

MADAME BUNERAT [after a silence

it true, Monsieur Mouzon? . . . MADAME VAGRET. . . . That the A

ney-General . . .

BUNERAT. . . . Has arrived at Maule Mouzon [loftily]. Precisely . . . BUNERAT. They say that he is brin

a Counsellor's appointment . . .

MOUZON. So they say!

MADAME BUNERAT. And you know?

MADAME VAGRET. You don't know Mouzon. Have n't the slightest idea CLERK [entering]. Here comes the torney-General . . .

MADAME BUNERAT. Goodness!...

[Arranges her h

[Enter the Attorney-General; hands dignified, impressive bearing.]

ALL [bowing low, in a murmur]. Attor General . . .

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. I think you go on with the hearing, gentlemen. I only passing through Mauléon. I am p ning to return before long and receive all . . .

ALL. Oh, Attorney-General . . .

[They prepare to go ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Mouzon, will

stay a moment? MOUZON be MADAME VAGRET [going out]. My

spects, I am very honored, Attorney . ATTORNEY-GENERAL [bowing]. Ju madame, madame . . .

BUNERAT. [To his wife.] You were rig They go

MOUZON. [To the CLERK who starts to

Well, Benoît, I think that my appointt is assured.

LERK. I am very glad, Counsellor.

[Goes out.]

OUZON [obsequiously]. Attorney-Gen-TTORNEY-GENERAL. Be seated. [Mou-

takes a chair.] There has come to my e at Bordeaux a certain report which erns you, Jud re. [Looking in his porto.] Here it is. [Reading.] Case of Mou-and the Pecquet Girl. Do you know thing about it?

IOUZON [not taking the matter seriously trying to smile. After a long silence].

, Attorney-General.

TTORNEY-GENERAL. I await your ex-

nations. MOUZON [as before]. You were young

e yourself, Attorney . . .

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Not in that way,

ige. MOUZON. I did go a little beyond bounds,

onfess. ATTORNEY-GENERAL [reading]. "Under influence of liquor accompanied by the equet girl and two other women of imral life in the same condition Monsieur ouzon insulted and abused the officers, om he threatened with discharge."

neaking.) Is that what you call going a le beyond bounds?

MOUZON. To tell the truth, the expres-

n is a little weak . . .

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. And you allow the me of a magistrate to figure in a police cord in conjunction with that of the cquet girl?

Mouzon. She said her name was Diana

Montmorency.

ATTORNEY - GENERAL [continuing]. Questioned by me, Police Commissioner, e next morning, about his disguise as offir in the navy which he had adopted . . . "

[Looks at Mouzon again; continued

silence.

MOUZON [still smiling]. Yes, on account

my sidewhiskers . . . ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Indeed?

Mouzon. When I ... that is ... when go to Bordeaux, 1 always go in the charter of officer in the navy in order to safeard the dignity of the magistracy.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Your solicitude is

little tardy.

Mouzon. I will beg you to observe, Attorney, that my solicitude dated from the very beginning, since I took care to leave the district, and even the jurisdiction . . .

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. To continue . . "Monsieur Mouzon revealed to me his real identity as examining magistrate. He made use of this title to request us to drop further

proceedings ..."

Mouzon. The idiot! Did he put that in his report? The idea! Did n't he know any better than that? That's not it; I tell you, it is a question of politics; the Police Commissioner is one of our opponents. I asked him . . . Well, anyway, I wanted to avoid a scandal - any one would have done the same in my place . . .

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Have you any-

thing more to say?...

Mouzon. Anything more to say? Certainly, sir, if you wish to insist in this conversation on the relations of superior and subordinate, I have nothing more to say. If, on the other hand, you would deign to allow me to forget for a moment your lofty position, if you would consent to speak with me as man to man, I would add that it was a youthful escapade, an unfortunate incident, of course, but explicable by the profound ennui which rises from the streets of Mauléon. I admit, I had dined too well . . . there are a lot of decent people who find themselves in the same situation every evening. . . . It is a triffing matter which does not compromise the character of any one.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Sir, when one has the honor to be a magistrate, when one has accepted the responsibility of judging one's fellow-men, he is in duty bound to observe more decorum, more dignity than any one else. A thing which does not compromise the character of the one judged, does compromise the character of the judge. Let

that be said once for all.

Mouzon. In view of the fact, Attorney, that you do not deign to treat with me on any other than an official footing, I can do nothing but request you to inform me of your decision.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Have you no idea? Mouzon. I am examining magistrate. You will degrade me to the rank of simple judge, - a decrease of five hundred francs per year. I accept.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

this simple solution will not suffice. To speak more clearly, I have to inform you that Coire, director of the paper which is most open in its hostility toward us, is cognizant of all the facts of which you are accused. and consents to withhold them only on condition that you leave Mauléon before the end of the month. I find myself, therefore, under the painful necessity of requesting your resignation.

Mouzon. I shall not give it.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. You won't give it! Mouzon. It grieves me greatly to be unable to comply with one of your desires, Attorney, but my mind is made up; I shall not resign.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Well, ... but ...

pre you not aware . . .

Mouzon. I am aware of everything.

ATTORNEY - GENERAL. Well, sir, we should let the law take its course. [Rises.] Mouzon. Pray do!

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Have you considred the scandal which will devolve upon you from your appearance before the court,

from your probable conviction?

Mouzon. My conviction is not so probable as you seem to think. I am quite able to defend myself and to choose my counsel. As for the scandal, it is not upon me that it will devolve; - I am a bachelor without a family. I know no one, so to speak, at Mauleon - which has been to me hardly nore than an exile. My friends are all at Bordeaux; they belong to the gay set, and I would not be disgraced in their eyes by the proceedings in question. Even if I have to leave the magistracy, I have, fortunately, enough to live on, over and above the three thousand francs which the State allows me ach year.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. That is sufficient.

You may go.

Mouzon. I wish you a very good day, $[Goes\ out.]$

JANITOR. [Comes in.] Mr. Attorney-General, the Deputy . . . he says you are expecting him.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Yes, I am. Ask

him to come in.

[Enter Mondoubleau. The Attorney-Gen-ERAL rises to greet him and grasps his hand.]

MONDOUBLEAU. How do you do, Attorpev?

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Quite well, uty, thank you; how are you?

MONDOUBLEAU. Delighted to see v am just in from Paris. I took dinner terday with my friend, the Keeper o Seals . . . the Cabinet is a little wo just for the moment . . .

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. How's that Mondoubleau. They fear an inte lation, - at any moment, so to speak tell you about it some time. . . . B way, they say you have a young Subst here who is making a little too i stir . . .

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Ardeuil? Mondoubleau. Ardeuil, that's it.

gène is so well posted . . .

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Eugène? MONDOUBLEAU. Yes, my friend, Eug the Keeper of the Seals. He said to "I am relying on the Attorney-General do his duty."

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. I ask nothing ter, provided some one will tell me in

it consists . . .

MONDOUBLEAU. That is just what want to avoid . . . By the way, you tainly do know how to keep your counsel, don't you?

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. I? What do

mean?

MONDOUBLEAU. You are asking to transferred . . .

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Who told that?

MONDOUBLEAU. The only one who kn it, of course . . . who did you think?

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Eu . . . [Qi The Keeper of the Seals?

MONDOUBLEAU. You desire to be pointed at Orléans . . . Am I corre informed?

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. To tell the tr

we do have family there.

MONDOUBLEAU. I believe you are alre on the slate.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Are changes ready in consideration?

Mondoubleau. Yes. Speaking of M sieur Ardeuil - the Minister confined h self to saying that he had confidence your firmness and zeal.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. The Keeper the Seals may rely upon me. I have to a little pruning here in several directi shall lack neither firmness nor zeal, I

re you.

ondoubleau. All right, but, above all, tact! Eugène repeated it ten times: pecially no scandals! No scandals! now less than ever. . . . We are bewatched. . . . So, perfect quiet!"

TTORNEY-GENERAL. Be assured. . . .

a question of Mouzon.

ONDOUBLEAU. Mouzon . . . Mouzon the examining magistrate?

TTORNEY-GENERAL. Yes. ondoubleau. Of Mauléon? TTORNEY-GENEBAL. Exactly.

ondoubleau. You can't mean it....
s one of my best friends... Exceedy favorable to us... A thoroughly
fellow! An excellent magistrate, entic and discerning... Why, I have
spoken of him to Eugène for the

nsellor's vacancy.

TTORNEY-GENERAL [handing him the ers concerning MOUZON]. You certainly e a good time! Here are some papers the concern him. Anyway, the place is

nised to Vagret.

ONDOUBLEAU. What 's the trouble?
TTORNEY-GENERAL. Just this: I shall
to report him to the Superior Council
ne Magistracy or bring suit against him
re the Court of Appeal.

ONDOUBLEAU. What has he done? —

TTORNEY-GENERAL. Read it.

ONDOUBLEAU [after having glanced at papers which have been handed him]. I see, ... a matter of no consequence. Il events, if you keep quiet nobody will wanything about it. No scandal! The nies of the magistracy are too active anyway, without our furnishing them unition.

TTORNEY - GENERAL. Unfortunately e is aware of the facts and threatens ablish them unless Mouzon is removed

Mauléon . . . ONDOUBLEAU.

The devil . . .

[Commences to laugh.]
TTORNEY-GENERAL. What are you

hing at?

ondoubleau. Nothing,—a fantastic
... just a joke ... [Laughs.] Listen,
ow don't get angry, will you . . . it's
a joke . . .

TTORNEY-GENERAL. What is it?

ONDOUBLEAU. I was just thinking . . .

just a strange idea, of course . . . after all, if you should propose Mouzon for Counsellor at Pau, everybody would be satisfied . . .

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. But, Deputy....
MONDOUBLEAU. Itold you I was only joking ... it's only a jest ... and the funny thing about it all is that you would be satisfying Coire, myself, Mouzon, and Eugène, who does n't want any scandal, all of us at the same time....

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. But that would be

a scandal . . .

MONDOUBLEAU. You are wrong there In politics there is no scandal until the scandal is out.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. But still . . .

Mondoubleau. I quite agree with you. I know perfectly well all that may be said . . . I told you I was only joking . . . and do you know that the curious part of it, really, when you think it over, is that this extrava gant solution is the only one which does not have evident and serious objections. . . Certainly, if you leave Mouzon here, Coira will tell everything. If you bring suit against him, you will give to a certain press an oceasion to undermine one of the bases of Society which it will be only glad to have. Exactly! — they will confound the whole magistracy with Mouzon . . . it will not be Mouzon, who will be the ribald, it will be the tribunal, the Court of Pau . . . there will be mud on every gown.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. But you cannot be

asking seriously . . .

Mondoubleau. I tell you what let's do . . . let's go and talk it over with Rollet, the Senator; he lives only a step away.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. I assure you ... Mondoubleau. Oh, come on! You will drop a word about Orléans at the same time . . . what do you risk? I tell you my solution is the best. . . . You will come to it, believe me! I will take you over. . . . [Takes him by the arm.]

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Well, I did have

a word to say to him.

[Enter Clerk.]

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. How far have they got? To the verdict?

CLERK. Not yet . . . Monsieur Vagret has just replied . . .

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Are the jury out?

CLERK. No, Attorney-General . . . they were just going when Monsieur Vagret asked for an intermission.

Mondoubleau. That's a great idea . . . anyway, let's be going, friend, you will come around . . .

ATTORNEY-GENERAL [weakly]. Never, never!

CLERK [deeply moved]. Wonderful! JANITOR [half opening the door at the

rear]. Benoît, what's the news?

CLERK. Wonderful! Our prosecutor has just been magnificent . . . and that Etchepare is the lowest of the low . . .

[Enter Madame Vagret, deeply moved. Clerk goes to her; Janitor disappears.

MADAME VAGRET. Oh, dear me!

CLERK. Madame Vagret, I am only a clerk, but allow me to say that it was won-

MADAME VAGRET. Wonderful.

CLERK. How Monsieur Vagret did give it to that Bordeaux lawyer.

MADAME VAGRET. Did n't he, though? CLERK. It's settled now, the death penalty. . .

MADAME VAGRET. Without any doubt.

CLERK. Madame, the jurors kept looking at that Etchepare, the scoundrel, in a way that made me afraid - as Monsieur Vagret went on speaking you could feel that they would have liked to settle his case, themselves, the wretch!

MADAME VAGRET. Yes, I saw it!

CLERK. I beg your pardon, madame, I am forgetting myself, but there are times when one is so happy, so happy that differences in station don't count.

MADAME VAGRET. You are right, my

good Benoît.

[Enter Judge of the Assizes and Bunerat.]

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. Oh, madame, let me congratulate you. We have it this time — the death penalty . . .

MADAME VAGRET. Yes, Judge, we have

it at last, have n't we?

JUDGE OF THE Assizes. Beyond a doubt . . . but where is the victor? He was sim-

ply sublime . . . was n't he, Bunerat?
BUNERAT. Yes, Judge, but you had prepared the way so well, by the way you pre-

JUDGE OF THE Assizes. Oh, of course,

I don't mean I had nothing to do wit result, but Vagret must be given c To MADAME VAGRET. | You ought happy, very happy and very proud, my madame . .

MADAME VAGRET. Oh, yes, Judge JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. But what of an idea was it, anyhow, to ask for

cess? . . . Is he sick? MADAME VAGRET. Oh!

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. No, here l

[Enter Vagret. He looks worried.] MADAME VAGRET. Oh, my dear!

> Takes his hand in hers. She ca nothing more, overcome by her

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. It was won

BUNERAT. I really must congrat

VAGRET. Really, you overwhelm me

you deserve all the credit, Judge. JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. Not at all

do you know what carried everything fore it? . . . [Lights a ciga

VAGRET. No.

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. It was when exclaimed: "Gentlemen of the jury, have homes, farms, property; you wives whom you love, you have daug whom you have tenderly nurtured... ware . . . " At that point you were gr [Going on.] "Beware, if you allow selves to be misled by the eloquent s mentality of the defense; beware, I sa you prove unfaithful to your lofty ro dispensers of justice, lest One on high up the glaive fallen from your feeble h and shower upon you and yours the l which you shall have left unaveng That was sublime, and it produced a mendous effect!

BUNERAT. But it was you, my Judge, who moved them most when calling quite opportunely that the acc loved the sight of blood . . .

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. Oh, yes, did have some effect . . .

ALL. What? What was it?

BUNERAT. The Judge puts this ques "The morning of the crime did you kill two sheep?" "Yes," the prisone plies . . . and then the Judge looking straight in the face . . .

OGE OF THE ASSIZES. Yes, I said to "You were practicing, were n't you?" To VAGRET.] Anyhow, if I did have thing to do with the result, it is to you the greater part of the honor of the vill fall.

GRET. You are too kind.

DGE OF THE ASSIZES. By no means and your conclusion! [With an artist's ity. You were really under the influof a powerful emotion, of a very powernotion, were n't you?

GRET [soberly]. Yes, under the influ-

of a very powerful emotion.

DGE OF THE Assizes. You became pale as you looked at the jury and added with your voice sunk almost to isper . . . "Gentlemen, I demand of he head of this man!"

GRET [with staring eyes]. Yes.

DGE OF THE Assizes. Then you made a to the counsel for the defense.

GRET. Yes, I thought he might have

thing to add . . .

DGE OF THE Assizes. But why delay rerdict? You had won the victory. AGRET. That was just the trouble. DGE OF THE ASSIZES. What do you

1? AGRET. During my demand for punish-

something took place which troubled

DGE OF THE ASSIZES. Troubled you?

NERAT. What was it?

AGRET. It was n't exactly anything but . . . in short . . . [Pause.] Ex-

me, I am very tired . .

DGE OF THE ASSIZES. I understand emotion very well, Vagret. One alhas it at the time one wins his first penalty . . . but . . . you'll see . . . ll get used to it. [Going out; to BUNE-It is true, he does seem tired . . . INERAT. I think he is too sentimental

is place . . . AGRET. As I left the court-room, I met Attorney-General and asked him ur-

y to give me a moment's conversation would like to speak alone with him and with you, Judge.

NERAT. As you like.

ADAME VAGRET. I am afraid you are vell, my dear. . . . I will stay outside and will come back as soon as the genen have gone.

VAGRET. All right.

MADAME BUNERAT [going out, to her husband]. I know somebody who is going to make a blunder.

BUNERAT. What do we care?

[They go out.] JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. Can it be that you noticed anything out of order on my part in the judicial procedure?

VAGRET. No, if there was anything

wrong, I am to blame.

[Enter Attorney-General.]

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. What is there so

serious, my dear Attorney?

VAGRET. It is this . . . I am worried beyond all power of expression . . . I need the consciences of both of you to reassure

Explain ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

self . . .

VAGRET. A whole array of facts, the attitude of the prisoner, certain details which had escaped me, have aroused in my mind a doubt as to the guilt of this man.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Was there any indication of these facts, of these details

in the papers on the case?

VAGRET. Certainly.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Did the attorney for the defense have access to these papers?

VAGRET. Of course.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Well, then, why this concern of yours?

VAGRET. But, supposing this man were

not guilty?

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. The jury will decide. We have nothing to do, any of us, but bow to their decision.

VAGRET. Allow me to tell you, Attorney. General, how my conviction was shaken.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. I don't care to know. All that is only a matter between you and your conscience. You have the right to set forth your scruples to the jury. You know the proverb — the pen is servile, speech is free.

VAGRET. I shall follow your advice.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. I am not giving

VAGRET. I shall set forth my doubts to

the jury.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. That means ac quittal.

VAGRET. I can't help it.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL [angrily]. Do and

thing you like; but I must tell you one thing, my dear sir. Any one planning such revolutionary proceedings generally has the courage to carry them out alone, and to accept the undivided responsibility of the follies which he may commit. . . . You are shrewder and have succeeded in finding the means of forcing others to share the consequences of your doubts . . .

VAGRET. I, shrewd? How? ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Come, come, now, we're no children; I see plainly enough the trap into which you have led me. You have laid your responsibilities on another. If you are criticized at the Chancery for your attitude, you will reply that you consulted your superior and it is I who will be the victim ... and there I am in difficulties with the Chancery. What do you care for my interests or for a situation which doesn't affect you? You get some notion or other into your head and you make me responsible for it in spite of myself. Once more, it is very shrewd of you, I compliment you, but I am not grateful . . .

VAGRET. You misunderstand me, Attorney-General; I have not the slightest intention of unloading upon you any responsibilities which I may incur. . . . It is certainly not at the moment that I expect to receive a Counsellor's appointment that I would be guilty of such an error. . . . I am telling you my trouble and asking you for advice, that

is all.

JUDGE OF THE Assizes. Have you any

VAGRET. If I had proof I would n't be asking for advice, would I? [Silence.] If we only had a ground for appeal - a good

JUDGE OF THE Assizes [wrathfully]. What's that! Ground for appeal! Based on an oversight or an error on my part, I suppose! Well, you are ingenious, my dear Attorney. . . . You arrive at some doubt or other, and in order to obtain peace with your morbidly sensitive conscience, you invite me to be kind enough to commit an error! Really, that would be convenient to unload errors which you may have committed on others who have done their duty . . .

ATTORNEY-GENERAL [again

sessed]. I quite agree.

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. And at the Chan-

cery, speaking of me, they will say: " kind of a Counsellor is this, anyhow is not even capable of presiding over a size session at Mauléon!" A man we had such trouble to convict, too! A sacrifice me to such a scoundrel! O Find some other way, my dear sir; not the one for you, take my word fo

VAGRET. Then I shall find some way, but I shall not leave the situati it is.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. I don't care you do! Ouly don't forget that I have you no advice one way or another.

VAGRET. I recognize that.

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. When you up your mind to go on with the hea please let us know.

VAGRET. I will.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. [To the Jud THE Assizes. | Shall we be going?.

They go MADAME VAGRET. [Enters.] What trouble?

VAGRET. Nothing.

MADAME VAGRET. Nothing! Why you so depressed in spite of a success will mean so much in your career?

VAGRET. It's this very success frightens me.

MADAME VAGRET. Frightens you? VAGRET. Yes, I am afraid.

MADAME VAGRET. Of what? VAGRET. Of having gone too far.

MADAME VAGRET. Too far! Does 1 deserve death a hundred times, the derer?

VAGRET [after a silence]. Are you that he is a murderer?

MADAME VAGRET. Yes.

VAGRET [in a low tone]. Well, I. MADAME VAGRET. What?

VAGRET. For myself, I don't know to think . .

MADAME VAGRET. Good Heavens VAGRET. Yes, there occurred within during the course of my demand fo penalty a terrible thing. . . . While I resentative of the State, while I, O Prosecutor, was performing my duty other judgment within me was exam the case with coolness; an inner voice reproaching me for my violence and insinuating into my mind a doubt increased - there took place in my s ous combat, a bitter combat, and a one . . . that emotion as I closed of the judge spoke, that low voice with I demanded the penalty, was be-I had reached the end of my strength; s because, in this combat, my conse was on the point of winning the day d I hastened to finish because I was I that its voice would burst out in of me. When I saw the counsel for efense remain seated without rising to he things that I would have liked to him say to the jury . . . then I was afraid of myself, afraid of my acts, words, of their horrible consequences, wanted to gain time . . .

ADAME VAGRET. But, my dear, you done your duty; the counsel for the ise has not done his - that is no con-

of yours.

AGRET. That same reply! If I were an st man, in a few moments, at the reing of the hearing, I would tell the of the doubt which has taken possesof me. I would explain how it arose in ... I would call their attention to a t which I deliberately kept back bee I thought that the prisoner's counsel d point it out to them.

ADAME VAGRET. You know, dear, how spect your scruples, but I must call attention to this fact: Etchepare will be pronounced innocent or guilty by but by the jury. If any one ought to orried, it is Placat, not you . . .

AGRET. I ought to represent justice! ADAME VAGRET. Here you have a oner who comes before you with a recof previous convictions, with a whole s of overwhelming circumstances which irm his guilt. He is defended; by m? By a leader in the profession, fas for his integrity as well as for his and oratorical talent. You expound facts to the jury. If the jury decides your favor, I don't see how your resibility as a magistrate is comproed.

AGRET. As a magistrate, perhaps not; man, certainly. No! I have no right e silent . . . no right! I tell you, there this case a series of circumstances of ch no one has spoken and of such a as to make me believe in the inno-

e of the accused . . .

MADAME VAGRET. But how is it you overlooked these circumstances until now?

VAGRET [with lowered head]. Do you think that I did overlook them? In the name of Heaven, do I dare tell you all? I am not a wicked man; I would n't have any one suffer through my fault, would I? Well . . . oh, how ashamed am I to confess it, to say it openly after having confessed it to myself! Well, as I studied the case, I had my mind so firmly made up in advance that Etchepare was guilty that when an argument in his favor presented itself to me, I rejected it with a shrug of the shoulders. As to the facts of which I am speaking, and from which my doubt arose . . . I at first simply tried to prove to myself that they were false, choosing in the depositions of the witnesses only what served to disprove them, repudiating all the rest with a horrible unquestioning simplicity in my bad faith . . . and at last, in order to dissipate my final scruples, I said to myself, as you are doing now, - "It is the concern of the defense, not mine!" Listen! Just see to what extent the exercise of the profession of magistrate deforms us, makes us unjust and cruel: At first I had a feeling of joy when I saw the Judge in his examination leave all these little facts in the background! That's the trade! Do you understand, the trade! Oh, poor creatures that we are, poor creatures!

MADAME VAGRET. Perhaps the jury will not convict.

VAGRET. They will, though.

MADAME VAGRET. They may take into account extenuating circumstances.

VAGRET. No. I insisted too urgently on the contrary. How I insisted! How violent I was!

MADAME VAGRET. True. . . . Why did

you speak with such passion?

VAGRET. Ah, why! why! For a long time before the hearing it was so well understood by everybody that the prisoner was guilty! And how they had turned my head, how they had intoxicated me! I was the voice of humanity, I was to make the public highways safe, make the family secure, and I don't know what. Then I felt that I must rise to what was expected of me. My first demand for the penalty had been comparatively moderate . . . but when

I saw the celebrated lawyer make the jurors weep, I thought I was lost; I felt that I was losing my grip on the accusation, and, contrary to my custom, I replied. When I rose the second time I was like a fighter who has caught a glimpse of defeat and who struggles with despair. From that moment Etchepare no longer existed for me, so to speak. I no longer was concerned with the defense of Society nor with the support of the accusation, I was struggling with the attorney; it was a contest of orators, a competition between comedians - I must come out victorious at any price. I must convince the jury, win it back again, wrest from them the two "Ayes" of the verdict. It was no longer a question of Etchepare, I tell you, it was a question of myself, of my vanity, of my reputation, of my honor, of my future. . . . It is shameful, I repeat, it is shameful! At all hazards, I wished to prevent the acquittal which I felt was certain. And I was so afraid of not succeeding that I employed every argument, both good and bad, even to picturing to the terrified jury their houses in flames, their dear ones murdered . . . I spoke of the vengeance of God upon indulgent judges. And all that with a clear conscience - or rather absolutely unconsciously, in the heat of passion and in the heat of anger against the lawyer whom I hated then with all my power. My success went beyond my wishes; the jury is ready to obey me, and, my dear, I have allowed myself to be congratulated, I have taken the hands which were held out to me. . . . That 's what a magistrate is!

MADAME VAGRET. Don't take it so seriously—there are n't, perhaps, ten men in France who would have done other-

wise.

VAGRET. You are right. But, when you think of it, that is precisely what is so ter-

CLERK [entering]. Attorney, the Judge wants to know when the hearing may be resumed.

VAGRET. At once.

MADAME VAGRET. What are you going to do?

VAGRET. What a man of honor ought to do. [Prepares to go out.]

ACT IV

Setting as in Act II.

[BUNERAT, JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES VAGRET.]

BUNERAT. Well, there's another sover.

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES [wearing gown]. I was scared to death for those animals would make me mi train . . . you see I am going he to-morrow on the Cambo lakes, and this evening's train it's all off! [Lat his watch.] Oh, I have still an hor a half . . .

BUNERAT. What do you think

Judge?

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. Of what verdict? What do you suppose I car fact, I prefer it that way: I am sur the defense will not dig up some unexperror in procedure. . . . Where is m box?

[Climbs on a chair to reach the k which is on top of a war Bunerat anticipates him.]

BUNERAT. Allow me, Judge! You our guest. [From the chair.] I'm afrai have the pleasure of receiving you again at the next session.

Sighs, handing down the ha Judge of the Assizes. The ple

will be mine. . . .

[Takes from the hat-box a round hat.]

Bunerat. Do you want a brush? There is Mouzon's . . . [Sigh.] Oh, when shall I ever leave Mauléon? I so much like to live at Pau!

JUDGE OF THE Assizes. Pshaw! It much over-rated town, believe me. . .

BUNERAT. So, then, new duties don't

me there yet?

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. That's not It is a good enough place in the winter but the summers — goodness, what mers!

BUNERAT. So I did not get the app

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. Ah, you ki

BUNERAT. Yes, — I . . . that is, not know that it was official.

JUDGE OF THE Assizes [brushing h and noticing a dent]. It is already de

days, the hats they sell you for felt

thing but pasteboard.

NERAT. That's so. No, I did n't know was official. . . . Mouzon is very for-

[Enter VAGRET in citizen's dress.]

OGE OF THE ASSIZES. Well, well, here gret. Already dressed! Yes, you are me, while I must pack all this up. . . . re in the devil is my robe-box? BUNstarts to get it for him, but stops.] 's strange, what has become of it . . . s wardrobe. . . . You have n't seen it, you, Bunerat?

NERAT. No.

DGE OF THE ASSIZES. Ah, here it is . . . my coat in it . . . [Opens the box and out his cutaway which he puts beside the Well, you made them acquit him, my sir; are you satisfied?

GRET. Yes. I am very glad.

DGE OF THE ASSIZES. But suppose

were guilty?

GRET. I shall console myself with that g from Berryer: "It is better to let ruilty men go free than to punish one is innocent.

DGE OF THE ASSIZES. You are sential.

AGRET. Must one have a heart of stone

a magistrate? IDGE OF THE ASSIZES [tying up the box e he has put his judge's cap]. One must bove the petty misfortunes of mankind. AGRET. That is, above the misfortunes

hers . . . UDGE OF THE ASSIZES. Oh, well. . . . AGRET. That's what I call selfishness. IDGE OF THE Assizes. Do you mean

for me?

AGRET. For all three of us.

UNERAT. Good-day, gentlemen . . .

d-day!

[Shakes hands with both and goes out.] UDGE OF THE Assizes [taking off his]. My dear Attorney, I must ask you to little more careful in your choice of ls.

AGRET. I assure you, Judge, I am care-... If I should speak out what is in heart, you would hear some very dis-

eable things.

UDGE OF THE ASSIZES [in his shirtes]. Do not forget to whom you are

speaking. I am Counsellor at the Court,

Mr. Attorney.

VAGRET. I am not speaking simply with reference to you, sir. The disagreeable things which I might say would condemn me also. I am thinking of those poor people . . .

JUDGE OF THE Assizes [brushing his robe]. What poor people? The prisoners of this afternoon? Well, they are acquitted; what more do you want - give them pen-

VAGRET. They were acquitted, it is true, but they have been sentenced for all that. They have been sentenced to misery for their natural lives . . .

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. What are you

talking about?

VAGRET. And it was your fault, too,

Judge.

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES [stopping in the midst of folding up his robe]. My fault?

VAGRET. And the worst of it is that you

did n't even see the harm you did!

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. What harm

have I done, pray? VAGRET. Well, when you disclosed to Etchepare that his wife had once been convicted of complicity in theft and that she had been seduced before he married her . . . that was really too bad of you!

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. Don't be so quixotic! Do you think he did n't know it?

VAGRET. If you had seen his emotion when his wife replied "yes," when you asked if it were so, you would be as convinced as I that he didn't know anything about it.

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES [closing the box where he has put his robe]. Well, even so; you are ascribing to people like that feelings which they don't possess.

VAGRET. "People like that" have hearts

as well as we, Judge.

JUDGE OF THE Assizes. Let's grant it. .. Did n't my duty compel me to do what

VAGRET. That 's not for me to say.

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES [still in his shirtsleeves]. Is the law at fault, then? Well, sir! If I did my duty, as I did, you are certainly not doing yours in attacking the law, whose faithful servant you are and which I am proud to represent.

VAGRET. You need n't be! JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. Sir!

VAGRET. It's an atrocity, I tell you, that it is permitted to throw up to a prisoner, innocent or guilty, a fault which he committed ten years before and which he has expiated. Yes, sir, it is revolting that after having punished, the law does not pardon.

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES [who has put on his coat and hat]. If you find that the law is bad, have it changed . . . run for De-

puty at the next elections.

VAGRET. Alas! . . . If I were Deputy, I should probably do as the others do, and instead of thinking of that, I would be thinking of nothing but the probable duration of the Cabinet.

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES [with his box under his arm]. In that case, of course - is

he janitor .

VAGRET [ringing the bell]. He will be right here. - So Mouzon is appointed in my place?

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. Yes; Mouzon. VAGRET. Because he is the henchman of

Deputy, of a Mondoubleau —

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. I shall not allow you to speak ill of Monsieur Mondoubleau pefore me . . .

VAGRET. You imagine you may need

JUDGE OF THE ASSIZES. Precisely. [JAN-ITOR appears.] Will you carry that for me to my hotel, my good man? - the hotel near the station. . . You will recognize it easily; my orderly is at the door . . . [Gives him his boxes.] Good-day, Vagret, -I don't bear you any grudge.

Goes out, VAGRET puts on his hat and

also prepares to go out.]

[The Clerk comes in.]

CLERK. You are going, sir?

VAGRET. Yes.

CLERK. Do you have any objections to my letting Etchepare come in here? He is waiting, in the hall, for the formalities of release and complains of being exposed to public curiosity.

VAGRET. Let him come in, by all means. CLERK. Shall I tell them to bring his wife here, too, when she comes from the

office.

VAGRET. Certainly.

CLERK. I shall tell the officers, but the wife cannot be released immediately . . .

VAGRET. Why not?

CLERK. She is held on another com She is accused of insulting a magistr the exercise of his functions.

VAGRET. Mouzon?

CLERK. Yes, your honor.

VAGRET. I will try to arrange that CLERK. Good-day, your honor.

VAGRET. Good-day. Goes CLERK [at the door]. Come in, I pare. You will like it better here whil are waiting for your definite release it won't be long.

ETCHEPARE. Thank you, sir.

CLERK. Well, at last you are acqu my poor man! It is over at last.

ETCHEPARE. It is over as far as the is concerned, sir, but it is not over fo I am acquitted, it is true, but for m all up now!

CLERK. You did n't know?

ETCHEPARE. No, sir.

CLERK. It was so long ago . . . you

forgive her . . .

ETCHEPARE. A Basque never for those things . . . it was like a thunde falling on my heart . . . and all our tre has come to us because of her. . . . Goo avenged himself . . . all is lost.

CLERK [after a pause]. I feel for from the bottom of my heart.

ETCHEPARE. Thank you, sir . . pause.] Since you are so kind, sir, wil let my mother, who is waiting outsic the hall, come in and speak to me?

CLERK. I will send her in to you. G

bye.

ETCHEPARE. Good-bye.

[CLERK goes

[The Mother comes in.]

ETCHEPARE [pressing his mother's to his breast]. My poor old mother, how grief of these three months has char you!...

MOTHER. My poor child, how you :

have suffered!

ETCHEPARE. That woman!

MOTHER. Yes, they have just told ETCHEPARE. For ten years I have with that thief . . . with that wench! well she could lie! Ah! When I heard Judge say to her: "You were sente for theft in complicity with your lo and when before all the public she 1...do you know, mother, I thought en was falling on my head . . . and she acknowledged that she had been istress of that man . . . I don't know did happen after that! Nor whom I I have liked to kill - the Judge who aying those things with such indifferor her, who was acknowledging them her head turned away from me . . . ost felt like confessing myself guilty ite of my innocence, in order not to any more about it, in order to be freed out I thought of you and the children! A long silence.] Come! We must dewhat to do . . . did you leave them at ?

DTHER. No, I had to send them away ir cousin at Bayonne; we have no home nor anything else, we are ruined way, it got so I could n't stand it here the women turned aside and crossed iselves when I met them; at church left me all alone in the middle of an yspace. . . . Already I had been obliged ke the children out of school . . .

CHEPARE. Good God!

OTHER. No one spoke to them any more. day George provoked the biggest boy e school; they had a fight, and as George the stronger, the other to get even d him a murderer's son.

TCHEPARE. And George . . .

other. He came home crying and re-

that I sent them to Bayonne.

I'll tell you what we will
Go there and get them. To-morrow or

evening I will meet you. There are

gration offices for America there. They
take the four of us and trust us for the

ets on account of the children.

OTHER. And if they ask for their

her?
TCHEPARE [after a pause]. You will tell
a, she is dead.

er Yanetta whom some one brings to the door.]

ANETTA [as the door is being closed].

, sir.

[OTHER [without looking at YANETTA].

II, I am going.
TCHEPARE [also without looking at YATA]. Well, I shall meet you either here
evening or there to-morrow.

MOTHER. All right.

ETCHEPARE. As soon as you get there, you will inquire about the day and hour . . .

MOTHER. Very well.

ETCHEPARE. Until to-morrow.

MOTHER. All right.

[Goes out without a glance at Yanetta.]
Yanetta. [Takes a few steps toward her husband, falls on her knees and clasps her hands. In a low voice.] Forgive me!

ETCHEPARE. Never!

YANETTA. No, don't say that! ETCHEPARE. Did the Judge lie? YANETTA. No, the Judge did not lie. ETCHEPARE. You are a bad woman! YANETTA. Yes, I am a bad woman, for-

give me!

ETCHEPARE. Forgive you! I would like

to kill you!

YANETTA. Yes, yes, but forgive me! ETCHEPARE. You are nothing but a wench, a Paris wench without shame or morals!

YANETTA. Yes, insult me, strike me! ETCHEPARE. You have lived a lie to me

for ten years!

YANETTA. Oh! How I wanted to tell you all! Oh! How many times I commenced that terrible confession! I never had the courage, Pierre; I was always afraid of your auger and of the pain I would cause you. . . . You were so happy!

ETCHEPARE. You came back fresh from vice, just out of prison, and took me for

your victim . . .

YANETTA. And to think that he believes

that, my God!

ETCHEPARE. You came to me—the leavings of a thief... and you stole in me house the place of a good woman... Your lie has brought the curse of God on my family and you are the cause of it all. The misfortune which has just stricken us was caused by you, I tell you! You leper! Accursed! Damned! Don't talk to me any more! Don't talk to me any more!

YANETTA. Won't you have pity, Pierre?

Do you think that I don't suffer!

ETCHEPARE. If you do you deserve it! What had I done to you that you should choose me for your victim? What have I done to suffer as I do? You have made a coward of me! You have degraded me almost to your own level; I ought already to have succeeded in putting you out of my

head and my heart! And I cannot! And I suffer terribly . . . for I suffer in the love which I bore you . . . You! You have been all in my life for ten years . . . you have been all, all! . . . And I have nothing but one hope left,—to forget you!

YANETTA. Forgive me! ETCHEPARE. Never, never!

YANETTA. Don't say that . . . it is only God who has the right to say that. I will come back to your house; I shall only be the first of the servants . . . the most humble, if you wish! I shall not take my place at the fireside until you tell me to . . .

ETCHEPARE. We have n't any fireside, we have n't any home . . . we have nothing now! And I repeat it, it is all your fault . . . and it is because you used to sit there in the place of the mother, of my mother, you! false and faithless! that misfortune has fallen upon us!

YANETTA. I swear to you that I will make you forget all that by my humility, my devotion, and my repentance . . . and wherever you go I shall follow you; Pierre, "aflect, your children still need me . . .

ETCHEPARE. My children! You shall never see them again! Nor speak to them! I won't have you kiss them, nor even touch them!

Yanetta [changing her tone]. Not that! Not that! The children? You are mistaken there! Ah, no! Deprive me of all, condemn me to every shame, force me to beg my bread—I am quite willing! Don't even look at me, don't speak to me except to insult me . . . anything you like . . . but my children! My children! They belong to me: they came from my womb; they are still a part of me . . . and always, always will be my flesh and blood. . . . You can cut off one of my arms—it would be a dead thing and not a part of me . . . but you can't keep my children from being my children. . .

ETCHEPARE. You have made yourself

Unworthy of keeping them . . .

VANETTA. Unworthy! Don't talk that to me! Have I ever failed in my duties toward them? Have I been a bad mother? Answer! I have n't, have I? Well, if I have n't been a bad mother, my rights upon my children remain entire and absolute! Unworthy! I could be a thousand times more guilty! More unworthy, as you say, and

still neither you, nor the law, nor p nor God would have the right to take from me. . . . As a woman I may have guilty—it is possible... as mother, n can accuse me of anything. . . . Well, Well, then! They cannot be stolen me . . . and you who have this project you are a scoundrel! Yes! Yes! To a yourself you wish to take them fron You coward! You are only a man! Fa You don't know what the word means have no thought for your children. . . . Yes! You lie, I tell you! When yo that I am unworthy of bringing ther you lie! Those are only words, words! know it is not true; you know well en that I have nourished them, cared for loved them, counseled them, and that I to have them say their prayers every ing and that I would continue. . . . know well that no woman could fil place with them . . . but what do you for all that! You forget them . . . want to punish me and so you are going take them from me. . . . I have the to tell you that it is cowardly and mean is only a horrible vengeance! Ah! Ah! children! Now he wants to lug them No! Take them from me? Ah, just t Pierre, it is impossible, what you are

ETCHEPARE. You have spoken truly am avenging myself! What you say is possible is already done. My mother taken the children and has gone off

them

YANETTA. I will find them again. ETCHEPARE. America is large.

YANETTA. I shall find them again! ETCHEPARE. Then, I shall tell them I took them from you.

YANETTA. Never! That, never! I obey you, but swear to me . . .

[Enter the Clerk.]

CLERK. Come and sign your rel-Etchepare. You will be released at one

YANETTA. Wait, sir, wait! [To ETPARE.] I accept the separation since I . . . I will disappear. . . . You will hear of me again. But, in return for atrocious sacrifice, swear to me a soloath that you will never tell them . .

ETCHEPARE. I swear it . . . YANETTA. You swear never to tell t

which might diminish their affection

HEPARE. I swear it . . .

ETTA. Promise me also — I implore ierre, in the name of our happiness, my suffering - promise me to keep them the memory of their mother ou will have them pray for me, won't

HEPARE. I swear it to you . . . ETTA. Then go, my life is over. . . .

HEPARE. Good-bye.

Goes out with the CLERK. On the threshold of the door the latter meets

MOUZON.

RK. [To ETCHEPARE.] They will

ou the way out . . .

RK. The Etchepare woman is here . . . IZON. So she is here! Vagret has oken to me of her. Well, I withdraw mplaint; I ask nothing better than ase her. Now that I am Counsellor, I o desire to come back from Pau every for the examination. Proceed with cessary formalities. [To YANETTA.] in consideration of the disciplinary ement which you have undergone, I ling to release you provisionally . . . s I shall even withdraw my comif you apologize for having insulted

TETTA. I do not regret having in-

you. JZON. Do you want to go back to

TETTA. Ah, my poor man, if you only how little I care for your prison!

JZON. How so?

ETTA. Because I have nothing left, r house nor home, nor husband nor en. [Looks at him.] And it occurs to e more I think of it . . .

JZON. What?

VETTA. That it is you who are the

of all the trouble.

IZON. You have both of you been acd, have n't you? What more do you

VETTA. Yes, we have been acquitted, ue. But now, for my husband, for my en, for everybody, I am a bad woman

e same.

JZON. If any one throws up to you former conviction, if any one makes n to your disciplinary detention, you have the right to prosecute the slanderer before the law. He will be punished.

YANETTA. Well! It is because some one has thrown up to me my conviction that my husband has taken away my children . . . this some one is a judge — can I have him sentenced?

Mouzon. No.

YANETTA. Why? Because he is a magistrate?

Mouzon. No. Because it is the law.

YANETTA. The law! [Violently.] Well! Your law is contemptible.

Mouzon. Come, now, no shrieks, nor insults, please. [To the CLERK.] Are you through? Then go to the office and get an order for her release.

YANETTA. For me I am not learned: I have not studied the law as you have out of books, and perhaps for that very reason I know what is just and what is not. And I have come to ask you simply this: How does the law propose to give me back my children and undo the wrong it has done me?

Mouzon. The law is not beholden to you. YANETTA. Not beholden to me? Then what are you going to do about it? You,

the judge?

Mouzon. A magistrate is not responsible. YANETTA. Ah, you are not responsible! Then you could, just for a whim, arrest people, on a shadow of suspicion, even without suspicion; you might bring shame and dishonor on whole families, torture the unhappy, dig down deep into their existence, parade their misfortunes, bring to light forgotten and expiated faults, faults which go back ten years; you might, by your cunning, your tricks, your lies, and your cruelty, send a man to the foot of the scaffold, and what is worse, rob a mother of her little ones! And after that, like Pontius Pilate, you would say and would believe that you were not responsible! Not responsible! Before your law, you may not be responsible, as you say, but before justice itself, before the justice of decent people, before God's own justice, I swear to you that you are responsible and that is why I have come to bring you to account!

[Sees upon the desk of Mouzon, whose back is turned, the dagger used as a paper-cutter. Seizes i and lays it down again.]

Mouzon. I order you to go.

YANETTA. Listen to me ... for the last time, I ask you what you are going to do to relieve me, to return to me all that I have lost through your fault; what are you going to do to lessen my anguish, and how do you propose to get my children back for me?

Mouzon. I have nothing to say to you;

I owe you nothing.

YANETTA. You owe me nothing! You owe me more than life, more than everything . . . My children . . . I shall never

see them . . . what you have taken fr is the happiness of every minute, it is kisses every evening, it is the ride I had in watching them grow. Never again, shall I hear them say mamma as if they were dead! It is just the s if you had killed them. [Seizes the Yes! Now look at your work, all you judges: Of an innocent man you made a criminal, and of an honest wof a mother, you have made a murd [Strikes him; he falls.]

KNOW THYSELF

CONNAIS-TOI

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

BY PAUL HERVIEU
OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY

Translated by BARRY CERF

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

GENERAL DE SIBÉRAN
DONCIÈRES
JEAN DE SIBÉRAN
PAVAIL
A FOOTMAN
CLARISSE DE SIBÉRAN
ANNA DONCIÈRES

The action takes place in the country, at the present day.



KNOW THYSELF

ACT I

e drawing-room of a country-house. In the round through two windows and a glass which open on a piazza, a park is seen. On eft, folding-doors opening on a corridor. he right, folding-doors affording access to a drawing-room. On the left, a large office-On the right, a small table with an inkl on it. Consoles with vases of flowers, ze statuettes. Chairs here and there. lace is set at an angle, right, center.

the curtain rises, CLARISSE is seated at the table on the right, busied with her corresence. Pavail, in undress uniform of a enant of dragoons, appears at the rear ene; he hesitates on the threshold. Clarisse

him.

LARISSE. What! you, Pavail? My husl has just gone to his headquarters and l be in a rage when he does n't find his enant there.

AVAIL. The general did not instruct me

old myself at his disposal.

LARISSE. And you remained peacefully

bering in your bed!

AVAIL. No. I have not come directly a home. I left early. I strolled about, dering from place to place. In fact I exed to pass by here on my return.

LARISSE. Why do you come at this

?

AVAIL [still slightly embarrassed]. I ight the book I spoke to you about [He gives it to her.] ntly. LARISSE. What a strange idea, when were going for a walk, to burden yourwith this !

AVAIL. It is n't very heavy.

LARISSE. I was to send for it one of e days. Pavail, this is nothing but a pre-. You have another reason for coming. AVAIL. Madame, your manner of examg me is enough to put one out of countece.

LARISSE. Exactly, you are embarrassed. l . . . I can guess why you are here.

PAVAIL. Indeed?

CLARISSE. Your conscience is not at rest.' PAVAIL. I beg you to be good enough to

explain yourself.

CLARISSE. With pleasure. Listen! Yesterday evening, while the General was at that card table and you were with Anna and me, he darted a caustic remark at you over his shoulder. The subject was of little importance; the tone had no more than the usual brusqueness. You replied by a look only, but a look that was very sharp, very hostile, and which you saw me intercept. I infer that your purpose this morning must be to efface in all haste the unfavorable impression which I may have retained.

PAVAIL. Let us suppose that that is it. It would be a great joy to me, I confess, to secure your indulgence for occasions in

which I am at fault.

CLARISSE [kindly]. I ask only this, that whenever you cause shadows to darken my thoughts, you make haste to dissipate them. I am still no farther than mere conjectures as to the sort of person you really are.

PAVAIL [timidly]. I will enter into those

details at another time.

CLARISSE. Come, now, Pavail, why do you take this attitude toward my husband? Are n't you under great obligations to him? Was it not he who cared for your education? PAVAIL. I see that you know something

about my story.

CLARISSE. The General told me that at the time when he was a captain, he happened to be in command of a detachment sent to repress some agitation in the region where you were born. Your father, it seems, was a professor, a humanitarian, who wished to interpose between the mob and the armed force . . .

PAVAIL. Yes. He had been imprisoned many a time as a revolutionist. His intervention in the circumstances which you mention earned him his death on a barri-

cade. It was never known from which side the bullet came. I was only three years old at the time. My mother had died in giving me birth. The wife of the young captain had a little boy, Jean de Sibéran, who is today your stepson. She adored him so much that she was deeply moved to learn that another child, only slightly older than her son, was bereft of shelter and sustenance as a result of events in which her own husband had played a rôle. She saw in me the seed of insurgency, a future brigand, whom there was perhaps yet time to reform according to her desires. She watched over my education. And Monsieur de Sibéran was generous enough to permit her to do so. I learned only after a considerable lapse of time whence I came and what lawless blood flowed in my veins. I may add even that I learned all that too late, when I found myself in a social position to which I had apparently not been destined. Madame de Sibéran had had me enter upon that career which most naturally presented itself to her mind: I was a second lieutenant, like her son, when that saintly woman died. I can say that no one mourned her more than I. I felt, at her grave, the distress of a brokenhearted dog.

CLARISSE. I readily infer that you did not feel for my husband a devotion as com-

plete as this.

PAVAIL. I should be unjust if I did not acknowledge that though he has not been kind to me, he has never really done me any wrong.

CLARISSE. I am surprised that you are able to discriminate with such precision the part of each of your benefactors in the as-

sistance you have received.

PAVAIL. For a long time I had felt in this matter only the promptings of instinct. The General himself confirmed this intuitive judgment one day when I had provoked his anger.

CLARISSE. On what occasion?

PAVAIL [hesitating]. I should feel peculiarly embarrassed to answer.

CLARISSE. Excuse my indiscretion.

Pavail. After all, with a person like you absolute frankness ought to be a sign of still greater respect than certain scruples of politeness. The thing happened five years ago, when the General remarried.

CLARISSE. It was apropos of my

riage?

Pavail. At that time, with importunce constancy, I held the opinion that the Madame de Sibéran was one of those men who ought not to be replaced. As quite proper, I had not openly formula my opinion. But I abstained from apping at the ceremony. The General cafor an explanation, in the course of wit pleased him to demonstrate disdainf that I was after all exempt from every ligation of gratitude toward him, and he personally had never interested him in me. His exposition was clearness its

CLARISSE. How is it, then, that a de tive rupture between you two did not

sult?

PAVAIL. The son of his dead wife, J de Sibéran, constrained me to seek my p don. He made every effort to see the obtained it, and he rendered it imposs for me to avoid the consequences. I for your stepson the warm affection of older brother. It seems to me that mother in placing me at the side of spoiled child bequeathed to me the miss of satisfying blindly his every wish. I thermore, Jean was the only one, interdiary as he was between the memory his mother and the action of his fatl qualified to dictate to me the proper a tude.

CLARISSE. So that after all you did renounce the functions which attach you

the person of the General.

PAVAIL. He ordered me to this poshe has always proceeded in regard to report of the has always proceeded in regard to report of the has always proceeded in regard to report of the fact that at the beginning I was his eyes a captive, a little living thing of quered from the enemy. Even now I can not feel myself other than a freedment of the thing of the fact of the

CLARISSE. Do you know, Pavail, you

not a very reassuring person.

PAVAIL. Oh, madame, do not misund stand me. Not one of those who serve General would fulfill the strict duties my office more scrupulously than I. In

I would lay down my life to insure safety. I claim only before you the t to restore mastery to the instincts of neart, to my intimate thoughts, to the dom of my manhood.

LARISSE. I shall not arrogate any title idge you. I disapprove, of course, your tude toward the General. But I regard

as a wounded soul, in pain.

AVAIL. True.

LARISSE. Up to the present time your ntenance seemed to me very different n others, impenetrable. It caused in me ort of uneasiness, almost irritation.

AVAIL. And now?

LARISSE. My opinion of you has, in e particulars, just now taken somewhat e definite shape.

AVAIL. Ah!

LARISSE. Your reverence for her who your second mother bears witness to a sibility which I was not sure I perceived you. I begin to see that your affection estowed only grudgingly, but that it is able, perhaps, of a rare devotion.

PAVAIL. Oh! you would only have to

it to the test!

CLARISSE. I do not flatter myself that are my friend. On the contrary, you re shown me how entirely I was, in your es, the detested intruder who was to te the place of your benefactress.

PAVAIL. My ill-will did not survive the t occasions on which we met. I quickly derstood how Monsieur de Sibéran had rificed her memory as soon as he found

nself in your presence.

CLARISSE. Ah! indeed! You were as ompt as that to make amends, were you? m grateful to you. But you would have rained, doubtless, from bearing me even initial ill-will if you had informed yourf about me.

PAVAIL. Is it possible? I never even ew when or how your marriage was de-

led.

CLARISSE. No intrigue of mine played a rt in the circumstances which made me the fe of the General. He had expressed to aged relative the intention of not reaining a widower. He demanded neither ealth nor beauty. A poor girl would suit m, provided that she were of good birth, ell brought-up, and also of sufficient poise to humiliate him. He preferred that

his future wife be beyond the bloom of youth. And above all, he asked that she be not romantic, announcing his desire to provide for himself a tranquil old age at the side of one whose nature should be all repose. Such was the ideal whose requirements I was believed to fulfill. You see that the shade of my predecessor had no reason to take umbrage at my installation in the home which had been hers; it was not unbridled passion nor mad love that was to take up its abode there with me.

PAVAIL. It has seemed to me, however, that the General was moved by a strong affection for you, I might even say violent.

CLARISSE. There was probably more fire left in him than he had supposed. It is quite likely that that made him resign himself to my being less commonplace, more highspirited, than the type of woman he had expected to choose.

PAVAIL [as if in spite of himself]. Will

you permit me to ask you a question?

CLARISSE. What?

PAVAIL [with trepidation at his own daring]. Your hopes, the desires you had formed when you were a young girl, have you found their realization in this marriage?

CLARISSE. If there were a disappointment in my life, I am bound to avoid con-

fiding it to any one.

PAVAIL. Why?

CLARISSE. From a sense of duty, from pride, from lack of sufficient intimacy with anybody.

PAVAIL. Yet . .

CLARISSE. [To a FOOTMAN who has come in from the left.] What is it?

FOOTMAN. Monsieur Doncières has returned. He sent me to see if Madame Doncières were not here.

At these words PAVAIL shows haste to be leaving.]

CLARISSE. [To the FOOTMAN.] No, she will not return until lunch-time. [Exit FOOTMAN.] My husband's cousin is becoming impatient, while his wife is lingering over a sketch at the edge of the pond.

PAVAIL [in a hurry to go]. On my way home I'll pass by there and look for her.

CLARISSE. As you like. Will you tell her, please, that she is wanted?

PAVAIL [already going]. Certainly.

CLARISSE. Excuse me for having detained you so long.

Pavall [his eagerness to depart suddenly checked by his natural courtesy]. Oh, on the contrary, it is I who trespassed . . .

CLARISSE. It has given me great pleasure

to have this chat with you.

PAVAIL. I shall always feel deep gratitude to you for this conversation.

CLARISSE. Good-bye.

[PAVAIL kisses her hand and goes.]

[Clarisse pensively gazes after his disappearing form. Sibéran enters from the left in the undress uniform of a Brigadier-General.]

CLARISSE. Have n't you anything to say to Lieutenant Pavail?

SIBERAN. Why do you ask me that?

CLARISSE. He might be called back; he has just left here.

Sibéran. Pavail! [He leaps toward the door as if to pursue him.] How long was he here?

CLARISSE. Half an hour.

SIBÉRAN. Yes! He had time enough! He came with brazen effrontery to dupe us, to create an alibi!

CLARISSE. What do you mean?

SIBÉRAN. My dear Clarisse, Pavail is our cousin's lover.

CLARISSE. Pavail! Oh! . . . How can

you make such an assertion?

SIBÉRAN. You know that at sunrise Anna left the house saying that she was going to make a sketch. You remember that about an hour and a half ago I left you to attend to a matter touching the service. Doncières accompanied me for the sake of the walk. We went by way of the park. We were still in the woods, approaching the lodge that Pavail rented as a dwelling. All at once we saw a woman come out. The silhouette we caught sight of from afar, the color of the dress, indicated that it was Anna. Furthermore, the person, startled by our unexpected appearance in the distance, sprang immediately from the road and slipped away through the underbrush. Doncières and I had not exchanged a word, but his impression coincided with mine, for he dashed off suddenly in pursuit. All this happened so quickly that I did not have time to think of taking a part in the affair. I listened without detecting any sound of loud voices. I waited, but no one returned. The fugitive had a good start and a nimble foot. Under cover of the

early-morning fog which clung to branches and lingered in the bushes, probably succeeded in making her escap

CLARISSE. At all events, Doncières turned alone. He is upstairs, trying to out where his wife is. She will soon here; and she will answer that you have

mote in the eye.

SIBERAN. There is one thing that render disproof rather difficult for her: fore Doncières disappeared among the tre I saw him stop to pick up a glove which l just been dropped in front of him. As at once resumed his pursuit with redoub vigor, I concluded that he had recogni his find as the property of his wife. As as my part in the matter is concerned, that was left for me to do was to go up the Lieutenant's door and knock. I wish to lose no time in calling him to accou But my peremptory summons was of avail; the door remained closed. Sub quent to that, being called to town to g various orders, I was able to ascertain the Pavail had, indeed, been at home and h pretended not to hear me, for he had be seen neither in the quarters, nor in the fices, nor anywhere else.

CLARISSE. I cannot believe, neverthele that he would have hurried straight he to play such a villainous comedy before

me '

SIBÉRAN. Did he give you a valid reson for his call?

CLARISSE. Not precisely . . .

SIBÉRAN. You must have found him he assed, uneasy?

CLARISSE. At first, yes.

SIBERAN. Naturally! Everything against him! By this impudent expedie he sought to discover, even under our veroof, what was the fate of his mistress.

CLARISSE. The fact is he withdrew ha ily, on learning that Anna had not yet

turned.

SIBÉRAN. You see: he rushed off in thope of happening upon her, and of arran

ing a course of action with her.

CLARISSE. No, I tell you, no! I'm of termined to refuse to believe all false a pearances. I'm determined to, at least, of consideration for Anna. How is it possible that she could have ceased to be vituous?

SIBÉRAN. In that little brain of hers s

loubtless decided that she cannot stand

usband.

ARISSE [to herself]. That's no reason. BERAN. Nothing interests her. She

't any children.

LARISSE [sadly]. I know what it is not ave any. And I should not see in that palliation of the dishonor she has ght upon herself.

BERAN. [Seeing Anna in the distance.]

e she is!

LARISSE. Oh!

BÉRAN. Let her enlighten you herself. all be at hand; call me.

[He goes out by the right. Anna enters from the rear.]

LARISSE [agitated]. It's you, Anna, at ! Quick, tell me where you were!

NNA [in distress]. I can tell by your

mer that you know everything.

LARISSE. What! Is it possible that it ou who are implicated in what the Genhas just disclosed to me? It was really they saw?

NNA [twisting and wringing her remainglove]. Yes, I am the woman who is inninated by the evidence they have.

LARISSE. Can you explain satisfactorily y you crossed the threshold of that

se?

ANNA. If I had been able to do that I

uld not have run away.

CLARISSE. But you have n't come back hout having invented some explanation? ANNA [discouraged, despairingly]. I could y invent some cock-and-bull story. I ve n't the impudence, I have n't the eny to build up lie on lie. I should break wn at the very start.

CLARISSE. Your husband is upstairs. u are not going to present yourself for cross-examination without any defense? u can concede that you have been imadent, harebrained. You can allege that going to that place you took up a dare, cepted a challenge. But they cannot have oof that you are irreparably guilty!

Anna. It will be useless for me to dere that I am innocent; I shall not be le to prove that either. My life from now will be a perpetual struggle against horle doubts and frantic suspicions. There e moments when I wonder if it would n't better to confess right away and make clean breast of the matter.

CLARISSE. And then?

ANNA. Why, then, my husband would either keep me or turn me out. I should know where I stand. It would put an end to this life of snares and subterfuges, these questionings, these maddening insinuations.

CLARISSE [severely]. I hope, at least, I may credit you with regretting your mis-

take, that you feel remorse?

Anna [in tears]. I have never had any ill-will toward my husband. I would give anything in the world not to have caused him pain. Ah, if I could have foreseen such consequences, you may be sure that I should never have gone wrong!

CLARISSE. You yielded, then, to a lover without having the excuse of an irresistible

Anna. Ah, I should like to see what goes on in the souls of the victims of an irresistible passion at the moment when they are caught! There are many like me who must say to themselves the same things when it is too late.

CLARISSE. Let us confine ourselves to

you.

Anna [pleading]. Then, you do not admit the possibility of a sudden frenzy sweeping away a woman's reason, of a passing

madness of all her being?

CLARISSE [nervously]. Oh, do not invoke irresponsibility, suggestion, somnambulism. Consider the matter in good faith: you met a person who contrasted advantageously with the accustomed husband, younger and more handsome than he, rather different from other men, and very captivating. You gave yourself up to him, to the intoxication of his presence. That implies no supernatural causes: it is quite natural, too natural!

Anna [regaining her self-possession]. I see that I have exhausted your fund of com-

passion.

CLARISSE. Don't take it that way.

Anna. You no longer speak to me like a friend who wishes to help.

CLARISSE [less severely]. I allowed myself to be betrayed into an untimely remonstrance. I am sorry I did so, and I am ready to do anything I can for you.

Anna. The moment has come when I must appear before my husband - you can

do nothing to forestall that!

CLARISSE. Why go to him yourself? If

the meeting took place here, I might be useful to you.

ANNA. No, I must face him alone, and

once for all settle this matter.

CLARISSE. Do you not wish me to follow you, at least, so as to be near enough to in-

ANNA [bravely]. Thanks. I no longer feel the abject fear that hounded me as I fled through the woods. Let me rise by my unaided efforts from this added humilia-

tion.

CLARISSE. Really, you insist?

ANNA. Yes, I insist on going alone.

CLARISSE. May God help you! [ANNA goes out by the left. CLARISSE goes to the door on the right and calls her husband.] Will you come? She is no longer here.

SIBÉRAN. [Comes in.] Well?

CLARISSE. The husband and wife will soon find themselves face to face. She is going up to him.

SIBÉRAN. Did she exonerate herself?

CLARISSE. She did not try to with me.

SIBÉRAN. I should think not!

CLARISSE [ill at ease]. It remains to be seen how she will act upstairs, and what the result may be.

SIBERAN [reassured]. Doncières has had time to reflect. He'll not create a scandal

in the house.

CLARISSE. I should have liked to assist

the poor girl.

SIBERAN [sharply]. Be kind enough to reserve your good offices for more respectable misfortunes.

CLARISSE. I cannot repress a feeling of compassion when I see, so near me, a fellow-being helplessly slipping into the abyss.

SIBERAN [peremptority]. In the first place, Anna is no longer one of your fellows. After what has been laid at her door, you ought to consider her as no longer belonging even to the same species with yourself.

CLARISSE. She quite took my breath away, I must confess. I had, indeed, noticed in her a tendency to coquetry, a little sentimentality. These are traits of the imagination which sometimes cannot be mastered. A woman may even feel an attraction toward a man; she may say to herself that he is the man she would have wished to love. But how could Anna allow herself to be carried farther than that? One does not give one's self without having definitely

made up one's mind to do it. Modesty g forewarnings of physical surprises. This a revulsion of one's whole being would protect against the slightest control.

SIBERAN. Let us not try to underst certain creatures, but let us be carefu avoid them. Had it not been for my ship with Doncières, I should have homore cautious about suffering that liminx to become an intimate friend yours.

CLARISSE. Her conduct has never be open to blame. No one could suspect.

SIBÉRAN. The fact is we have been v blind, all these days when intrigue chosen to take up its abode with us. A my cousin, first and foremost, is with any doubt the traditional ninny! De take it! the very essence of marital v lance is to know one's wife well enough guess what sort of man would be most p ticularly calculated to imperil her hor But not at all! Doncières comes here pass his summer with us, knowing tha handsome youth lives near by, a brood hero of romance! And he had not disc ered that Anna is one of those won who cannot resist the magic of a dole mien! But, unseconded though I was saw more than one thing to rouse my s picions, I assure you. For some time I ha noticed in Pavail a certain inattention his duties, a preoccupied, inexplicable ai

CLARISSE [with deep meaning]. Ah, I vail! I owe him a grudge! While he w bringing me to look upon him as a soul pain, a starving heart, he was, in fact, a sr cessful lover. I was on the point of ping him, of hoping that he would find little happiness! Yes, I owe him a grud

for his hypocrisy.

SIBÉRAN [pompously]. You see, my de you are the most honest creature on ear I have an unbounded esteem and affectifor you. But, this aside, you irritate a constantly by the readiness with which y extend your confidence, by the extraornary trust you place in those who deser it least. I am continually having to set y right. For instance, only the other day, the case of those poachers. No, don't putest! It is undoubtedly involuntary in you I may say that as soon as a contemple rascal appears anywhere, you make a point to go and be duped by his folder

ARISSE [gently]. At any rate, as far vail is concerned, you yourself would taught me to forget my distrust since have attached him to your person.

BERAN [with authority]. Do not discuss I trained Pavail to obey me. I had eak him in as you break in a pair of shoes. But he had become useful; he d my needs. I thought him tractable.

that is why I clung to him.

ARISSE [more gently still]. You ought aps to have gone about it in such a ner that it would have been he who

g to you.

BERAN. Ah, be careful, please! Do not to teach me how to conduct myself. people think of me what they like. My concern is to remain at peace with my cience; and for that it's enough for me eel that during my life everybody will received from me his due, without my having been beholden to anybody un-

the sun.

LARISSE [with melancholy bitterness]. I e not missed anything of what you inled for me in those remarks.

IBÉRAN. Well, your pertinacity made lose patience.

LARISSE. I interposed only timid objec-

IBÉRAN. I ask you on every occasion to ept my judgment. It is the correct one. CLARISSE [ready to burst into tears]. I w, yes, I know.

IBÉRAN. Now what is it? What's the tter. Why! if your eyes aren't filling h tears! Are you going to say now that

I who make you weep?

CLARISSE [controlling herself]. No! no! on't say anything. I'm not weeping. SIBÉRAN [calmed]. I'm glad to hear it! n't get nervous like that. It 's ridiculous! me now. I won't scold you any more. ss me.

CLARISSE [avoiding him and pointing to door at the left which opens]. Your cousin.

[Doncières enters.]

SIBÉRAN. Are you looking for me? DONCIÈRES. I have something I want to k over with you.

CLARISSE. [To DONCIÈRES.] You wish me

go? DONCIÈRES. [To CLARISSE.] It is very ficult for me to say what I have to say;

it would be still more difficult if I were not alone with your husband.

CLARISSE. I'm going.

DONCIÈRES. [To CLARISSE.] But you 'll coöperate with me, won't you?

CLARISSE. [To DONCIÈRES.] In what

wav?

DONCIÈRES. [To CLARISSE.] In leaving my wife to herself.

SIBÉRAN. [To DONCIÈRES.] Of course! [To CLARISSE.] Do not go to her.

CLARISSE. I have no desire to do so.

[She goes out by the right.]

DONCIÈRES. It is no longer possible for me to doubt, to hope: Anna is guilty.

SIBÉRAN. She admitted that she was unfaithful to you?

DONCIÈRES. She did not prove to me the contrary. After some silly lies of which I spare you the repetition, she suddenly declared: "Believe what you like, and do as you please."

SIBERAN. And you have come to tell me

what you are going to do?

DONCIÈRES. You are, in a certain sense, the head of our family. I have the highest esteem for your character. Staggering under the blow that I have received, I feel the need of leaning upon you, of being guided by your advice.

SIBÉRAN. I must first have some inkling

of your own intentions.

DONCIÈRES. Above all, I want to avoid a scandal.

SIBÉRAN. That is?

DONCIÈRES. You do not, I presume, advise me to send a challenge to your officer? SIBÉRAN. That is not the sort of thing about which advice can be given.

DONCIÈRES. But, in my place, you would

fight?

SIBÉRAN. I should be wrong, perhaps. DONCIÈRES. But you would do it? SIBÉRAN. No two men have the same

temperament. As for me, I'd see red. Doncières. Yes, a man can see red, -

and think of other things, too.

SIBÉRAN. I am speaking, you understand, as a man who is furiously in love with his wife.

DONCIÈRES. I, too, loved mine. The idea of being betrayed by her would have seemed as unnatural to me, as overwhelming, as the idea of having an arm cut off.

SIBÉRAN. And now?

Doncières. Now, the question of amputation is before me; and I tremble as I ask myself if it is inevitable. The decision rests with me as to whether or not I shall put my wife outside of my existence. With her last words she subscribed to what I shall decide: if I dictate divorce, she will submit.

SIBÉRAN. In that case, things are easy.

Doncières. Easy, yes, in what concerns my treatment of her; in what concerns my treatment of myself, no. I am sorely embittered, there 's no doubt of that. I despise my wife; I hate her. And yet, she is so light-headed that I fear for her. To what lamentable depth she may sink when she is once alone in the world!

SIBÉRAN [with energy]. Her lover is there to make reparation. He owes her

marriage.

Doncières [timorously]. The fact is that, on my account, too, — I'm afraid of having in me a weakness, a pusillanimity, that might make me feel later that I am still bound to my wife.

SIBÉRAN [losing interest]. In that case, my dear fellow, go ahead and question yourself, meditate. You are sole master of

your actions.

Doncières. I do not yet know what I shall decide upon. But if, as is very unlikely, I saw the possibility of resigning myself, perhaps of pardoning in the end . . . What would you think of me?

SIBÉRAN. I should think that you had resolved upon the course of action that pleased you most, and that it is nobody's

business but yours.

DONCIÈRES. The bonds of kinship unite us too closely to permit of your avoiding the obligation of a personal opinion.

SIBERAN. Members of a family are not responsible for each other's actions. You are perfectly free to arrange your life in

accordance with your preferences.

Doncières. Your replies are so manifestly evasive that I cannot but desire absolute clearness. This is the crucial point: if I made an effort to forget the errors of my wife, would they be forgotten on your side, too?

SIBÉRAN. What do you mean by that?
DONCIÈRES. My question is whether or
not the relations existing between your
family and mine could continue without
modification.

SIBÉRAN. Since you put the questic that way, I cannot play false with you prefer to wound you by my frankness.

Doncières. Go ahead.

SIBERAN. Well, I see a chasm hencef between our wives.

Doncières. Ah! Very well.

SIBÉRAN. I do not say that Anna monster. There are many others, unl pily, in whom there is just as much blame. It is n't that; but my wife is a vexceptional woman. I cannot imagine in contact with anything that does not set to me purity itself. Believe me, I am tremely sorry to be obliged to take stand. In the crisis which you are pass through I should like to extend both hands to you without reserve. But, fr now on, I should not like my wife to rem the friend of yours. Do you see?

Doncières. Perfectly.

SIBÉRAN. It goes without saying, the on our side, we shall not publish the brewith you. We shall adopt an attitude where with you is the shall adopt an attitude where will not be embarrassing for anybody. That would be eliminated would be the ocsions on which our families live under same roof, our intimacy, our visits.

DONCIÈRES. Ah, then we might exchar

greetings!

SIBÉRAN. Now you're angry with I can't help it. Why did you force me express myself? Knowing me as you ought to have been able to foresee inflexibility in such as who was to be a solution of the control of the contro

inflexibility in such a matter as this. Doncières. Another reason why you s me vacillate in this manner is that the ser avowals of Anna, her confused restriction her contradictory protestations, all the things make my head swim. She went cla destinely to this Pavail's house: that fa has been demonstrated. But does that pro absolutely that she is his mistress? far did she abandon herself? Is it adulter or only grave imprudence? That is the u certainty under which I labor, for it may be that her vexation at having been caugh her fury at having been tracked, her fal pride have prevented her from defending herself.

SIBÉRAN [exasperated]. Let me tell yo my dear fellow, that fidelity is all or not ing. Even if a woman is not in the mo literal sense the mistress of her seducer, nevertheless, she has gone to him, she has

ast affianced herself to him. She has at act rent the marriage compact, abher faith. Even though she should be morally adulterous, she has committed ery. That woman is no longer the wife r husband. She has in her heart animage, a new hope, a different long-What! be reduced to asking yourself how far your wife may have been unful to you! Whether it's from top to or only halfway! Can't you think? t you see? Can't you feel?

ONCIÈRES [partially convinced]. I see, I what kind of man I should become in

eyes if I did not take action.

BÉRAN. Well, I won't deny it! My ion, understand, is that to condone such scapade of one's companion one must uffering from an atrophy of that pride h is instinctive in every man. There is onger any dignity in marriage, existence ommon is no longer possible, when one t-acknowledge to himself, must bear stantly in mind that his wife has been l in the embrace of another. If you ld not be brought to share my ideas on subject, I do not see how I could mainmy esteem and friendship for you.

[coming to a decision]. ONCIÈRES ough! You will not have to look upon as the shame of the family. I shall conr my repugnance and act without de-

IBÉRAN. What am I to understand by

DONCIÈRES. I know that I can find at the sent time in Paris one of my friends who lawyer. The next train will bring me him before three o'clock this afternoon. the mean time my wife, under pretext a headache, will not leave her room. r lunch will be brought to her. Under ese conditions, she could not be an emrrassment to you here. I shall be back out eight o'clock this evening; and I shall truct her then as to the steps to be taken that all may be over between her and

SIBÉRAN. You are resolved to repudiate

DONCIÈRES. Yes. I was abject, I confess. ou made me see the right road. I thank

SIBÉRAN. I may have treated you pretty ughly, I may have hurt you, but I spoke

according to the dictates of my conscience. There is no reason, therefore, why I should ask your pardon.

DONCIÈRES. I agree with you. You did what was right. I'll take just time to notify my wife that she is to await my return upstairs; and I'll hasten to do whatever is necessary.

SIBÉRAN. You have my full approbation.

Go ahead!

DONCIÈRES. Good-bye; till to-night.

SIBÉRAN. Till to-night. [DONCIÈRES goes out by the left. To the FOOTMAN who has come in from the right in response to his ring.] Go tell Lieutenant Pavail to be here, after lunch, in an hour. I shall have something to say to him.

ACT II

Same setting. As the curtain rises, PAVAIL, waiting for SIBÉRAN, is walking to and fro. He has saber and gloves. SIBÉRAN enters by the door on the right, which he leaves open. He is still in the same costume.

PAVAIL. You sent for me, General. SIBÉRAN. You have some idea what it's

about, I suppose?

PAVAIL. Not the slightest. SIBÉRAN. This morning my cousin and I discovered his wife coming out of your

PAVAIL [without weakening]. I refer you to whatever explanations Madame Don-

cières has given.

SIBÉRAN. She had no explanations. She is your mistress.

PAVAIL. No, sir, that is not true, I swear

SIBÉRAN. Useless to deny it. Passing through this room, before my wife, the sinner admitted her sin.

PAVAIL. Madame Doncières said whatever she wished. In my ignorance of what that may have been I shall remain silent.

SIBÉRAN. That 's the best thing you can do. In all this, so far as you are concerned, I see only aggravating circumstances. The knavery of the adulterer is all the more repugnant in those who, like you, engaging upon the career of arms, have, above all others, made profession of uprightness and

PAVAIL [mastering himself with difficulty].

General!

SIBÉRAN. To make sport of a husband, to wear a mask before all who surround you, to scheme, to work in the dark, to fear the law and the police, is a rôle unworthy of your uniform. I do not pardon it in an officer, but your case above all others, your case, is worse still.

PAVAIL. General, do not go any farther in your reproaches. Restrain yourself, just as I force myself to refrain from replying.

SIBÉRAN. Know that the most elementary scruples forbade you to bring shame upon relatives of mine. I do not appeal to the sentiments of simple deference which at least I ought to have inspired in you. But I tell you that it is only your duties in attendance upon me that have brought you near a woman of my family. And to have thus abused my confidence resembles theft under exceptionally damnatory conditions: by a person in one's service.

PAVAIL [losing control of himself].

Enough!

SIBÉRAN [drawing himself up to his full

height]. I beg your pardon?

PAVAIL [his voice choked with anger]. I tell you I'll stand no more. You have n't the right to insult me.

SIBÉRAN. But I have the right to punish. Your profession has been too easy thus far, my boy. You will be sent to some gloomy spot in Tonquin, to meditate. If you do not wish this rigorous measure to be taken at my instigation, you have only to cut the knot yourself by a request to the Minister.

PAVAIL. I welcome as a deliverance the definitive breach you open between us. I am ready to sign whatever is necessary.

SIBERAN [pointing to his desk]. Sit down there. Compose your letter. You will leave the envelope unsealed so that I may add a postscript. I shall see that it arrives at its destination. Do you understand.

PAVAIL [having taken off his saber, and

sat down to write]. Yes.

SIBÉRAN. I am going to attend to some affairs. A pleasant voyage.

PAVAIL [saluting]. Good-bye.

[Sibéran goes out by the rear door. While he is finishing his letter, Clarisse enters by the door on the right, which Sibéran had left open, and closes it.]

PAVAIL [rising on seeing her]. Madame! CLARISSE [ironically]. Yes, it's I. I hap-

pened to be near enough to hear. I rather curious to know what your att would be.

PAVAIL. Oh, spare me that tone of

lery!

ČLARISSE. You did not seek to det the General; quite right! But I conglate you less on having completely beginny simplicity this morning.

PAVAIL. Madame!

CLARISSE. You lost by it. I had for a loftier, more or less exceptional, ide your character.

PAVAIL. The fault I have committee not the one attributed to me. All the could with justice be censured for is a astrous laxity, a deplorable complaisance.

CLARISSE. I do not catch your meaning PAVAIL. I told you and I repeat a during all of this morning I was out for walk. I had yielded to the solicitation one to whom my friendship could reinnothing, just as his has no secrets for It is thus that my lodge was at the dispof your stepson.

CLARISSE. Jean? He left to be g twenty-four hours. It's only a mom now before some one is to go to the state

to meet him.

PAVAIL. But since half past nine he been my guest.

CLARISSE. He probably returned by first train.

PAVAIL. Exactly.

CLARISSE. Then he knows the results his escapade?

PAVAIL. If he knew them he would here to face them. He would not continue to hide.

CLARISSE. I know, however, that his ther issued his summons in no uncertaterms, and knocked loudly at your do just after Anna had come out.

PAVAIL. Doubtless there was no long any one there. Jean must have slipp away first. He was obliged to calculate time. He wished, I imagine, to reach so station on the line so as to appear to really getting off the train at the he agreed upon. In any case I did not find h in the lodge when I returned. You reme ber that I left you hastily.

CLARISSE. I noticed it.

PAVAIL. The reason was that the wor of a servant had revealed to me a pe

threatened the couple. I thought it it to warn my guests that they were

tting themselves.

ARISSE. Everything is becoming clear, truth! [In a very much softened tone.] ould prefer for you that you had not tated the evil. But I begin to see ly that youth and comradeship lend selves to such arrangements as this out many scruples. Besides, you have dy endured more stinging reproaches you deserved while it pleased you to my husband laboring under a delu-

AVAIL. The General declared to me at very outset that Madame Doncières had essed all to you. Since I was incrimid I felt sure that she had not divulged other name. Under those circumstances thought could not enter my mind to ounce the friend who had trusted in me. LARISSE. And yet, it is inevitable that truth be brought to light.

AVAIL. Why?

LARISSE. Why, as a matter of simple ice, so that you be not made to expiate

faults of others.

AVAIL. The turn that things have taken or the best. A remnant of obscurity pros the love of two persons who have ne chance still of being happy together. nall not give them up to the mercy of atever measures Monsieur de Sibéran y take to separate them. After all, in , who am nothing, there will be banished y one who is alone in the world, a Bohean, an outcast, about whom no one will rry or grieve.

CLARISSE. Since you propose to allow s to remain a mystery for my husband, at reason led you to admit me to your

fidence.

PAVAIL. I was very anxious that you ould not retain a false opinion of me.

CLARISSE. I thank you for your delicacy. PAVAIL [impelled by an inner force]. I ould not like to have let you think that, nere you were, I had looked upon any her woman than you.

CLARISSE [in consternation]. What's that

u say?

PAVAIL. I say that I had come to hope r some event momentous enough to tear e away from here. I say that for months, r years, with profound humility, with

alternate exasperation and fervor, I have been eating my heart out with love for

CLARISSE. Oh, how dare you? There has been nothing in my conduct to warrant such words. It is wrong of you to have allowed yourself this freedom.

PAVAIL. I make this revelation to you only at the moment when I am going to disappear forever from your sight. Do not

be alarmed.

CLARISSE [struggling with her emotion]. It is not anger that I feel. I am stupefied, crushed.

PAVAIL. My words are without hope. They are words of farewell. Grant me a moment of indulgence, as the price of the eternal resignation to which I am condemned.

CLARISSE. You were on the point of leaving in voluntary sacrifice, to take upon yourself the burden of another's responsibilities. I should like to have remained under that last impression. Do not detract from it further. It is good, be assured, it is

PAVAIL. Let me, however, add some words of explanation to the information which you desired of me this morning. You saw me approach, awkward, timid. I had come, as it were, in spite of myself, with no audacious purpose, no thought of declaring myself to you. But, without my knowing it, the time was at hand. An instinct had impelled me. Destiny was carrying me on-

CLARISSE. Very well. I understand. Don't dwell upon considerations which lay so heavy an embarrassment upon us.

PAVAIL. Upon one point still I desire to enlighten you: my attitude toward the General doubtless seemed quite odious as long as I refrained from being more explicit regarding you. Now I have no longer any occasion to conceal from you the fact that my hostility to him was increased above all things by the suffering his tyranny made you endure.

CLARISSE. Do not attack Monsieur de Siberan on my account. You and I accepted with their advantages the situations which

he created for us.

PAVAIL. But you understand now the motive that has for such a long time kept me here in bondage at his side, at your side: my love was inflamed in our common oppression beneath that relentless will.

CLARISSE. I understand, yes. I thought myself alone with my tears. It would have been a boon to me, I confess it freely, to know that, somewhere near, a brotherly sympathy was attentive to my sorrows. It would have comforted me, it would have brought into my life a sweetness which it always lacked.

PAVAIL. Oh, why did I delay? I ought to have told you, it is clear to me now, that I shared with all my soul the sufferings from Monsieur de Sibéran's brutality which showed in deep lines upon your face.

CLARISSE. You exaggerate; and yet, I protest only half-heartedly. Alas! all the illusions in regard to myself that I should have liked to keep, of the modest merits of my brain, of my person, — and then, too, my vanities, sympathies, fancies, childish whims even; may I call all those little stars which he has dimmed in me, little flowers which he has mowed down?

PAVAIL. Worse, it's worse than that!

CLARISSE. And thus I have arrived at a dismal state, in which I have only the sentiment of duty, dimmed and without charm, the state of wifely resignation, bitter constancy, in which one waits with impatience for old age and the end.

PAVAIL. I saw all this, saw it clearly. How many times have I started when a galling contradiction froze on your lips the utterance of the very thoughts that were in

my mind at that moment!

CLARISSE. The truth is I have often felt that there existed a certain affinity between your poture and a certain affinity be-

tween your nature and mine.

PAVAIL [his face lightening]. Is it possible! You had noticed things that brought us near to each other?

CLARISSE. Perhaps so; it was vague, un-

reasoned.

PAVAIL. Oh, try to read within your-self!

CLARISSE. What would be the good?
PAVAIL. Out of pity, out of kindness,
find the words which would prove to me
that I was not an object of indifference to

vou!

CLARISSE. How is it that I was led to quession you so much just now? Was it not the contrary of indifference that stirred in me adesire to know you better? And a moment ago, why did I accost you with bitter wor Did I then feel a peculiar irritation becayou were said to possess Anna's love? perceive with what frankness I exam myself.

PAVAIL. Speak! Go on!

CLARISSE. I realize, too, that I she have lent myself less readily to the tour conversation had taken, if my thour never before then had strayed toward y. From gazing and gazing in the time that gone by, into the emptiness of my hear saw pass there, no doubt, in the dizzy what a dream of an affection all innocent between us. But I let myself run on regardle What tales are you making me tell? I he told too much, far too much!

PAVAIL. Oh, do not stop, I beg your thoughts were of tenderness which might unite us one to

ther!

CLARISSE. It was the stuff that dres are made of! The distance that is going separate us will make you dream again.

PAVAIL [rebelling]. Ah, why must

be :

CLARISSE. You will be henceforth sent, eternally absent. It is by virtue of right of the eternally absent that you make the right to be still dear to me.

PAVAIL. But now that I have seen in ye soul a ray of hope for me, I have no ott thought than to appeal from the deci

which expels me from here.

CLARISSE. You ...? What ...? WI do you hope?

PAVAIL. Yes! I am considering now or

how I may remain.

CLARISSE. Oh, that, you must not! Y cannot! It would mean that you had su prised my confessions, that you had abus my confidence! The only excuses for things that we have said is that they we never be said again.

PAVAIL. Suffer me to remain near you and I shall appear before you only wi

your permission.

CLARISSE. Impossible!

PAVAIL. I shall be submissive, distartimid, silent! You will know that a man there, burning for you in the most ferv passion. But no complaint will remind yo that to suspend my torture you would on have to let the breath of your lips palightly over my brow.

ARISSE [quivering]. I will never endure hought that, near me, some one is sufgethrough me. From the moment you e to me of your love, from the moment of our eyes unguardedly met in a manner the unknown to us both, I have felt intively that I might find it needful to ust my strength.

AVAIL. On the day when I seem too imunate you would still have time to send away. But do not inflict upon me the of separation before it seems neces-

LARISSE. It is necessary now. Say no e. You were bidding me farewell. Let

nake an end of it. I insist!

LARISSE. No, no! Go! AVAIL. A last word!

LARISSE [imperiously]. No!

AVAIL. Ah, I cannot mistake that tone! s time it is all over! It is all over!

LARISSE. Yes.

AVAIL. Have no fear: you will never see

again! Forget me!

LARISSE. I shall not forget that in you tre had madness at my side, grief also, devotion, perhaps danger!

AVAIL. Madame!

LARISSE. Good-bye!

[He has picked up his saber; he goes out, in despair.]

LARISSE [alone, her strength gone]. Oh!

. Oh! . . .

[She goes to the desk, takes the letter PAVAIL has written, runs through it, and puts it back, suppressing a sob.]

[Anna enters from the left.]

Anna. Excuse me for coming to you. CLARISSE. You are in traveling costume. Anna. Yes. Ask my husband to address legal proceedings against me to my siss house. I am going to beg refuge there. CLARISSE. You do not, then, wish, first all, to deliberate with my stepson? Anna. What! You know that it is he!

CLARISSE. Yes.

ANNA. Through whom?

CLARISSE. Through the man who was used unjustly.

ANNA. Monsieur Pavail told?

CLARISSE. Me only, not the General.

ANNA. I had accused no one. It's all

right since it's done. And, yes, I do propose to see Jean. I delayed my departure until the time when I should not fail to meet him on the road.

CLARISSE. What makes you leave this

house in such haste?

Anna. There is no place for me here any longer. You yourself were not able to hide from me this morning the repulsion that I inspired in you.

CLARISSE. Do not bear me ill-will for the brusqueness of a first reaction. Since then I have been taking into consideration the circumstances in which you may have

had to struggle.

Anna. Ah! indeed! You would admit that a woman who has suffered temptation is not on that account necessarily an unpardonable wretch?

CLARISSE [grave and indulgent]. Do not impute to me any more cruel judgments. Do not be distrustful of me; confide in me, rather.

Anna. Ah, that would do me good!

CLARISSE. Yes, tell me; I shall listen with the most sincere interest.

ANNA. Really?

CLARISSE. Really.

Anna. There was so much imprudence on my part, so little perversity! Events fol-

lowed each other so rapidly.

CLARISSE. It seems to me that one cannot fail to be aware of the moment when a person ceases to be an object of indifference to one.

Anna. In his relations with me Jean had always been sarcastic, teasing, capricious. I was persuaded that he disliked me; and I never suspected myself of feeling kindly toward him. One evening when my husband was absent, Jean came to see me. It was not long before he became so satirical, so exasperating, that he irritated me as he had never done before. The discussion unnerved me so that stupidly I began to weep. That made him change his tone immediately. In a voice choked with emotion he declared that all his persecution of me had never been other than suffering, jealousy, desire. He swore to me that he loved me tenderly, passionately. You will answer that one must be already very depraved to listen to things of that sort.

CLARISSE [with spirit]. I don't say that It is possible to lose one's composure.

have a sensation that unnerves and overpowers you; a sensation of the most painful sort and which, however, one may not wish to bring to an end immediately. I am not expressing a judgment; I am stating an opinion; I imagine . . .

Anna. A violent agitation seized me. Am I to suppose that these protestations of love enlightened me all of a sudden as to a condition of my heart of which I had not been

conscious?

CLARISSE. Is it really true, then, that one's ignorance of one's self can reach such

a point as that?

Anna. Otherwise, why that burst of tears which served as prelude to the scene that was to follow? Or, can this be a phenomenon comparable to that of the iron and the loadstone? Is there for animate beings a magnetic attraction? What is that force with masculine will? What is that mysterious sway? that magnetism?

CLARISSE. Who knows?

Anna. I was attracted because I was loved. Because I was loved, I went on - to the belief that I loved; I went on - to a

love that destroyed me.

CLARISSE [pensively]. I begin to see, indeed, that the safeguard of many women may be the respect which makes men refrain from attacking them, the presumption that there would be nothing gained. But, when these conditions have been overstepped, when a man has had the audacity to declare himself . . . then, to be harried by him without respite! To see constantly hovering over you a will never diverted from its prey! The fascination of being coveted! There is in that, yes, a test whose terrors I can easily understand.

Anna. I forbade Jean to return to my house. He made several ineffectual efforts to be received. But how was I to elude the invitation to your country-house? Ever since I have been living here your stepson has pursued me, persecuted me. He was always at my heels. He kept writing to me, frightening me. I lost my head when he declared to me that he would kill himself! Ought I not to have laughed at this threat which all men make?

CLARISSE. Some carry it out. There are some whom one would not dare defy!

Anna. In short, he induced me to consent to to-day's meeting.

CLARISSE. This was the first time? Anna [hiding her face]. Yes.

CLARISSE. My poor child! [Percei her stepson.] Ah, here is Jean!

ANNA. At last!

[Jean enters from the rear.]

JEAN. Pavail came to meet me. Ik everything!

ANNA. What!

CLARISSE. You know, then, that he sumed all the responsibility.

JEAN. And that is a situation which]

not accept. Anna. You are going to tell your fat

the truth? JEAN. Necessarily.

CLARISSE. Have you and your fri agreed upon this?

JEAN. On the point in question I h

only myself to consult.

CLARISSE. I have learned from Par that he has reasons for exiling himself.

JEAN. He told me nothing about the CLARISSE. He gave me to understand much. He is under an obligation to do i

JEAN. He will remain free to cho whatever course suits him best.

CLARISSE. Do not insist upon marr what has been mended.

ANNA. You mean?

CLARISSE. It is in the interest of all t Pavail determined upon his rôle.

Anna. Yes, yes, indeed! Clarisse. The General will be m irreparably embittered toward our cou if he imputes to her the fault of havi rendered culpable, not a stranger, but y the son of the house, you, his own son.

Anna. Clarisse is right. Do not add f

to the flame!

JEAN. Since you are compromised I sh let no one believe that it is with any otl than me. Such a thought would be odie to me.

CLARISSE. Yet, consider . . .

JEAN. No! On this point, no insister will make me waver.

CLARISSE. Alas! You are no less hea strong than your father! Do as you will She starts to

Anna. Do not go!

CLARISSE. How should I not feel that the presence of you two I am in the way JEAN. Your kindness can serve us bet n by leaving us to ourselves. Pavail was able to inform me of the intentions of ma's husband. Help us with your advice.

INNA. Yes, do not abandon us! The heral may come! [Perceiving him.] Ah, he he is!

ERAN enters from the rear, in civilian's attire.

BEERAN. [To JEAN, pretending not to to to Anna's presence.] So you're back, boy!

EAN. I was going to look for you, father.

ave something to say to you.

GIBÉRAN. We'll choose another moment.

[Goes to the desk, and looks at the letter left by PAVAIL, while CLARISSE talks in a low voice with ANNA.]

CLARISSE. Your presence could do nothbut harm. Go back to your room.

Anna. You will bring me news?
LARISSE. Yes; I am staying to try to

den the shock.

Anna. Oh, yes, try!

[She goes out.]

SIBERAN. [To JEAN.] What did you wish communicate to me?

[During the following speeches he busies himself adding a postscript to Pavail's letter and affixing his seal.]

JEAN. It's about what has just passed

ween Pavail and you.

SIBÉRAN. Is it possible that you mean to

ercede for him?

JEAN. Grant that the action with which reproach him is not one of those crimes ich cannot be redeemed.

m the judgment I have pronounced.

JEAN. And yet, father, love, the allurent of pleasure, the enticement of the uses; you know that that may be irretible. You were young like Pavail—I me.

SIBÉRAN. For your guidance, bear in and that I sympathize only with permisle love. At Pavail's age, and yours, I been alreadyonce married. If you young lows have a good time with the girls of streets—I close my eyes to that! But turn from her path a woman who is the operty of another, that for me is crimility. It is confounded in my mind with use crimes to which the law attaches an amous penalty, outrage to modesty, or

incitement to debauch. Pavail is for me henceforth the lowest of knaves.

JEAN. By expressing yourself in these terms, you render it impossible for me to delay any longer rehabilitating him in your eyes. Pavail is not the criminal; I am.

SIBÉRAN [turning toward his son]. What

nonsense is this?

Jean. While you still thought me far away, I had arrived secretly at Pavail's house. The man who had a rendezvous there this morning, I repeat, that man was I.

SIBÉRAN. Why should Pavail not have

undeceived me?

Jean. From a spirit of self-sacrifice, of chivalry.

SIBERAN. Nonsense! [To CLARISSE.] Do

you believe this tale?

CLARISSE. I heard it a moment ago. SIBÉRAN [indicating JEAN]. From him?

CLARISSE. No. From — from Anna.

SIBÉRAN. You are all trying to mystify me. [To Jean.] This is a scheme you have devised on the spur of the moment for getting your friend out of difficulty.

JEAN. Regard for the truth and that only impels me to expose myself to your

severity.

SIBERAN. Fiddlesticks! You flatter yourself that in your case I shall end by show-

ing leniency.

JEAN. On the contrary, I understand perfectly that I cannot escape any of the accusations which, according to what he told me in a few words, you hurled into Pavail's face. All that you have charged him with in his capacity of officer, you will make me expiate likewise, since I wear the same epaulette.

SIBÉRAN. I surrender to your reasoning all right! And so it 's really you, then, that

I am to treat as a blackguard!

CLARISSE. Oh, please!
SIBÉRAN [more grieved than irritated].
To have betrayed me in this way, betrayed my hospitality! I am mortified beyond all expression! I ought! I don't know what restrains me! [To Jean.] This is a very painful blow—and from you!

JEAN. Father!

SIBERAN. Have you considered the consequences of your action?

JEAN. Not yet, no.

SIEÉRAN. Well; our cousin has realized

what his honor, at least, requires. You will not only have brought dishonor upon his household; you have destroyed it!

JEAN. They are going to be divorced? SIBÉRAN. Yes, she is to be expelled from

the family, as she deserves.

JEAN. If that is the case, Anna can be sure that she will have me at her side.

SIBÉRAN [sharply]. What is the signifi-

cance of that remark?

JEAN. If my cousin should be cast off on my account, I should have no other course than to marry her immediately.

SIBÉRAN [his brow contracted]. Marry

her! You! You're joking!

CLARISSE. Be calm! In Heaven's name, be calm!

SIBÉRAN. [To CLARISSE.] Leave me alone. [To JEAN.] Continue your explana-tion. Unfold your scheme! The lady is four or five years your senior. But that does n't make any difference, does it? Marriage; that 's how you decide the matter! And it is very possible that you promised it to each other!

JEAN. That idea did not occur to me. I did not foresee, I confess, that all my destiny could be involved. I do not know whether or not that prospect would have stopped me. But, in the position in which I am now, I see before me an obligation to make reparation which I could not fail to fulfill, without being a dishonorable man.

SIBÉRAN. You've lost your wits! You're mad! [To CLARISSE.] He's becoming a rav-

ing lunatie!

CLARISSE. Be patient! Contain yourself! SIBÉRAN. See here, my dear boy, you would not like to take as legitimate companion a light woman, convicted of frailty?

JEAN [indignantly]. Oh!

CLARISSE [also protesting vigorously]. Anna is not a woman of that sort!

SIBÉRAN. Oh, pshaw!

JEAN. You make use of terms which I

cannot permit with reference to her.

SIBÉRAN. What guarantee have you that a woman who has proved to you her immodesty would be faithful to you in the future? What guarantee have you that in her misconduct you were the first?

JEAN. This is outrageous!

CLARISSE. It is too much, yes! You have not the right!

SIBÉRAN [in a voice which admits of no

reply]. When I ascribe to a woman hal in harmony with one of her verified actio I am not making a very bold supposition

CLARISSE. [To JEAN.] Do not rep.

Do not argue!

JEAN. [To CLARISSE.] See then t my father does not continue in that tone

CLARISSE. My dear General . . . SIBÉRAN. You, silence, I beg you!

CLARISSE [overwhelmed]. Has it come

SIBÉRAN. [To JEAN.] You, make ha

to tell me that you will never again spe to me of such a marriage. JEAN. I declare to you that Anna v

cease to be Madame Doncières only to f a husband in me.

SIBÉRAN. And I, I assure you that J will not make me accept that creature my daughter.

JEAN. All you will have to do is to dr

us away, both of us.

SIBERAN. I shall not let you transmit name you have received from me to adulteress, excluded from her home!

JEAN. I have passed the age when y

could forbid me to do it.

Clarisse. Jean!

SIBÉRAN. What! You invoke the aid the law against me? You would pass or my prohibition? You would dispense w my consent?

JEAN. If necessary, yes.

SIBÉRAN. You defy me. You have fended me. Do not appear before me ag until you come with apologies. Go reflec Go! Go!

JEAN. Reflect, you, too!

He goes out by the rigi

SIBÉRAN. The scoundrel! The scoundr He has put me in a fury! And you, see he you encouraged him to hold out against r

CLARISSE. Jean refused to abandon woman whom he had led astray. I con not find it in my heart to blame him.

SIBÉRAN. 'Pon my word! This adve ture has unsettled your mind. What infe tion have you breathed? A few hours a we agreed, it seems to me, that Anna b forfeited all her rights.

CLARISSE. I had not reckoned with t

decrees of fate.

SIBÉRAN. What's that word fate? Y have, then, let the woman circumvent ye and put ideas into your head, have you? ARISSE. All that I can answer is that wher. I should like to be of some servher, to deliver her from affliction.

BÉRAN. Direct your attention, rather, eaking off all relations with her. I am rised that I have to lay this injunction you.

ARISSE. Oh, I beg of you, do not treat

gain like a child!

BERAN. I am justified in doing it when moral sense gives evidence suddenly laxity which I did not suspect in you. LARISSE. Do you think that you your-

are made all of one piece?

BÉRAN. What do you insinuate?

LARISSE. In the dispute that you have had, you no longer spoke of banishing seducer to the end of the world, when as your son who would have suffered chastisement. So, do not maintain any e that there are only principles. There also questions of persons, there are iments, sensations, instinct, the unfore-

1 . . . BÉRAN. I confess that I had two stands of measurement without realizing it. not conclude from that, however, that n can count on a further weakness on part. Unless he makes prompt submis-, it is he whom I shall send away.

LARISSE. Where will you get that ver? You possessed it only in relation nother, who did not resist you. If your retorts that he does not wish to go

Ly . . . IBÉRAN. Eh?

LARISSE. Yes. What can you do? What

l you do?

IBÉRAN. I . . . I . . . Then, you adthe reasonableness of his mad threat? u approve of his carrying out his nasty eme?

CLARISSE. You are not looking for the y out of the difficulty where it might be.

SIBÉRAN. Where is that?

CLARISSE. After all, Jean has not said t he ever dreamed of this attachment as tinuing eternally. Furthermore, I saw arly that Anna would be quite ready to urn to her duty. Make it your business bring about a reconciliation between her d her husband.

SIBÉRAN. What's this you are proposing

me?

CLARISSE. You reported to me that it

was you who had strengthened Doncières in his resolution to secure a divorce. Your influence over him could probably undo what it has done.

SIBÉRAN. Recant in that fashion! Disavow in the matter of conjugal honor all intolerance I profess! all that I believe un-

reservedly! Shame! Faugh!

CLARISSE. If you prevent Anna's becoming free to marry again, you have in that the real means of rendering it impossible for Jean to marry her.

SIBÉRAN. But picture to yourself what I should be guilty of if I did that! Can you imagine me, me, striving to bring back that worthy man into the arms of the woman of

the town?

CLARISSE. Nevertheless, you must make a choice. I repeat, either Anna is to remain Doncières's wife, or she is to be your son's. Would you rather have her for a cousin or for a daughter-in-law? All the problem is

in that. Which do you prefer?

SIBÉRAN [striving to recover possession of himself]. I am displeased with you for pressing me in this way to a categorical answer. I am displeased with you because I am humiliated to perceive that a feeling of hesitation is creeping in upon me. Be still! Be still!

CLARISSE. Yet . . .

SIBÉRAN [himself again]. Enough! I must find myself face to face with myself again. I must have a little air. Besides, I have to make my apologies to Lieutenant

CLARISSE [terror-stricken]. Oh, not yet! In our present situation with relation to your cousin, who accuses no one but him . . .

SIBÉRAN. Pavail is innocent. It is not for me to weigh what would be the more convenient for us, to his detriment.

CLARISSE. You are not going to tell him that he can keep his place in your service?

SIBÉRAN. I am going to order him to.

CLARISSE. Oh!

SIBÉRAN. It is thus that I shall have the feeling of having retracted to the full extent of my debt to him.

CLARISSE. Wait! Listen!

SIBÉRAN. I shall listen to nothing more. [He goes out by the rear.]

CLARISSE [alone, overwhelmed]. He is going to stay!

ACT III

Same setting. The window-shutters are closed. The lamps are lighted. Through the piazzadoor, the sky is seen to grow dimmer gradually and night falls on the park.

As the curtain rises, Anna is alone on the stage. Jean enters by the door on the right.

JEAN. I was told you were waiting for me.

ANNA. Yes. The General had to go out. Clarisse undertook to let you know that for the moment we should be uninterrupted here.

JEAN. She related to you the scene that my father and I had here a little while ago?

ANNA [sighing]. It is not the sort of thing

to relieve my mind.

JEAN. You approve of my having asserted that in spite of everybody I should make you my wife?

Anna. I am very much affected to learn that you conducted yourself with such loy-

alty to me.

JEAN. You did not doubt me, did you? Anna. Certainly not!

JEAN. My poor dear Anna!

ANNA [warding off a movement of affec-

tion. Restrain yourself!

JEAN. Oh! You are filled with bitterness toward me on account of what has happened!

Anna. It is not for me to take you to task any more than myself. But we are here together at this moment to examine a question which takes precedence of all else.

JEAN. I am at your orders.

Anna. I must not be the cause of a frightful estrangement between your father and you.

JEAN. You don't have to consider that.

Anna. You are so young! I should add a crime to my fault if I accepted the sacrifice of your brilliant prospects -

JEAN. But it will be no sacrifice! I shall

be very happy.

Anna. First of all, permit me to make known to you the substance of my recent conversation with Clarisse.

JEAN. Tell me.

Anna. According to her, I need not entirely despair of a reconciliation with my husband.

JEAN. Ah!

ANNA. I may receive aid toward obtain-

ing his pardon. This pardon, you und stand, I should solicit in complete g faith, without mental reserve, with the f resolution to belong to you no more.

JEAN. I understand.

ANNA. As my husband does not susp that it is you who.

JEAN [relieving her of the burden of c

tinuing]. Yes. Well?

ANNA. Well, then, the effort might made to see that his grievance is never l at your door. The ordinary associations kinship would thus remain possible amo us all.

JEAN. Go on.

ANNA. In short, if the arrangement w made, you would from that moment on, no longer in conflict with your father. I would not have to show yourself in ve true colors to your cousin. As for me, conduct would not be exposed, my repu tion would remain intact, my life would be thrown into confusion. So, I'm wond ing now if that way of ending the wh thing would not be the most satisfactory

Jean [in earnest meditation]. Hum! would be hard to deny it! It's possib

It's obvious.

Anna [eagerly]. That is what I wan to make you realize!

JEAN. What?

Anna. That is the opinion it was imp tant for me to let you formulate yourse JEAN. What! Was it a trap?

Anna. Not at all. I placed at your o posal the resource which had just afford me too the means of reading my conscien Henceforth, it is settled for both of us j how much each one of us cared for other.

JEAN. It is utterly unjust of you to spe so! Supposing that your husband show prove inexorable, does the fact not rem that I am here, ready to unite myself or

and for all with you?

Anna. Oh, pshaw! Each in turn c fessed that we looked on marriage only a last resort. Could I now think it an en able fate if we married out of mutual c cession, from resignation? Could I cons to being married simply because neith you nor I would see anything better to d Ah, no! not that! And, look here! do y want me to tell you what you might he answered when I announced to you the p ffecting a reconciliation between me

my husband?

AN [nettled]. I am certainly curious to the lesson you are preparing for me. impatient to learn why your manner

coming so hostile.

NNA [excited by her own words]. Well, most ordinary courtesy commanded a minute ago, to reply to me that the ortune which had befallen us was in ty not a misfortune. That opportunity getting a divorce which would have ght me to you entirely and forever, might have maintained that we ought to have let it slip, that we ought to it by it, rejoice in it! Such are the ls you would have spoken if you had the same as you were before receiving me what you desired! And then, ning to you, I should have questioned elf, distracted. I should have asked elf whether, after having given myself, d thus the right to take myself back. ould have experienced a moment of ful, but sweet uncertainty.

EAN. I did not think of all these comations, it's true. I answered you can-

y, like an honest fellow.

NNA. You ought to have been thrilled emotion! You ought to have flown a passion at the idea of possessing me more! You ought to have wished to e me and run away with me! I would e answered you with the most categorirefusal.

EAN. Well, then?

NNA. But I should have found in all a caress, a consolation for the debaseat I incurred for love of you, sir. You not say what you ought to have said, ause you're a heartless wretch!

[Her voice has begun to tremble.] EAN. Be calm, Anna, I beg you! do

carry on so !

NNA. Go away! Go away!

EAN. My stars, I almost want to! I 't know which way to turn. I don't tend to know much about women. But n't a mistake, I guarantee that, to dee them incomprehensible.

NNA [still in tears]. You're a little

EAN. Instead of censuring me, think you confused me from the very beginof our talk by your changeableness.

Anna. Oh!

JEAN. Yes, I tell you! You explained to me right away that your dearest wish was to reëstablish your life in common with a man whom you detest.

Anna. I, detest my husband! Where

did you get that idea?

JEAN. I'm only translating your own expressions; this morning, in our cottage, you protested that your existence seemed to you to be only just beginning.

Anna. Under such circumstances, one says a lot of things! - oh, incredible

things!

JEAN. You told me that the being with whom you had lived up to that time would be thenceforth an object of horror to you.

ANNA. I did n't say that!

JEAN. Anna! come now! You added . . .

Anna. It 's a lie! JEAN. Why, Anna!

Anna. It was you who made every effort to make me talk. But, of my own accord, I never had any inclination to criticize my husband. And, above all, I am not the sort of woman to take advantage of a moment when he was not there to defend himself.

JEAN. All right! I must have misunderstood you. I'll not worry you any longer.

Yes, let's drop the subject. Anything further we might say would only be more disagreeable still. Forget my sharp words.

JEAN [with emotion]. That will be the

easiest for me to forget, Anna!

ANNA [sadly]. And, besides, forgetting will surely cost you less effort than it will

[She accompanies this last word with a gesture which indicates, on the left, the apartment she occupies with her husband.

JEAN. You desire me to leave you?

Anna. Yes, I desire it.

JEAN. Then, there remains only for me to wish you good luck.

Anna. Thanks. I thank you.

[Jean goes out by the right.] CLARISSE [entering from the rear]. You

have seen Jean?

Anna. He has just left. CLARISSE. Was it wisdom that prevailed? Anna. Yes. It's done. It's settled.

CLARISSE. You must think of nothing now except winning back your husband.

Anna. I presume that the success of the enterprise will depend on the aid that may be lent me by you and your husband. Will you succeed in bringing the General to in-

tercede in my favor?

CLARISSE. Probably he stopped at his club and is there now. I cannot predict in what state of mind he will return. I used all my influence to bend him before he left. It's true that his desire to put obstacles in the way of Jean's marrying you made his principles waver for a moment. But it has n't uprooted them. So, count largely upon yourself.

Anna. Alas!

CLARISSE. Doncières will be here at any moment. Do not receive him with that helpless air, that dejected countenance, which would recall to his mind too bluntly the scenes of this day. Try to relax. Bathe your eyes. Try to resume your usual expression so as to remind him of past happiness.

Anna. I have put myself in your hands. I have only to obey you blindly. But before I go, one thing would make me very glad.

CLARISSE. What?

Anna. I should like to have the impression that you feel for me now something better than pity.

CLARISSE. I am as profoundly moved as I should be if my own fate were at stake.

Anna. I need so much to believe that, in spite of everything, I have retained in your eyes something of my womanly dignity.

CLARISSE. Kiss me.

ANNA. Ah, that is what I wanted! [They embrace.] Ah, how good you are! I felt that you were almost sisterly.

CLARISSE. Yes.

Anna. I can go now, with comfort in my heart. [She goes out by the left.]

[PAVAIL enters from the rear, in civilian's attire.]

Clarisse [greatly perturbed]. You! already!

PAVAIL. Monsieur de Sibéran just left my house. His action has effaced what passed between us. He commanded me to stay.

CLARISSE. And you come to ask me to

subscribe to that?

PAVAIL. I come to beg you to understand

that I accepted immediately, without tation, without examination.

CLARISSE. I merit what has befallen It is my fault, I know, for having talke

imprudently with you.

PAVAIL. Do not regret having conf to me that there may be a certain alle tion in a lot like yours in feeling nea hand a mind ever suffering with yo darkened by every shade of sadness dete in your face.

CLARISSE. You led me much fur astray even than that. I proved to my I made unmistakably apparent to you extraordinary interest you inspired in I went so far as to admit that I was all jealous already. I have thus thrown a the mask under which I should have my last chance, as things are now, to f you to maintain a decorous attitude tow me.

Pavail. After having shown me thoughts full of promise for me have be to come to your mind, you will never a prevent my believing, I assure you, happiness may sometime spread its bloom above us. I no longer despaibeing loved; I hope with an ardent hope.

CLARISSE. Oh, do not hope! Do not if for anything! What do you hope for? came to the point of truly sharing love, the result would be only horrible

fering for both of us!

PAVAIL. Why would we suffer?

would we not be happy? Why?

CLARISSE. Evidently you do not all yourself to be embarrassed by any obstation of your own dwelling is a witness to the that there was a way of coming to an derstanding with the other woman of house. And the arrangements immedia suggest themselves to your mind whould lead me, after her, to the same tring-place.

Pavail. My reverence for you ough protect me from that cruel tone. What mosity rouses in you the desire to take he the happiness you gave me so short a tago, when your words were, more than o so soft and gentle? Remember how de you were moved, how divinely tender were! Remember how your voice tremb.

CLARISSE. I remember only too well thought my whole life was to be made of renunciations; but you brought into be

ead self which I had been forced to away in my heart. Under your ine, in fact, I saw for a moment the hope other fate. It was a flash, a flame, thanks to you, passed over my bleak once. Yes, I said to myself then distinct "Who knows whether the being from I was brought into the world, who so, who knows whether that being was on, you and no other?"

wall. Oh, that vision came to you?

ARISSE. And during the instant of farewell, I said to myself that, at the of destiny which was ringing then, the event, love, can come but once. When isappeared, something expired in me: at the very moment that it had come being my only hope of a second life

this earth.

VAIL. How could you defend yourself st premonitions as strong as these? t chain can bind you henceforth in a which is odious to you, in this ill-sorted , where you clash with a nature so ent from yours, with an age that has ng in common with yours? There is ne of your glances, there is not one of words but is filled with yearning. All weeps in the bottom of the soul, all in the heart, calls and sings, all this its to you that my passion offers you you were awaiting. You know full that never woman has been more dis-ly cherished, desired. You divine full the passionate gratitude, the joys, that bless you, if you love me, if you love

ARISSE [intoxicated]. When I listen to a fever unknown mounts to my brain. gate of the future opens again, per-tives unroll before my eyes. Ah! to esfrom loneliness of the heart, and, even e is alone, to feel that one is always two, other and one's self, mingled in one's ! To speak, laugh, be silent, dream, leave him and find him again, with the present impression of being enveloped ove as in the perfume of a perpetual mer. To have one's tenderest feelings ared no longer; no longer to hide them dly away under the continual menace reproof, of a sarcasm, nor yet under anguish of unwelcome ardors. For the st, do you see? is not that the master hom one belongs, should be tyrannical

in conversation, a disagreeable companion. That would perhaps be tolerable, if only he did not at certain moments transform himself into an amorous creditor, claiming a debt of love from one who has nothing to give.

PAVAIL [vehemently]. You shall belong

to him no longer!

CLARISSE. Be still!

PAVAIL. You shall be mine, only mine! CLARISSE [drawing away from him]. Do not mistake! If I am to love you, if I should come to love you to the point of giving myself to you, at that very instant I should say to my husband that I am going to leave his house, to be entirely my own mistress, to receive from him no longer any benefit. I should go away from him, taking with me only the dress upon my back, for I had at least some clothes when I became his wife. It is under these conditions that you would risk seeing me come to you?

PAVAIL. Ah, dear one! since you do not fear privations, hardships, the struggle for life, since you do not fear these, unite your lot with mine, do not hesitate! Let us go

away together! Let us go!

[He makes a motion to take her in his arms.]

CLARISSE [freeing herself]. I beg you! PAVAIL. Do not repel me!

CLARISSE. Yes! Leave me! I told you that the day when I could no longer have any doubt as to my intention of being yours, I should go to you and throw myself into your arms. But, first of all, I must examine myself profoundly, must regain mastery of myself, unaffected by your presence. I demand time, weeks, without seeing you again.

PAVAIL. Ah, how can you!

CLARISSE. If we persisted in meeting each other, you would become from day to day more insistent, and I weaker. I do not wish to weigh myself down with the baseness of successive compromises. I do not wish to give myself piecemeal. You will have me all at once, you will have me without reserve, if you have me at all. I could not say now that you will ever have me: as to all this I am in utter darkness, in a mad frenzy. But, what I see with absolute certainty, is that I should never forgive your remaining day after day, to do violence to my decision by your ascendancy over my nerves, by the physical power of your presence.

PAVAIL. Hold myself aloof? Withdraw now? Do you think I do not see that that would mean to give you up? Do you think me rash enough to hazard my destiny thus?

CLARISSE. I ask this delay of you with the utmost determination. I shall not re-

lent. Submit! Go!

PAVAIL. Then, put in my veins an imperishable sensation. Give me the intoxication I must have!

CLARISSE. What is it you wish?

PAVAIL. Your lips!

CLARISSE. Oh!

PAVAIL. I shall live from having had them. Your lips!

CLARISSE. Oh, Pavail!

PAVAIL. Your lips, so I may go! CLARISSE [giving him a hasty kiss]. Go! [He holds her in his embrace.]

[Sibéran enters from the right and stands in a stupefaction that is terrible to see.]

SIBÉRAN. The wretches!

[Clarisse has broken from Pavail's embrace with cries of terror.]

PAVAIL [having thrown himself between CLARISSE and her husband]. Avenge yourself only on me!

SIBÉRAN [arming himself with a bronze].

You! yes, I'll kill you!

CLARISSE [in a desperate protest]. Not that

horror! Not that, not that!

SIBÉRAN [after a moment of awful hesitation, throwing the bronze to the floor. That is not so easy as it seems!

PAVAIL. I alone am to blame. I did vio-

lence.

SIBÉRAN. You! out of here!

CLARISSE. [To PAVAIL.] Go! PAVAIL. [To CLARISSE.] But you?

CLARISSE [with the gesture of one sinking into the unknown]. Ah!

SIBÉRAN. [To PAVAIL.] Will you go? CLARISSE. [To PAVAIL with irresistible authority.] Go!

PAVAIL. [To CLARISSE.] I obey you! SIBÉRAN. [To PAVAIL.] Be gone! Be gone ?

> [Pavail walking backward goes out by the rear.

SIBÉRAN [beside himself]. It is you, it is you who have done this? While I accorded you my absolute confidence, you were deriding me, you were making fun of me! You were deceiving me basely!

CLARISSE. I am still in your pre only to fix the limits of your judgme me. I will not let you believe that I have lived at your side by means of and hypocrisy: the sole act of my exis which is an affront to you is the on have just witnessed.

SIBÉRAN. Old as the hills, that re is! You women always resort to it you are caught, so as to have somethin to deny. Come, now, don't lie any n

how long have you had this lover? CLARISSE. If an intrigue had ex between him and me, would we have lowed your error of this morning to you separate us from each other? I no attempt to turn you from the dec which would have taken him away me. I even strove, at the last, to pro your keeping him. And he, when it very easy to do it, did not deign to himself. Would they have proceeded who were lover and mistress?

SIBÉRAN. It looks somewhat as if were telling the truth. But, if I surp you in your first instant of treachery were already abandoned to that man were falling into his possession!

CLARISSE. The idea of being his, the of being unfaithful to you, had neve curred to me. During the last few ho have been assailed with passionate dec tions. I had not expected them. I prote against them as long as I could. In the I suffered an irresistible, indefinable w

SIBÉRAN. Ah, yes! You listened seducer without thinking of evil, di you? You exposed yourself to his vances in entire good faith, of course was not love that made you falter, no enticement of sin, nor the temptatio vice. It was n't these ordinary incent it was something superhuman, inconc ble!

CLARISSE. A short time ago I spol mockingly as you do, and already I am ing my mea culpa for having indulge irony of that sort. At any rate, I have p before you all the facts that the whole calls for.

SIBÉRAN. Do you think I'll let yo so easily?

CLARISSE. You could beat my against the walls without being abl me to make any further explanations. l you all it is possible for me to say. BÉRAN. The idea does n't occur to you rst into a flood of excuses, and beg for

ARISSE. You have taught me that an n like mine is unpardonable to a mind yours. All that is left for me is to anate the command which will drive me

your house.

BÉRAN. That 's what would just suit would n't it? You would be straightfree to go to the man who thrilled you oment ago. So, confess that your sole now is to be entirely his.

LARISSE. I have furnished you with the I owe you. I end there all accounts to

endered you.

BERAN. You have no voice in the deciof this matter. I shall place barriers veen your accomplice and you. Until ters take a new turn, you are not to stir

n my house.

LARISSE. I will not remain here at your retion. I will not remain here for you orture me with the jealousy I rouse in , just as you have so long throttled me your tyranny.

IBÉRAN. What you reveal to me is minable! What! I had in you an enemy ong standing that you kept concealed m me? Your reserve, your coldness, ch I was fool enough to attribute to stity, were only fierce antipathy? You ed me from the bottom of your soul?

1 have always hated me?

CLARISSE. Not always! I vowed to you our marriage a perfect affection. You tified it by your probity and personal rit. But the harshness of your character too many times brought pain to me. e impulses of my heart, my ways of nking and acting, you did not accept m simply and frankly, as I brought m to you. To train and discipline is ar favorite sport. You wished to train manners, my reasonings, my convicns, my nature. One can be trained to do erything, perhaps, except to love, for fear ers in, which is a kind of hate. Listen! t me tell you what made me see most arly the state to which you had reduced : from time to time, when we left the ole, you took me to see you distribute a rt of what was left of the meal to your

saddle-horses. While one or the other of them was eating from your hand, I could not detach my attention from his black eye, which a semi-circle of white suddenly stamped with the terror that was always lurking there. His quick recoil, his slow and suspicious approach, that uneasy manner of looking upon his master of every day as eternally unknown, as one who flatters with the voice as he would attack with the spurs . . . well . . . yes! that picture, each time, made me think that, at the moments when you were kind to me, I had my image in that half-shuddering beast.

SIBÉRAN. But, you might weigh in the balance the advantages you have received from me. You forget too completely the disinterestedness which I flattered myself I

was showing in choosing you.

CLARISSE. As to that last remark, let me say that I do not wish to hear from you any further allusion to the fact that you took me without fortune. And to go from your house poorer than I came, at least if my value as an innocent girl is taken into account, is a charge that gives me pleasure, a relief which I enjoy.

SIBÉRAN. Turn everything into a weapon against me! Concede me nothing; very well! But it was before your fall that it became you to protest; when you still had the right to raise your voice. Why did you not come and accuse me to my face? Why did you not summon me to be on my guard against my own weaknesses? Why did you not do it deliberately, like an honest wom-

an, — such as you were?

CLARISSE. There is an energy that one finds only in tempest and shipwreck. To be able to revolt there must be in the soul something besides virtue! I do not know what name to give to the forces which animate me at this moment. It cannot be real love for another, yet. And it has already ceased to be revolt against you. It is a whole new personality in me that is coming to the light. It is the instinct to live my share of life. It is the thirst to breathe at last with the freedom that is my birthright. It is a breath of resurrection!

SIBÉRAN. If I have made a martyr of you, I protest that I have played the executioner without knowing it. I am harsh, I grant it. I have doubtless been cruel, but there was something sacred in my respect for you. I was fidelity itself and you have

been my single passion.

CLARISSE. I have nothing to say in reply. To-day, that according to every law I have become guilty in relation to you, I acknowledge that you have never given me any tangible reason for hostility to you, nor cause for any positive complaints. I must henceforth recall only your constant austerity, and your presumable superiority to myself. Yes, shame at the spectacle that I have inflicted upon you here, the sincerest esteem for you: those are the sentiments which, now all is over, I am carrying away with me.

SIBÉRAN. One moment! I want to tell you that over against your faults you have led me to array mine.

CLARISSE. Let's not talk about that!

SIBÉRAN. Yes, I was a boor a minute ago when I declared that you ought to have placed your complaints before me earlier. It was my duty to discover the sorrows you were concealing from me. It was my duty to discover by myself what a timid dignity, a graceful delicacy made you suppress.

CLARISSE. I beg you . . . Abstain from kind words, which might render my step

less firm as I leave you.

SIBÉRAN. Leave me! In any case it is

you, not I, who see only that issue!

CLARISSE. In ridding you of a woman who has outraged you, I am procuring for you what a man of your type must consider most desirable under the circumstances.

SIBÉRAN [with subsiding rage]. I did not suppose, it is true, that in a broken happiness any comfort could be found in picking up the pieces. That is where I am now. I am taking refuge in this resource; I am struggling for this paltry consolation. I am thinking only of trying, notwithstanding everything, to reconstruct my life with you!

CLARISSE. No, no! You have heard how it is only apart from you, in freedom from you, that happiness appears to me. I repeat that I crave happiness! I wish later in my life to feel that I was happy once! I must

have happiness!

SIBÉRAN. Yes, I have that cry ringing in my ears! And yet, in spite of the wounds that make my pride bleed, I feel that I love you still. I love you madly. I shall love you always!

CLARISSE. Oh!

SIBÉRAN. After you have been liter half of my being for so many years, I not detach you from me! I cannot!

CLARISSE. But, remember for a monwhat was irreparable in the words I sp What can you wish to reëstablish betwus? All illusion for you is reduced nothing. What oaths can we find would restore to you a shadow of confiding me?

SIBÉRAN. As long as you consented remain here, we should know, both of u what that binds you. I shall repose my tire trust in you for the keeping of this compact.

CLARISSE. No, I beg you! No! Do ask that I consent to be entombed a set time in an existence of which I have ra

the stone.

SIBÉRAN. Whatever you may have ha endure from me, you have taken a terr revenge. I shall remain warned for all to come, amply corrected. How far mu humiliate myself to bend you? Nothing seem too much, neither supplications, lamentations.

CLARISSE. Ah, do not take from me freedom to will!

SIBÉRAN [his voice broken by sobs]. I not ask for love any longer. But, when see me suffer and tremble in every fibe my body, justice and charity will move y

CLARISSE. I don't know! I don't kno SIBÉRAN. Because I was dictatorial, it be right that I should suffer aband ment, gloom, ridicule, at my age, pu dishonor: things which I could not survi

CLARISSE [frightened at the suggestion

suicide]. Ah, yes, there is that!

SIBERAN. If I have merited all that row and shame, say it now. Declare it me once more. And all will be said adone!

CLARISSE. You are right! I no lon have any will! Keep me!

SIBÉRAN. Ah, it's decided, then?

CLARISSE [with a gesture of assent]
will expiate. [She bursts into tea

SIBÉRAN. Clarisse!

CLARISSE [choking]. Do not make talk any more!

SIBERAN. I should like to say . . .

CLARISSE. Say no more! SIBÉRAN. Ah! Here 's Doncières!

[Doncières enters from the rear.] oncières. I have lost no time. [To RAN. | Everything will proceed accordo your ideas.

BÉRAN. What does that mean?

ONCIÈRES. I succeeded in finding the

er I went to consult.

LARISSE. Oh, my dear Doncières, you not going to wreak vengeance on Anna! 's a frolicsome, bewitching, little crea-, not at all fitted to face great vicissis. If you threw her from your path, t do you think would become of her? oncières. She chose a lover: let her him! Let her have him marry her! BÉRAN. What a pace you're setting! oncières. The idea is yours.

BÉRAN. Granted; but you must be di-

ed first.

oncières. I bring back the assurance I can be divorced in a few weeks, since ve the acquiescence of my wife.

BÉRAN. She no longer consents. ONCIÈRES [casting questioning glances at

, alternately]. Who dissuaded her? LARISSE. I had a long talk with her. fault of to-day is her first and will be last. You would n't like her to have ed herself for all time in one day,

ld vou? ONCIÈRES. But it's as a ruined woman

you two propose to treat her.

LARISSE. What makes you think that? ONCIÈRES. Your husband warned me , even if I kept her, you would not cone your relations with her. [To Sibéran.] n't you say that?

IBÉRAN. I say it no longer.

ONCIÈRES. Ah, it 's your wife's influe that made you change your mind?

IBÉRAN. Yes.

ONCIÈRES. That could, of course, not vithout effect upon my way of looking he matter. Yet, I cannot put aside all you said to me in this very room. You out for me with rigorous exactness the of conduct to be followed. You imssed upon me that if any one had taken r wife, you would thirst for blood.

IBÉRAN. It's tradition for a man to imne that, and atavism to repeat it. But en you consider the emergency at close ge, how much of that which has been en from us would a murder or a duel

ore?

Doncières. However, you would have approved, just the same, of my going to fight with this Pavail.

SIBÉRAN. Don't utter his name again! Hours have already passed since I thought myself obliged for your sake to take action against him. I have here a letter in which, obeying my injunction, he begs to be sent four thousand leagues away. [To CLA-RISSE. Is this not true?

CLARISSE. Yes.

SIBÉRAN [having rung a bell]. Until a decision has been reached as to his destination, he is banished from my house. No one of us will see him again. To the FOOTMAN who has entered. Mail this. [The FOOTMAN goes out. That's settled.

DONCIÈRES. But that does n't settle everything between my wife and me. You ought to be the first to understand: it's you who, only a short time ago, urged me on in a path which you have deserted.

SIBÉRAN. I spoke too hastily.

Doncières. And I was accustomed to see you so stubborn in your opinions. All of a sudden you contradict yourself with a readiness that bewilders me.

CLARISSE. It's what you hear now that

you must heed : be sure of that !

DONCIÈRES. I admit that Sibéran's theories ruled me. Respect for the opinion of others made me immediately suppress a secret desire not to break up my home.

CLARISSE. Then obey your first sponta-

neous impulse!

DONCIÈRES. Yes, but here 's the trouble: reflection has shown me that to forgive might become as painful as to separate. To find one's self day after day face to face with one's wife, with that thought, that apparition intervening ...

SIBÉRAN [nervously to CLARISSE]. An-

swer. Answer!

CLARISSE. [To DONCIÈRES.] You will have recovered your wife at the cost of your suffering, at the price of the laceration of your heart. She will feel that you have rights which she is even more strictly bound to recognize than on the day when you felt only the joy of marriage in making her your companion. Do not resist the spirit of generosity. Aid in effacing the memory of a day's folly. Lend a helping hand; and you will not regret it. Believe me, believe me!

SIBÉRAN [with deep feeling]. Yes, believe her!

DONCIÈRES. Well, deuce take it! when I sound my heart, when I recall the years that my wife brought so much happiness to me!

CLARISSE. You can imagine with what impatience she is awaiting your decision.

Doncières. If she can swear to me that she is repentant, for my part, I shall try to believe it. Then we'll travel, travel. I shall doubtless find calm in our travels, the eradication of the recollection. Some day, perhaps, you will see in me the type of the husband who has persuaded himself that his wife has never loved any man but himself, even while she was in the arms of another.

CLARISSE [uncomfortable]. I beg you DONCIÈRES. [To SIBÉRAN.] And will smile at me?

SIBÉRAN. No.

CLARISSE. [To DONCIÈRES.] I beg delay no longer: go to her.

Doncières. The die is cast. I'm go

I'm going.

[He goes out at the Sibéran [following Doncières wi

gesture]. Yesterday I should have thou him grotesque and abject. CLARISSE. Were you a better man

terday?

SIBÉRAN. I did n't know myself as v CLARISSE [with humility]. Who kn himself?

PÉLLEAS AND MÉLISANDE

By MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Translated by RICHARD HOVEY

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TO OCTAVE MIRBEAU IN WITNESS OF DEEP FRIENDSHIP ADMIRATION AND GRATITUDE M. M.

PERSONS

Arkël, King of Allemonde
Geneviève, mother of Pélléas and Golaud

 $\left. \begin{array}{c} {
m P\'ell\'eas,} \\ {
m Golaud,} \end{array}
ight\} {\it grandsons of Ark\"el}$

MÉLISANDE

LITTLE YNIOLD, son of Golaud (by a former marriage)

A PHYSICIAN

THE PORTER

Servants, Beggars, etc.

PÉLLÉAS AND MÉLISANDE

ACT I

Scene I — The gate of the castle.

AIDSERVANTS [within]. Open the gate!

the gate!

ORTER [within]. Who is there? Why ou come and wake me up? Go out by the gates; there are enough of them!... MAIDSERVANT [within]. We have come vash the threshold, the gate, and the s; open, then! open!

NOTHER MAIDSERVANT [within]. There

going to be great happenings!

HIRD MAIDSERVANT [within]. There going to be great fêtes! Open quickly! HE MAIDSERVANTS. Open! open! ORTER. Wait! wait! I do not know ther I shall be able to open it; . . . it ever opened. . . . Wait till it is light. . . .

IRST MAIDSERVANT. It is light enough nout; I see the sunlight through the ks. . .

ORTER. Here are the great keys. . . . ! oh ! how the bolts and the locks grate!

. Help me! help me! . . .

IAIDSERVANTS. We are pulling; we

pulling. . . . ECOND MAIDSERVANT. It will not

IRST MAIDSERVANT. Ah! ah! It is

ning! it is opening slowly!

ORTER. How it shrieks! how it shrieks!

vill wake up everybody. . . . ECOND MAIDSERVANT [appearing on the shold]. Oh, how light it is already out-

loors! FIRST MAIDSERVANT. The sun is rising

the sea!

ORTER. It is open. . . . It is wide open! [All the maidservants appear on the threshold and pass over it.]

FIRST MAIDSERVANT. I am going to sh the sill first. . . .

SECOND MAIDSERVANT. We shall never

able to clean all this.

OTHER MAIDSERVANTS. Fetch the wa-! fetch the water !

PORTER. Yes, yes; pour on water; pour on water; pour on all the water of the Flood! You will never come to the end of

Scene II - A forest. Mélisande discovered at the brink of a spring.

[Enter GOLAUD.]

GOLAUD. I shall never be able to get out of this forest again. - God knows where that beast has led me. And yet I thought I had wounded him to death; and here are traces of blood. But now I have lost sight of him; I believe I am lost myself - my dogs can no longer find me - I shall retrace my steps. . . . I hear weeping . . . Oh! oh! what is there yonder by the water's edge? . . . A little girl weeping by the water's edge ? [He coughs.] She does not hear me. I cannot see her face. [He approaches and touches MELISANDE on the shoulder.] Why weepest thou? [Mélisande trembles, starts up, and would flee.] Do not be afraid. You have nothing to fear. Why are you weeping here all alone?

MÉLISANDE. Do not touch me! do not

touch me!

GOLAUD. Do not be afraid. . . . I will not do you any . . . Oh, you are beautiful!

MÉLISANDE. Do not touch me! do not touch me! or I throw myself in the wa-

GOLAUD. I will not touch you. . . . See, I will stay here, against the tree. Do not be afraid. Has any one hurt you? MELISANDE. Oh! yes! yes! yes! . . .

[She sobs profoundly.]

GOLAUD. Who has hurt you?

MÉLISANDE. Every one! every one! GOLAUD. What hurt have they done you?

MELISANDE. I will not tell! I cannot GOLAUD. Come; do not weep so. Whence

come vou?

Mélisande. I have fled!... fled ...

GOLAUD. Yes; but whence have you

MÉLISANDE. I am lost!...lost!.. Oh! oh! lost here. . . . I am not of this place. . . . I was not born there. . . .

Golaud. Whence are you? Where were

you born?

MÉLISANDE. Oh! oh! far away from here!... far away ... far away.... GOLAUD. What is it shining so at the

bottom of the water?

MÉLISANDE. Where? — Ah! it is the erown he gave me. It fell as I was weep-

GOLAUD. A crown? — Who was it gave you a crown? — I will try to get it. . . .

MÉLISANDE. No, no; I will have no more of it! I will have no more of it! . . . I had rather die . . . die at once. . .

GOLAUD. I could easily pull it out. The

water is not very deep.

MÉLISANDE. I will have no more of it! If you take it out, I throw myself in its place! . . .

GOLAUD. No, no; I will leave it there. It could be reached without difficulty, nevertheless. It seems very beautiful. - Is it

long since you fled?

MÉLISANDE. Yes, yes! . . . Who are you?

GOLAUD. I am Prince Golaud, - grandson of Arkël, the old King of Allemonde.

MÉLISANDE. Oh, you have gray hairs already. . .

GOLAUD. Yes; some, here, by the tem-

MÉLISANDE. And in your beard, too. . . Why do you look at me so?

GOLAUD. I am looking at your eyes. -

Do you never shut your eyes? MÉLISANDE. Oh, yes; I shut them at

night. . . . GOLAUD. Why do you look so astonished?

MÉLISANDE. You are a giant. GOLAUD. I am a man like the rest. . .

MÉLISANDE. Why have you come here? GOLAUD. I do not know, myself. I was hunting in the forest. I was chasing a wild boar. I mistook the road. - You look very young. How old are you?

MÉLISANDE. I am beginning to be cold. GOLAUD. Will you come with me!

MELISANDE. No, no; I will stay here.

GOLAUD. You cannot stay here all a You cannot stay here all night long. What is your name?

MELISANDE. Mélisande.

GOLAUD. You cannot stay here, I sande. Come with me. . . .

MÉLISANDE. I will stay here. . . . GOLAUD. You will be afraid, all al We do not know what there may be ... all night long ... all alone ... is impossible. Mélisande, come, give your hand. . . .

MÉLISANDE. Oh, do not touch me! Golaud. Do not scream. . . . I will touch you again. But come with me. night will be very dark and very c Come with me. . . .

MÉLISANDE. Where are you going? GOLAUD. I do not know. . . . I am too. . . . Exer

Scene III — A hall in the castle. Arkël GENEVIÈVE discovered.

GENEVIÈVE. Here is what he writes his brother Pélléas: "I found her all tears one evening, beside a spring in forest where I had lost myself. I do know her age, nor who she is, nor whe she comes, and I dare not question her, she must have had a sore fright; and w you ask her what has happened to her, falls at once a-weeping like a child, and s so heavily you are afraid. Just as I for her by the springs, a crown of gold slipped from her hair and fallen to the l tom of the water. She was clad, besid like a princess, though her garments been torn by the briers. It is now six mon since I married her and I know no m about it than on the day of our meeti Meanwhile, dear Pélléas, thou whom I le more than a brother, although we were born of the same father; meanwhile ma ready for my return. . . . I know mother will willingly forgive me. Bu am afraid of the King, our venerable gran sire, I am afraid of Arkël, in spite of his kindness, for I have undone by t strange marriage all his plans of state, a I fear the beauty of Melisande will not cuse my folly to eyes so wise as his. If consents nevertheless to receive her as would receive his own daughter, the th night following this letter, light a lamp the top of the tower that overlooks the s all perceive it from the bridge of our otherwise I shall go far away again come back no more. . . ." What say

of it?

RKEL. Nothing. He has done what he ably must have done. I am very old, nevertheless I have not yet seen clearly one moment into myself; how would that I judge what others have done? not far from the tomb and do not sucin judging myself. . . . One always akes when one does not close his eyes. t may seem strange to us; but that is He is past the age to marry and he s, like a child, a little girl he finds by ring. . . . That may seem strange to because we never see but the reverse of inies . . . the reverse even of our own. He has always followed my counsels erto; I had thought to make him happy ending him to ask the hand of Princess ula. . . . He could not remain alone; e the death of his wife he has been sad e alone; and that marriage would have an end to long wars and old hatreds. . He would not have it so. Let it be as

would have it; I have never put myself wart a destiny; and he knows better I his future. There happen perhaps useless events. . . .

ENEVIÈVE. He has always been so prut, so grave and so firm. . . . If it were léas, I should understand. . . . But he . at his age. . . . Who is it he is going introduce here? — An unknown found ng the roads. . . . Since his wife's death, has no longer lived for aught but his , the little Yniold, and if he were about marry again, it was because you had hed it. . . . And now . . . a little girl the forest. . . . He has forgotten every-ng. . . . — What shall we do? . . .

[Enter PÉLLÉAS.]

ARKËL. Who is coming in there? GENEVIÈVE. It is Pélléas. He has been

eping. ARKEL. Is it thou, Pelleas? - Come a le nearer, that I may see thee in the

ht. . . .

PÉLLÉAS. Grandfather, I received anner letter at the same time as my broths; a letter from my friend Marcellus. . He is about to die and calls for me. would see me before dying. . . .

ARKEL. Thou wouldst leave before thy brother's return? - Perhaps thy friend is less ill than he thinks. . . .

PÉLLÉAS. His letter is so sad you can see death between the lines. . . . He says he knows the very day when death must come. . . . He tells me I can arrive before it if I will, but that there is no more time to lose. The journey is very long, and if I await Golaud's return, it will be perhaps

ARKEL. Thou must wait a little while, nevertheless. . . . We do not know what this return has in store for us. And, besides, is not thy father here, above us, more sick perhaps than thy friend. . . . Couldst thou choose between the father and the friend? . . .

GENEVIÈVE. Have a care to keep the lamp lit from this evening, Pélléas. . . .

[Exeunt severally.]

Scene IV — Before the castle. [Enter GENEVIÈVE and MÉLISANDE.]

MELISANDE. It is gloomy in the gardens. And what forests, what forests all

about the palaces. . . .

GENEVIÈVE. Yes; that astonished me too when I came hither; it astonishes everybody. There are places where you never see the sun. But one gets used to it so quickly. . . It is long ago, it is long ago. . . . It is nearly forty years that I have lived here. . . . Look toward the other side, you will have the light of the sea. . . .

MÉLISANDE. I hear a noise below us. . . . GENEVIÈVE. Yes; it is some one coming up toward us. . . . Ah! it is Pélléas. . . . He seems still tired from having waited so

long for you. . . . MÉLISANDE. He has not seen us.

GENEVIÈVE. I think he has seen us but does not know what he should do. . . . Pélléas, Pélléas, is it thou? . . .

[Enter PÉLLÉAS.]

PELLEAS. Yes! ... I was coming toward

GENEVIÈVE. So were we; we were seeking the light. It is a little lighter here than elsewhere; and yet the sea is gloomy.

PELLEAS. We shall have a storm tonight. There has been one every night for some time, and yet it is so calm now. . . .

One might embark unwittingly and come back no more.

MÉLISANDE. Something is leaving the

port. . . .

Pélléas. It must be a big ship. . . . The lights are very high, we shall see it in a moment, when it enters the band of

GENEVIÈVE. I do not know whether we shall be able to see it . . . there is still a

fog on the sea. . .

Pélléas. The fog seems to be rising slowly. . . .

MÉLISANDE. Yes; I see a little light down there, which I had not seen. . . .

PÉLLÉAS. It is a lighthouse; there are

others we cannot see yet.

MÉLISANDE. The ship is in the light. . . . It is already very far away. . . .

PÉLLÉAS. It is a foreign ship. It looks

larger than ours. . .

Mélisande. It is the ship that brought

me here! . . . PELLEAS. It flies away under full

Mélisande. It is the ship that brought me here. It has great sails. . . . I recog-

nized it by its sails.

PÉLLÉAS. There will be a rough sea tonight.

MÉLISANDE. Why does it go away tonight? . . . You can hardly see it any longer. . . . Perhaps it will be wrecked. . . .

PELLEAS. The night falls very quick-[A silence.]

GENEVIÈVE. No one speaks any more? . . . You have nothing more to say to each other? . . . It is time to go in. Pélléas, show Mélisande the way. I must go see little Yniold a moment. [Exit.]

Pélléas. Nothing can be seen any longer

on the sea. . . .

MÉLISANDE. I see more lights.

PÉLLÉAS. It is the other lighthouses. . . . Do you hear the sea? . . . It is the wind rising. . . . Let us go down this way. Will you give me your hand?

MELISANDE. See, see, my hands are

full. . . .

PÉLLÉAS. I will hold you by the arm, the road is steep and it is very gloomy there. . . . I am going away perhaps to-

MÉLISANDE. Oh! . . . why do you go away? [Exeunt.]

ACT II

Scene I — A fountain in the park. [Enter Pélléas and Mélisande.]

Pélléas. You do not know when have brought you?—I often come to here, toward noon, when it is too hot in gardens. It is stifling to-day, even in shade of the trees.

MÉLISANDE. Oh, how clear the wa

PÉLLÉAS. It is as cool as winter. It an old abandoned spring. It seems to ha been a miraculous spring, - it opened eyes of the blind, - they still call it "BI Man's Spring."

MÉLISANDE. It no longer opens the e

of the blind?

Pélléas. Since the King has been nea blind himself, no one comes any more. .

MÉLISANDE. How alone one is he

. . . There is no sound.

Pélléas. There is always a wonder silence here. . . . One could hear the wasleep. . . . Will you sit down on the ed of the marble basin? There is one line where the sun never comes. . . .

MÉLISANDE. I am going to lie down the marble. - I should like to see the b

tom of the water. . . .

PÉLLÉAS. No one has ever seen it. It as deep, perhaps, as the sea. It is a known whence it comes. Perhaps it com from the bottom of the earth. . . .

MÉLISANDE. If there were anythi shining at the bottom, perhaps one cou

PÉLLÉAS. Do not lean over so. . . .

MÉLISANDE. I would like to touch t water. . . .

Pélléas. Have a care of slipping. I will hold your hand. . . .

MÉLISANDE. No, no, I would plunge bo hands in it. . . . You would say my han were sick to-day. . . .

PÉLLÉAS. Oh! oh! take care! take car Mélisande! . . . Mélisande! . . . Oh! yo

hair!...

MELISANDE [starting upright]. I cann . . . I cannot reach it. . .

PELLEAS. Your hair dipped in the w

MÉLISANDE. Yes, it is longer than I arms. . . . It is longer than I. . . .

[A silence

LLEAS. It was at the brink of a spring, that he found you?

ÉLISANDE. Yes. . . .

LLEAS. What did he say to you? ÉLISANDE. Nothing; - I no longer re-

ber. . . ELLEAS. Was he quite near you? ELISANDE. Yes; he would have kissed

ELLEAS. And you would not?

ELISANDE. No.

ELLEAS. Why would you not? ELISANDE. Oh! oh! I saw something at the bottom of the water. . . .

ÉLLÉAS. Take care! take care! — You fall! What are you playing with? ÉLISANDE. With the ring he gave me.

ÉLLÉAS. Take care; you will lose it.... ÉLISANDE. No, no; I am sure of my ls. . . .

ÉLLÉAS. Do not play so, over so deep a

Fr. . . .

ÉLISANDE. My hands do not tremble. ELLEAS. How it shines in the sunlight! o not throw it so high in the air. . . . ELISANDE. Oh! . . .

ÉLLÉAS. It has fallen?

ELISANDE. It has fallen into the water! ELLEAS. Where is it? where is it?... IÉLISANDE. I do not see it sink? . . . ÉLLÉAS. I think I see it shine. . . .

[ÉLISANDE. My ring?

ÉLLEAS. Yes, yes; down yonder. . . . IÉLISANDE. Oh! oh! It is so far away n us!...no, no, that is not it ... that ot it . . . It is lost . . . lost. . . . There is ing any more but a great circle on the er. . . . What shall we do? What shall do now? . . .

ÉLLÉAS. You need not be so troubled for ng. It is nothing. . . . We shall find it in, perhaps. Or else we shall find an-

er. . . .

IELISANDE. No, no; we shall never find gain; we shall never find any others er. . . . And yet I thought I had it in hands. . . . I had already shut my hands, it is fallen in spite of all. . . . I threw oo high, toward the sun. . .

PÉLLÉAS. Come, come, we will come back ther day; . . . come, it is time. They will ne to meet us. It was striking noon at

moment the ring fell.

MÉLISANDE. What shall we say to God if he asks where it is?

PÉLLÉAS. The truth, the truth, the [Exeunt.] truth. . . .

Scene II - An apartment in the castle. Go-LAUD discovered, stretched upon his bed; MÉ-LISANDE, by his bedside.

GOLAUD. Ah! ah! all goes well; it will amount to nothing. But I cannot understand how it came to pass. I was hunting quietly in the forest. All at once my horse ran away, without cause. Did he see anything unusual? . . . I had just heard the twelve strokes of noon. At the twelfth stroke he suddenly took fright and ran like a blind madman against a tree. I heard no more. I do not yet know what happened. I fell, and he must have fallen on me. I thought I had the whole forest on my breast; I thought my heart was crushed. But my heart is sound. It is nothing, apparently. . . .

MÉLISANDE. Would you like a little

water?

GOLAUD. Thanks, thanks; I am not

thirstv.

MÉLISANDE. Would you like another pillow?... There is a little spot of blood on this. GOLAUD. No, no; it is not worth while.

I bled at the mouth just now. I shall bleed again, perhaps. . . .

MÉLISANDE. Are you quite sure?...You are not suffering too much?

GOLAUD. No, no; I have seen a good many more like this. I was made of iron and blood. . . . These are not the little bones of a child; do not alarm yourself....

MÉLISANDE. Close your eyes and try to

sleep. I shall stay here all night. . . .

GOLAUD. No, no; I do not wish you to tire yourself so. I do not need anything; I shall sleep like a child. . . . What is the matter, Mélisande? Why do you weep all at once? . . .

Mélisande [bursting into tears]. I am ...

I am ill too \dots

GOLAUD. Thou art ill? . . . What ails thee, then; what ails thee, Mélisande? . . .

MÉLISANDE. I do not know. . . . I am ill here. . . . I had rather tell you today; my lord, my lord, I am not happy here. \dots

GOLAUD. Why, what has happened, Melisande? What is it? ... And I suspecting nothing.... What has happened?... Some one has done thee harm? . . . Some one has

given thee offense?

Mélisande. No, no; no one has done me the least harm. . . . It is not that. . . . It is not that.... But I can live here no longer. I do not know why. . . . I would go away, go away!... I shall die if I am left here....

Golaud. But something has happened? You must be hiding something from me? . . . Tell me the whole truth, Mélisande. . . . Is it the King? . . . Is it my mother?

. . . Is it Pélléas? . . .

Mélisande. No, no ; it is not Pélléas. It is not anybody. . . . You could not understand me. . . .

GOLAUD. Why should I not understand? ... If you tell me nothing, what will you have me do? . . . Tell me everything and

I shall understand everything.

Mélisande. I do not know myself what it is. . . . I do not know just what it is. . . . If I could tell you, I would tell you. . . . It is something stronger than I. . . .

Golaud. Come; be reasonable. Mélisande. — What would you have me do? -You are no longer a child. -Is it I

whom you would leave?

MÉLISANDE. Oh! no, no; it is not that. . . . I would go away with you. . . . It is here that I can live no longer. . . . I feel that I shall not live a long while. . . .

Golaud. But there must be a reason, nevertheless. You will be thought mad. It will be thought child's dreams. — Come, is it Pélléas, perhaps? — I think he does not often speak to you.

Mélisande. Yes, yes; he speaks to me sometimes. I think he does not like me; I have seen it in his eyes. . . . But he speaks

to me when he meets me. . .

GOLAUD. You must not take it ill of him. He has always been so. He is a little strange. And just now he is sad; he thinks of his friend Marcellus, who is at the point of death, and whom he cannot go to see. . . . He will change, he will change, you will see; he is young. . . .

MELISANDE. But it is not that . . . it is

not that. . . . Golaud. What is it, then? — Can you not get used to the life one leads here? Is it too gloomy here? - It is true the castle is very old and very somber. . . . It is very cold, and very deep. And all those who dwell in it, are already old. And the coun-

try may seem gloomy too, with all its ests, all its old forests without light. that may all be enlivened if we will. then, joy, joy, one does not have it ex day: we must take things as they co But tell me something; no matter what will do everything you could wish. . . .

Mélisande. Yes, yes; it is true. You never see the sky here. I saw it

the first time this morning. . . .

GOLAUD. It is that, then, that ma you weep, my poor Mélisande? - It only that, then? - You weep, not to the sky? - Come, come, you are no lon at the age when one may weep for s things. . . . And then, is not the summ vonder? You will see the sky every d - And then, next year. . . . Come, g me your hand; give me both your li hands. [He takes her hands.] Oh! oh! th little hands that I could crush like flow ... - Hold! where is the ring I gave yo MÉLISANDE The ring?

GOLAUD. Yes; our wedding-ring, wh

MELISANDE. I think . . . I think it fallen. . . .

GOLAUD. Fallen? - Where has it falle - You have not lost it?

MÉLISANDE. No, no ; it fell . . . it m have fallen . . . but I know where it is. GOLAUD. Where is it?

MÉLISANDE. You know . . . you kn well . . . the grotto by the seashore? .

GOLAUD. Yes.

Mélisande. Well then, it is there. . It must be it is there. . . . Yes, yes; I member. . . . I went there this morn to pick up shells for little Yniold. . There were some very fine ones. . . . slipped from my finger . . . then the came in; and I had to go out before I I

GOLAUD. Are you sure it is there? MÉLISANDE. Yes, yes; quite sure. . I felt it slip . . . then, all at once, noise of the waves. . . .

GOLAUD. You must go look for it at on MÉLISANDE. I must go look for it

once?

GOLAUD, Yes.

MÉLISANDE. Now? — at once? — in dark?

GOLAUD. Now, at once, in the dark. Y must go look for it at once. I had rath

lost all I have than have lost that You do not know what it is. You do now whence it came. The sea will be high to-night. The sea will come to it before you. . . . Make haste. You go look for it at once. . . .

ÉLISANDE. I dare not. . . . I dare not

one. . .

DLAUD. Go, go with no matter whom. you must go at once, do you under-? - Make haste; ask Pélléas to go

ÉLISANDE. Pélléas? — With Pélléas?

ut Pélléas would not. . .

OLAUD. Pélléas will do all you ask of I know Pélléas better than you do. go; hurry! I shall not sleep until I the ring.

ÉLISANDE. Oh! oh! I am not happy! I am not happy! . . . [Exit, weeping.]

Scene III — Before a grotto.

[Enter PÉLLÉAS and MÉLISANDE.] ELLEAS [speaking with great agitation]. ; it is here; we are there. It is so you cannot tell the entrance of the to from the rest of the night. . . . re are no stars on this side. Let us t till the moon has torn through that at cloud; it will light up the whole tto, and then we can enter without ger. There are dangerous places, and path is very narrow between two lakes ose bottom has not yet been found. I not think to bring a torch or a lantern, I think the light of the sky will be ough for us. - You have never gone into grotto?

Mélisande. No. . . . PÉLLÉAS. Let us go in ; let us go in. . . .

u must be able to describe the place ere you lost the ring, if he questions a. . . . It is very big and very beauti-. There are stalactites that look like ents and men. It is full of blue darks. It s not been explored to the end. There great treasures hidden there, it seems. ou will see the remains of ancient shipecks there. But you must not go far in without a guide. There have been some no never have come back. I myself dare t go forward too far. We will stop the oment we no longer see the light of the a or the sky. When you strike a little

there, you would say the vault was

covered with stars like the sky. It is bits of crystal or salt, they say, that shine so in the rock. - Look, look, I think the sky is going to clear. . . . Give me your hand; do not tremble, do not tremble so. There is no danger; we will stop the moment we no longer see the light of the sea. . . . Is it the noise of the grotto that frightens you? It is the noise of night or the noise of silence. . . . Do you hear the sea behind us? - It does not seem happy to-night. . . . Ah! look, the light! . .

The moon lights up abundantly the entrance and part of the darkness of the grotto; and at a certain depth are seen three old beggars with white hair, seated side by side, leaning upon each other and asleep against

a boulder.

MÉLISANDE. Ah! PÉLLÉAS. What is it?

MÉLISANDE. There are . . . there are. [She points out the three beggars.] PÉLLÉAS. Yes, yes; I have seen them

MÉLISANDE. Let us go! . . . Let us

go! . . . PÉLLÉAS. Yes . . . it is three old poor men fallen asleep. . . . There is a famine in the country. . . . Why have they come to sleep here? . . .

MÉLISANDE. Let us go ! . . . Come, come.

.. Let us go! ...

PÉLLEAS. Take care; do not speak so loud. . . . Let us not wake them. . . . They are still sleeping heavily. . . . Come.

MELISANDE. Leave me, leave me; I pre-

fer to walk alone. . . . Pélléas. We will come back another [Exeunt.] day.

Scene IV - An apartment in the castle. ARKËL and PÉLLÉAS discovered.

ARKEL. You see that everything retains you here just now and forbids you this useless journey. We have concealed your father's condition from you until now; but it is perhaps hopeless; and that alone should suffice to stop you on the threshold. But there are so many other reasons. . . . And it is not in the day when our enemies awake, and when the people are dying of hunger and murmur about us, that you have the right to desert us. And why this journey? Marcellus is dead; and life has graver

duties than the visit to a tomb. You are weary, you say, of your inactive life; but activity and duty are not found on the highways. They must be waited for upon the threshold, and let in as they go by; and they go by every day. You have never seen them? I hardly see them any more myself; but I will teach you to see them, and I will point them out to you the day when you would make them a sign. Nevertheless, listen to me; if you believe it is from the depths of your life this journey is exacted, I do not forbid your undertaking it, for you must know better than I the events you must offer to your being or your fate. I shall ask you only to wait until we know what must take place ere long. . . .

PÉLLÉAS. How long must I wait? ARKËL. A few weeks; perhaps a few

days. . . .

Pélléas. I will wait. . . .

ACT III

Scene I - An apartment in the castle. Pél-LÉAS and MÉLISANDE discovered. MÉLISANDE plies her distaff at the back of the room.

Pélléas. Yniold does not come back:

where has he gone?

MELISANDE. He had heard something in the corridor; he has gone to see what it is.

PÉLLÉAS. Mélisande . . .

MÉLISANDE. What is it?

PÉLLÉAS. . . . Can you see still to work

MÉLISANDE. I work as well in the

PELLEAS. I think everybody is already asleep in the castle. Golaud does not come back from the chase. It is late, nevertheless. . . . He no longer suffers from his fall? . . .

MÉLISANDE. He said he no longer suf-

fered from it.

PÉLLÉAS. He must be more prudent; his body is no longer as supple as at twenty years. . . . I see the stars through the window and the light of the moon on the trees. It is late; he will not come back now. [Knocking at the door.] Who is there?... Come in! . . .

[Little YNIOLD opens the door and enters the room.]

It was you knocking so? . . . That is not

the way to knock at doors. It is as if a fortune had arrived; look, you have fri ened little mother.

YNIOLD. I only knocked a tiny l

hit.

PELLEAS. It is late; little father will come back to-night; it is time for yo go to bed.

YNIOLD. I shall not go to bed before

PÉLLÉAS. What? . . . What is that are saving?

YNIOLD. I say . . . not before you .

not before you . . .

Bursts into sobs and takes refuge MÉLISANDE.]

MELISANDE. What is it, Yniold? What is it? why do you weep all

YNIOLD [sobbing]. Because . . . oh! because . . .

MÉLISANDE. Because what?.... cause what? . . . Tell me . . .

YNIOLD. Little mother . . . little mot

. . . you are going away. . . . MELISANDE. But what has taken hold

you, Yniold? . . . I have never dream of going away. . . .

YNIOLD. Yes, you have; yes, you ha little father has gone away. . . . Little ther does not come back, and you are go to go away too. . . . I have seen it . .

have seen it. . . . Mélisande. But there has never be any idea of that, Yniold. . . . Why, w makes you think that I would go away?.

YNIOLD. I have seen it . . . I have see it. . . . You have said things to uncle the

I could not hear . . .

PÉLLÉAS. He is sleepy. . . . He has be dreaming. . . . Come here, Yniold; asle already? . . . Come and look out at t window; the swans are fighting with t dogs. . . .

YNIOLD [at the window]. Oh! oh! the are chasing the dogs! . . . They are chas ing them! . . . Oh! oh! the water! . the wings! . . . the wings! . . . they a

PÉLLÉAS [coming back by MÉLISANDI He is sleepy; he is struggling against slee his eyes were closing. . .

MELISANDE [singing softly as she spins

Saint Daniel and Saint Michaël. . . . Saint Michael and Saint Raphael. . . . IOLD [at the window]. Oh! oh! little

LISANDE [rising abruptly]. What is it, d? ... What is it? ...

IOLD. I saw something at the window? PÉLLÉAS and MÉLISANDE run to the window.]

LLEAS. What is there at the window?

What have you seen? . . .

NOLD. Oh! oh! I saw something!... LLEAS. But there is nothing. I see ing. . . .

ÉLISANDE. Nor I. . . .

ELLEAS. Where did you see something? ch way? . . .

NIOLD. Down there, down there! . . .

no longer there. . . .

ELLEAS. He does not know what he is ng. He must have seen the light of the n on the forest. There are often strange ections . . . or else something must e passed on the highway . . . or in his p. For see, see, I believe he is quite

ер. . . . NIOLD [at the window]. Little father is

e! little father is there!

ÉLLÉAS [going to the window]. He is at; Golaud is coming into the courtyard. NIOLD. Little father! . . . little father! . I am going to meet him! . . .

[Exit, running. — A silence.]

PÉLLÉAS. They are coming up the stair. ter GOLAUD and little YNIOLD with a lamp.]

TOLAUD. You are still waiting in the

k ? NIOLD. I have brought a light, little ther, a big light! . . . [He lifts the lamp l looks at MELISANDE. You have been

eping, little mother? . . . You have en weeping? . . . [He lifts the lamp tord PELLEAS and looks in turn at him.] u too, you too, you have been weeping? . Little father, look, little father; they

ve both been weeping. . . . GOLAUD. Do not hold the light under

eir eyes so. . . .

Scene II — One of the towers of the castle. A tchman's round passes under a window in the ver.

MÉLISANDE [at the window, combing her unbound hair].

My long locks fall foaming To the threshold of the tower, My locks await your coming All along the tower, And all the long, long hour, And all the long, long hour.

Saint Daniel and Saint Michael, Saint Michaël and Saint Raphaël.

I was born on a Sunday, A Sunday at high noon. . . .

[Enter PÉLLÉAS by the watchman's round.]

PÉLLÉAS. Holà! Holà! ho! . . . MELISANDE. Who is there?

PÉLLÉAS. I, I, and I! . . . What art thou doing there at the window, singing like a bird that is not native here?

MÉLISANDE. I am doing my hair for the

PELLEAS. Is it that I see upon the wall? . . . I thought you had some light. . . .

MÉLISANDE. I have opened the window; it is too hot in the tower. . . . It is beauti-

ful to-night. . . .

PELLEAS. There are innumerable stars: I have never seen so many as to-night; . . . but the moon is still upon the sea. . . . not stay in the shadow, Mélisande; lean forward a little till I see your unbound

MÉLISANDE. I am frightful so. . . .

[She leans out at the window.]

PELLEAS. Oh! oh! Mélisande! . . . oh, thou art beautiful! . . . thou art beautiful so! . . . Lean out! lean out! . . . Let me come nearer thee . . .

MÉLISANDE. I cannot come nearer thee. . . I am leaning out as far as I can. . . .

Pélléas. I cannot come up higher; . . . give me at least thy hand to-night . . . before I go away. . . . I leave to-morrow. . . . Mélisande. No, no, no! . . .

PÉLLÉAS. Yes, yes, yes; I leave, I shall leave to-morrow. . . . Give me thy hand, thy hand, thy little hand upon my lips. . . .

MELISANDE. I give thee not my hand if

thou wilt leave. . . Pélléas. Give, give, give! . . .

MELISANDE. Thou wilt not leave? PELLEAS. I will wait; I will wait. . . .

MELISANDE. I see a rose in the shad-

PÉLLÉAS. Where? . . . I see only the boughs of the willow hanging over the wall. . .

MELISANDE. Farther down, farther down,

in the garden; farther down, in the somber

green. . . .

PÉLLÉAS. It is not a rose. . . . I will go see by and by, but give me thy hand first; first thy hand. . . .

Mélisande. There, there; . . . I cannot

lean out farther. . . .

PELLEAS. I cannot reach thy hand with

my lips. . . .

MÉLISANDE. I cannot lean out farther.
... I am on the point of falling. ... —
Oh! oh! my hair is falling down the tower!
[Her tresses fall suddenly over her head,

as she is leaning out so, and stream

over Pélléas.]

PÉLLÉAS. Oh! oh! what is it? . . . Thy hair, thy hair is falling down to me! . . . All thy locks, Mélisande, all thy locks have fallen down the tower! . . . I hold them in my hands; I hold them in my mouth. . . I hold them in my arms; I put them about my neck. . . I will not open my hands again to-night. . . .

MÉLISANDE. Let me go! let me go! . . .

Thou wilt make me fall! . . .

Pelleas. No, no, no; . . . I have never seen such hair as thine, Mélisande! . . . See, see, see; it comes from so high and yet it floods me to the heart! . . . And yet it floods me to the knees! . . . And it is sweet, sweet as if it fell from heaven! . . . I see the sky no longer through thy locks. Thou seest, thou seest? . . . I can no longer hold them with both hands; there are some on the boughs of the willow. . . They are alive like birds in my hands, . . and they love me, they love me more than thou! . .

MÉLISANDE. Let me go; let me go! . . .

Some one might come. . . .

PÉLLÉAS. No, no, no; I shall not set thee free to-night. . . . Thou art my prisoner to-night; all night, all night! . . .

MÉLISANDE. Pélléas! Pélléas!...

Mélisande. Oh! oh! thou hurtest me.

... [Doves come out of the tower and about them in the night.] — What is the Pélléas? — What is it flying about me

PELLEAS. It is the doves coming ou the tower. . . I have frightened the they are flying away. . . .

MÉLISANDE. It is my doves, Pélléar Let us go away, let me go; they will

come back again. . .

Pelleas. Why will they not come bagain?

Mélisande. They will be lost in dark. . . . Let me go; let me lift my ho . . . I hear a noise of footsteps. . . . Let go!—It is Golaud! . . . I believe i

Golaud!... He has heard us....
PÉLLÉAS. Wait! Wait!... Thy l
is about the boughs.... It is caught th
in the darkness.... Wait, wait!...

is dark. . . .

[Enter Golaud, by the watchman's roun

GOLAUD. What do you here?

Pélléas. What do I here? . . . I . Golaud. You are children. . . . M sande, do not lean out so at the windo you will fall. . . . Do you not know it late? It is nearly midnight. — Do not p so in the darkness. — You are children. [Laughing nervously.] What children!

[Exit, with Péllé

Scene III — The vaults of the castle.

[Enter Golaud and Pélléas.]

GOLAUD. Take care; this way, this w
— You have never penetrated into th
vaults?

PÉLLÉAS. Yes; once, of old; but it v

long ago. . . .

GOLAUD. They are prodigious great; is a succession of enormous crypts that er God knows where. The whole castle builded on these crypts. Do you smell t deathly odor that reigns here? — That what I wished to show you. In my opinic it comes from the little underground la I am going to have you see. Take car walk before me, in the light of my lanter I will warn you when we are there. [The continue to walk in silence.] Hey! he Pélléas! stop! stop! [He seizes him by a arm.] For God's sake! . . . Do you mose? — One step more, and you had be in the gulf!

LLEAS. But I did not see it!... The ern no longer lighted me. . . .

OLAUD. I made a misstep . . . but if d not held you by the arm . . . Well, is the stagnant water that I spoke of ou. . . . Do you perceive the smell of h that rises? - Let us go to the end nis overhanging rock, and do you lean a little. It will strike you in the

ÉLLÉAS. I smell it already; . . . you

ld say a smell of the tomb.

OLAUD. Farther, farther. . . . It is this on certain days has poisoned the cas-The King will not believe it comes n here.—The crypt should be walled n which this standing water is found. s time, besides, to examine these vaults ttle. Have you noticed those lizards on walls and pillars of the vaults? ere is a labor hidden here you would not pect; and the whole castle will be llowed up one of these nights, if it is looked out for. But what will you have? body likes to come down this far. . . . ere are strange lizards in many of the ls. . . . Oh! here . . . do you perceive smell of death that rises?

PELLEAS. Yes; there is a smell of death

ng about us. . . .

GOLAUD. Lean over; have no fear. . . . vill hold you . . . give me . . . no, no, your hand . . . it might slip . . . your n, your arm! . . . Do you see the gulf? loved.] — Pélléas? Pélléas? . . .

PELLEAS. Yes; I think I see the bottom the gulf. . . . Is it the light that trem-

s so? . . . You . . .

[He straightens up, turns, and looks

at GOLAUD.

GOLAUD [with a trembling voice]. Yes; it the lantern. . . . See, I shook it to lighten walls. . .

PÉLLÉAS I stifle here; . . . let us go t. . . .

GOLAUD. Yes; let us go out. . . .

[Exeunt in silence.]

CENE IV — A terrace at the exit of the vaults.

[Enter Golaud and Pélléas.]

PELLEAS. Ah! I breathe at last!... thought, one moment, I was going to be in those enormous crypts; I was on the int of falling. . . . There is a damp air ere, heavy as a leaden dew, and darkness

thick as a poisoned paste. . . . And now, all the air of all the sea! . . . There is a fresh wind, see; fresh as a leaf that has just opened, over the little green waves. . . . Hold! the flowers have just been watered at the foot of the terrace, and the smell of the verdure and the wet roses comes up to us. . . . It must be nearly noon; they are already in the shadow of the tower. . . . It is noon; I hear the bells ringing, and the children are going down to the beach to bathe. . . . I did not know that we had stayed so long in the cav-

GOLAUD. We went down toward eleven

Pélléas. Earlier; it must have been earlier: I heard it strike half past ten.

GOLAUD. Half past ten or a quarter to

eleven. . . .

PELLEAS. They have opened all the windows of the castle. It will be unusually hot this afternoon. . . . Look, there is mother with Mélisande at a window of the tower. ...

GOLAUD. Yes; they have taken refuge on the shady side. - Speaking of Melisande, I heard what passed and what was said last night. I am quite aware all that is but child's play; but it need not be repeated. Mélisande is very young and very impressionable; and she must be treated the more circumspectly that she is perhaps with child at this moment. . . . She is very delicate, hardly woman; and the least emotion might bring on a mishap. It is not the first time I have noticed there might be something between you. . . . You are older than she; it will suffice to have told you. . . . Avoid her as much as possible; without affectation, moreover; without affectation. . . . - What is it I see yonder on the highway toward the forest? . . .

PÉLLÉAS. Some herds they are leading

to the city. . . .

GOLAUD. They cry like lost children; you would say they smelt the butcher already. - It will be time for dinner. - What a fine day! What a capital day for the har-[Exeunt.]

Scene V — Before the castle.

[Enter GOLAUD and little YNIOLD.]

GOLAUD. Come, we are going to sit down here, Yniold; sit on my knee; we shall see from here what passes in the forest. I do

not see you any more at all now. You abandon me too; you are always at little mother's. . . . Why, we are sitting just under little mother's windows. - Perhaps she is saying her evening prayer at this moment. . . . But tell me, Yniold, she is often with your uncle Pélléas, is n't she?

YNIOLD. Yes, yes; always, little father; when you are not there, little father. . . .

GOLAUD. Ah! - Look; some one is going by with a lantern in the garden. - But I have been told they did not like each other. . . . It seems they often quarrel; ... no? Is it true?

YNIOLD. Yes, yes; it is true.

GOLAUD. Yes? - Ah! ah! - But what do they quarrel about?

YNIOLD. About the door.

GOLAUD. What? - about the door? -What are you talking about ? - No, come, explain yourself; why do they quarrel about the door?

YNIOLD. Because it won't stay open. GOLAUD. Who wants it to stay open? — Come, why do they quarrel?

YNIOLD. I don't know, little father;

about the light.

GOLAUD. I am not talking to you about the light; we will talk of that by and by. I am talking to you about the door. Answer what I ask you; you must learn to talk; it is time. . . . Do not put your hand in your mouth so; . . . come. . .

YNIOLD. Little father! little father! . . . I won't do it any more. . . . [He cries.] GOLAUD. Come; what are you crying for

now? What has happened?

YNIOLD. Oh! oh! little father, you hurt

GOLAUD. I hurt you? - Where did I hurt you? I did not mean to. . . .

YNIOLD. Here, here; on my little arm. \dots GOLAUD. I did not mean to; come, don't cry any more, and I will give you something to-morrow.

YNIOLD. What, little father?

GOLAUD. A quiver and some arrows; but tell me what you know about the door.

YNIOLD. Big arrows?

Golaud. Yes, yes; very big arrows. -But why don't they want the door to be open? - Come, answer me sometime!-No, no; do not open your mouth to cry. I am not angry. We are going to have a quiet talk, like Pélléas and little mother when they are together. What do they talk al when they are together?

YNIOLD. Pélléas and little mother? GOLAUD. Yes; what do they talk abo

YNIOLD. About me; always about m GOLAUD. And what do they say about y YNIOLD. They say I am going to be v

GOLAUD. Oh, plague of my life! . . am here like a blind man searching for treasure at the bottom of the ocean! . . am here like a new-born child lost in forest, and you . . . Come, come, Ynic I was wandering; we are going to talk riously. Do Pélléas and little mother ne speak of me when I am not there? . . .

YNIOLD. Yes, yes, little father; they

always speaking of you.

GOLAUD. Ah! ... And what do they of me?

YNIOLD. They say I shall grow as big you are.

GOLAUD. You are always by them? YNIOLD. Yes, yes, always, always, lit father.

GOLAUD. They never tell you to go p somewhere else?

YNIOLD. No, little father; they are afr. when I am not there.

GOLAUD. They are afraid? . . . WI makes you think they are afraid?

YNIOLD. Little mother always sa "Don't go away; don't go away!". They are unhappy, but they laugh. . . .

GOLAUD. But that does not prove th are afraid.

YNIOLD. Yes, yes, little father; she

GOLAUD. Why do you say she is afraid YNIOLD. They always weep in the day GOLAUD. Ah! ah! . . .

YNIOLD. That makes one weep too.

GOLAUD. Yes, yes! . . .

YNIOLD. She is pale, little father.

GOLAUD. Ah! ah! . . . patience, my Go patience!.

YNIOLD. What, little father?

GOLAUD. Nothing, nothing, my child. I saw a wolf go by in the forest. - Then th get on well together? - I am glad to lea they are on good terms.—They kiss ea other sometimes?—No?...

YNIOLD. Kiss each other, little father - No, no, - ah! yes, little father, yes, ye once . . . once when it rained. . . .

OLAUD. They kissed? - But how, how

they kiss?

NIOLD. So, little father, so! . . . [He : him a kiss on the mouth, laughing.] Ah! your beard, little father! . . . It pricks! ricks! it pricks! It is getting all gray, e father, and your hair, too; all gray, gray, all gray. . . . [The window under h they are sitting is lighted up at this mot, and the light falls upon them.] Ah! ah! e mother has lit her lamp. It is light, e father; it is light. . . .

OLAUD. Yes; it is beginning to be t. . . .

NIOLD. Let us go there, too, little father; us go there, too. . . .

OLAUD. Where do you want to go? NIOLD. Where it is light, little father. FOLAUD. No, no, my child; let us stay he dark a little longer. . . . One cantell, one cannot tell yet. . . . Do you those poor people down there trying to dle a little fire in the forest? — It has ed. And over there, do you see the old dener trying to lift that tree the wind blown down across the road? - He not; the tree is too big; the tree is too vy, and it will lie where it fell. All that not be helped. . . . I think Pélléas is d. . . .

INIOLD. No, little father, he is not mad;

is very good.

GOLAUD. Do you want to see little mother? YNIOLD. Yes, yes; I want to see her! GOLAUD. Don't make any noise; I am ng to hoist you up to the window. It is high for me, for all I am so big. . . . e lifts the child.] Do not make the least se; little mother would be terribly afraid.

. Do you see her? — Is she in the room? YNIOLD. Yes. . . . Oh, how light it is!

GOLAUD. She is alone?

YNIOLD. Yes; . . . no, no; Uncle Pélléas there, too.

GOLAUD. He — . . . !

YNIOLD. Ah! ah! little father! you have rt me! . . .

GOLAUD. It is nothing; be still; I will t do it any more; look, look, Yniold! . I stumbled; speak lower. What are ev doing? -

YNIOLD. They are not doing anything, tle father; they are waiting for some-

GOLAUD. Are they near each other?

YNIOLD. No, little father.

GOLAUD. And . . . and the bed? Are they near the bed?

YNIOLD. The bed, little father? — I can't

see the bed.

GOLAUD. Lower, lower; they will hear you. Are they speaking?

YNIOLD. No, little father; they do not speak.

GOLAUD. But what are they doing? -They must be doing something. . . .

YNIOLD. They are looking at the light.

GOLAUD. Both?

YNIOLD. Yes, little father.

GOLAUD. They do not say anything? YNIOLD. No, little father; they do not close their eyes.

GOLAUD. They do not come near each

other?

YNIOLD. No, little father; they do not

GOLAUD. They are sitting down?

YNIOLD. No, little father; they are stand-

ing upright against the wall.

GOLAUD. They make no gestures? -They do not look at each other? - They make no signs? . . .

YNIOLD. No, little father. - Oh! oh! little father; they never close their eyes.

... I am terribly afraid. . . .

GOLAUD. Be still. They do not stir yet? YNIOLD. No, little father. — I am afraid, little father; let me come down! . . .

GOLAUD. Why, what are you afraid of?

_ Look! look! . . .

YNIOLD. I dare not look any more, little father! . . . Let me come down! . . .

GOLAUD. Look! look! . . .

YNIOLD. Oh! oh! I am going to cry, little father! - Let me come down! let me come down! . . .

GOLAUD. Come; we will go see what has [Exeunt.] happened.

ACT IV

Scene I - A corridor in the castle.

[Enter PÉLLÉAS and MÉLISANDE, meeting.]

PELLEAS. Where goest thou? I must speak to thee to-night. Shall I see thee?

Mélisande. Yes. Pélléas. I have just left my father's room. He is getting better. The physician has told us he is saved. . . . And yet this morning I had a presentiment this day

would end ill. I have had a rumor of misfortune in my ears for some time. . . . Then, all at once there was a great change; to-day it is no longer anything but a question of time. All the windows in his room have been thrown open. He speaks; he seems happy. He does not speak yet like an ordinary man, but already his ideas no longer all come from the other world. . . . He recognized me. He took my hand and said with that strange air he has had since he fell sick: "Is it thou, Pélléas? Why, why, I had not noticed it before, but thou hast the grave and friendly look of those who will not live long. . . . You must travel; you must travel. . . . "It is strange; I shall obey him. . . . My mother listened to him and wept for joy. - Hast thou not been aware of it? - The whole house seems already to revive, you hear breathing, you hear speaking, you hear walking. . . . Listen; I hear some one speaking behind that door. Quick, quick! answer quickly! where shall I see thee?

MÉLISANDE. Where wouldst thou?

Pélléas. In the park; near "Blind Man's Spring." - Wilt thou? - Wilt thou

MÉLISANDE, Yes.

Pélléas. It will be the last night; — I am going to travel, as my father said. Thou wilt not see me more. . . .

MÉLISANDE. Do not say that, Pélléas. . . . I shall see thee always; I shall look

upon thee always. . . .

PELLEAS. Thou wilt look in vain. . . . I shall be so far away thou couldst no longer see me. . . . I shall try to go very far away. . . . I am full of joy, and you would say I had all the weight of heaven and earth on my body to-day. Mélisande. What has happened, Pél-

léas? — I no longer understand what you

say. . . .

Pélléas. Go, go; let us separate. I hear some one speaking behind that door. ... It is the strangers who came to the castle this morning. . . . They are going out. . . . Let us go; it is the strangers. . . . [Exeunt severally.]

Scene II - An apartment in the castle. ARKËL and MÉLISANDE discovered.

ARKEL. Now that Pélléas's father is saved, and sickness, the old handmaid of

Death, has left the castle, a little joy a little sunlight will at last come into house again. . . . It was time! - For, s thy coming, we have only lived here w pering about a closed room. . . . And t I have pitied thee, Mélisande. . . . ${f T}$ camest here all joyous, like a child seel a gala-day, and at the moment thou en edst in the vestibule I saw thy face char and probably thy soul, as the face char in spite of us when we enter at noon in grotto too gloomy and too cold. . . . since, - since, on account of all that have often no longer understood thee. . I observed thee, thou wert there, listl perhaps, but with the strange, astray I of one awaiting ever a great trouble, in sunlight, in a beautiful garden. . . . I c not explain. . . . But I was sad to see t so; for thou art too young and too bear ful to live already day and night under breath of death. . . . But now all that change. At my age, - and there, perha is the surest fruit of my life, - at my I have gained I know not what faith in fidelity of events, and I have always s that every young and beautiful being c ates about itself young, beautiful, happy events. . . . And it is thou who v now open the door for the new era I ha glimpses of. . . . Come here; why d thou stay there without answering a without lifting thine eyes? - I have kis thee but once only hitherto - the day thy coming; and yet old men need son times to touch with their lips a woma forehead or a child's cheek, to believe s in the freshness of life and avert awh the menaces. . . . Art thou afraid of old lips? How I have pitied thee the months! . . .

MELISANDE. Grandfather, I have 1

been unhappy. . . .

ARKEL. Perhaps you were of those w are unhappy without knowing it, . . . a they are the most unhappy. . . . Let look at thee, so, quite near, a momen . . . we have such need of beauty besi Death. . . .

[Enter Golaud.]

GOLAUD. Pélléas leaves to-night. ARKEL. Thou hast blood on thy for head. - What hast thou done?

GOLAUD. Nothing, nothing. . . . I ha passed through a hedge of thorns.

ÉLISANDE. Bend down your head a , my lord. . . . I will wipe your fore-

OLAUD [repulsing her]. I will not that touch me, do you understand? Go,
—I am not speaking to you. — Where my sword? - I came to seek my

.d. . . .

ÉLISANDE. Here; on the praying-stool. OLAUD. Bring it. [To ARKEL.] They just found another peasant dead of ger, along by the sea. You would say all meant to die under our eyes. To LISANDE.] Well, my sword? — Why you tremble so? - I am not going to you. I would simply examine the le. I do not employ the sword for these Why do you examine me like a beg-?-I do not come to ask alms of you. hope to see something in my eyes hout my seeing anything in yours? you think I may know something?
ARKEL]— Do you see those great s? - It is as if they were proud of their ness. . .

ARKEL. I see there only a great inno-

SOLAUD. A great innocence!... They greater than innocence. . . . They are er than the eyes of a lamb. . . . They uld give God lessons in innocence! A eat innocence! Listen: I am so near m I feel the freshness of their lashes en they wink; and yet I am less far ay from the great secrets of the other rld than from the smallest secret of ose eyes! . . . A great innocence! . . . ore than innocence! You would say the gels of heaven celebrated there an eterl baptism! . . . I know those eyes! I ve seen them at their work! Close them! se them! or I shall close them for a long nile! . . . Do not put your right hand to ur throat so; I am saying a very simple ing. . . . I have no under-thought, . . . If had an under-thought, why should I not yit? Ah! ah! — Do not attempt to flee! Here! - Give me that hand! - Ah! ur hands are too hot. . . . Go away! Your sh disgusts me! . . . Here! — There is more question of fleeing now! [He izes her by the hair.] You shall follow me your knees! — On your knees! — On our knees before me! — Ah! ah! your ng hair serves some purpose at last!...

Right, . . . left! - Left, . . . right! -Absalom! Absalom. - Forward! back! To the ground! to the ground! . . . You see, you see; I laugh already like an old

ARKEL [running up]. Golaud! . . .

GOLAUD [affecting a sudden calm]. You will do as you may please, look you. - I attach no importance to that. - I am too old; and, besides, I am not a spy. I shall await chance; and then . . . Oh! then! . . . simply because it is the custom; simply because it is the custom. .

ARKEL. What ails him? - He is drunk? MÉLISANDE [in tears]. No, no; he does not love me any more. . . . I am not happy ! . . . I am not happy! . . .

ARKEL. If I were God, I would have

pity on men's hearts. . . .

Scene III - A terrace of the castle. Little YNIOLD discovered, trying to lift a boulder.

YNIOLD. Oh, this stone is heavy! . . . It is heavier than I am. . . . It is heavier than everybody. . . . It is heavier than everything that ever happened. . . . I can see my golden ball between the rock and this naughty stone, and I cannot reach it. . . . My little arm is not long enough, ... and this stone won't be lifted. . . . I can't lift it, . . . and nobody could lift it. ... It is heavier than the whole house; ... you would think it had roots in the earth. . . . [The bleatings of a flock heard far away.] — Oh! oh! I hear the sheep crying. . . . [He goes to look, at the edge of the terrace.] Why! there is no more sun. . . . They are coming . . . the little sheep . . . they are coming. . . . There is a lot of them! . . . There is a lot of them! ... They are afraid of the dark. ... They crowd together! They crowd together! . . . They can hardly walk any more. . . . They are crying! They are crying! And they go quick!... They go quick!... They are already at the great crossroads. Ah! ah! They don't know where they ought to go any more. . . . They don't cry any more. . . . They wait. . . . Some of them want to go to the right. . . . They all want to go to the right. . . . They cannot! . . . The shepherd is throwing earth at them. ... Ah! ah! They are going to pass by here. . . . They obey! They obey! They are going to pass under the terrace. . . . They are going to pass under the rocks. I am going to see them near by. . . . Oh! oh! what a lot of them! . . . What a lot of them! The whole road is full of them! . . . They all keep still now. . . . Shepherd! shepherd! why don't they speak any more?

THE SHEPHERD [who is out of sight]. Because it is no longer the road to the

stable . . .

YNIOLD. Where are they going?—Shepherd! shepherd!—Where are they going?—He doesn't hear me any more. They are too far away already. . . They go quick. . . They are not making a noise any more. . . It is no longer the road to the stable. . . Where are they going to sleep tonight?—Oh! oh!—It is too dark. . . . I am going to tell something to somebody. . . . [Exit.]

Scene IV - A fountain in the park.

[Enter PÉLLÉAS.]

PELLEAS. It is the last evening . . . the last evening. It must all end. I have played like a child about a thing I did not guess. . . . I have played a-dream about the snares of fate. . . . Who has awakened me all at once? I shall flee, crying out for joy and woe like a blind man fleeing from his burning house. . . . I am going to tell her I shall flee. . . . My father is out of danger; and I have no more reason to lie to myself. . . . It is late; she does not come. . . . I should do better to go away without seeing her again. . . . I must look well at her this time. . . . There are some things that I no longer recall. . . . It seems at times as if I had not seen her for a hundred years. . . . And I have not yet looked upon her look. . . . There remains nought to me if I go away thus. And all those memories . . . it is as if I were to take away a little water in a muslin bag. . . . I must see her one last time, to the bottom of her heart. . . . I must tell her all that I have never told her.

[Enter MÉLISANDE.]

MÉLISANDE. Pélléas!

PÉLLÉAS. Mélisande! — Is it thou, Mélisande?

Mélisande. Yes.

PÉLLÉAS. Come hither; do not stay at the edge of the moonlight. — Come hither.

We have so many things to tell each of . . . Come hither in the shadow of the den.

MELISANDE. Let me stay in the light PELLEAS. We might be seen from windows of the tower. Come hither; we have nothing to fear.—Take care might be seen...

Melisande. I wish to be seen. . . . Pelleas. Why, what doth ail thee Thou wert able to come out without b

seen?

Mélisande. Yes; your brother slept Pélléas. It is late. — In an hour will close the gates. We must be care Why art thou come so late?

MELISANDE. Your brother had a dream. And then my gown was caught the nails of the gate. See, it is torn. I

all this time, and ran. . . .

Pelleas. My poor Mélisande! . . should almost be afraid to touch ti . . . Thou art still out of breath, lik hunted bird. . . . It is for me, for thou doest all that? . . . I hear thy he beat as if it were mine. . . . Come hit . . . nearer, nearer me. . . .

MELISANDE. Why do you laugh? PELLEAS. I do not laugh; — or els laugh for joy, unwittingly. . . It wer

weeping matter, rather. Mélisande. We have come here befo

. . I recollect. . . .

Pelleas. Yes... yes... Long mon ago. — I knew not then.... Knowest the why I asked thee to come here to-night Melisande. No.

PELLEAS. It is perhaps the last time shall see thee. . . . I must go away fever.

MELISANDE. Why sayest thou alway

thou wilt go away?...

Pélléas. I must tell thee what the knowest already? — Thou knowest i what I am going to tell thee?

MÉLISANDE. Why, no; why, no; I kno

PÉLLÉAS. Thou knowest not why I mu go afar. . . . Thou knowest not it is becau . . . [He kisses her abruptly.] I love thee. .

MÉLISANDE [in a low voice]. I love the

too. . . .

PÉLLÉAS. Oh! oh! What saidst the Mélisande?...I hardly heard it!...The sayest that in a voice coming from the end

orld! . . . I hardly heard thee. . . . lovest me? - Thou lovest me, too? Since when lovest thou me? . . . LISANDE. Since always. . . . Since I

hee. . .

LLEAS. Oh, how thou sayest that ! . . . voice seems to have blown across the in spring! . . . I have never heard til now; . . . one would say it had d on my heart!... Thou sayest that ankly! . . . Like an angel questioned! I cannot believe it, Mélisande!... shouldst thou love me? - Nay, why thou love me? - Is what thou sayrue? - Thou dost not mock me? dost not lie a little, to make me 9? . . .

ÉLISANDE. No ; I never lie ; I lie but

y brother. . . .

ELLEAS. Oh, how thou sayest that ! . . . voice! thy voice! . . . It is cooler more frank than the water is! . . . like pure water on my lips! . . . It is pure water on my hands. . . . Give give me thy hands ! . . . Oh, how small hands are! . . . I did not know thou t so beautiful! . . . I have never seen thing so beautiful before thee. . . . as full of unrest; I sought throughout house. . . . I sought throughout the ntry. . . . And I found not beauty. . . . l now I have found thee! . . . I have nd thee! ... I do not think there could be he earth a fairer woman!...Where art u?—I no longer hear thee breathe. . . . Mélisande. Because I look on thee. . . . PÉLLÉAS. Why dost thou look so gravely me? - We are already in the shadow. It is too dark under this tree. — Come the light. We cannot see how happy are. Come, come; so little time remains

us. . . . MÉLISANDE. No, no; let us stay here. . I am nearer thee in the dark. . . .

PÉLLÉAS. Where are thine eyes?ou art not going to fly me? - Thou dost think of me just now.

MÉLISANDE. Oh, yes; oh, yes; I only

nk of thee. . . . PELLEAS. Thou wert looking else-PÉLLÉAS.

ere. . . MELISANDE. I saw thee elsewhere. . . . PÉLLÉAS. Thy soul is far away. . . . hat ails thee, then? — Meseems thou art t happy....

MÉLISANDE. Yes, yes; I am happy. but I am sad. . .

PELLEAS. One is sad often when one

MÉLISANDE. I weep always when I think

PÉLLÉAS. I, too. . . . I, too, Mélisande. . . . I am quite near thee; I weep for joy, and yet . . . [He kisses her again.] — Thou art strange when I kiss thee so. . . . Thou art so beautiful that one would think thou wert

about to die. . . .

Mélisande. Thou, too. . . .

Pélléas. There, there. . . . We do not what we will. . . . I did not love thee the first time I saw thee. . . .

MELISANDE. Nor I... nor I... I was

PÉLLÉAS. I could not admit thine eyes. ... I would have gone away at once ... and $then \dots$

MELISANDE. And I - I would not have come.... I do not yet know why - I was afraid to come. . . .

Pélléas. There are so many things one never knows. We are ever waiting; and then. . . . What is that noise ? - They are closing the gates! . . . MELISANDE. Yes, they have closed the

gates. . . .

PÉLLÉAS. We cannot go back now? -Hearest thou the bolts ? - Listen! Listen! ... The great chains! ... The great chains! . It is too late; it is too late! . . .

MÉLISANDE. All the better! all the bet-

ter! all the better! ...? Behold, behold! ... It is no longer we who will it so! ... All's lost, all's saved! All is saved tonight! - Come, come. . . . My heart beats like a madman, — up to my very throat....

[They embrace.] Listen! Listen! My heart is almost strangling me. . . . Come! come! . . . Ah, how beautiful it is in the shadows! . . .

MELISANDE. There is some one behind us! PÉLLÉAS. I see no one. . . .

MÉLISANDE. I heard a noise. . .

PELLEAS. I hear only thy heart in the

MELISANDE. I heard the crackling of

dead leaves. . . . PÉLLÉAS. Because the wind is silent all at once. . . . It fell as we were kissing. . . . MÉLISANDE. How long our shadows are

to-night! . . .

Pélléas. They embrace to the very end of the garden. Oh, how they kiss far away from us! . . . Look! look! . . .

MÉLISANDE [in a stifled voice]. A-a-h!

- He is behind a tree! PÉLLÉAS. Who?

MÉLISANDE. Golaud!

Pélléas. Golaud! — Where? — I see

MELISANDE. There . . . at the end of our shadows. . .

PELLEAS. Yes, yes; I saw him... Let

us not turn abruptly. . . . MÉLISANDE. He has his sword. . . .

Pélléas. I have not mine. . . . MÉLISANDE. He saw us kiss. . . .

PÉLLÉAS. He does not know we have seen him. . . . Do not stir ; do not turn your head. ... He would rush headlong on us. ... He will remain there while he thinks we do not know. He watches us. . . . He is still motionless. . . . Go, go at once this way. . . . I will wait for him. . . . I will stop him. . . .

Mélisande. No, no, no! . . .

Pélléas. Go! Go! He has seen all!... He will kill us! . . .

MÉLISANDE. All the better! all the better! all the better! . . .

PÉLLÉAS. He comes! He comes!...

Thy mouth! . . . Thy mouth! . . . MÉLISANDE. Yes!... yes! yes!...

[They kiss desperately.] PÉLLÉAS. Oh! oh! All the stars are fall-

ing! . . .

MÉLISANDE. Upon me, too! upon me, too! PÉLLÉAS. Again! Again! . . . Give! Give! Mélisande. All! all! all! . . .

[Golaud rushes upon them, sword in hand, and strikes PELLEAS, who falls at the brink of the fountain. MÉLISANDE flees terrified.]

MÉLISANDE [fleeing]. Oh! Oh! I have no courage! . . . I have no courage! . . . [GOLAUD pursues her through the wood in silence.

ACT V

Scene I - A lower hall in the castle. The women servants discovered, gathered together, while without children are playing before one of the ventilators of the hall.

AN OLD SERVANT. You will see, you will see, my daughters; it will be to-night. -Some one will come to tell us by and by....

Another Servant. They will not c to tell us. . . . They don't know what are doing any longer. . . .

THIRD SERVANT. Let us wait here. FOURTH SERVANT. We shall know enough when we must go up. . . .

FIFTH SERVANT. When the time is co we shall go up of ourselves. . . .

SIXTH SERVANT. There is no long sound heard in the house. . . .

SEVENTH SERVANT. We ought to m the children keep still, who are playing fore the ventilator.

EIGHTH SERVANT. They will be still

themselves by and by.

NINTH SERVANT. The time has not

[Enter an old Servant.]

THE OLD SERVANT. No one can go in room any longer. I have listened more t. an hour. . . You could hear the flies w on the doors. . . . I heard nothing. . .

FIRST SERVANT. Has she been left al

in the room?

THE OLD SERVANT. No, no; I think room is full of people.

FIRST SERVANT. They will come, th

will come, by and by. . . .

THE OLD SERVANT. Lord! Lord! It not happiness that has come into the hou ... One may not speak, but if I could what I know.

SECOND SERVANT. It was you who fou

them before the gate? THE OLD SERVANT. Why, yes! we yes! It was I who found them. The por says it was he who saw them first; but was I who waked them. He was sleepi on his face and would not get up. - A now he comes saying, "It was I who s them first." Is that just? - See, I burn myself lighting a lamp to go down cell - Now what was I going to do down c lar? — I can't remember any more what was going to do down cellar. - At any ra I got up very early; it was not yet ve light; I said to myself, I will go across t courtyard, and then I will open the ga Good; I go down the stairs on tiptoe, and open the gate as if it were an ordina gate. . . . My God! My God! What do see? Divine a little what I see! . . .

FIRST SERVANT. They were before t

gate?

HE OLD SERVANT. They were both ched out before the gate! . . . Exactly poor folk that are too hungry.... They huddled together like little children are afraid.... The little princess was ly dead, and the great Golaud had still sword in his side. . . . There was blood he sill. . . .

ECOND SERVANT. We ought to make the dren keep still. . . . They are screamwith all their might before the ventila-

HIRD SERVANT. You can't hear your-

speak. . . .

OURTH SERVANT. There is nothing to lone: I have tried already; they won't p still. . . .

IRST SERVANT. It seems he is nearly

ed?

HE OLD SERVANT. Who?

IRST SERVANT. The great Golaud.

HIRD SERVANT. Yes, yes; they have en him to his wife's room. I met them now, in the corridor. They were holdhim up as if he were drunk. He cannot walk alone.

HE OLD SERVANT. He could not kill self; he is too big. But she is hardly inded, and it is she who is going to die.

. Can you understand that?
'IRST SERVANT. You have seen the

and?

HE OLD SERVANT. As I see you, my ghter. - I saw everything, you undernd.... I saw it before all the others.... tiny little wound under her little left ast, — a little wound that would n't kill igeon. Is it natural?

IRST SERVANT. Yes, yes; there is some-

g underneath. . .

SECOND SERVANT. Yes; but she was deered of her babe three days ago. . . . THE OLD SERVANT, Exactly! . . . She delivered on her death-bed; is that a le sign? — And what a child! Have you n it? — A wee little girl a beggar would bring into the world. . . . A little wax are that came much too soon; . . . a litwax figure that must live in lambs' wool. . Yes, yes; it is not happiness that has ne into the house. First Servant. Yes, yes; it is the hand

God that has been stirring. . . .

SECOND SERVANT. Yes, yes; all that did happen without reason. . . .

THIRD SERVANT. It is as good Lord Pélléas . . . where is he? — No one knows. . . .

THE OLD SERVANT. Yes, yes; everybody knows.... But nobody dare speak of it.... One does not speak of this; . . . one does not speak of that;... one speaks no more of anything; . . . one no longer speaks truth. . . . But I know he was found at the bottom of Blind Man's Spring; ... but no one, no one could see him. . . . Well, well, we shall only know all that at the last day. . . .

FIRST SERVANT. I dare not sleep here

any longer. . . .

THE OLD SERVANT. Yes, yes; once illfortune is in the house, one keeps silence in

THIRD SERVANT. Yes; it finds you all

the same. . . .

THE OLD SERVANT. Yes, yes; but we do not go where we would. . . .

FOURTH SERVANT. Yes, yes; we do not

do what we would. . . . FIRST SERVANT. They are afraid of us

SECOND SERVANT. They all keep si-

lence. . . . THIRD SERVANT. They cast down their

eves in the corridors. FOURTH SERVANT. They do not speak any more except in a low voice.

FIFTH SERVANT. You would think they

had all done it together.

SIXTH SERVANT. One does n't know what they have done. . . .

SEVENTH SERVANT. What is to be done when the masters are afraid? . . .

[A silence.] FIRST SERVANT. I no longer hear the

children screaming. SECOND SERVANT. They are sitting down

before the ventilator.

THIRD SERVANT. They are huddled against each other.

THE OLD SERVANT. I no longer hear anything in the house. . . .

FIRST SERVANT. You no longer even hear the children breathe. . . .

THE OLD SERVANT. Come, come; it is [Exeunt, in silence.] time to go up. . . .

Scene II - An apartment in the castle. ARKEL, GOLAUD, and the Physician discovered in one corner of the room. MÉLISANDE is stretched upon her bed.

THE PHYSICIAN. It cannot be of that little wound she is dying; a bird would not

have died of it. . . . It is not you, then, who have killed her, good my lord; do not be so disconsolate. . . . She could not have lived. . . . She was born without reason ... to die; and she dies without reason. . . . And then, it is not sure we shall not save her. .

ARKEL. No, no; it seems to me we keep too silent, in spite of ourselves, in her room. . . . It is not a good sign. . . . Look how she sleeps . . . slowly, slowly; . . . it is as if her soul was cold forever. . . .

GOLAUD. I have killed her without cause! I have killed her without cause! . . . Is it not enough to make the stones weep? . . . They had kissed like little children. . . . They had simply kissed. . . . They were brother and sister. . . . And I, and I at once! . . . I did it in spite of myself, look you. . . . I did it in spite of myself. . . .

THE PHYSICIAN. Stop; I think she is

waking. . . .

MELISANDE. Open the window; . . .

open the window. . . .

ARKEL. Shall I open this one, Mélisande? MÉLISANDE. No, no; the great window ... the great window. . . . It is to see . . . ARKEL. Is not the sea air too cold tonight?

THE PHYSICIAN. Do it; do it. . . .

Mélisande. Thanks. . . . Is it sunset? ARKEL. Yes; it is sunset on the sea; it is late. — How are you, Mélisande?

MÉLISANDE. Well, well. — Why do you ask that? I have never been better. — And yet it seems to me I know something. . . .

ARKËL. What sayest thou? — I do not

understand thee. . . .

MÉLISANDE. Neither do I understand all I say, you see. . . . I do not know what I am saying. . . . I do not know what I know.... I no longer say what I would....

ARKEL. Why, yes! why, yes! . . . I am quite happy to hear thee speak so; thou hast raved a little these last days, and one no longer understood thee. . . . But now all that is far away. . . .

MÉLISANDE. I do not know. . . . — Are you all alone in the room, grandfather?

ARKEL. No; there is the physician, besides, who cured thee. . . .

MÉLISANDE. Ah! . . .

ARKEL. And then there is still some one

MÉLISANDE. Who is it?

ARKËL. It is . . . thou must not frightened. . . . He does not wish thee least harm, be sure. . . . If thou 'rt afraid will go away. . . . He is very unhappy.

MÉLISANDE. Who is it?

ARKËL. It is thy . . . thy husband. It is Golaud. . .

MELISANDE. Goland is here? Why he not come by me?

GOLAUD [dragging himself toward the l

Mélisande . . . Mélisande. . . .

MÉLISANDE. Is it you, Golaud? I she hardly recognize you any more. the evening sunlight in my eyes. . . . I look you on the walls? You have gr thin and old. . . . Is it a long while s we saw each other?

GOLAUD. [To ARKËL and the PHYSICI. Will you withdraw a moment, if you ple if you please? . . . I will leave the wide open. . . . One moment only. . . would say something to her; else I co not die. . . . Will you? - Go clear to end of the corridor; you can come back once, at once. . . . Do not refuse me ... I am a wretch. ... [Exit AR and the PHYSICIAN.] - Mélisande, hast t pity on me, as I have pity on thee? Mélisande?...Dost thou forgive Mélisande?...

MÉLISANDE. Yes, yes, I do forgive t

. . . What must I forgive? . . .

GOLAUD. I have wrought thee so m ill, Mélisande. . . . I cannot tell thee ill I have wrought thee. . . . But I se I see it so clearly to-day . . . since the day. . . . And all I did not know till i leaps in my eyes to-night. . . . And it is my fault, all that has happened, all will happen. . . . If I could tell it, t wouldst see as I do!... I see all! I all! . . . But I loved thee so! . . . I lo thee so! . . . But now there is some dying. . . . It is I who am dying. . . . I I would know . . . I would ask thee. . Thou It bear me no ill-will . . . I wo . . . The truth must be told to a dy man. . . . He must know the truth, or he could not sleep. . . . Swearest thou

tell me the truth? MÉLISANDE. Yes.

Golaud. Didst thou love Pélléas? MÉLISANDE. Why, yes; I loved him Where is he?

GOLAUD. Thou dost not understand n

ou wilt not understand me? — It seems e... it seems to me... Well, then,: I ask thee if thou lovedst him with a dden love? ... Wert thou ... were ruilty? Say, say, yes, yes, yes! ... LISANDE. No, no; we were not guilty. by do you ask that?

DLAUD. Mélisande! . . . tell me the

, for the love of God!

ÉLISANDE. Why have I not told the

DLAUD. Do not lie so any more, at the

ent of death!

ELISANDE. Who is dying?—Is it I? DLAUD. Thou, thou! And I, I too, after!... And we must have the truth... must have the truth at last, dost thou erstand?... Tell me all! Tell me all! give thee all!...

ELISANDE. Why am I going to die?-

not know it. . . .

OLAUD. Thou knowest it now!... It me! It is time!... Quick! quick!...

truth! the truth! . . .

MISANDE. The truth...the truth...
OLAUD. Where art thou? — Mélisande!
Vhere art thou? — It is not natural!
isande! Where art thou! — Where gothou? [Perceiving Arrill and the Physn at the door of the room.] — Yes, yes;
may come in... I know nothing; it is
ess... It is too late; she is already too
away from us.... I shall never know!
I shall die here like a blind man!..
IRKEL. What have you done? You will
her...

OLAUD. I have already killed her....

RKËL. Mélisande....

IÉLISANDE. Is it you, grandfather? IRKËL. Yes, my daughter. . . . What ild you have me do?

IELISANDE. Is it true that the winter is

inning?...

RKEL. Why dost thou ask?

MÉLISANDE. Because it is cold, and there no more leaves. . . .

ARKEL. Thou art cold? - Wilt thou

re the windows closed?

MÉLISANDE. No, no, ... not till the sun at the bottom of the sea. — It sinks wly; then it is the winter beginning? ARKEL. Yes. — Thou dost not like the

nter? MÉLISANDE. Oh! no. I am afraid of the d.—I am so afraid of the great cold.... ARKËL. Dost thou feel better?

MÉLISANDE. Yes, yes; I have no longer all those qualms. . . .

ARKËL. Wouldst thou see thy child?

MÉLISANDE. What child?

ARKËL. Thy child. — Thou art a mother. . . . Thou hast brought a little daughter into the world. . . .

MELISANDE. Where is she?

ARKËL. Here....

MÉLISANDE. It is strange. I cannot lift my arms to take her....

ARKËL. Because you are still very weak.

... I will hold her myself; look...

MELISANDE. She does not laugh.... She is little.... She is going to weep too.... I pity her....

[The room has been invaded, little by little, by the women servants of the casile, who range themselves in silence along the walls and wait.]

GOLAUD [rising abruptly]. What is the matter? — What are all these women coming here for?...

THE PHYSICIAN. It is the servants. . . .

ARKËL. Who was it called them? THE PHYSICIAN. It was not I....

GOLAUD. Why do you come here? — No one has asked for you. . . . What come you here to do? — But what is it, then? — Answer me! . . .

[The servants make no answer.]
ARKËL. Do not speak too loud. . . . She is going to sleep; she has closed hereves. . . .

GOLAUD. It is not . . .?

THE PHYSICIAN. No, no; see, sh'

ARKEL. Her eyes are full of tears.—It is her soul weeping now.... Why does she stretch her arms out so?—What would she?

THE PHYSICIAN. It is toward the child, without doubt. . . . It is the struggle of

motherhood against . . .

GOLAUD. At this moment?—At this moment?—You must say. Say! Say!...

THE PHYSICIAN. Perhaps.

GOLAUD. At once?...Oh! oh! I must tell her...—Mélisande!... Mélisande!
... Leave me alone! leave me alone with her!...

ARKËL. No, no; do not come near....
Trouble her not.... Speak no more to her.
... You know not what the soul is....

GOLAUD. It is not my fault! . . . It is

not my fault!

ARKEL. Hush!... Hush!... We must speak softly now.—She must not be disturbed.... The human soul is very silent.
... The human soul likes to depart alone.
... It suffers so timorously.... But the sadness, Golaud... the sadness of all we see!... Oh! oh! oh!...

[At this moment, all the servants fall suddenly on their knees at the back

of the chamber.]

ARKEL [turning]. What is the matter! THE PHYSICIAN [approaching the bed and feeling the body]. They are right. . . .

[A long silence.] ARKËL. I saw nothing.—Are you sure? THE PHYSICIAN. Yes, yes.

ARKËL. I heard nothing. . . . So quick so quick! . . . All at once! . . . She go without a word. . . .

Golaud [sobbing]. Oh! oh! oh! Arkel. Do not stay here, Golaud.
She must have silence now... Com come... It is terrible, but it is not yo fault... Twas a little being, so quiet, fearful, and so silent... Twas a polittle mysterious being, like everybody. She lies there as if she were the big sist of her child... Come, come... Model! My God!... I shall never understand it at all... Let us not stay here. Come; the child must not stay here in the room... She must live now in her place... It is the poor little one's turn...

[They go out in silence

BEYOND HUMAN POWER OVER ÆVNE, I

By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON

Translated by LEE M. HOLLANDER

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Björnson does not supply a List of Persons for his later plays. For convenience such a list for Beyond Humon cower may be found in the notes on the play in the appendix.

BEYOND HUMAN POWER

ACT I

olain room with log walls. In the rightwall, two partitioned windows; to the left, a

the foreground, on the right, stands a bed is placed in such manner that its head is ine with the door.

the bed is a little table with bottles and There are also a dresser, chairs, etc.

the bed, which is covered with a white bedd, lies Clara Sang, dressed in white. At of the windows stands her sister, MRS. NAH ROBERTS.

RS. HANNAH ROBERTS. How the sun s on the birch leaves out there! And delicate the leaves are here in the

h i

ARA SANG. But now there is a smell ild cherry, Hannah!

ANNAH. I am looking for it; why, but

e is no wild cherry here? ARA. You can't see it from there; but e are wild cherry trees here. The mornbreeze brings the fragrance right tous.

ANNAH. But I don't notice it.

ARA. Ah, after such a rain I can dethe least current of fragrance from out-

And you can smell wild ANNAH. ry?

LARA. Quite distinctly ! - At any rate, e the lower window.

ANNAH. If you wish!

[Closes the window.]

LARA. Who was it that said we had

on to fear a mountain-slide? ANNAH. The old man, - the foreman

he boat that brought us here, you know. ained and rained, and so he said: "This angerous, this is. After a long rain like the soil becomes loose on the mountains

iere."

LARA. I have been thinking of that all nt. There have been mountain-slides , time and again, you know. Once - but.

that was before our time - the church was swept away.

HANNAH. The church?

CLARA. Not as it stands here now. It stood some distance away then.

HANNAH. Is that the reason why it was

moved so near to the garden wall?

CLARA. Yes. Now, when the church windows are opened in the summer, I can hear Adolf sing before the altar as I lie here. That is, when the door to my room is open, and the door into the living-room and of course, also, the window in the livingroom. He sings so beautifully. When both doors are open I can see the church from here. Come and look! That is why my bed was placed here.

HANNAH [going to her]. My dear Clara, to think I should see you again in this con-

dition!

CLARA. Hannah!

HANNAH. Why did n't you write?

CLARA. Oh, America is so far away; and

then — Oh well, some other time.

HANNAH. I did n't understand your answer yesterday, when I asked about the doctor.

CLARA. Adolf was in the room, so I evaded your question. We have no doctor.

HANNAH. You have no doctor?

CLARA. He used to come here quite often - he lives very far away - and he did n't help me. So when I had lain a whole month without sleeping -

HANNAH. A whole month without sleeping? Why, but that is impossible —?

CLARA. It is almost one and a half now, dear ! - Well, then we thought it did n't make any difference whether we had a doctor or not. Don't you see? My husband asked him about my sickness, and he gave it some ugly name. Adolf has n't told me what it was, so I don't know. After that we did not send for him any longer.

HANNAH. Are n't you talking too much?

CLARA, I don't talk at all for whole days. At other times I talk incessantly. I can't help it. Now Adolf will soon be back from his morning walk. He will bring me some flowers.

HANNAH. May I not gather you some,

since you long so for them?

CLARA. No. There are some kinds I can't endure. He knows which. Hannah, you have n't told me about your meeting my children on the steamer. I am so very anxious to hear about it, dear!

HANNAH. There was such bustling in the

house, yesterday.

CLARA. Yes, and you were all so tired. Just think, the children are sleeping still? From seven till seven! That's youth, that!

HANNAH. They needed it, too. While I can sleep only a few hours at a time. And I

am not very tired either, now.

CLARA. No, it is the same with all who come under the spell of the midnight sun. One becomes so altogether wakeful. — But the children? Are n't they dear?

HANNAH. And so innocent! But they don't resemble you in the face, and not Sang, either, really, except the eyes; and that I saw only later on.

CLARA. Go on, go on!

HANNAH. If they had resembled you, I should have known them, of course. — I have n't seen any of you, since you yourselves were young. Keep that in mind! But I saw them go aboard, and I saw them later on also, although they went into the steerage . . .

CLARA. The poor dears, they could n't

afford better!

HANNAH....and I didn't recognize them. Then one morning, I was standing on the bridge, and they walked to and fro rapidly below me; trying to keep warm. Every time they turned their backs to me to walk forward again I could not forget their eyes. For I knew those eyes. All at once, some sea-birds darted down so close to Rachel that she threw up her arms; she was frightened, because they screeched right into her ears. But that movement of her arms—well, it was exactly yours. And then, too, I recognized the eyes. They were Sang's.

CLARA. You went down to them at once? HANNAH. How can you ask! "Is your name Sang?" I asked. They did not need to answer. Now I saw it so clearly. "I am your Aunt Hannah from America," I s
— And then we were all so moved.

Both sisters we

CLARA. Rachel had written to you; prayed you to come to see me? Is n't t so?

HANNAH. Yes. And I shall always the her for it. How sweet she was! I got the right up into the cabin, and her I bund up in a big shawl, because she was contained and he got a plaid to wrap himself in.

CLARA. Dear Hannah!

HANNAH. But, dear, — yes, this belo to it!— just then a black squall blew if the fjord behind us. We were right un a high mountain, bare and gray. A lot sea-gulls came out to us; some of the shrieked over our heads. And how cold was! Some miserable huts stood by shore, farther in— and they were the of ones we could see and we had trave many miles without seeing any others. Of mountains and skerries! That is Northal I thought. Here these frozen children we reared. No, I shall never forget it! Trible!

CLARA. But that is not so terrible.

HANNAH. Clara! — To think of lying there! Do you remember what fine, graceful girl you used to be?

CLARA. Yes, yes! — I don't know n self where I should begin to explain it

to you. Oh, God!

HANNAH. Why did n't you shriek o to me?—I who am so well off—a could have saved you in so many wa from becoming overworked?

Why did n't you write the truth? Y have concealed it the whole time. — On

Rachel wrote me the truth.

CLARA. Yes! — That is so — and he to be so.

HANNAH. Why?

CLARA. Supposing I had written h matters stood, and you had all come huring here. . . ?

I don't want to be helped. For I cam

be helped.

HANNAH. But — why, then, you lied CLARA. Yes, of course. I lied all time, and to every one. How could I anything else?

HANNAH. These things are incomprehensible to me! — From beginning to en

CLARA. Hannah? You said "ove

ed." You said you could have saved a so many ways from becoming overed. Did you ever know any one who overworked, who was able to ask for or who knew how to make resistance? NNAH. But before you had become vorked?

ARA. You don't understand what you

alking about!

ANNAH. Then explain it to me! I , if you can !

ARA. No, I can't do it all at once. -

t little by little, perhaps.

ANNAH. At the beginning you did n't his faith, did you? Strange! Was

the reason?

ARA. No. - Oh, it's a long story! it is n't that. Our temperaments are so rent; - although that is n't it, either. ang had been like other men, noisy and ineering - oh, then matters would not gone so - perhaps! But long before new me all his strength - and strength as, you may be sure - was taken up work; it had become a matter of love, acrifice. It was beautiful, only beauti-Do you know that not one harsh word ever been spoken in our house? — that e has never been a "scene"? And we been married these twenty-five years, ost. He is always beaming with the ness of Sunday. Because it is Sunday him all the year around.

ANNAH. Oh, how you love him !

LARA. It is too little to say that I love . I am not without him. And yet you k about making resistance? — I had of course, sometimes, when things went much beyond our strength.

ANNAH. What do you mean by that? LARA. I will explain it to you, later on. who can resist sheer goodness? - sheer ifice for others? - sheer rapture? And can resist, when his childlike faith and supernatural power carry everybody y ?

IANNAH. Supernatural power, you say? LARA. Have n't you heard of that?

ve n't the children told you -?

IANNAH. - What? -LARA. - That Sang, when he prays fertly, obtains what he prays for?

IANNAH. That he works miracles, you

ın?

LARA. Yes!

HANNAH. Sang! CLARA. Have n't the children told you

about it?

HANNAH. No!

CLARA. Is n't that strange!

HANNAH. We never talked about such matters.

CLARA. Why, but then they have n't -Oh, they thought you knew about it! Because Sang - yes, he is the "miracle priest," the country over! They thought you knew about it! They are so modest, the children.

HANNAH. But does he work miracles?

Miracles?

CLARA. Did you not have the impression of something supernatural about him, the

moment you saw him?

HANNAH. It would never have occurred to me to use that word; - but, since you have said it - he does make a most - well, what shall I call it? - decided impression of spirituality? - a very strange impression, he certainly does. As if he did not belong to this world!

CLARA. Ah, precisely! HANNAH. Yes, indeed!

CLARA. Do you know, I sometimes lie all contracted, with my legs gathered up to my chest, and my arms . . . no, I don't dare to show you; for else I might bring it on again. . . . I sometimes lie that way all day when he is gone, without being able to right my limbs. I tell you, it is terrible! Once - he had gone over the mountains; oh, those journeys over the mountains! - that time I lay that way for eight whole days. And no sooner did he stand there in the doorway, and I saw him, and he me, than my arms and legs began to grow limber again, and he came and stroked them, and then I lay as straight as I do now! That is the way - over and over again! It suffices that he is in the room and all is over.

HANNAH. Strange!

CLARA. What do you say to this - that invalids, that is to say, those having real faith, who were invalids - and it has happened not once, but a hundred times!when he came and prayed with them, they became well again!

HANNAH. Really well?

CLARA. Altogether well! And what do you think about this - that sick people whom he could not come to - for the

distances are so great here! - he wrote to them that at a certain hour he would pray for them, and that they must pray with him: - and from that same hour their sickness took a turn! That is true! I know a number of such cases!

HANNAH. Strange! But you never wrote

me about this!

CLARA. Oh, I knew you two! Do you believe I wanted to expose him to your doubts? — There is a pastor's widow here - oh, her you must see! She lives close by. She is the most venerable person I can imagine! She had been paralyzed for fifteen years, when Sang came here; that is now twenty-five years ago. Now she walks to church every Sunday! And she is nearly a hundred years old.

HANNAH. He restored her to health?

CLARA. Merely by praying and getting her to pray! For you may be sure, he can pray! And then this case of Agatha Florvaagen. That is the strangest of all. For to our eyes she was dead. He takes one of her hands in his, and lays his other hand upon her heart and warms it, and then she begins to breathe again. Now she lives with the old clergyman's widow—right close by! - I could lie here till to-morrow, and tell and tell about him. There is a glory about him, here and all around among thousands of believers in the whole land, - there has never been the like of it. And now it is beginning to grow to such a degree that there is n't a day but people come to us.

HANNAH. So I may also see it, - what

you speak of, - while I am here?

CLARA. As certainly as I am lying here and cannot more than raise myself on my elbows.

HANNAH. Then why can't the miracle help you, Clara? Why has n't he healed you long ago?

CLARA. — There is a — particular reason for that. -

HANNAH. But you will certainly tell

CLARA. No. — That is, I shall. But later

You will have to raise a window again! It has become so close here! More air, dear!

HANNAH. Very well.

[She opens the topmost window pane.] CLARA. He ought to be here pretty soon now. He really is staying a long time day. If I only could smell the flowers. ter the rain there must be an abundance them. It is almost seven o'clock; in fa almost exactly seven.

HANNAH [looking at her watch]. Yes, it CLARA. Since I have been lying her always know what time it is. - Won't t fresh air ever reach me? - The wind m have died down? - You don't answer m

HANNAH. No, I was n't listening to w you said. I can't get over my astonishme

CLARA. Yes, it is indeed the most markable thing in our land - perhaps our time.

HANNAH. What do the people sa What do the country people think of his

CLARA. I believe it would have cau twenty, oh, a hundred times, greater ser tion at any other place than just he Here it seems quite natural.

HANNAH. But, Clara! A miracle i

miracle!

CLARA. Yes, for us. But there is son thing in nature here which demands the usual of us, also. Nature herself is beyo all reasonable limits. We have a ni which lasts almost the whole winter. A our day lasts almost all summer - a then the sun is above the horizon both ni and day. You have seen the sun at nigh Do you know that behind the sea-mist seems three, and sometimes four times big as otherwise? And the colors it spre over sky, sea, and mountain! From ruddiest glow to the most delicate, exqu ite golden-white. -- And then the col in the wintry sky during the North lights! Although they are more subdu they make up for it in their fantastic li and their incessant, infinite changes! A then the other marvels of nature! Swar of birds in millions; "shoals of fish as le as from Paris to Strassburg," as somebo has written. Do you see these mounts that rise sheer out of the sea? They do resemble any other mountains. And whole Atlantic breaks upon them.

And the people's conceptions are no rally in harmony. They are boundle Their legends and their tales are like pil up one land upon another and then roll icy mountains from the North Pole u them. Yes, just you laugh! But listen the legends here, dear! And talk with e, and then you will soon know that Adolf Sang is the man according to heart! His faith suits the place! He here with a large fortune and gave almost all of it. So it should be! That istianity, they think! And then, when rneys for miles to visit some poor sick and prays, they are opened up, as it and the light penetrates in to them, ly-! Sometimes they catch sight n, out at sea in impossible weather; in a little, tiny boat; maybe with r both of the children with him: behe took them along ever since they six years old! Performs a miracle perhaps, and then away again to other fishing-village - and performs er there! They almost expect it of And more than that! If I had not resistance, why, we should n't now enough to live on and he himself l n't be alive - nor, perhaps, the chileither - I won't even mention myself. is all over with me.

NNAH. Then you have not made re-

ce, after all !-

Not by remonstrating with him; that do no good! No, I have had to think me stratagem—always a new one, time; else he will see through it. am in despair about it!

NNAH. Think of some stratagem, you

ARA. He is lacking in one whole sense, ense of reality. He never sees anybut what he wants to see. Therefore, cample, nothing bad in any one. That say, he sees it well enough; but he no attention to it. "I look at the bright in people," he says. And when he is with them, all are good, altogether absolutely all of them! When he at them with those childlike eyes—could be otherwise? But then things ound to go wrong. Because he ruins such people. In this way he is beyond all control, ee, in great matters as well as in small.

o-morrow! "God will assuredly repay for he commanded us to do so." hen there is such a storm that the most rienced sailors do not dare to go out in

were permitted, he would take the

hing we owned - what we had to eat

a ship, not to speak of the pastor's longboat — then he sets out in a little four-oar, he does — and perhaps with his little child in the stern!

He has started out over the mountains in a fog and wandered about there for three days and three nights without a morsel passing over his lips. People went out to search for him and led him back to human habitations. And then, a week later, he wants to make the same journey in foggy weather! There was a sick person who expected him, he said!

HANNAH. But can he stand it?

CLARA. He stands anything. He falls asleep like a tired child, and sleeps, and sleeps, and sleeps. Then he awakes, eats, and begins all over. He is entirely unconcerned; for he is perfectly innocent.

HANNAH. How you do love him!
CLARA. Yes, that is the only thing that
is left of me. The worry I had about the
children has completely worn me out.

HANNAH. About the children?

CLARA. It was n't good for them to be here, you see. Nothing was regular and fixed; they were becoming confused. Never any objection to anything that was thought right. Never any deliberation—only inspiration! They were grown up and hardly knew more than how to read and write.

And how I fought to get them away from here! And then, for five years, to be able to support them when they were away, and provide instruction for them! Yes, that took away my last strength. Now it is all over.

HANNAH. Dear, dear sister!

CLARA. You don't mean...? I certainly hope you are not sorry for me! For me, who have made life's journey with the best man in all the world? — with the purest spirit of all mankind?

One lives a shorter life that way — to be

sure. One cannot have everything. But change? — How could I?

HANNAH. Has he then broken down all of you?

CLARA. He has! Exactly! That is, he has not broken down everybody; for that he was n't allowed to do. He would have ruined himself also, if I had permitted it. Because he works beyond his own powers.

HANNAH. Beyond his powers? When he really works miracles?—and each time

is saved

CLARA. Don't you think that the miracles come from the fact that he works with powers beyond his own.?

HANNAH. You frighten me! What do

you mean?

CLARA. I mean that this was perhaps the case with the prophets, too, — both the Jews and the Gentiles. They could do more than we in a certain direction, because they lacked so much in all other directions. At any rate, that is what I have thought.

HANNAH. But have you no faith, then? CLARA. Faith? Now, what do you mean by that? We are descended from an old nervous family of doubters, we two,—I dare say, an intelligent family. I admired Sang. He was unlike all other men, better than all others. I admired him, until I loved him. It was n't his faith; that was something altogether peculiar to himself. How far I now believe as he does—why, that I don't know.

HANNAH. You don't know?

CLARA. I have always been in such a state of excitement, dear, that I have never had time to make up my mind. These things need time. And I had my hands full enough to take care of things, from one time to another. My constitution was undermined too soon by it. My mind was no longer fit to debate such great questions.

I hardly know the difference between right and wrong. In a rough manner, of course; — but the finer distinctions. I must confine myself to doing what I can. And it's the same way with my faith. I can't

do any more.

HANNAH. Does he know this?

CLARA. He knows all about it. Do you believe I would conceal anything?

HANNAH. But does n't he want to make you believe what he himself believes?

CLARA. Not in the least! This question of belief, he says, is for God to decide, if one is not to stand judged. It is our business to be sincere. Then faith will come of itself—here or hereafter. Oh, he is true, he is!

HANNAH. Yet he labors to spread the faith?

CLARA. In his own way. Never, no, never by bringing pressure to bear. He is absolutely considerate with all alike. Do you hear—with all! Oh, there is no one like him!

HANNAH. You look up to him as did during the first enchanting days ! I that, although your eyes have grown of

CLARA. Although my eyes have gro

old.

HANNAH. But now, concerning your lief in his miracles, . . . in reality, you deactually believe in them?

CLARA. What is that you say? Ther nothing that exists I believe in more

plicitly!

HANNAH. If you do not dare to let start out in a hurricane, and if you do believe that you will get again what gives away, even though it be your last, then you do not believe in them.

CLARA. Before I would consent to of those things . . . ! Yes, it is right I that my strength lies, let me tell you.

HANNAH. Well and good. But it is

the strength of faith.

CLARA. No, no. You are right. Bu there is a contradiction here — what difence does it make? Every one of us his contradictions—he alone excepted.

For that matter, I will tell you that to one's self or one's child into the stormy—that is more than faith; that is temp

God.

HANNAH. It seems to me that a mir ought to occur just as well when our life is concerned as when others' lives a

CLARA. But to put one's self into dar

of one's life!

HANNAH. When it is done to save oth That can certainly not be called temp God.

CLARA. Listen—no more now! I bear it no longer. I only know that whe wants to take the children's substated and give it to bad, worthless men, or whe wants to start out by himself over mountains in a fog, or to go to sea storm,—then, why, then I put myself rin his way! I then do all, absolutely a can hit upon to prevent it!

Supposing he wanted to do it now. I have n't been able to stand on my these many months;... but then I co. Then I could! I am certain of it! The also could work a miracle. For I love

and his children.

[There is silence for a long to HANNAH. Is there anything I can do you?

CARA. Let me have some eau-de-Coe! Here, over my temples. And let me il it! I mean the kind you gave me erday. Quick! Can't you get the cork ?—The cork-screw is there! There, e! And open the lower window. The est one also!

ANNAH. Yes, yes!

LARA. Thanks! — If the ground were so damp after that terrible rain, I would to go outside. Can't you get the cork

ANNAH. Oh, yes, in a moment.

LARA. Screw it further in. Not too far. t's it! That's it! Come! — Ah! —

aine!

IANNAH. Jasmine? Nothing of the kind.

LARA. Jasmine, jasmine!— There he
I hear him! There he is! Thank God!
ecome calm at once.— Calm. Ah, it is
ed a blessing! There...he...is.

[Sang comes in.]

Ang. Good-morning, again! — Good-rning, dear Hannah! How good it is to e you here! How good!

such a morning, so full of song and france you surely do not have in America! d nowhere else in the world!

CLARA. But my flowers?

SANG. Do you know what has happened

me to-day, Clara?

CLARA. You have given them away? SANG. No. Ha-ha! No, not this time, d Tordenskjold! Oh, that was naughty you! Now, have n't we just been comining and scolding about this continuous, rful rain, and been fearing mountainles and avalanches — and all kinds of canities. . . . And yet the rain has done nothbut produce a wonder of blessed beauty! hen at last I saw the sun, to-day, and nt out . . . Oh, the wonderful vegetation I und! There never was a year like this! I nt out into a wealth of fragrance and or, Clara dear, . . . and I felt so deeply oved, all at once, that, really, I thought a shame to tread upon the grass that grew ere and filled one with such joy. So I rned to one side and found a path, and ere I walked and looked down into the et eyes of the flowers. There was such owding among them. And such life in eir crowding! Such aspiration! The very

smallest among them tried to stretch their necks toward the sun, even they. So openmouthed, so greedy! Why, I really believe some started out to blossom so early that the rogues will be sending pollen out a-wooing before the day is over! I have already seen some bumble-bees! They did not know where to turn first, in all these seas of fragrance! For the one thousand only smelt sweeter and called more hotly than the next, and there were a thousand times a thousand! Now things are going on. Is n't there individuality in this million-headed multiplicity also? Ah, yes, there is! And so I could n't pluck one of them.

But I have something else for you to-

day!

CLARA [who has been making signs to her sister while he has been speaking]. Have you? SANG. I too shall try to open my cup

to-day! CLARA. What is it, dear?

SANG. Perhaps you don't think I am wicked enough to conceal anything, do you? But I can!

CLARA. I have noticed for a long time

that there was something —?

SANG. Now, really, have you? For, indeed, I have not said a word about it, this time.

But if I have not been as alarmed about your sickness as all the others, there has been a good reason for it.

CLARA. What is it?

HANNAH. Yes, what is it? She is get-

ting excited.

Sang. I shall be quick about it!—I have helped so many and cannot help her, because I can't really pray with her as I should wish to, because she is unwilling! And I have no power in my prayer if the sick do not pray with me—that is, if they can pray. And so I wrote to our children to come. And last night, when I had them go to bed so early, I told them why, because they should get thoroughly rested, and then help me to-day, at seven o'clock, to pray at their mother's bedside!

CLARA. My dear, my dear!

SANG. We will surround you with a chain of prayer! One shall stand at your feet, one at your head, and I right in front of you! And then we shall not stop until you fall asleep! Not before! No, not before! And then we are going to repeat our

¹ A famous Dane-Norwegian naval fiero.

prayers until you arise and walk among us! Yes, that is what we shall do.

CLARA. Ah, my dear!

HANNAH. And what did the children

Sang. Oh, you ought to have seen them! They became so moved. I assure you they became as white as that sheet. And then they looked at one another.

Then I understood they must be left alone.

I see you, too, are moved. You are closing your eyes. Perhaps you also would prefer to be by yourself, now?—Yes, we shall be visited to-day. By an exalted guest! It is fitting that we should be prepared!—What o'clock is it now?

HANNAH. It is past seven.

SANG. No, it can't be so late; for in that case they would be here. — You forgot to set your watch by our time.

HANNAH. No, I have n't.

SANG. Then, you did not set it right, my dear. Do you think it 's possible that grown-up children who are to pray by their mother's bedside would oversleep?

HANNAH. I will go up to them.

SANG. No, no, no! These last moments they must have to themselves! I know how that is.

HANNAH. They shan't hear me. I just want to peep in. [She goes out.]

SANG. But softly, softly!

It is fine to see her so enthusiastic.

CLARA. Ah, my dear!

SANG. There is something so troubled in your voice.

Oh, do have hope, now! I tell you, I

have never felt more sure.

And you know from Whom this feeling comes.

Clara! — My beloved Clara!

Before we come together for our great prayer, you must let me thank you! I have thanked God for you to-day. In all this glory of spring I have thanked Him. So infinitely great was the rejoicing all about me and in me. I went over in the main lines all that we have lived through together. Do you know, I believe I love you all the more because you do not entirely share my belief;—for that reason you are still more continually in my thoughts. Your devotion to me is wholly

a matter of your nature, your will — con from nothing else. And that you rem steadfast in your own belief, even by side; I am proud of that, too.

And then, when I remember that without the faith I have — that you have

sacrificed your life for me -

CLARA. Adolf!

SANG. I will put my hand over y mouth, if you speak. Now it is my turn! Ah, it is a noble thing that you have do We others, we gave our faith; but you go your life. What great confidence you m have in me! How I love you!

Every time my zeal for the faith cause you anxiety, and you trembled for me for the future of our children, and the perhaps at such times did not considerable what you did. . . . I know that you had recommended.

strength left to do it better. Clara. No, I had n't.

SANG. I am to blame. I did not know to be careful of you, either.

CLARA. Adolf!

SANG. I know it is so. You have sac ficed yourself bit by bit. And not fre faith, not from a hope of reward, in the life or the rext;—from love alone. He I love you!

I wanted to tell you this to-day. Hannah had not left the room, I show have asked her to leave us alone for a lit

while.

Thanks! To-day is your great day. No the children will soon be here.

Ah, let me kiss you as I kissed you on t very first day of all!

[Hannah comes in.]

SANG. Well?

HANNAH. It is past seven.

CLARA. I knew it.

SANG. Is it past seven? — And the ch dren?

HANNAH. They were asleep. SANG. They were asleep?

CLARA. I knew it.

HANNAH. Elias was sreeping in he clothes. He had thrown himself on the beas if he had not meant to sleep, but mere to rest, but nevertheless had fallen aslee Rachel was sleeping with her hands foldower the bedclothes. She heard nothing.

SANG. I have asked too much of the chidren. — I always make the same mistake

IANNAH. Yes, they had hardly slept se two days; in fact, not since we met. ANG. But what was God's purpose, then, giving me such power just to-day? And naking me so certain? - I must try to out. Pardon me a moment, dear!ny just to-day?— [Walks out.]

CLARA. Did you wake them?

HANNAH. Of course. — Do you know at I believe is the matter?

CLARA. Good Heavens, yes! Oh, I am rinning to tremble so.

HANNAH. Is there anything I can do for

CLARA. No; but I myself must try to odue it. - Ah! - There was something out their eyes, yesterday. Now I under-

nd it. HANNAH. They have no longer their

her's faith.

CLARA. They have no longer their faer's faith. - How they must have fought d suffered, the poor dears! For they ve and honor him above everything in

e world! HANNAH. That was why they were so

iet yesterday.

CLARA. That was why they were so much oved by the least thing! - Ah, and that, o, is why Rachel wrote asking you to me. Some one had to be here - and she d not dare to come herself.

HANNAH. Doubtless you are right. ow they must have struggled over this! CLARA. Oh, the poor things! The poor

ings!

HANNAH. Here comes Elias! CLARA. Is he here?

ELIAS [sinking on his knees before his other's bed, with his face buried in his

inds]. Oh, mother!

CLARA. Yes, yes - I know! ELIAS. You know? It could not be orse!

CLARA. No, it could not be worse. ELIAS. When he said last night that toay, at seven o'clock -

CLARA. Hush! I can't bear it.

HANNAH. Your mother can't bear it.

ELIAS. No, no! I knew, though, it had come. In one way or another. It had to ome, sometime.

HANNAH. Can you bear to hear it? CLARA. I must find out. — Tell me —?

HANNAH. What is it?

CLARA. Elias - are n't you there?

ELIAS. Here I am, mother. CLARA. Rachel?

ELIAS. What do you mean, mother? CLARA. Where is Rachel?

ELIAS. She is getting up now. She sat up with me until twelve o'clock last night. And then she was n't able any longer.

CLARA. How, my child - oh, how - did

this happen?

ELIAS. That we lost our father's faith? CLARA. That you lost your father's faith, my children?

[Sang comes in.]

SANG. You have lost your faith? - My son? - Have you lost your faith? HANNAH. Look at Clara! Clara!

SANG. [Hastens to her. He lays his hand, upon her. T It stops. It did not come. -Thank God!

CLARA. It is - passing away. - But hole me, dear!

SANG. I will hold you.

CLARA. And don't let me cry! Oh!

SANG. No, no! Don't cry! [He leans over her and kisses her.] Be strong now!— Clara!—That 's it! You must not be distressed. You must remember how distressed they have been. In all their conflict and pain they have tried to spare us. And shall we not spare them?

CLARA. Yes.

SANG. See, that is why you had this attack. We were to have time to consider matters. Else, perhaps, we should have become bitter against them. Especially I in my zeal. Where is Rachel?

HANNAH. She will be here presently. She sat up with Elias until twelve o'clock

last night.

Sang. Those children! Oh, those children! — How could you —? — No, no! I don't want to know it.

You were always honest. If you have

done this - then you had to do it. ELIAS. I had to. But it has been terri-

SANG. You came by your faith too easily here with me. For I am altogether a man of the emotions. Perhaps this is but the beginning of a faith which cannot be lost.

ELIAS. I feel like a criminal; — but I

am not!

SANG. Do you think I doubt you for a

moment, my son? Don't misunderstand me in that way, because I can't quite control myself! That comes from my having built so firmly on your faith.—So it will take time, before I.— No, no, no! Forgive me, Elias! It is surely not your fault.

[Rachel comes in, steps timidly a few paces into the background. He sees her.]

Rachel! — Oh, Rachel, dear! [She comes to him and falls on her knees.] From your early childhood you have taught me more faith than all books. —

How can this be possible? No, if they have won her over—still I must know how!—For that any one could take you away from me—

RACHEL. Not from you, father!

SANG. Forgive me! Oh! I did not wish to hurt your feelings. — Come to me, child! [She throws her arms about his neck.] I promise you, children, that from now on I shall not mention it again. — But first I must get to know — and you surely will not wonder at that? — how this has come to pass.

ELIAS. If you were to talk with me about it for days on end, father, — I surely

could not tell you all.

SANG. No, that is not my way. I cannot discuss my faith. I don't know how to at all. ELIAS. But you will certainly listen to

me --- ?

SANG. If it will comfort you, — that is quite another matter. Then you know I will listen.

But can't you tell it quite briefly —? Quite briefly?

What was it that made you — that, — well, that determined you, children?

ELIAS. I can tell you in a very few words. Rachel and I did not find Christians to be as you had taught us.

SANG. But, child —?

ELIAS. You had sent us to the best men you knew. And they undoubtedly were the best. But Rachel and I agreed, and she was the one who said it first:—"There is only one Christian, and that is father."

SANG. But child!

ELIAS. If the others had been but a little more or a little less of what you are, a part of it, — in that case we should certainly not have felt disappointed. But they are something else; — entirely different.

SANG. What do you mean?

ELIAS. Their Christianity is a compa

In their life and teaching they subn to the established order of things—th which is established in their place a their time. To institutions, to customs, prejudices, to economic conditions, and all other conditions.

They have found ways and means to mal their doctrine tally with conditions as the

are.

SANG. Are n't you a little too severe? ELIAS. You seek out the most ideal it, and follow that. That makes the difference.

SANG. But how does this difference co

cern you, my child?

ELIAS. It started us thinking, father. - Can you wonder at that?

SANG. Think as much as you will!

only you do not judge.

RACHEL. I don't think we did. And o you know why? Because we saw that the doctrine was as natural for them as you is for you.

SANG. Well?

ELIAS. But what, then, is Christianity

It is certainly not their kind?

SANG. Supposing it is n't. What harm there in it? If they practice it as they un derstand it?

RACHEL. Is Christianity, then, somethin only one in a million can attain to, father dear?

ELIAS. Must all the others remain burglers in it?

SANG. What do you mean by a Christian

ELIAS. Him alone do I call a Christia who has learned from Jesus the secret of perfection, and who strives after it in a things.

Sang. Ah, that is a lovely definition You have something of your mother's fin perception. — Ah, it has always been m great dream that sometime you should — No, no, no! — I promised you, children and I shall hold to it. You said —? That is very true: excellent!

But, my son, may not every one be per mitted to try to become a Christian, withou necessarily being called a bungler? What Is it not right here that faith pieces out ou imperfection? And one man's merit atone for the information.

for the infirmity of millions.

LIAS. There you have it! When we we with all our hearts — then it is that helps out.

ANG. Well, then -?

MAS. That is the practice of only one a,—and that man is you. The others No, don't be afraid! I don't say it in er to accuse them. What right have I do that? The others—either, they rees o much the demands of Christianity they can accept things quietly;—it to them well enough to do that;—or, y really try—and overreach themselves! s, that's the word!

RACHEL. Yes, that's the word.

And so it was, dear father, that I said to as: "But if these ideals agree so little h people's conditions and abilities, even these days, they cannot come from a

ing who knows everything."

SANG. Was it you, who said that? — ELIAS. We could no longer get rid of chel's doubts. And so we began to study. It is followed these ideals backwards through tory — and went beyond our era.

RACHEL. They are — all of them — ach older than Christianity, father!

SANG. I know it, my child.

ELIAS. They were preached ages ago by

igious enthusiasts . . .

SANG.... By religious enthusiasts among ientals and Greeks, in an age of despair; age, in which the best of men only ged to depart, to depart this life for a d of new life! I know this, my children. Was it here that you stumbled? Oh, you or dears!

As if the land of new life, the millennium, ere not just as true, even if it is an old, an

e-old Oriental dream?

And if it has been so long in coming to ss that weak souls are beginning to call an impossible dream—and the yearnings at lead to it, impossible ideals, . . . what set that prove?

Nothing about the teaching, but much out the teachers. Yes, alas! — much

out the teachers.

Without talking about them, I will only ll what happened to myself. I saw that hristianity was crawling on its belly—and even then avoided all difficult places. Thy does it do that? I asked myself. Is it exause, if it should rise to its full stature, would raise all things off their hinges?

Is it Christianity which is impossible? Or is it men who do not dare?

If only one dared — would there not be thousands who would dare? Then I felt that I ought to try to be this one. And that, I think, every one ought to try. In fact, if he does not, he has no faith. Because to have faith is to know that all things are possible to him that believeth — and then to show that faith!

Am I saying this in order to boast? On the contrary, I say it in order to accuse myself. For although I have now built so high and have received such grace, even I, for all that, fall again and again from God.

Have n't I been thinking all this time that it was *impossible* to save her there alone? Have n't I doubted, and waited for

others to help?

Therefore God has taken His help from me. Therefore did He permit that you also should fall before "the impossible," and come to tell me of it. For thus His hour was to be prepared. Now He will show to all of us what is possible.

Ah — I went about and did not understand. Now I understand. I am to do it alone! Now I have received the command;

now I can do it.

Therefore came the great grace of preparation on this very day. All signs point that way.

Clara, do you hear? It is no longer I who speak; it is the great certainty within me,—and you know from Whom that always comes.

[He kneels down by her.]

Člara, my sweet beloved, why should you not be as dear to God as one who believes entirely? As if God were not the Father of

all!

God's love is no privilege of the believers. It is the privilege of those who have faith that they feel His love and rejoice in it—and in its name make the impossible possible.

You patient one, you faithful one! Now I leave you to make trial of it. [He rises.]

Yes! In order to make trial of it! I shall go into the church, children; for I want to be alone. And I shall not come from there until I have procured from God's hands sleep for your mother, and after sleep, health; so that she may arise and walk among us.

Do not be afraid! I feel He will! He will

not grant it to me straightway; for this time I have doubted. But I shall stay and wait patiently for the austere, merciful Lord. -

[He kneels over her in a short prayer.]

Farewell!

[He kisses her. She lies motionless. He arises.

Thank you, my children! Now you have helped me, indeed. More than I could have

hoped.

Now I myself will ring the bell for my prayer. So with the first stroke of the bell you will know that I have begun to pray for mother. Peace be with you!

HANNAH. [Has mechanically opened the door for him. SANG goes out.] This is . . .

[She bursts into tears.] ELIAS. I must see . . . I must see him

[He goes out.] RACHEL [coming forward]. Mother! Mo-

HANNAH. Don't speak to her. She is looking at you; but don't speak to her!

RACHEL. I am afraid. HANNAH. Where I stand, I can see your

father. Now he has almost reached the church. — Come!

RACHEL. No! . . . No, I can't stand this! I am so afraid! - Mother! She looks at me; but she does not answer me. - Mother !

HANNAH. Hush, Rachel!

[The bell begins to ring.] RACHEL. [Sinks upon her knees. After a while, she starts up with a suppressed cry.] For God's sake, Hannah!

HANNAH. What is it?

RACHEL. Mother is asleep!

HANNAH. Asleep?

RACHEL. Mother is asleep! HANNAH. Really and truly?

RACHEL. I must find Elias. I must tell Elias ! [She goes out.]

HANNAH. She sleeps like a child. Oh, God!

> [She kneels down. A rumbling sound is heard, growing louder and louder; rising to terrible power. There are shrieks without. The house trembles. The roar increases to thunder.]

RACHEL [outside]. The mountain is falling! [She shrieks, then comes rushing into the room. The mountain is falling upon the church! Upon us! Right over the church! Upon us! On father, on us! That rus ing and roaring! - it is getting dark, Oh!

[She cowers down, turning her for

ELIAS [outside]. Father! - Father! Oh!

HANNAH [bending over her sister's bed It is coming! It is coming!

> The uproar has reached its heigh Then gradually it abates. After wards the church bell can be hea again, above the din.]

HANNAH [jumping up]. It is still rin

ing! He is alive. RACHEL. He lives!

ELIAS [outside]. Father is alive! [Nea er. The church is standing. [Comes in the room. The church is standing. Fath is alive. Right by the church the slice turned aside - went toward the left. Fathe is alive, he is ringing the bell. Oh, God!

He throws himself over his mother

RACHEL. [Comes forward.] Elias! Mo ther -?

HANNAH. She is asleep!

ELIAS. [Jumps up.] She is asleep?

RACHEL. Yes, she is asleep -

The church bell continues to ring HANNAH. She is sleeping as quietly a before.

ACT II

A small timbered room. In the background door leading to an outer porch. The door is wie open. Through it one looks out over a narro landscape, closed by bare mountains. On th right is a door. On the left, a large window Over the door leading to the balcony hangs gilded crucifix, set within a cross, over which i a sheet of glass.

In the background to the left stands a sofa; be fore it is a table upon which lie some books

Chairs stand against the walls.

Elias enters hurriedly from the balcony. H is restless. In linen trousers and light shoes He wears only a shirt on his upper body and has no hat. He stops, goes to the window and listens. Far away one hears quite distinctly a psalm sung by a man's voice. Elias show strong emotion.

RACHEL enters softly through the door at th right, which had been closed. She closes it again after her. Her brother makes signs to her to stop

and listen.

ACHEL. [Also strongly moved, says soft-Let me open the door into mother's

n !

LIAS [softly]. Is mother awake, then? ACHEL. No; but she will hear father, the same. [She disappears into the room he right; then comes in again, leaving the open behind her; says softly:] She led.

LIAS [softly]. O Rachel!

RACHEL [moved]. Elias! — Don't speak;

can't bear it!

ELIAS. Look out of the window, Rachel! Could there be anything more beautiful? ndreds of people in silence, oh, such nce, about the church; and he within, prayer and song, without any idea that one is outside. The windows are open, they are too high for him to see them. d they don't dare for anything in the rld to make a sound and disturb him! See! He spoke of a chain of prayer. All se people around the church — that is a in of prayer! RACHEL. Yes.

[They listen to the singing. It stops.]

He is singing often to-day.

ELIAS. Close the doors, now! I have so ich to tell you. I have been here twice look for you.

RACHEL. [Goes out on tip-toe to the right; urns, closing the door behind her. She says a louder tone of voice: Still more peo-

have come this afternoon.

ELIAS. And more are coming, all the ne — from miles around! You can't see of them; for many of them have gone the grove to listen to the lay-preachers. at there they will not disturb father. nd then there are people going back and rth — between the grove and the church.

But just look down there by the shore -RACHEL. Dear me, what's that? The lds are black with people. What is that? ELIAS. It's the mission-ship that has

rived.

RACHEL. The mission-ship?

ELIAS. Don't you know that all the peoe from the east of here have rented a eamboat to bring them to the missionary eeting in the town? It is here in the ord now.

RACHEL. Here? ELIAS. Yes, here!

RACHEL, But why did it come here?

ELIAS. For the miracle! When our delegates - Pastor Kroyer and some other pastor - went aboard at the stopping-place outside by the sea...

RACHEL. Well . . . ?

ELIAS. . . . And told what had happened here yesterday, and that father was still in the church, praying . . .

RACHEL. . . . Ah, I understand, now! ELIAS. . . . Not one of them wanted to go on! All wanted to come here! The Bishop and the pastors begged them to keep their promise and stick to their agreement; but no, they wanted to come here! So the others had to give in. And now they are

RACHEL. The pastors also?

ELIAS. The bishop and the pastors — of

RACHEL. They won't come in here, will they? - You should be dressed a little differently, Elias.

ELIAS. I can't stand wearing clothes.

RACHEL. You can't stand -?

ELIAS. They burn me. And then I have a longing - as if I wanted to walk on air. I can't describe it to you; but now and then I think I ought to be able to do it.

RACHEL. But Elias -!

ELIAS. There he is! There he is, walking! RACHEL. Who? - That one there?

ELIAS. It is certainly the same man Yes, it is! That man they carried here this morning, and he was sick, oh, so sick; and now he is walking about; there you see him!

It was to-day, when father sang for the first time. No one had expected that he would sing; we started to weep, all of us. Then the sick man rose up of himself. We did not notice it till he walked among us. -

Mother will also rise up, Rachel! I can

see it now before my eyes.

RACHEL. She will rise up. I expect it at any moment; but it makes me afraid. Why are you looking at me, Elias?

ELIAS. Because - at times, when you speak, it seems like verse. When others

speak, too.

RACHEL. But, Elias -?

ELIAS. And at times, again, - now, for instance, - I hear only the sound of the words; not their sense. Because I hear at the same time something - something that is not spoken.

RACHEL. That is not spoken?

ELIAS. Most often, as if father was calling; — calling me by name — as he did yesterday morning. [Agitated.] He must have had some meaning when he gave me that name. It sounds in my ears and accuses me—and with his voice.

At times it pursues me without ceasing! And then I feel a desire to plunge into the greatest danger. I am certain to escape from it unharmed. No, don't be afraid! There is no one here.

RACHEL. Elias, come and sit down with me in mother's room! There is peace in there with mother.

ELIAS. I cannot. — Rachel, answer me before God, — try your final, most penetrating doubt, and answer me: Is this a miracle, that we saw here?

RACHEL Oh, God, Elias, - why do you

always come back to that?

ELIAS. But is it not terrible that the only two who perhaps still doubt, — that they are his own children?

I would gladly give my life to be sure

how.

RACHEL. No more, Elias! I beg you! ELIAS. Only tell me what you believe! How about this mountain-slide? It was too great to be a mere accident. Is n't that so? And mother's sleep? Sleep—the moment he began ringing? And sleep despite the mountain-slide? Sleep, as long as he is praying?

Is not this, indeed, a miracle? And why, then, is not the other thing a miracle, too, a

great miracle?

RACHEL. I almost believe it is, Elias.

ELIAS. You do?

RACHEL. But I am afraid of it, all the same!

ELIAS. Afraid of it, if it is a miracle? But then you cannot believe that it is a miracle?

RACHEL. Oh, yes.

ELIAS. For it cannot surely be his magnetic power of healing alone? Or the influence of his personality? No, it is more! Is it a miracle? Do you feel sure about it?

RACHEL. I cannot speak about this now. It is just to escape from it that I seek shelter in mother's room. It is as if mother's truthfulness fills all the room and drowns such questions.

Now the question is a different one, Elias!

ELIAS. A different one?

RACHEL. After this! What will confafter this — when she has risen up? I that will not be the end. In the end —

ELIAS. In the end -?

RACHEL. In the end it will be a question our lives! [She bursts into team

ELIAS. Rachel -? My God!

RACHEL. Mother no longer has a strength left to resist. And he will urge h on — now all the more!

ELIAS. To what?

RACHEL. To this — whatever it is! ELIAS. But suppose now it is a mirae.

Rachel? Why be afraid, then?

RACHEL. I cannot foresee all the consquences for father and mother, for all us. Ah, don't you understand me at all?

RACHEL. No! It is all the same to m what it is; but it will destroy us. It will k

us, finally!

ELIAS. The miracle?

RACHEL. Yes, yes. It is no blessing; is a curse; — Elias!

[She pulls him further back into t room.]

ELIAS. What is it?

RACHEL. There is a man standing rigunderneath the window and staring in.—strange man, so pale.

ELIAS. . . . In a coat buttoned all the wa

up --- ?

RACHEL. Yes. — [With a low cry.] Wh there he is standing in the room!

[She walks backwards, as if retreating before a vision, and seeks refuge wher mother's room.]

ELIAS. In the room? — Here!

[At this moment, a STRANGER appea on the balcony, from the left, cross the threshold, stops, and looks about

ELIAS [as the STRANGER appears]. Then he is!

THE STRANGER. Will you permit me — ELIAS. Who are you?

THE STRANGER. Does that make an difference?

ELIAS. I have seen you about here since yesterday.

THE STRANGER. Yes. I came here over the mountains.

ELIAS. Over the mountains?

THE STRANGER. I stood up there an saw the avalanche descend.

IAS. Indeed! HE STRANGER. And heard the ringing ne bell. And to-day I beheld the sick

who rose up, when your father sang. nd now I ask you: Is it there, in room, that your mother is sleep-

LIAS. Yes. But not in the next room; e one behind it.

HE STRANGER. But if she rises up, will come in here -? She will go tods the church, where he is —? Am I

t? She will come? This way?

LIAS. Now that you mention it -? HE STRANGER. And therefore I ask — I pray you — : May I stay here? — it here? Behold it? I have longed it so ardently. And I can resist it no er.

shall not come in before I feel impelled I am not going to sit here and trouble - be in the way. But when I feel irrebly impelled to come in and wait here and

- May I? LIAS. Yes.

HE STRANGER. Thank you!

et me tell you: this day decides my life. [He goes out by the balcony to the right.] LIAS. This day decides my life! [KROenters by the balcony from the left.] oyer did you see the man there? The to the right?

KROYER. Yes. Who was it?

ELIAS. Don't you know him?

KROYER. No.

ELIAS. A remarkable person, certainly. This day decides my life! My God! at is the word I needed!

KROYER. I expected, Elias, that this uld be an important day for you.

Indeed, who could resist what is happen-

here?

The fact alone of these hundreds kneeling prayer about the church, and he inside, d knowing nothing about it! I cannot nk of anything more beautiful!

ELIAS. Yes, yes! — Oh, I will cast aside r and doubt; — this day will have to de-

le! Oh, the happy word!

I struggled and suffered without getting where. And suddenly it is given to me! nd straightway peace has come with it. Let us talk together!

KROYER. No — not now. I have a mes-

ge for you.

ELIAS. For me? — From whom?

KROYER. I came back here with the mission-ship.

ELIAS. I know it.

KROYER. And now the Bishop and the pastors wish to ask whether they may have this room for an hour?

ELIAS. What for?

KROYER. They feel the need of considering what attitude they are to take toward what is happening here. And we do not know any other place where we can be alone. -Well, now, don't be so astonished. We professionals, we of the preaching business, must of course try to look at such matters a little more judiciously, you know, than others.

ELIAS. But that would produce a note

of discord in here, would n't it?

KROYER. Which may be transformed into harmony! For who can resist the miracle?

ELIAS. You are right! But in here? Wedge themselves in, as it were, between father and mother? And supposing father begins to sing again? Why, then we could n't open the door in to mother?

KROYER. What answer, do you think, your mother or your father would have

given them?

ELIAS. Undoubtedly, yes! You are right! They shall have the room. — But let me be spared the -?

KROYER. I will manage it. Both doors

in to your mother are closed?

ELIAS. Yes.

KROYER. Then I will close the window here, and the door also, when the rest have come in.

ELIAS. Let them lock themselves in! I will go out and seek sympathy with the people out there. They trustingly expect something great to happen to-day, - and surely they will not wait long in vain.

[He goes out.]

KROYER. [Follows him.] Shall we pray for that, Elias?

ELIAS. Yes. Now I am going to try. [Both go out to the left.]

KROYER. [Comes in again from the left.] Come in, please!

[He goes to the window and closes it. Meanwhile the BISHOP and the Pastors enter. Kroyer goes back and closes the door.]

BLANK. Those who are acquainted in this ha-ouse, could n't they get us something to ee-at?

THE BISHOP. We are cutting rather a comical figure - I know. But the fact is,

we were terribly sea-sick.

Brei. We could n't keep a-anything on

THE BISHOP. And when we finally got into smooth water, and we were to get a square meal -

BREI. Then came the mi-iracle!

FALK. I am so awfully hungry.

KROYER. I am afraid no one here has thought anything about food to-day, either; but I will go and see. [He goes out,]

JENSEN. I've got downright hallucinations about eating. I've read about such things; but one reads so much one can't be-

It's especially grouse I am seeing.

FALK. Grouse!

JENSEN. I even smell it; roast grouse!

BLANK. Gra-ouse?

SEVERAL. Are we going to have grouse? KROYER. [Returns and says while still in the doorway: I am very sorry. I was in both kitchen and pantry; both empty. And no one there.

Brei. Not a single soul?

FALK. I am so awfully hungry.

THE BISHOP. Now, my friends, don't let us cut too comical a figure.

We shall have to put up with the inevitable. Let us begin. Be so kind as to be seated!

> He himself sits down on the sofa; the others take chairs.]

In brief, then, and as quietly as possible - for there is a sick person in the house, as you know, - we must arrive at an agreement about what attitude we shall take in this matter.

It has always been my opinion that, at the inception of such a movement, the clergy should, as a rule, remain neutral. Neither agree nor disagree, until the movement has subsided sufficiently to be judged.

To-day, therefore, I would have been profoundly grateful, if we had been permitted to journey on. But they would not

let us journey on.

THE PASTORS [muttering to each other They would not let us journey on. No, tl would not let us journey on.

THE BISHOP. They all wanted to co here, here where the miraculous power, it were, was thought to reside. And I

not reproach them for it.

But if we are among them, on the sa ship, they will demand to hear our opini When we arrive at the meeting, people w want to hear our opinion there also. - No what is our opinion?

KROYER. Permit me to say, in all spect: either, we believe in the miracle, a shall act accordingly; or, we do not belie in it, and shall act according to that.

THE BISHOP. Hm? - There is a thi

possibility, my young friend.

THE PASTORS [muttering to each other There is a third possibility! Assured

there is a third possibility!

THE BISHOP. The older one grows, a the more experience one gets, the more d ficult it becomes to form a conviction especially, where supernatural matters a concerned. - In this case, time and concerned. tions would scarcely permit of an investig tion. And, supposing we arrive at differe conclusions? In these times of skepticism what kind of impression would be made l a disagreement among the clergy on the matter of miracles? About whether or miracles are being wrought, these day somewhere up North?

I see that old Blank wants the floor.

BLANK. If I understand Your Reveren correctly, it is not our business to deci-id once for all, whether we have to deal her with a mi-iracle or noa. Let God our F ther deci-ide about that!

THE BISHOP. Yes, let Him decide! The is quite right! Thank you, dear old Blank

BLANK. I hold that mi-iracles are sul ject to laws ju-ust as much as all other things, although we cannot perceive those laws. I hold the sa-ame as does Professo Petersen.

FALK. In that book he never publishes BLANK. But which he expects to publis in some years.

But if that is the case - what importance attaches to the individual miracle-whether we of little insight can see it or noa?

If the people believe they see it, let u

praise God together with them.

¹ Blank and Brei talk in dialect of the Southwest of Norway, characterized by diphthongization of long vowels and high a's.

E BISHOP. So it is your opinion, after hat we are to approve of the miracle? ANK. Neither approve nor disapprove. simply praise God together with the

HE BISHOP. No, dear Blank, we shan't ole to get around this difficulty by sing-

nymns of praise.

HE PASTORS [muttering among thems]. We shan't be able to get around with hymns of praise. No, we shan't ble to get around this with hymns of

HE BISHOP. The Reverend Brei has the

REI. I really don't understand what obions there are to acknowledging the acle at once. Are miracles so rare, then? m always seeing miracles. We are so d to them in my parish that it would be unusual thing not to see them.

ALK. Would n't Brei be kind enough to us something about those miracles in

parish?

THE BISHOP. No, because that would d to make us digress. - [To JENSEN.] u stood up? Do you want the floor?

JENSEN. Yes. All depends in this case the fact that confronts us. Is it a miracle perhaps several — or is it not a mire?

KROYER. Precisely.

JENSEN. Every single miracle ought to be restigated. But then we ought to consult pert opinion, have a good medical author-, and perhaps have testimony taken by efficient lawyer. All this done - then d only then, can we pastors with any fety hand down our spiritual verdict.

By "spiritual" I do not mean what we see d hear in the case of the lay-preachers and hers who are filled by, or upon whom has

scended, the spirit, as they say.

I mean, now as always, an unpretentious, lid, and matter-of-fact truth - all the ore "spiritual" the more unpretentious, lid, and matter-of-fact it is.

FALK. Hear!

JENSEN. In this way it would probably ppear that miracles never come to pass ke this. Never!

It does not come, expected by hundreds nd thousands, ready to do homage, and inamed with ecstasy and curiosity.

Yes, I mean curiosity!

No, the miracle happens in a plain, quiet, unpretentious, matter-of-fact way, and to plain, quiet, unpretentious, matter-of-fact people.

FALK. As if spoken from my own heart. KROYER. If Falk will permit me, may I make this remark. Ever since I have been up here in the North as pastor, I have noticed that it is just the most matter-of-fact people who often most easily fall a prey to

superstition. BLANK Quite my experience! Quite

KROYER. In their skepticism they often deny what is plain to every one. But in return, they are attacked in the rear, as it were, by some inexplicable fear, and are thus influenced by things that are clean beyond our vision.

I have come to think that the supernatural has become so much of an inherited craving, that if we expel it one way . .

BLANK. . . . It will return the other! Just

what I have thought!

FALK. Well, now, whether it comes from the matter-of-fact or the visionary, I just want to inquire point-blank: Am I to understand that it is your intention to give up what clearness and order we have won in the church, and begin to flit about again like so many ordained night-owls?

BREI. Are you referring to me?

[The Pastors roar with laughter.] THE BISHOP. Hushshsh! Let us remember that there is a sick person in there!

FALK. The longing for miracles is an excrescence on faith, in the same manner as this lay-preaching business is on preaching - a derangement, a disease, in fact an atavism, an eructation. [In suppressing their laughter, the

Pastors begin to cough.]

THE BISHOP. Hushshsh!

FALK. The miracle which is not sanctioned by the priests, and which is not, so to speak, appointed and installed by the supreme ecclesiastical council, presided over by His Majesty the King, that miracle is in my estimation like a vagabond, a tramp, a burglar.

[The BISHOP laughs softly; the PAS-TORS likewise, with their eyes on

FALK. It is all right to be simple-minded. I, too, have been simple-minded. But if as

a pastor in a large city one is to be sorrowful with the sorrowing at the grave at one o'clock, - and to be glad with the glad wedding-guests at three o'clock, - and perhaps be at a pauper's death-bed at four o'clock, - and then dine at the castle at five, - one soon learns to know the weakness of humankind. And one learns, not to depend upon individuals, but upon insti-

Wherever the miracle appears, all institutions perish in a storm of sentiments and

For this reason the Catholic Church has tried to institutionalize miracles. But in so doing it has lost the respect of the intelligent, and has left to it only the simple-

minded and the self-seeking.

I was once in a society of ladies, where I was alone with semething like twenty ladies. [Mirth.] One of these ladies had a spasm. At once, a second. Then one after another, until there were six. [The mirth increases.] So I dashed water, first at those six, one at a time [he imitates the action with his hands]; then on several of the others; for such things are contagious.

[Loud laughter.] THE BISHOP. [The first to recover himself.] Hushshsh!

[He bursts out laughing again; finally, regains his composure.]

Hushshsh! FALK. That is good for them, I think. Dash water at them!

[Laughter and coughing into handkerchiefs continues. Some of the Pastors thank him heartily.]

KROYER. Of course we know Falk and that he is a good man, - in spite of his odd ways. I believe that if, for example, he saw the old pastor's widow here - she is now almost a hundred years old -he would be the last one to dash water at her - although she goes about among us like a living miracle and infects all with her belief. The same is true of that young girl, Agatha Florvaagen, who tends the old woman. The miracle which brought her back to life, I saw myself, and many with me. To our eyes, to our hands, she was cold and dead. And he prayed over her, and raised her to life! You must believe a man's testimony! [Astonishment.]

They are here now.

SEVERAL. Are they here?

KROYER. Perhaps they will come this room. They are coming toward house, though very slowly. The old wor wants to see. She wants to see her wh the avalanche could not awaken.

But now look at the old woman! Speal her! Speak to the girl who is with her! A you will get answers as clear, as trustwort

as her own face.

This will help us more than all our stract discussions.

I do not say this to find fault. I mys thought as you do, up until I became pas up here. No one has felt more painfu than I what retractions the Church has be forced to make in this matter, and wl paltry doctrines, what evasions are now l

We are poor, without the power of m acles, - and without the courage to pr for miracles, - and we are forced to pr tend either that we can do without it, or th we have the power and glory in its posse

I know each one of you well enough be sure that if you dared—yes, if you we absolutely certain that here you would s performed a miracle so great, that all the immortal conditions of the Bible were fu filled: "all those who saw believed": - a however frail you might be otherwise, yo would become as children, you would su render yourself altogether, you would d vote all the days left to you to make known!

[Emotion, especially among the old

I dare make these avowals on your be half, my brethren, because I stand withi the circles of the spirit - whereof it is sai you must be either within or without! Once within, all the pitiful evasions vanish o themselves, and we dare at last confess th truth!

What is there left of Christianity, now the Church has lost the power of the miracle

ELIAS [coming in from outside]. Excuse me! - Here is some one who wishes to se my mother. It is the old pastor's widow.

[All arise. In the doorway they see the PASTOR'S WIDOW and AGATHA ELIAS opens the door leading to the right, and goes in himself. The PASTORS have taken their chair and respectfully make room.]

HE PASTOR'S WIDOW [who has come in

ar as the threshold].

eave me now, Agatha! - Now I wish oe alone. - Alone. - For here where Lord has been, - here is holy ground. Here is holy ground .- Here one is "face ace." —And then it is best to be alone.

[She stands now so that she can see into CLARA'S room. Then she makes an obeisance. She stretches both her hands aloft in great ecstasy. looks in again and makes an obeisance. Then she turns to go.]

he was white - shining white. - I ht have known it. - Shining white. d slept like a child. — Now I have seen -That throws light on all. - Oh, how t throws light on all ! - Thank you for ing me be alone.

AGATHA. But were you alone?

THE PASTOR'S WIDOW. Quite alone. one but I. - She was shining white.

[They are now outside the room.] ELIAS. [Comes in from the right.] Both ors are closed again. And now I shall se this one, too.

[Goes out. The PASTORS stand silent.]

KROYER. You did not speak to her?

THE BISHOP. No.

KROYER. There is a gleam of sunshine the faces of all of you. - I will tell you y: - Those upon whose faces the supertural has shone reflect its light.

Let us talk about this! [They assemble again and sit down.] JENSEN. May I put a question? — Don't u consider conversion to be a mira-

? KROYER. That which we call the miracle conversion may be traced step by step by ychology; therefore it is not a miracle.

It has its equivalent in other great relions, and in the purely moral conversion, though that is a secret one.

But a Christianity which is founded on iracles and in the course of time has lost e power to perform miracles - what is at '

Moral precepts, nothing more.

FALK. The essential of Christianity is ot the miraculous, but the belief in a surrection.

KROYER.... Which is possessed by all e great religions? Which all men of regious feeling have?

THE BISHOP. What, then, do you think Christianity is?

KROYER. To my feeling, Christianity is infinitely more than a moral precept.

We find precepts more full and more subtle in other places than the New Testament. To me, it is infinitely more than the power of sacrifice; if that were not the case, then many another belief would stand as high as it.

Either, then, Christianity is a life in God, beyond and above the world and all its precepts; or it is not. Either, it is more than fidelity to any creed whatsoever, a new world, that is, a miracle; or it is not.

[He sits down trembling with emotion.] There was so much, . . . I wanted to say;

. but . . . I cannot.

THE BISHOP. As soon as you came aboard to-day, dear Kroyer, I noticed that you had over-exerted yourself and were sick. But they all become so who follow Pastor Sang.

THE STRANGER. [Has opened the door from the balcony without closing it again. He has approached step by step.] May I say [All turn around; some get up.]

THE BISHOP. Is that you, Bratt? OTHERS. Pastor Bratt?

STILL OTHERS. Is that Bratt?

THE BISHOP. You did not come with us? How did you come here?

BRATT. Over the mountains.

THE BISHOP. Over the mountains? -You are not bound for the missionary meeting, then?

BRATT. No, I wanted to come here.

THE BISHOP. I understand you.

BRATT. I wanted to come to the miracle. - And so I came yesterday just as the mountain-slide descended. I was standing on the mountain, and saw it, not far away. And I heard the sound of the bell. - And I have been here since. - And this forenoon I saw a sick man carried to the church, and, during the pastor's song of psalms in there, arise, thank God and depart. May I say a word?

THE BISHOP. Of course.

BRATT. For I am a man in need, brethren, who come to you to beg you for help!

THE BISHOP. Speak, dear Bratt! BRATT. I say to myself: "Here, at last, I stand before the miracle." And in the next moment: "Is it really a miracle?"

For this is not the first place I have visited, seeking to look upon it. I have turned back a disappointed man from all the places in Europe where miracles are wrought. Here, certainly, people's faith is simpler and greater; and this is a great man. What I have seen here has taken possession of me with supernatural power. And in the next moment again, doubt! That is my curse! And I have drawn it down upon myself by promising the miracle to the faithful ones, these seven years I have been priest. Promising it to them, because it was so written -although I myself doubted; for I have never yet seen it granted to one of the believing! For seven years I have taught what I did not myself believe.

For seven years, therefore, have I prayed, every time the dark days came - and they came often, like the sleepless nights!prayed fervently: "Where is that power to perform miracles which Thou didst promise to those that believed in Thee?"

[He bursts into tears.] THE BISHOP. Ah, you speak frankly,

dear Bratt! You have always done so. Bratt. He has proclaimed in binding words, each one stronger than the last, that the believer has this power. Power, indeed, to do even greater things than did the Son

of Man. And what has become of it? After eighteen hundred years of infinite laboring in the faith, there is among us as yet not one of faith sufficient to work a miracle! God's own promise is still unfulfilled!

The power of faith cannot have been weakened. That power cannot have gone contrary to all other powers of the race have diminished by constant use. No!

After more than eighteen hundred years of preaching in many, many races, it must now form the inheritance of a thousand

years, multiplied by education.

And still it is not strong enough to give us the miracle? The yearning of all the faithful together still cannot bring forth one individual who has the power to work miracles, so that all that see believe? For this condition stated in the Bible is indispensable! Again and again we read: "All those who saw believed." - A miracle, then, which will make all that see it believe.-And thousands upon thousands fall away; because, although promised, it is not given us.

A man with a modern education, an e lightened woman of our times, will not satisfied with those things which a man a woman of an earlier time accepted as matter of course. Not because their pow of faith is less; but because it is mo quarded. Their conversion is so much mo profound, and so much more deeply fe that it is natural, even just, that they shou be harder to win over. Indeed, he who a complishes this wins the greatest prize th can fall to any one's lot in this life!

Therefore: stake a corresponding amount on your side! Or else you will never w

them over.

Subdued talking among the PASTORS Religion is no longer man's only ideal. it is to be the highest, then you must prov it to be so! Men can live and die for whe they love - for their fatherland, their fan ily, their convictions. And, since this is the highest that can be found within the bound of natural law, and you must show the something still higher - very well, the go beyond these bounds! Show them the miraculous power!

[Great agitation among the Pastors FALK [standing up]. There is, somewher in Scripture, a word of wrath concerning the generation that believes not exceptin they see signs.

BRATT. And do you know what that ger eration answers?

"We ask only for the signs God himsel has promised - promised to those that be lieve! Or, have you still not a single on with faith among you? - Then what d you demand of us?"

Yes, thus will this generation make an

But give this same generation a miracle - one which the very sharpest instrument of doubt cannot dissect - one about which it can be said, "all those who saw be lieved"; then you may live to see that it is not the power of faith that is lacking; bu the miracle.

The Pastors betray agitation. The teachings need not set a premium on credulity. Even in the acutest of skep tics the elements of faith are the stronges and most numerous! Is there any one who knows civilized man and is ignorant of that? Is there a pastor who has not had the experience that, for the most part, the danger is isely the opposite: that in default of true, they lapse into a belief in false

EVERAL [in subdued tones]. That is true. RATT. Supposing a miracle did appear ong us - one so great that "all who

believed" -?

irst would come the millions rushing to those who live in need of it and long it - the disappointed, the oppressed, suffering, those who thirst after rightsness.

f it came to their ears that the kingdom od, in the ancient meaning of the word, descended to earth again, - no matter ere, - weeping, rejoicing, aye, even if st of them knew they were in danger of ng on the way, - rather die on that way n live on any other ! - they would creep th, each from his village, his cottage, his l, the sick leading the way, and start out ard the revelation of God.

But they would not come alone. All those o seek for truth on earth would follow m. First would come those whose desire truth is the greatest; the deep, earnest estigators, the exalted minds. yor would be the most beautiful, their bethe most weighty. It is not the desire truth they lack, not the power to be-

ve; it is the miracle.

All men desire certainty and peace on the eatest question in the world. Even the volous, those who have laid it aside as eless and impossible! They are, all of em, without exception, so brought up as long for more than they know, that is, to ve faith. But you must give them the edge!

The pledge that the teachings of the gosl are true! And once they see that, they Il believe in what they do not see.

Thus it was from the beginning.

Those who now rest satisfied with less, th their personal experience, - they do e the Mohammedans, the Jews, the Budists. They also appeal to their personal perience, all of them!

The pledge that this personal experience universal truth, that is what is lacking. And that is what I seek! For it is

omised!

Oh, God, my God! I am standing here be-

re my last test.

THE BISHOP. Bratt! Bratt!

BRATT. Before my last test. For the struggle exceeds my powers. I shall hand in my resignation as pastor - leave the church, leave my faith - if, if, if -!

[He bursts into tears.]

THE BISHOP. My dear son! You must not -

BRATT. No. do not speak to me!-I beg you! - No, aid me to pray! For it the miracle is not here it does not exist! Indeed, this man is more than other men; he is the noblest man living on earth! A faith such as his no one has seen before. Nor has any man seen such faith in his faith.

ALL. That is true!

BRATT. And is it not easy to understand? He had a large fortune when he came here. He gave away all. There is no counting the number of times he jeopardized his life in helping others. And there is no counting the miracles they believe he has performed. Just because there were so many of them, I had no faith in them.

PASTORS [in low tones]. That was the

way with me, too.

BRATT. But perhaps we ought to have thought just the opposite? - namely, that here we see what is meant by "faith"? The existence of faith is the miracle! It must work miracles! Perhaps we ought to have thought thus?

But whatever we ought to have thought, -we should not have cast glances of professional doubt at him, as I did myself, alas! His love and his faith ought to have humbled me. I accuse myself, and in the depths of my heart beg him for forgiveness! ALL THE PASTORS [without exception]. I

too! I too!

BRATT. He is the best man we know; he has the greatest faith that exists, - what if [Agitation.] the miracle were here?

JENSEN [whispering]. Look at the cross over the door there! Is it the evening sun

—or what is it?

BRATT. I do not know. But you may rest assured that if the miracle does happen, then thousands will be present whom we do not see.

Ah, if only we too were allowed to be there! If only we too were allowed to be there! Think! To witness something so great that "all who saw believed"!

And that we should be witnesses - you,

and you, and I? It is too much; it cannot

be possible!-

But if it is possible, — then, brethren, there do not live together with us — with us of frail spirit, of little faith, and all uncharitableness!...

All.... Yes, yes!—

BRATT.... There do not live in our times others, as highly blessed as we; it is we unworthy ones who have been called!

And when I look out into this narrow landscape of bare, rocky fjord, under the cries of the sea-gulls, and think: The kingdom of God began in a luxuriant land, by the beaten roads of the world, in the sunny South, — how great a testimony would it be, if it were to come again in all its glory here, in a poor, secluded village close by the everlasting ice —

FALK. [Arises, pale as death, and whis-

pers:] Yes, yes!

SEVERAL. Yes, yes!

BRATT.... Then it seems to me as if all signs point to it, and the miracle must come!

[All have arisen.]

BISHOP [softly]. Would that it might come, so that I, an old man, might behold

it!

BLANK. Yes, if we were but now gathered up into this great faith!

Not because we deserve it; but because we sorely need it.

01015 11000 10.

[OLD BLANK drops upon his knees; then others do the same.]

BRATT. Because all the people need it sorely! More and more the longer they wait. Because it is promised. Because it must be here, if it exists. [He kneels down.]

His faith must accomplish it! His is the greatest faith in the world! And faith is

able! Oh, it is!

ALL. It is, it is!

Bratt. If it were not able, — then all would be impossible.

Then the other things are not true, either. Then there would be in all this, something excessive —?

Something beyond human power -?

RACHEL. [Calls from within in terror.] Elias! [She rushes in from the right, directly toward the window; she opens it, calling with all her might:] Elias!

[Then she throws herself backwards and would have fallen but for

KROYER catching her. She but into tears, but arises quickly, poing toward the room:

There! There! She is no longer alon

Look — look!

[All are standing. At that mome ELIAS appears on the balcon RACHEL at once tears hers away and hurries toward him.]

Mother! Mother! Elias. Has she risen up?

RACHEL. Yes, yes!

ELIAS. And walks?

RACHEL. Yes!—But she is not alone ELIAS. All must hear that!

RACHEL. No, don't go to father!

ELIAS. No; up on the house-top, up the bell-tower, to ring it out to all the work RACHEL. But you have no ladder?

[She gets no answer; in terror

But there is no ladder!

KROYER [with a movement of his han softly:] Hush!

THE BISHOP. [Whispers:] Listen, a listen!

[From the church is heard:]
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Hallelujah, hallelujah!

ALL. [Drop on their knees and whisper He knows it! He knows it!

[Then enters Clark in her white ling gown. Her eyes are fixed on the church; she stops and extends he hands toward the song.]

ALL THE PASTORS. [Respond in a lo chorus:]

Hallelujah, hallelujah ! Hallelujah, hallelujah !

RACHEL. [On the threshold.] Now father stands in the door.

[He is now heard singing clear and strong:]

Hallelujah, hallelujah! Hallelujah, hallelujah!

Then the church bell and all the per ple join in. There is such jubilar strength in the song, that it source as if thousands were singing. It is creases as the people in the grow come hurrying toward the scene. One time it seems as if these "Halelujahs" were lifting up the

Sang appears in the doorway; the evening sun rests upon his face. A arise and make way for him.

He extends both his hands toward Clara, who stands in the middle of the room. She extends hers toward him; he advances and embraces her.

The song is pealing about them. The room is full of people; likewise the balcony; they climb up to look over those in front; some stand in the window.

Then she sinks slowly down on his shoulder. The song stops; only the

bell keeps on ringing.

She makes an effort to collect her

trength and grise. She succeeds

strength and arise. She succeeds only partly; then lifts her head and looks at him.]

LARA. Oh, glorious, — when you came ny beloved!

[Her head sinks down again, her arms drop, and her whole body relaxes.] SANG. [Stands and holds her; lays his hand upon her heart; then he bends over her, in astonishment. He looks up toward Heaven, and says in a childlike way:]

But this was not my intention —?

[He bends his knee and lays her head upon it; examines her; lays her down tenderly and rises, looking again toward Heaven:]

But this was not my intention —?

Or?—or?

[Clutches at his heart and falls.]

[RACHEL has stood like one petrified, looking on. Now she screams aloud and drops on her knees before her parents.]

KROYER. What did he mean — by that

BRATT. I do not know for sure.—But he died because of it.

RACHEL. Died? — That is impossible! [The bell continues ringing.]

eference is made to:—
eçons sur le système nerveux, faites par J. M. Charcot. Recueillies et publiées par le Dr. Bourneeçons sur le système nerveux, faites par J. M. Charcot. Recueillies et publiées par le Dr. Bournee, 3e édition. 2 vols. Paris, 1881, chez A. Delahaye et E. Lecrosnier.
l'udes cliniques sur l'hystéro-épilepsie ou grande hystérie, par le Dr. Richer. 1 vol. Paris, 1881,
z A. Delahaye et E. Lecrosnier.



THE FATHER

By AUGUST STRINDBERG

Translated by N. ERICHSEN

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PERSONS

A CAVALRY CAPTAIN
LAURA, his wife
BERTHA, their daughter
DR. ÖSTERMARK
THE PASTOR
THE NURSE
NÖJD
THE ORDERLY



THE FATHER

ACT I

sitting-room at the CAPTAIN'S. A door in background to the right. In the middle of oom a large round table strewn with newsers and magazines. To the right a leather-ed sofa and table. In the right-hand corner ivate door. To the left a bureau with a clock , and a door to the inner rooms. Arms on the , also guns and gamebags. Clothes-pegs by loor on which hang uniform coats. A lighted p on the large table.

he CAPTAIN and the PASTOR on the sofa. CAPTAIN in undress uniform and ridings with spurs. The PASTOR in black with a e neckcloth, but without his clerical ruff; he

noking a pipe. The CAPTAIN rings.

[Enter Orderly.]

RDERLY. Yes, sir.

APTAIN. Is Nojd out there?

RDERLY. Nojd is waiting for orders in kitchen.

APTAIN. Is he in the kitchen again!

ch him in at once. [Goes.]

RDERLY. Yes, sir. THE PASTOR. What is wrong now? CAPTAIN. Oh, the rascal has got the girl trouble again; he is a thoroughly bad lot. PASTOR. Nöjd, do you say? Why, he to the fore in the spring, was n't he? CAPTAIN. Yes, don't you remember? won't you be kind enough to say a few ndly words to him, and perhaps you y make some impression on him. I've orn at him, and I've flogged him too, it has n't the least effect.

PASTOR. And now you want me to lece him. What impression do you suppose Word of God will make on a trooper? CAPTAIN. Well, it certainly has no effect

me, you know.

PASTOR. I know that well enough.

CAPTAIN. But on him! Try at all events.

[Enter Nöjd.]

What have you been doing APTAIN. v Nöjd?

Nöjd. Begging your pardon, Captain, I can't possibly say while the Pastor is here. PASTOR. Don't be bashful, my lad.

CAPTAIN. You had better confess, or you

know how it will be.

Nojd. Well, then, it was like this; we were at a dance at Gabriel's, and then and then Ludwig said . . .

CAPTAIN. What has Ludwig to do with

the story. Stick to the truth.
Nöjd. Yes, and then Emma said that we should go into the barn.

CAPTAIN. Ah, I suppose it was Emma

who led you astray?

NÖJD. Well, that 's about it. And I must say that unless the girl is willing nothing ever comes of it.

CAPTAIN. Once for all: are you the

child's father or not?

Nojd. How should I know?

CAPTAIN. What do you mean? Can't you tell that?

Nöjd. Why, no, one can never be quite

CAPTAIN. Were you not the only one,

Nöjd. Yes, that time, but I can't be sure

that I was the only one for all that. CAPTAIN. Do you lay the blame on Ludwig, then? Is that what you mean?

NOJD. It is n't easy to know who to lay

the blame on. CAPTAIN. Yes, but you told Emma that

you would marry her.

Nöjd. Oh, one always has to say that . . . CAPTAIN. [To PASTOR.] This is really dreadful.

PASTOR. These are old stories! But listen, Nöjd, you are surely man enough to know whether you are the father or not.

Nöjd. Well, certainly, I and the girlbut you know yourself, Pastor, that it need

n't come to anything for all that.

PASTOR. Look here, my lad, we are talking about you now. You will surely not leave the girl alone with the child. I suppose we can't compel you to marry her, but you shall provide for the child! that

Nöjd. Well, then, Ludwig must, too.

CAPTAIN. Then the case must go to the courts. I can't disentangle all this, and after all it does n't concern me. So now, be off.

PASTOR. Nöjd, one word! Don't you think it is dishonorable to leave a girl like that in absolute destitution with her child? Don't you think so? Heigh? Don't you see that such a mode of action . . . h'm

Nöjd. Yes, if only I knew for certain that I was father to the child, but one can never be sure of that, Pastor, and to slave all one's life for another man's child is not pleasant. Surely you, Pastor, and the Captain, can understand that for yourselves.

CAPTAIN. Be off.

Nöjd. God keep you, Captain.

CAPTAIN. But don't you go into the kitchen again, you rascal! [NÖJD goes.] CAPTAIN. Now, why didn't you come

down upon him?

PASTOR. What do you mean? Did n't I give it him?

CAPTAIN. Why, you only sat and muttered to yourself.

PASTOR. To tell the truth, I really don't know what to say. It is a pity about the girl, certainly, but it is a pity about the lad, too. For just think if he were not the father. The girl can nurse the child for four months at the orphanage, and then it will be permanently provided for, but the lad can do no such thing. The girl will get a good place afterwards in some respectable house, but the lad's future may be ruined if he is dismissed from the regiment.

CAPTAIN. Upon my soul, I should like to be in the magistrate's shoes and judge this case. The lad is probably not quite innocent, — one can't be sure, — but the one thing one can be sure of is that the girl is guilty if there is any guilt in the matter.

Pastor. Well, well, I judge no man! But what were we talking about when this tiresome story interrupted us? It was about Bertha and the confirmation, was n't it?

CAPTAIN. Yes, but it was surely not

about the confirmation particularly, but whole of her education. This house is f of women who all want to educate: child. My mother-in-law wents to ma a spiritualist of her; Laura insists on l being an artist; the governess wants make her a Methodist; old Margret a Ba tist; and the servant-girls a Salvation It won't do to try and make a soul patches like that: especially when I, w have the chief right to form her charact have all my efforts opposed. I am det mined to get her out of this house.

PASTOR. There are too many won

here governing the house.

CAPTAIN. Yes, are n't there? It is li going into a cage full of tigers, and if I not hold red-hot irons under their no they might tear me to pieces at any n ment! And you, you laugh, you villa Was it not enough that I took your sis for my wife, without your palming off yo old stepmother on me?

PASTOR. Well, but, good Heavens, o cannot have stepmothers in one's house.

CAPTAIN. No, you think it better have mothers-in-law instead - in other pe ple's houses, that is to say.

PASTOR. Ah, well, every one of us l

his burden in this life.

CAPTAIN. Yes, but I have certainly t heavy a one. I have even my old nurse addition, who treats me as if I ought wear bibs still. She is a good old so Heaven knows, but she is not in the rig place here.

Pastor. You must keep order amo the women folk, Adolf. You let them d

tate to you far too much.

CAPTAIN. Now, look here, will you lighten me as to how to keep order amo the women folk?

Pastor. Laura was treated with a fir hand, but, then, although she is my or sister, I must admit she really was a lit

CAPTAIN. Laura has certainly her we points, but with her they don't amount

Pastor. Pray speak quite plainly, I know

CAPTAIN. She has been brought up w romantic ideas and finds it a little diffic to accommodate herself to circumstance but ir uny case she is my wife . . .

ASTOR. And because she is your wife is the best of them. No, my dear feltit is really she who oppresses you most. APTAIN. In the mean time the whole is turned upside down. Laura won't Bertha leave her, and I can't let her re-

in this bedlam.

ASTOR. Oh, Laura won't. Well, then, do know, I 'm afraid there will be difficulIf she set her mind on anything when was a child, she used to lie like a corpse she got it, and then as likely as not she ld give it back, explaining that she n't care about the thing, whatever it, but about getting her own way.

APTAIN. So she was like that even ? H'm — She really sometimes gets such passions that I am quite anxious

it her and fear that she is ill.

ASTOR. But what do you wish to do with
tha that is so unpardonable? Is no com-

nise possible?

APTAIN. You must n't think that I wish nake a prodigy of her, or a copy of my—
I will not play the pander to my ghter and educate her exclusively for rimony, for in that case she would have er days if she remained unmarried. But ill not, on the other hand, persuade her a masculine career that requires a long own away in case she should wish to ry.

ASTOR. What do you intend, then? APTAIN. I intend her to be a teacher. he remains unmarried, she will be able upport herself, and at any rate be in no se position than the poor schoolmasters of have to share their salaries with a fam-If she marries, she can apply her knowle to the education of her children. Don't think I'm right?

ASTOR. Perfectly right. But has n't she, the other hand, shown such talents for a ting that it would outrage nature to

press them?

APTAIN. No! I have shown her pernances to an eminent painter, and he s that they are only the kind of thing can be learned in schools. But then a ng fellow came here in the summer who, ourse, understood the mattet much betand declared that she had a remarkable nt, and so it was settled to Laura's satision. PASTOR. Was he in love with the girl?
CAPTAIN. I take that entirely for

granted.

PASTOR. Then, God be with you, old fellow, for in that case I see no help. But all this is very tiresome, and, of course, Laura has her supporters . . . in there.

CAPTAIN. Yes, that you may depend on! The whole house is already up in arms, and, between ourselves, it is not exactly a noble conflict which is waged from that quarter.

PASTOR. [Gets up.] Do you think I don't

know that?

CAPTAIN. You also?

PASTOR. Also?

Captain. But the worst of it is that it seems to me as if Bertha's career was being determined by most objectionable motives, in there. They drop hints about man having to see that woman can do this and can do that. It is Man and Woman against one another, incessantly, all day long. Must you go now? Do stay for supper. I have certainly nothing to offer you, but, still. . . . You know that I am expecting the new doctor. Have you seen him?

Pastor. I caught a glimpse of him as I passed by. He looked pleasant and trust-

worthy.

CAPTAIN. I'm glad of that. Do you think it possible he may side with me?

Pastor. Who knows? It depends on how much he has been accustomed to women.

CAPTAIN. Oh! but won't you stay?

Pastor. No, thanks, my dear fellow; 1 promised to come home to supper, and the old lady gets so uneasy if I am late.

CAPTAIN. Uneasy? Angry, you should say. Well, as you will. Let me help you

with your overcoat.

PASTOR. It seems to be very cold this evening. Thanks. You must take care of your health, Adolf, you look so nervous.

CAPTAIN. Do I look nervous?

Pastor. Yes, you are not really well. Captain. Has Laura put that into your head? She has treated me these twenty years as if I were at the point of death.

PASTOR. Laura? No; but — but I'm really uneasy about you. Take care of yourself. That's my advice! Good-bye, dear old man; but did n't you want to talk about the confirmation?

CAPTAIN. Not at all! I assure you that

matter will proceed in the ordinary course at the expense of the official conscience, for I have no intention of being either a confessor or a martyr. We have put all that behind us. Good-bye. Remember me at home.

Pastor. Good-bye, Adolf. Love to Laura.

[Goes.]

[The CAPTAIN opens his desk, and seats himself at it with his accounts.]

CAPTAIN. Thirty-four . . . nine, forty-three . . . seven, eight, fifty-six.

[LAURA enters from the inner rooms.] LAURA. Will you be so kind as to . . .

CAPTAIN. In a moment! Fifty-six . . . seventy-one, eighty-four, eighty-nine, nine-ty-two, a hundred. What is it?

LAURA. Am I disturbing you?

CAPTAIN. Not at all. Housekeeping money, I suppose?

LAURA. Yes, housekeeping money.

CAPTAIN. Put the accounts down there and I will go through them.

LAURA. The accounts?

CAPTAIN. Yes.

LAURA. Am I to keep accounts now?

CAPTAIN. Of course you are to keep accounts now. Our affairs are in a precarious condition, and in case of a liquidation there must be accounts or one may be punished as a fraudulent debtor.

LAURA. It is not my fault that our affairs are in a precarious condition.

are in a precarious condition

CAPTAIN. That is exactly what will be shown by the accounts.

LAURA. It is not my fault that the bail-

iff does n't pay.

CAPTAIN. Who recommended the bailiff so warmly? You! Why did you recommend a — shall we say — a fool?

LAURA. And why did you take the fool,

then?

CAPTAIN. Because I was not allowed to eat in peace, nor to sleep in peace, nor to work in peace, till you got the man here. You wanted him so that your brother might be rid of him; your mother wanted him because I did n't want him; the governess wanted him because he was a Scripture-reader; and old Margret because she had known his mother from her childhood. That's why I took him, and if I had n't taken him I should be shut up in a madhouse now, or lying in the family grave. Meantime, here is the housekeeping money

and your allowance. You can give me accounts presently.

LAURA. [Curtesies.] Thanks so my Do you also keep accounts of what spend besides the housekeeping money

CAPTAIN. That does not concern you LAURA. No, that is true, just as little my child's education concerns me. H my lords made up their minds after

conference of this evening?

CAPTAIN. I had made up my mind forehand, and it therefore only remain for me to announce my intention to the friend I and the family have in communication is to board in town and starts fortnight.

LAURA. Where is she to board, if I r

venture to ask?

CAPTAIN. At Auditor Säfberg's. Laura. That free-thinker!

CAPTAIN. The law declares that child are to be brought up in their father's fa

LAURA. And the mother is to have voice in the matter?

CAPTAIN. None whatever. She has a her birthright by a legal transaction, a surrendered her rights in return for man's undertaking to care for her and children.

LAURA. Therefore she has no power o

her child.

CAPTAIN. No, none whatever. When has once sold one's goods, one cannot h them back and yet keep the money.

LAURA. But if both father and mot

gree .

CAPTAIN. How could that happen wish her to live in town, you wish her live at home. The arithmetical result we be that she remained at the railway stati midway between town and home. It is a knot that cannot be untied. Do see?

LAURA. Then it must be broken! W

was Nöjd doing here?

CAPTAIN. That is a professional secret Laura. Which the whole kitchen knot Captain. Good; then you must know Laura. I do know it!

CAPTAIN. And have your judgment rea

beforehand.

LAURA. My judgment is the law's jument.

CAPTAIN. It is not written in "the jument of the law" who the child's father

JRA. No, but one can usually find that

PTAIN. Wise people say that one never Il those things.

JRA. That is remarkable. Can one tell who is the father of a child?

PTAIN. No; so it is maintained. URA. That is remarkable. How, then, ne father have such rights over the

PTAIN. He only has them when he has ned the responsibility, or has had the nsibility thrust on him. And in marthere is, of course, no doubt about nity.

URA. No doubt?

PTAIN. No, I should hope not.

URA. And in case the wife has been thful?

PTAIN. This is no such case! Have

nything further to ask about? URA. Nothing whatever.

PTAIN. Then I shall go up to my room, erhaps you will be good enough to inme when the Doctor comes.

[Shuts the bureau and gets up.]

URA. Certainly.

PTAIN. And as soon as he comes. For 't wish to be rude to him. You under-

[Captain goes through the private door to right.

URA. I understand.

[LAURA gazes at the bank notes she holds in her hand.]

THER-IN-LAW'S VOICE [within]. Laura!

URA. Yes. OTHER-IN-LAW'S VOICE. Is my tea

URA [in the doorway to the inner rooms].

shall have it directly.

[LAURA goes toward the hall door in the background, as the Orderly opens it and announces - Doctor OSTERMARK.]

OCTOR. [Enters.] Madam! URA. Goes toward him and gives him and.] Good-evening, Doctor? We are ery glad to see you here. The Captain t, but he will be back directly.

OCTOR. I beg your pardon for coming te, but I have had to pay some profes-

l visits already.

URA. Won't you sit down? Do! octor. Thank you.

LAURA. Yes, there is a great deal of illness in the neighborhood just now, but I hope that you will settle down comfortably all the same. It is so very important for lonely country people like us to find a doctor who is interested in his patients. And I hear so much good of you, Doctor, that I hope the happiest relations will prevail between us.

DOCTOR. You are much too kind, but I hope, on the other hand, that my visits to you may not too frequently be caused by necessity. Your family, I believe, is usually in good health . . .

LAURA. We have fortunately not had any acute illness, but still things are not

entirely as they ought to be.

DOCTOR. Indeed?

LAURA. They are, Heaven knows, not so satisfactory as we might wish.

DOCTOR. You really alarm me.

LAURA. There are circumstances in a family, which one is bound in honor and conscience to conceal from the whole world . . .

DOCTOR. Excepting from the doctor.

LAURA. Exactly. It is, therefore, my painful duty to tell you the whole truth immediately.

DOCTOR. Can we not postpone this conference until I have had the honor of being

introduced to the Captain?

LAURA. No! You must hear me before seeing him.

DOCTOR. It relates to him, then?

LAURA. Yes - to him, my poor, dear husband.

DOCTOR. You make me uneasy, madam, and believe me, I sympathize with your misfortune.

LAURA [taking out her handkerchief]. My husband's mind is affected. Now you know all, and must judge for yourself when

you see him.

DOCTOR. Is it possible! I have read the Captain's excellent treatises on mineralogy with great admiration, and have always found them display a clear and powerful intellect.

LAURA. Really? I should be delighted if his whole family should prove to be mis-

taken.

DOCTOR. But of course it is possible that his mind is disturbed in other directions Let me hear.

LAURA. That is what we also fear. You see, he has sometimes the most extraordinary ideas, which of course one would expect in a learned man if they did not exercise a disastrous influence on the welfare of his whole family. For instance, he has a fancy for buying all manner of things.

DOCTOR. That is serious; but what does

he buy?

LAURA. Whole boxes of books that he never reads.

DOCTOR. Oh, it is nothing out of the way for a scholar to buy books.

LAURA. You don't believe what I say? DOCTOR. Yes, madam, I am convinced

that you believe what you say.

LAURA. Then, is it reasonable to think that one can see, by looking in a microscope, what is going on in another planet?

DOCTOR. Does he say he can do that? LAURA. Yes, he says so.

LAURA. Yes, he says so. DOCTOR. In a microscope? LAURA. In a microscope, yes.

DOCTOR. This is serious, if it is so.

LAURA. If it is so. Then you have no belief in me, Doctor, and I am sitting here and confiding the family secret in you...

DOCTOR. Indeed, madam, your confidence honors me, but as a physician I must investigate and observe before I can judge. Has the Captain ever shown any symptoms of uncertainty of temper, or instability of will?

LAURA. Has he ever? We have been married for twenty years and he has never yet made a decision without abandoning it afterwards.

Doctor. Is he obstinate?

LAURA. He always insists on having his wwn way, but when he has got it, he drops the whole thing and asks me to decide.

DOCTOR. This is serious and requires close observation. The will, you see, is the mainspring of the mind, and if it is injured the whole mind collapses.

LAURA. And God knows that I have had to teach myself to meet his wishes halfway all through these long years of trial. Ah, if you only knew what a life I have endured with him — if you only knew?

Doctor. Your misfortune touches me deeply, and I promise you to see what can be done. I pity you with my whole heart, and I beg you to trust me absolutely. But after what I have heard I must impress one

thing on you. Avoid suggesting any that make a strong impression on the ferer, for in a weak brain they are radeveloped and readily turn to monor "idées fixes." Do you understand?

LAURA. You mean, avoid rousing hi

picions?

DOCTOR. Exactly so. One can mak insane believe anything just because are receptive to everything.

LAURA. Indeed. Then I understand—yes. [Ringing heard within.] Excuse my mother has something to say to memoment. . . . Ah, there is Adolf. [6]

[Captain enters the private door.]

CAPTAIN. Ah, you are here alreductor. You are very welcome.

DOCTOR. Captain! It is a very pleasure to me to make the acquaintan so celebrated a man of science.

CAPTAIN. You are very good. My fessional duties don't allow me to mak profound investigations, but I believe self to be really on the track of a disco

DOCTOR. Really.

CAPTAIN. You see, I have submeteoric stones to spectrum analysis, the result that I have found coal, that say, a clear trace of organic life. Whyou think of that?

DOCTOR. Can you see that in the m

scope?

CAPTAIN. No, deuce take it, in the troscope.

DOCTOR. The spectroscope! Par Well, then, you will soon be able to te

what is happening in Jupiter.

CAPTAIN. Not what is happening what has happened. If only the confou booksellers in Paris would send me books; but I believe that all the bookse in the universe have conspired against Just imagine that for the last two me not a single one has even answered communications, either letters or ab telegrams. I shall go frantic over it, a can't imagine what it all means.

DOCTOR. Oh, they are generally unnesslike fellows; you must n't take

much to heart.

CAPTAIN. No, but the deuce is that I not get my treatise done in time, a know that they are working on the lines in Berlin. But that's not what

to be talking about. . . . What about If you care to live here we have a apartment at your disposal in the or perhaps you would rather live in d doctor's quarters.

CTOR. Just as you like.

PTAIN. No, as you like. Which is it

CTOR. You must decide that, Captain. PTAIN. No, I shall decide nothing. must say what you wish. I wish nothothing whatever.

CTOR. Oh, but I really cannot de-

PTAIN. For God's sake, do say, Doctor, you would like. I have no will in this er, no opinion, no wishes. Are you so ly feeble that you don't know what ish? Answer me or I shall get angry. CTOR. As it rests with me, I choose to ere.

PTAIN. Good! Thank you. . . . Ah, ve me, Doctor, but nothing annoys me ich as to hear people profess indiffer-[Rings.] about anything.

[Enter NURSE.]

PTAIN. Oh, there you are, Margret. ou happen to know if the wing is in for the Doctor?

IRSE. Yes, sir, it is.

PTAIN. All right. Then I won't detain Doctor; you must be tired. Good-bye velcome again; we shall meet to-mor-I hope.

CTOR. Good-evening, Captain.

PTAIN. I presume that my wife exed our circumstances to you a little, so you have some idea how the land lies. CTOR. Your excellent wife has given few hints about one thing and another as were necessary to a stranger. Goodng, Captain. PTAIN. What do you want, you old

Is anything the matter?

URSE. Now, my dear Mr. Adolf, you just listen. PTAIN. Yes, old Margret. Talk away,

re the only one I can listen to without ng into a rage.

URSE. Now, just listen, Mr. Adolf. t you think you should go halfway and to an agreement with mistress about uss over the child. Just think of a er . . .

CAPTAIN. Think of a father, Margret.

NURSE. There, there, there! A father has something besides his child, but a mo-

ther has nothing but her child.

CAPTAIN. Just so, old lady. She has only one burden, but I have three, and I bear her burden, too. Don't you think that I should have had a better position in the world than a poor soldier's if I had not had her and her child?

NURSE. Yes, but it was n't that I wanted

to say.

CAPTAIN. No, I believe that, for you wanted to make me confess I was in the wrong.

NURSE. Don't you believe, Mr. Adolf,

that I wish you well?

CAPTAIN. Yes, dear friend, I do believe it, but you don't know what is for my good. You see, it is n't enough for me to have given the child life, I want to give her my soul too.

NURSE. I don't understand anything about that. But I do think that you ought

to be able to agree.

CAPTAIN. You are not my friend, Mar-

gret!

NURSE. I? Ah, God! How can you say that, Mr. Adolf. Do you think I can forget that you were my child when you were

CAPTAIN. No, you dear; have I forgotten it? You have been like a mother to me, and have supported me hitherto when I had everybody against me, but now, when I really need you, you desert me and go over to the enemy.

Nurse. The enemy!

CAPTAIN. Yes, the enemy! You know well enough how things are in this house; you have seen everything from beginning to end.

Nurse. I have seen well enough! but, my God, why should two people torment the life out of one another; two people who are otherwise so good and wish all others well. Mistress is never like that to me or to any one else . . .

CAPTAIN. Only to me; I know it. But let me tell you, Margret, that if you desert me now, you will do wrong. For they have begun to plot against me, and that doctor is

not my friend.

NURSE. Ah, Mr. Adolf, you believe evil about everybody; but, you see, it's because you have n't the true faith, that's just what it is.

CAPTAIN. But you and the Baptists have found the only true faith. You are,

indeed, happy!

NURSE. At any rate, I am not so unhappy as you, Mr. Adolf. Humble your proud heart and you will see that God will make you happy in love to your neighbor.

CAPTAIN. It is a strange thing that you no sooner speak of God and love than your voice becomes hard and your eyes evil. No, Margret, you have certainly not the true faith.

NURSE. Yes, you're proud and hard enough in your learning, but it does n't amount to much when it comes to the pinch.

CAPTAIN. How arrogantly you talk, humble heart. I know well enough learning is of no use with such creatures as

vou.

NURSE. You should be ashamed of yourself! But in spite of everything, old Margret loves her great big boy best, and he will come back again, you'll see, like a

good child, in the day of trouble.

CAPTAIN. Margret! Forgive me, but believe me there is no one here who wishes me well but you. Help me, for I am sure that something is going to happen. What it is I don't know, but some evil thing is on its way. [Scream from within.] What is it? Who is screaming?

[Bertha enters from inner rooms.]

BERTHA. Father! Father! help me, save

CAPTAIN. What is it, my darling child?

BERTHA. Help me. She is going to hurt

CAPTAIN. Who is going to hurt you? Speak! Speak!

BERTHA. Grandmother! But it's my fault, for I deceived her!

CAPTAIN. Go on.

BERTHA. Yes, but you must n't say anything about it! Do you hear? Promise!

CAPTAIN. Well, but tell me what it is.

[NURSE goes.]
BERTHA. In the evening she generally turns down the lamp, and then she makes me sit at a table holding a pen over a piece of paper. And then she says that the spirits are to write.

CAPTAIN. What do you say? And have never told me this?

BERTHA. Forgive me, but I dared For grandmother says that the spirits revenge if one speaks about them, then the pen writes, but I don't know is I. And sometimes it goes beautif but sometimes it can't do anything al And when I am tired nothing comes she wants it to come all the same. And evening I thought I was writing be fully, but then grandmother said it was out of Stagnelius,¹ and that I was deing her, and then she got so fearfully an

CAPTAIN. Do you believe that there

pirits t

BERTHA. I don't know.

CAPTAIN. But I know that there none.

BERTHA. But grandmother says that don't understand, papa, and that you much worse things that can see to oplanets.

CAPTAIN. Does she say that? Does say that? What else does she say?

BERTHA. She says that you can't wonders.

CAPTAIN. I never said I could. know what meteoric stones are,—st that fall down from other heavenly bo I can examine them and say whether contain the same elements as our w. That is all that I can see.

BERTHA. But grandmother says tare things that she can see, but that cannot see.

CAPTAIN. Then she lies!

BERTHA. Grandmother does n't tell

CAPTAIN. Why not?

BERTHA. Then mother tells lies, too

CAPTAIN. H'm.

BERTHA. If you say that mother lies, I will never believe you again.

CAPTAIN. I have not said so, and the fore you must believe me when I tell that your future welfare requires that should leave your home. Will you? you go to town and learn something ful?

BERTHA. Ah, yes, I should love to town, away from here, anywhere! Onl me see you sometimes, often. Oh, it ways so gloomy and sad in there, as

¹ Erik Johan Stagnelius, poet and dramatist, 1823.

a winter's night, but when you come, er, it is like some spring morning when take out the inner windows.

APTAIN. My beloved child. My dear

ERTHA. But, father, you must be good other, do you hear? She cries so often. APTAIN. H'm. Then you will go to

ERTHA. Yes, yes.

APTAIN. But suppose mother will not

ou go?

ERTHA. But she must let me.

APTAIN. But what if she won't?

ERTHA. Well, then, I don't know what happen. But she must! She must!

APTAIN. Will you ask her?

ERTHA. You must ask her very nicely,

she does n't care about me.

APTAIN. H'm! Now if you wish it, I wish it, and she does n't wish it, what we do then?

ERTHA. Ah, then, it will be all in a dle again! Why can't you ask. . . .

[Enter LAURA.]

AURA. Ah, so Bertha is here! Then aps we may hear her own opinion, as question of her future has to be decided. APTAIN. The child can hardly have well-founded opinion as to how a young s life is likely to shape itself, while we, he contrary, can easily make an apimate calculation, for we have seen a t number of young girls' lives unfold aselves.

AURA. But as we are of different opin-Bertha's must be the determining one. APTAIN. No, I let no one usurp my st, neither women nor children. Berleave us. [Bertha goes out.] AURA. You were afraid of hearing her

ion, because you thought it would be to advantage.

APTAIN. I know that she wishes to go of from home, but I know also that you less the power of changing her mind

rding to your pleasure.

AURA. Am I really so powerful?

APTAIN. Yes, you have a fiendish power opting your own way, but people who not ashamed of interfering always have. did you get Dr. Nordling away, for nee, and how did you get the new man

LAURA. Yes, how did I manage that? CAPTAIN. You insulted the first, until he went, and made your brother scrape votes together for the other.

LAURA. Well, that was quite simple and perfectly legitimate. Is Bertha to leave

home?

CAPTAIN. Yes, she is to start in a fortnight.

LAURA. Is that your determination?

CAPTAIN. Yes.

LAURA. Have you spoken to Bertha about it?

CAPTAIN. Yes.

LAURA. Then I must try to prevent it.

CAPTAIN. You cannot.

LAURA. Can't I? Do you really think I would trust my daughter to these wicked people to be told that everything her mother has taught her is mere foolishness? Why, she would despise me for the rest of her life!

CAPTAIN. Do you think that a father will allow ignorant and conceited women to teach his daughter that her father is a charlatan?

LAURA. It ought to mean less to the father.

CAPTAIN. Why so?

LAURA. Because the mother is nearer to the child, since it has been discovered that no one can tell for certain who is the father of a child.

CAPTAIN. What is the application in this case?

LAURA. That you do not know whether you are Bertha's father.

CAPTAIN. Do I not know?

LAURA. No; what no one can know, you surely cannot know.

CAPTAIN. Are you joking?

LAURA. No; I am only making use of your own teaching. Besides, how can you tell that I have not been unfaithful to you?

CAPTAIN. I believe a great deal of you, but not that, nor that you would talk about

it if it were true.

LAURA. Assume that I was prepared to bear anything, even scorn and rejection, for the sake of being allowed to keep and dispose of my child, and that I was truthful just now when I declared that Bertha is my child, but not yours. Assume . . .

CAPTAIN. Stop!

LAURA. Only assume this: In that case your power would be at an end.

CAPTAIN. Yes, when you had proved that

I was not the father.

LAURA. That would not be so difficult! Should you like me to do that?

CAPTAIN. Stop!

LAURA. I should, of course, only need to declare the name of the real father, give all details of place and time; for instance—when was Bertha born? In the third year of our marriage.

CAPTAIN. Stop, or . . .

LAURA. Or what? I am to stop now. Just think for a moment of all you do and decide, and whatever you do, don't make yourself ridiculous.

CAPTAIN. I consider all this most lament-

able.

LAURA. Which is more ridiculous than

CAPTAIN. And what of you?

IAURA. Oh, I have managed too cleverly. CAPTAIN. That is why one cannot contend with you.

LAURA. Then, why do you provoke con-

tests with a superior enemy?

CAPTAIN. Superior?

LAURA. Yes, it is singular, but I have never looked at a man without knowing myself his superior.

CAPTAIN. Well, you shall be made to see your superior for once, so that you never

shall forget it.

LAURA. That will be interesting.

[Enter Nurse.]

NURSE. Supper is ready. Will you come in, ma'am?

LAURA. Yes, directly.

[Captain lingers; sits down in an arm-chair by the table.]

LAURA. Won't you come in to supper? CAPTAIN. No, thanks, I don't want anything.

LAURA. What! Are you annoyed?

CAPTAIN. No, but I am not hungry.

LAURA. Come, or they will question me
in a way that is — unnecessary. . . . Be good
now. . . . You won't; then stay there.

Nurse. Mr. Adolf! What is all this about?

CAPTAIN. I don't know what it is. Can you explain to me how it is that a grown man can be treated as if he were a child?

NURSE. I don't understand it, but it me be because you are all women's childrevery man of you, great and small. . .

CAPTAIN. But no women are born men. Yes, but I am Bertha's father. I me, Margret, don't you believe it? Do

you?

NURSE. Lord, how childish you are. course you are your own child's fath Come and eat now, and don't sit there a brood. There, there, come now.

CAPTAIN. Get out, woman. To hell witches. [Goes to the private door.] Svä

Svärd!

[Enter Orderly.]

ORDERLY. Yes, Captain.

CAPTAIN. Let them put the horses in covered sleigh at once.

NURSE. Captain, just listen!

CAPTAIN. Out, woman! At once! NURSE. Lord preserve us, what come of all this!

[Captain puts on his cap and pares to go out.]

CAPTAIN. Don't expect me home bef

midnight.

NURSE. Jesus help us, what will be end of this!

ACT II

The same scene as in the previous Act. lighted lamp on the table; it is night. The D

Doctor. From what I could find in course of our conversation, the case is yet clearly proved to me. To begin we you had made one mistake in saying the had arrived at these astonishing rest about other celestial bodies by means a microscope. Now that I hear it was spectroscope, he is not only entire cleared of any suspicion of insanity, is shown to have done a great service science.

LAURA. Yes, but I never said that.

Doctor. Madam, I made careful no of our conversation, and I remember the asked about this very point because I thou that I could not have heard aright. I must be scrupulous in making such as tions when a certificate of insanity in question.

LAURA. A certificate of insanity?

CTOR. Yes; you must surely know that sane person loses his civil and family

URA. No, I did not know that.

OCTOR. There was a further point that s to me suspicious. He spoke of his nunications to his booksellers having ined unanswered. Permit me to ask if intercepted them from motives of misn kindness.

AURA. Yes, I did. It was my duty to h over the interests of the household I could not let him ruin us all without

vention.

OCTOR. Pardon me, but I think that you ot have considered the consequences ich an act. If he discovers your secret ference with his affairs, his suspicions be aroused and will grow with the dity of an avalanche. But, besides this, have raised obstacles to his will and equently still further provoked irritay. You must know how maddening it is ave your most ardent desires thwarted your will restrained.

AURA. As if I did n't know that! OCTOR. Then consider what he must

e gone through.

AURA [getting up]. It is midnight and nas n't come home. We may fear the st now.

OCTOR. But tell me what actually haped this evening after I left. I must

w everything.

AURA. He talked in the wildest way at the most extraordinary things. Such ies, for instance, as that he is not the er of his child.

OCTOR. That is strange. How did such

dea come into his head.

AURA. I really can't imagine, unless it that he had to examine one of the men child maintenance case, and when I the girl's part, he got excited and said no one could tell who was father to a d. God knows that I did everything to n him, but I fear that nothing can help now.

OCTOR. This really cannot be allowed o on. Something must be done, without, ourse, rousing his suspicions. Tell me, the Captain ever had such delusions

re?

AURA. Six years ago we had the same e of things and then he actually confessed, in his own letter to the doctor, that he feared for his reason.

DOCTOR. Ah, yes, this is of course a story that has deep roots, and the sanctity of family life — and so on — prevents . . . 1 cannot ask about everything, but must keep to the surface. What is done can't be undone, alas, and yet the remedy should have some application to the past. - Where do you think he is now?

LAURA. I have no idea. He has such wild

fancies now.

DOCTOR. Should you like me to stay till he returns? I could say, to avoid suspicion, that I had come to see your mother, who is unwell.

LAURA. Yes, that will do admirably. And do not leave us, Doctor; I can't tell you how anxious I am! But would n't it be better to tell him right out what you

think of his condition?

DOCTOR. We never do that unless the patient speaks of the subject himself, and very rarely even then. It depends entirely on the direction the case takes. But we must n't stay here ; perhaps I had better go into the next room, it will look more natural.

LAURA. Yes, it will be better, and then Margret can sit here. She is accustomed to sit up when he is out, and she is the only one, too, who has any power over him. Goes to the door on the left. Margret, Margret!

[Enter the Nurse.]

NURSE. Yes, ma'am. Is the master home? LAURA. No, but you are to sit here and wait for him, and when he comes you are to say that my mother is ill and that the Doctor is here because of that.

NURSE. Yes, ma'am. I'll see that it is

all right.

LAURA. [Opens door to inner rooms.] Will you come in here, Doctor?

DOCTOR. Thanks.

[The Nurse sits at the table and takes up a hymn-book and spectacles.]

NURSE. Ah, yes, ah, yes! [Reads half aloud.]

Ah, woe is me, how sad a thing Is life within this vale of tears, Death's angel triumphs like a king And calls aloud to all the spheres— 'Tis vanity, all vanity.

Yes, yes! yes, yes!

All that on earth hath life and breath Falls stricken down before his spear, And sorrow, saved alone from death, Inscribes above the mighty bier—"T is vanity, all vanity.

Yes, yes.

[Bertha enters with a coffee-poi and some needlework; she speaks low.]

BERTHA. Margret, may I sit with you? it is so lonely up there.

Nurse. Oh! Good gracious, are you

still up, Bertha?

BERTHA. I must work at papa's Christmas present, you see. And I 've got something good for you here.

NURSE. Yes, but, dear heart, it won't do. You have to get up in the morning

and it is past twelve o'clock.

BERTHA. Well, what does that matter? I dare not sit up there alone; I believe it's haunted.

Nurse. There, now, did n't I say so! Yes, mark my words, this house is no good place. What did you hear?

Bertha. Oh, just fancy, I heard some

one singing up in the garret.

NURSE. In the garret? At this time of

night!

BERTHA. And it was a very, very sad song, such as I never heard. And it seemed as if it came from the lumber-room, where the cradle stands, you know, on the left. . . .

Nurse. Oh, dear, oh, dear; and it's such fearful weather to-night! I believe

the chimneys will blow down.

Ah, what is then this earthly life But grief, affliction, trouble, strife? E'en when fairest it has seemed Vanity it must be deemed.

Yes, dear child, God send us a happy Christmas!

BERTHA. Margret, is it true that papa is ill?

Nurse. Yes; he is, indeed.

BERTHA. Then we shan't be able to keep Christmas Eve. But how can he be up if he is ill?

NURSE. You see, my child, the kind of illness that he has does n't prevent him from being up. Hush, there 's some one out in the hall. Go to bed now and take the coffee-pot away, or the master will be angry.

BERTHA [going out with the tray]. Good-

night, Margret!

Nurse. Good-night, my child. God you! [Bertha 4

[Enter Captain. He takes off his overce Captain. Are you still up? Go to I Nurse. I was only waiting till . . .

[Captain lights a candle, open desk, sits down at it, and takes le and newspapers out of his pock

Nurse. Mr. Adolf. Captain. What do you want?

NURSE. Old mistress is ill, and the lor is here.

CAPTAIN. Is it anything dangerous in Nurse. No, I don't think so. It is cold.

CAPTAIN. [Gets up.] Who was the

ther of your child, Margret?

NURSE. Oh, I have told you that m and many a time; it was that scamp Joh son.

CAPTAIN. Are you sure that it was I NURSE. How childish you are; of co I am sure of it, since he was the only o

CAPTAIN. Yes; but was he sure that was the only one? No; he could not but you could be sure of it. You see the difference.

NURSE. I can't see any difference.

CAPTAIN. No; you cannot see it, but difference is there all the same. [To over the pages of a photograph album the on the table.] Do you think Bertha is me? [Looks at a portrait in the album Navara West States of the contract of the same of the contract of the same of the contract of the same of the contract of the c

Nurse. Why, yes; you are as like

two peas

CAPTAIN. Did Johansson confess that was the father?

NURSE. He had no choice.

CAPTAIN. How dreadful! There is Doctor.

[Enter DOCTOR.]

CAPTAIN. Good-evening, Doctor. Ho my mother-in-law?

DOCTOR. Oh, it is not at all serious is merely a slight sprain of the left foot

CAPTAIN. I thought Margret said it was a cold. There seem to be different expretations of the same case. Go to Margret.

[Nurse g.]

CAPTAIN. Do sit down, Doctor Ös mark.

DOCTOR. [Sits down.] Thanks.

APTAIN. Is it true that you obtain ped foals if you cross a zebra and a e ?

POCTOR [astonished]. Perfectly true.

APTAIN. Is it true that the foals cone to be striped if the breed is carried with a stallion?

OCTOR. Yes, that is also true.

APTAIN. Therefore, under certain conons, a stallion can be sire to striped ls?

OCTOR. Yes, so it appears.

CAPTAIN. That is to say: the offspring's eness to the father proves nothing.

DOCTOR. Well . . .

CAPTAIN. That is to say, paternity canbe proved.

DOCTOR. H'm . . . Well!

CAPTAIN. You are a widower and have children?

DOCTOR. Ye-es.

CAPTAIN. Did you never see how ridicus you were as a father? I know nothing comical as to see a father leading his ld about the streets, or to hear a father k of his children. "My wife's children," ought to say. Did you never realize how se your position was? Were you never ubled by doubts, I won't say suspicions, I assume, as a gentleman, that your fe was above suspicion?

DOCTOR. No, really, I never was, and, leed, Captain, a man must take his chilen on trust as Goethe, I think, says.

CAPTAIN. On trust when there is a woman the case? That is risky.

DOCTOR. Oh! there are so many kinds

women.

CAPTAIN. Modern investigation has prounced that there is only one kind! . . hen I was young I was strong and - if I ay boast — handsome. I can only rememr two momentary impressions that in relling them have caused me to doubt this. was once on board a steamer sitting with few friends in the fore-saloon. The young ewardess came and flung herself down by e, burst into tears, and told us that her eetheart was drowned. We pitied her, d I ordered some champagne. After the cond glass, I touched her foot, after the urth her knee, and before morning I had nsoled her.

DOCTOR. One swallow does not make a

mmer.

CAPTAIN. Now comes the second, and that was really a summer swallow. I was at Lysekil. A young woman was staying there. She had her children with her, but her husband was in town. She was religious, had extremely severe principles, preached morality to me, and was, I believe, entirely virtuous. I lent her some books, and when she was leaving she unexpectedly enough returned them. Three months later I found a visiting card in those very books with a fairly plain declaration. It was innocent, as innocent, that is to say, as a declaration of love from a married woman to a strange man who never made any advances can be. Now comes the moral. Whatever you do, don't believe too

DOCTOR. But don't believe too little

either.

CAPTAIN. No. Not that either. But don't you see, Doctor Östermark, the woman was so unconsciously dishonest that she spoke of her infatuation for me to her husband. This very unconsciousness of their instinctive duplicity is what is so dangerous. It is, I grant you, an extenuating circumstance, but it cannot make me reverse my judgment; only soften it.

DOCTOR. Captain, your thoughts are taking a morbid direction, and you ought

to control them.

CAPTAIN. You must not use the word morbid. All steam boilers, as you know, explode when the pressure gauge registers 100, but the scale is not the same for all boilers; do you understand? In the mean time you are here to watch me. If I only were not a man I should have the right of making accusations, or complaints as they are so cleverly called, and, perhaps, I should be able to give you the whole diagnosis, and what is more, the history of my disease; but I am unfortunately a man, and there is nothing for me but to fold my arms across my breast like the Roman, and hold my breath till I die. Good-night.

DOCTOR. Captain, if you are ill, it will not offend your dignity as a man to tell me all. Indeed, I am bound to hear the other

side.

CAPTAIN. It is enough that you have

heard the one, I imagine.

DOCTOR. No, Captain. And do you know when I heard Mrs. Alving eulogize her dead husband, I thought to myself it was a con-

founded pity the fellow was dead.

CAPTAIN. Do you suppose that he would have spoken if he had been alive? And do you suppose that any dead husbands would be believed if they were to come to life? Good-night, Doctor. You hear that I am calm, and you can safely go to bed.

DOCTOR. Good-night, then, Captain. I can take no further part in this affair.

CAPTAIN. Are we enemies?

DOCTOR. Far from it! Only it is a pity that we cannot be friends. Good-night.

[The CAPTAIN follows the DOCTOR to the door in the background, and then goes to the door at the left and opens it slightly.

CAPTAIN. Come in, I want to talk to you! I heard you standing out there listening.

[Enter Laura embarrassed. Captain sits down at the bureau.]

CAPTAIN. It is late, but we must talk things out. Sit down. [A pause.] I have been at the post-office this evening to fetch the letters. From these it appears that you have kept back my letters, both on their departure and arrival. The direct consequence of this is that the delay has entirely frustrated the results I hoped for from my

LAURA. It was an act of kindness on my part, since you neglected your professional

duties for this other work.

CAPTAIN. It surely cannot have been kindness, for you knew quite well that I should one day win more renown from that than from the service; but you were particularly anxious that I should not distinguish myself, lest your own insignificance should be eclipsed. In consequence of this I have intercepted letters addressed to you.

LAURA. That is very noble of you. CAPTAIN. I see you have a high opinion

of me. - It appears from these letters that for some time past you have been arraying my former friends against me by spreading reports about my mental condition. And you have succeeded in your efforts, for now there is not more than one person from the Colonel down to the cook who believes me to be sane. Now the facts about my illness are these: my reason is unaf-

fected, as you know, so that I can discha both my duties to the service and my du as a father; my nerves are still more less under my control, and will continue as long as my will remains fairly inta You have, however, so thoroughly und mined it that it will soon be ready to fly the cog-wheel, and then the whole mech ism will go to smash. I will not appeal your feelings, for you have none, that your strength; but I will appeal to ye interests.

LAURA. Let me hear.

CAPTAIN. You have succeeded by t conduct in arousing my suspicions to si an extent that my judgment is nearly stroyed, and my thoughts begin to wand This is that approaching insanity you waiting for, and that may come now at a time. The question then arises for you: it more to your interest that I should sane or insane? Consider! If I succum shall have to leave the service, and you v be in a very awkward position. If I die, life insurance will fall to you. But if I ta my own life, you will get nothing. It therefore to your interest that I should I out my life.

LAURA. Is this a trap?

CAPTAIN. Of course! But it rests w you to avoid it or to run your head into LAURA. You say that you will kill you

self? You shall not do it!

CAPTAIN. Don't be sure. Do you thi a man can live when he has nothing and i body to live for?

LAURA. You surrender, then? CAPTAIN. No, I offer you peace.

LAURA. The conditions?

CAPTAIN. That I may keep my reason Deliver me from my suspicions and I thre up the struggle.

LAURA. What suspicions?

CAPTAIN. About Bertha's origin. LAURA. Is there any doubt about that

CAPTAIN. Yes, I have doubts, and y have awakened them.

LAURA. I?

CAPTAIN. Yes, you have dropped the like henbane in my ears, and circumstance have given them growth. Deliver me from uncertainty, tell me outright that my su picions are justified, and I will forgive y

LAURA. You really can't expect me

upon myself a sin that I have not com-

APTAIN. What can it matter when you certain that I shall not betray you? Do think that a man would be likely to on his own shame abroad.

AURA. If I say it is not true, you won't onvinced; but if I say it is true, you be convinced. You seem to hope it is

APTAIN. Yes, strangely enough; no bt because the first supposition can't be ved; only the last.

AURA. Have you any reasons for your

picions?

APTAIN. Yes, and no.

AURA. I believe that you want to prove guilty, so that you can get rid of me and e absolute control over the child. But won't lure me into any such snare.

CAPTAIN. You surely don't think that I ald adopt another man's child, if I were

vinced of your guilt?

AURA. No, I'm sure you would n't, that convinces me that you lied just when you said that you forgave me in

CAPTAIN. [Gets up.] Laura, save me and reason. You don't seem to understand at I say. If the child is not mine, I have control over it, and don't want to have ; and that is precisely what you want, 't it? You will have the power over the d, and I shall be left to maintain you

AURA. The power, yes. Has this whole -and-death struggle been fought for any-

ng but the power?

CAPTAIN. You know I do not believe in ture life. The child was my future life. was my conception of immortality, and haps the only one that has any analogy eality. If you deprive me of that, you

short my existence.

AURA. Why did we not separate in time? CAPTAIN. Because the child bound us toher; but the bond became a chain. And v did it happen — how? I have never ught of this, but now the memory of it es up in accusation, perhaps in condemna-. We had been married two years, and l no child, you best know why. I fell ill l lay at the point of death. In an interof the fever I heard voices outside in drawing-room. You and the solicitor were talking about the fortune that I then still possessed. He explained that you could not inherit anything, because we had no children, and asked you if you were enceinte. What you answered I did not hear. I recovered, and we had a child. Who is its father?

LAURA. You.

CAPTAIN. No, it is not I. There is a buried crime here which begins to give off poisonous exhalations; and what a hellish crime. You have been tender enough about freeing black slaves, but you have kept white ones yourself. I have worked and slaved for you, your child, your mother, your servants; I have sacrificed career and promotion, I have endured torture, flagellation, sleeplessness, unrest for your sake, until my hair has grown gray; and all in order that you might enjoy a life without care, and when you grew old, enjoy it over again in your child. I have borne it all without complaint, because I thought myself the father of the child. This is the crudest form of theft, the most brutal slavery. I have had seventeen years of penal servitude and have been innocent. What can you give me in return for this?

LAURA. Now you are quite mad!

CAPTAIN. [Sits.] That is your hope!... And I have seen how you have labored to conceal your sin. I have had sympathy with you because I did not understand your grief; I have often lulled your evil conscience to rest, because I thought I was chasing away a morbid thought; I have heard you cry out in your sleep without allowing myself to listen. Now I remember the night before last, - Bertha's birthday, - I was sitting up reading between two and three in the morning. You screamed as if some one were strangling you, "Don't, don't!" I knocked on the wall because I wished to hear no more. I have long had my suspicions, but I did not dare to hear them confirmed. I have suffered this for you; what will you do for me?

LAURA. What can I do? I can swear by God and all that I hold sacred that you are

Bertha's father.

CAPTAIN. Of what use is that, as you have said before that a mother can and ought to commit any crime for her child? I implore you by the memory of the past, I implore you as a wounded man begs for

a death-blow, to tell me all. Don't you see that I am as helpless as a child; don't you hear that I am complaining as to a mother; won't you forget that I am a man, that I am a soldier who with a word can tame men and beasts? I simply implore pity like a sick man; I lay down the tokens of my power and pray for mercy on my life.

LAURA. [Approaches him and lays her hand on his brow. What! You are crying,

man!

CAPTAIN. Yes, I am crying, although I am a man. But has not a man eyes? Has not a man hands, limbs, senses, opinions, passions? Is he not fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter as a woman is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? Why should not a man complain, a soldier cry? Because it is unmanly? Why is it unmanly?

LAURA. Cry, then, my child, and you will have your mother with you again. Do you remember that it was as your second mother I first entered your life ? Your great strong body was without nerve. You were a giant child that had either come too early into the world, or perhaps was not wanted.

CAPTAIN. Yes, that's just how it was. My father and mother did not want me, and consequently I was born without a will. I naturally enough thought that I was completing myself when you and I became one, and therefore you got the upper hand; and I, the commander in barracks and before the troops, became obedient to you, grew by you, looked up to you as a highly gifted being, listened to you as if I had been your ignorant child.

LAURA. Yes, so it was, and therefore I loved you as my child. But you know, you must have seen, when the nature of your feelings changed and you appeared as my lover, I blushed and the joy of your embraces turned to remorse as if my blood were ashamed. The mother became the mistress.

Ugh!

CAPTAIN. I saw, but did not understand it. And when I imagined that you despised me for my unmanliness, I wanted to win you as a woman by being a man.

LAURA. Yes, but there was your mistake. The mother was your friend, you see,

but the woman was your enemy, and le between the sexes is strife. Do not believe either that I gave myself; I did not gi but I took - what I wanted. You had advantage, however; that I realized a wanted you to realize.

CAPTAIN. You always had the advanta You could hypnotize me when I was w awake, so that I neither saw nor heard, I merely obeyed; you could give me a r potato and make me imagine it was peach; you could force me to admire yo foolish ideas as if they were strokes genius; you could lead me into crime, y even into dishonorable actions. For were without understanding, and instead carrying out my ideas, you acted on you own initiative. But when at last I awoke reflection and realized that my honor was o raged, I wanted to blot out the memory a great deed, an achievement, a discove or an honorable suicide. I wanted to go the wars, but was not permitted. It v then that I threw myself into science. A now, when I was about to stretch out hand and gather in its fruits, you sudden cut off my arm. Now I am dishonored a can live no longer, for a man cannot 1 without honor.

LAURA. But a woman?

CAPTAIN. Yes, for she has her childr which he has not. But we and the rest mankind lived our lives, unconscious children, full of imaginations, ideals, a illusions, and then we awoke; it was over. But we awoke with our feet on t pillow, and he who waked us was hims a sleep-walker. When women grow old a cease to be women, they get beards on th chin; I wonder what men get who grow and cease to be men. Those who crow were no longer cocks but capons, and t pullets answered the call, so that when thought the sun was about to rise, we fou ourselves in the bright moonlight amic ruins, just as in the good old times. It h only been a little morning slumber w wild dreams, and there was no awakening

LAURA. Do you know, you should he

been a poet!

CAPTAIN. Very possibly.

LAURA. Now I am sleepy, so if you ha any more fancies, keep them till to-morro CAPTAIN. A word more first about rea

ties. Do you hate me?

URA, Yes, sometimes, when you are

PTAIN. This is race-hatred. If it is that we are descended from monkeys, ist at least be from two separate spe-We are not like one another, are we? AURA. What do you mean by all this? APTAIN. I realize that one of us must nder in this struggle.

AURA. Which?

APTAIN. The weaker, of course.

AURA. And the stronger will be in the

APTAIN. Certainly, since he has the

AURA. Then I am right.

APTAIN. Have you the power already,

er.

AURA. Yes; the power of the law, by ns of which I shall put you under conto-morrow.

APTAIN. Under control!

AURA. And then I shall educate my child elf without listening to your visions.

APTAIN. And who will pay for the eduon when I am not there?

URA. Your pension.

APTAIN. [Goes menacingly towards her.] can you have me put under control? AURA. [Takes out a letter.] By means of letter of which an attested copy is lying re the Commissioners in Lunacy.

APTAIN. What letter?

AURA. Moves backwards toward the on the left.] Yours! Your declaration e doctor that you are insane. [CAPTAIN at her in silence.] Now you have full your function as an unfortunately ssary father and breadwinner. You are needed any longer and you must go. must go since you have realized that ntellect is as strong as my will, and you will not stay and acknowledge it.

The CAPTAIN goes to the table, takes the lighted lamp and throws it at LAURA, who escapes backwards

through the door.]

ACT III

ume scene as in former acts. Another lamp e private door is barricaded with a chair. RA. NURSE.

AURA. Did he give you the keys? URSE. Give them to me, no, Heaven help us, but I took them from the things that Nöjd had out to brush.

LAURA. Then it is Nöjd who is on duty

to-day.

NURSE. Yes, it is Nöjd. Laura. Give me the keys.

NURSE. Yes, but it seems like downright stealing. Do you hear his footsteps up there, ma'am? Backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards.

LAURA. Is the door safely fastened?

NURSE. Oh, yes, it's fastened safely

enough.

LAURA. [Opens the desk and sits down at it.] Control your feelings, Margret. Nothing but calm can save us all. [Knock.] Who is it?

Nurse. [Opens passage door.] It is Nöjd.

LAURA. Let him come in.

Nöjd. [Comes in.] A note from the

Colonel.

LAURA. Bring it here. [Reads.] Ah!-Nöjd, have you taken all the cartridges out of the guns and pouches?

NÖJD. I have done what you ordered,

ma'am.

LAURA. Then wait outside while I answer the Colonel's letter.

[NÖJD goes. LAURA writes.] NURSE. Listen, ma'am. Whatever is he doing up there now?

LAURA. Be silent while I write.

[The sound of sawing is heard.] NURSE [half aloud to herself]. Oh, may God in His mercy help us all! Where will this end!

LAURA. There; give this to Nöjd. And my mother is to know nothing of all this.

Do you hear?

[Nurse goes to door. Laura opens drawers in top of bureau and takes out papers.]

[Enter Pastor. He takes a chair and sits by LAURA at the bureau.]

PASTOR. Good-evening, sister. I have been away all day as you heard, and have only just got back. Distressing things have happened here.

LAURA. Yes, brother, never before have I gone through such a night and such a day. PASTOR. Ah; but at all events I see that

you are none the worse.

LAURA. No, God be thanked, but think what might have happened!

Pastor. Do tell me how it all began. I have heard so many different accounts.

LAURA. It began with his wild fancy that he was not Bertha's father, and ended with his throwing the lighted lamp in my

PASTOR. But that is dreadful! It is fully developed insanity. And what is to be done now?

LAURA. We must try to prevent further violence, and the Doctor has sent to the hospital for a strait-waistcoat. In the mean time I have written to the Colonel, and am now trying to acquaint myself with the affairs of the household, which he has conducted in a most reprehensible manner.

PASTOR. It is a sad story, but I have always expected something of the sort. Fire and water must end in exploding! What

have you got there in the drawers.

LAURA. [Opens a drawer in the bureau.] Look, he seems to have kept everything

Pastor [looking through the drawer]. Good Heavens, he has your doll here, and there is your christening-cap and Bertha's rattle; and your letters; and the locket. [Dries his eyes.] He must, after all, have loved you very dearly, Laura. I never kept such things as these !

LAURA. I believe that he used to love me, but time - time changes so many

PASTOR. What is this great paper? The receipt for a grave! Yes, better the grave than the lunatic asylum! Laura, tell me. are you blameless in all this?

LAURA. I? Why should I be to blame because a man goes out of his mind?

PASTOR. Ah, well! I shall say nothing! Blood is thicker than water, after all!

LAURA. What do you dare to mean? PASTOR [gazing at her]. Listen! LAURA. What?

Pastor. Listen. You surely cannot deny that it is in conformity with your wishes that you will be able to educate your child yourself?

LAURA. I don't understand. PASTOR. How I admire you! LAURA. Me? H'm!

PASTOR. And I shall become the guardian of that free-thinker up there. Do you know I have always considered him as a weed in our garden

LAURA. Gives a short suppressed lan and then becomes suddenly grave. And dare to say that to me - his wife?

PASTOR. You are strong, Laura, incre bly strong! Like a trapped fox, you wo rather bite off your own leg than let yo self be caught! Like a master thief accomplice, not even your own conscien Look at yourself in the glass! You d

LAURA. I never use a looking-glass! PASTOR. No, you dare not! Let me l at your hand. Not a treacherous blo stain, not a trace of cunning poison! A tle innocent murder that cannot be reach by the law; an unconscious sin; unc scious! That is a splendid invention! you hear how he is working up there? ware! if the man gets out he will me short work of you.

LAURA. You talk as much as if you l a bad conscience. Accuse me if you can

Pastor. I cannot.

LAURA. You see! You cannot, and the fore I am innocent. You take care of you ward, and I will look after mine! Ther the Doctor.

[Enter Doctor.]

LAURA [getting up]. Good-evening, D tor. You at least will help me, will not? But unfortunately there is not my to be done. Do you hear how he is go on up there? Are you convinced now?

DOCTOR. I am convinced that an act violence has been committed, but the qu tion is whether that act of violence is to considered as an outbreak of anger or

PASTOR. But apart from the actual of break you must acknowledge that his id are those of a monomaniac.

Doctor. I think that your ideas, Past are much more those of a monomaniac.

PASTOR. My firmly rooted convicti

about the highest things-

DOCTOR. We will put convictions on e side. Madam, it rests with you to dec whether your husband has made hims liable to imprisonment and fine or to det tion in an asylum! What do you think the behavior?

LAURA. I will not answer for it now. DOCTOR. Then you have no firmly roo convictions as to what is most advantage the interests of the family? What do

1 say, Pastor? PASTOR. Well, there will be a scandal in

her case. It is not easy to say. LAURA. But if he is only sentenced to a e for violence, he will be able to repeat e violence.

DOCTOR. And if he is sent to prison, he Il soon be out again. Therefore, we coner it most advantageous for all parties at he should immediately be treated as sane. Where is the Nurse?

LAURA. Why?

DOCTOR. She must put the strait-waistat on the patient when I have talked to m and given the order! But not before. I ve — the — the garment out here. [Goes t into the hall and comes in with a large arcel. Please ask the Nurse to come in. [LAURA rings.]

PASTOR. Shocking! Shocking!

[Enter Nurse.]

DOCTOR. [Takes out the strait-waistcoat.] ease pay attention! I wish you to slip is strait-waistcoat on to the Captain from hind when I consider that circumstances quire it to prevent outbreaks of violence. s you see, it has excessively long sleeves th the object of hindering his movements. hey are to be tied at the back. There are o straps here that go through buckles, hich are afterwards made fast to the arm the chair or the sofa or whatever is connient. Will you do this?

NURSE. No, sir, I can't do that; I can't,

 $\operatorname{deed} !$

LAURA. Why don't you do it yourself,

octor?

DOCTOR. Because the patient distrusts e. You, madam, would appear the most ovious person, but I fear that he distrusts ren you.

[LAURA makes an involuntary movement.]

DOCTOR. Perhaps you, Pastor. PASTOR. No, I must decline.

[Enter Nöjd.]

LAURA. Have you delivered the note alady?

Nöjd. Yes, ma'am.

DOCTOR. Is that you, Nöjd? You know e circumstances here; you know that the aptain is out of his mind, and you must elp us to look after him.

Nöjd. If there is anything I can do for the Captain, you may be sure I will do it.

DOCTOR. You are to put this jacket on

him . . .

Nurse. No, he shan't touch him. Nöjd shall not hurt him. I would rather do it myself, very, very gently. But Nöjd can stand outside and help me if necessary. He may do that.

[Loud knocking at the private door.] DOCTOR. Here he is! Put the jacket under your shawl on that chair, and if you will all go out for the present, the Pastor and I will receive him, for that door will not hold out many minutes. Now, go.

NURSE. [Goes out to left.] Lord Jesus help

us!

[LAURA locks bureau, and goes out to left. NÖJD goes out at back.] [The private door is forced open, so that the chair is thrown forward on the floor and the lock is broken.]

[The CAPTAIN comes in with a pile of books under his arm. Puts them on the table.]

CAPTAIN. The whole thing is to be read here, and in every book. So I was not out of my mind! Here it is in the Odyssey, canto one, verse 215, page 6 of the Upsala translation. It is Telemakos who speaks to Athene. "My mother indeed maintains that he, Odysseus, is my father, but I myself know it not, for no man yet hath known his own origin." And this suspicion is harbored by Telemakos of Penelope, the most virtuous of women! It is beautiful! Is it not? And here we have the prophet Ezekiel: "The fool saith; see here is my father, but who can tell whose loins have engendered him." It is quite clear. What have I got here? Mersläkow's History of Russian Literature. "Alexander Pushkin, Russia's greatest poet, was tortured to death by the reports that were circulated about his wife's unfaithfulness rather than by the ball he received in his breast in a duel. On his deathbed he swore that she was innocent." Ass, ass! How could be answer for it? In the mean time you hear that I read my books — Ah, Jonas, are you there? And the Doctor, of course? Have you heard how I answered an English lady, when she complained of an Irishman who used to throw lighted lamps in his wife's face? "God, what women," I cried. - "Women," she lisped. - "Yes, of course," I answered

"When things go to such a length that a man, a man who loved and worshiped a woman, takes a lighted lamp and throws it in her face, then one can tell."

PASTOR. What can one tell?

CAPTAIN. Nothing. One never knows anything. One only believes. Is not that true, Jonas? One believes, and then one is saved! Yes; so one would be. No, I know that one may be lost by one's faith. I know that.

DOCTOR. Captain!

CAPTAIN. Hush! I will not speak to you; I will not hear you repeating the chatter in there like a telephone! In there! You know! - Listen, Jonas; do you believe that you are the father of your children? I remember that you had a tutor in the house who was good-looking, and who was a great deal gossiped about.

Pastor. Adolf, beware!

CAPTAIN. Grope about under your wig, and feel if there are not two knobs there. By my soul, I believe he turns pale! Yes, yes; they only talk; but, good Lord, there is so much talk. Still, we are nothing but ridiculous dupes for all that, we married men. Don't you think so, Doctor? How was it with your marriage bed? Had you not a lieutenant in the house, too? Wait, and I will guess? His name is ----. [Whispers in Doctor's ear.] You see he turns pale, too! Don't be unhappy now. She is dead and buried, and what is done can't be undone! I knew him well, by the by, and he is now . . . look at me, Doctor ... no, right into my eyes ... a major of dragoons! By God, if I don't believe he has horns, too.

DOCTOR [annoyed]. Captain, won't you

talk of something else?

CAPTAIN. Do you see? He immediately wants to talk of something else when I mention horns.

PASTOR. Do you know, Adolf, that you

are insane?

CAPTAIN. Yes; I know that well enough. But if I only had the management of your crowned brains awhile, I should soon have you shut up, too! I am mad, but how did I become so? That does not matter to you, and it does not matter to any one! Will you talk of something else now? [Takes photograph album from the table.] Lord Jesus, is that my child! Mine! We cannot

tell that. Do you know what would ha to be done to make sure? First, one wou have to marry to get a position in socie then immediately be divorced and become lovers, and finally adopt the children. Th one would at least be sure that they we one's adopted children. That is rig enough. But how does all this help I now? What can help me now that y have taken my conception of immortali from me; what do science and philosoph avail me when I have nothing to live for what can I do with life when I have I honor? I grafted my right arm, half n brain, half my marrow on to another ster for I thought they would grow up togeth and knit themselves into a more perfe tree, and then some one came with a kni and cut them asunder below the graft, an now I am only half a tree. As for the other half, it goes on growing with my arm ar half my brain, while I pine and die, fe they were the best parts I gave away. No I will die. Do what you like with me. shall not be found any more.

[The DOCTOR whispers to the PASTO and they go into the inner rooms of the left. Immediately afterward Bertha comes out.]

The CAPTAIN sinks into a chair l BERTHA. [Goes up to him.] Are you il

father? Captain. [Looks up offended.] I?

BERTHA. Do you know what you have done? Do you know that you threw th lamp at mother?

CAPTAIN. Did I?

BERTHA. Yes, you did. Just think if sh had been hurt.

CAPTAIN. What would that have ma tered?

BERTHA. You are not my father if yo can talk like that.

CAPTAIN. What do you say? Am I no your father? How do you know that? Wh told you that? And who is your father then? Who?

BERTHA. Not you, at any rate.

CAPTAIN. Still not I! Who, then? Who You seem to be well informed! Who tol you? That I should live to see my chil come and tell me straight in the face that I am not her father! But do you not kno that you disgrace your mother when you that? Do you not know that it is her me if it is so?

BERTHA. Say nothing bad about mother;

you hear? CAPTAIN. No; you all hold together ainst me! And so you have done all the

BERTHA. Father!

CAPTAIN. Do not say that word again!

BERTHA. Father, father!

CAPTAIN [drawing her to him]. Bertha, arly beloved child, you are my child, are u not? Yes, yes; it cannot be otherwise. is so. The rest was only morbid thoughts nich come on the wind like pestilence and vers. Look at me, and then I shall see y soul in your eyes! - But I see her soul, o! You have two souls, and you love me th one of them and hate me with the her. But you must only love me! You ust only have one soul, or you will never ve peace, nor I either. You must only we one thought, which is the child of my ought; you must only have one will, hich is mine.

BERTHA. But I will not. I want to be

vself.

CAPTAIN. You must not. You see, I am cannibal, and I will eat you. Your mother anted to eat me, but she could not. I am aturn who ate his children because it had een prophesied that they would eat him. o eat or be eaten! That is the question. I do not eat you, you will eat me, and ou have already showed me your teeth! ut don't be frightened, my darling child; won't do you any harm.

[Goes to the trophy of weapons and

takes down a revolver.]

BERTHA [trying to escape]. Help, mother,

elp, he's going to murder me!

NURSE [coming in]. Mr. Adolf, what is it? CAPTAIN. [Examines revolver.] Have you ken the cartridges out?

NURSE. Yes, I just tidied them away, ut sit down and be quiet, and I'll get them

ut again!

[She takes the CAPTAIN by the arm and puts him in a chair, into which he sinks feebly. Then she takes out the strait-waistcoat and places herself behind the chair. BERTHA slips out on the left.]

NURSE. Mr. Adolf, do you remember then you were my darling little child and

I tucked you in of nights, and said "Gentle Jesus" to you, and do you remember how I got up in the night and gave you a drink; do you remember how I lighted the candle and talked about pretty things when you had bad dreams and could n't sleep? Do you remember?

CAPTAIN. Go on talking, Margret, it soothes my head so: go on talking again.

NURSE. Oh, yes, but you must listen to me! Do you remember when you once took the great kitchen knife and wanted to cut out boats with it, and how I came in and had to get the knife away by tricking you? You were a little foolish child so I had to trick you, for you did n't believe that we meant well by you. "Give me that ugly snake," I said, "or it will bite you!" and then you gave up the knife. [Takes the revolver out of the CAPTAIN'S hand. And then when you had to dress yourself and did n't want to. Then I had to coax you and say that you should have a golden coat and be dressed like a prince. And then I took your little vest that was only made of green worsted, and held it up in front of you, and said, "In with both arms," and then I said, "Sit nice and still while I button it down the back." [She gets the jacket on.] And then I said, "Get up now, and walk across the floor like a good boy so that I can see whether it's straight. [She leads him to the sofa.] And then I said, "Now you must go to bed."

CAPTAIN. What did you say? Was I to go to bed when I was dressed? . . . Damnation! What have you done with me? [Tries to free himself.] Ah! You infernally cunning woman! Who would have thought that you had so much wit. [Lies down on the sofa. Trapped, shorn, outwitted, for-

bidden to die.

NURSE. Forgive me, Mr. Adolf, forgive me, but I wanted to hinder you from killing your child.

CAPTAIN. Why did n't you let me kill the child? For life is a hell and death a heaven, and children belong to heaven.

NURSE. How do you know what comes

after death?

CAPTAIN. That is the only thing we do know, but of life we know nothing ! Oh, if one had only known from the beginning.

NURSE. Mr. Adolf, humble your hard heart and cry to God for mercy; it is not yet too late. It was not too late for the thief on the cross when the Saviour said, "Today shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

CAPTAIN. Are you croaking for a corpse

already, old crow?

[Nurse takes a hymn book out of her pocket.]

CAPTAIN. [Calls.] Nöjd, is Nöjd there?

[Enter Nöjd.]

CAPTAIN. Fling that woman out! She is trying to strangle me with her hymn book. Throw her out of the window, or up the chimney or anywhere.

NÖJD. [Looks at NURSE.] Heaven help you, Captain, but I can't do that, I simply can't. If only it were six men; but a wom-

an!

CAPTAIN. Have you never got the better

of a woman, heigh?

Nöjd. Of course I have, but it is a very different thing to lay hands on a woman.

CAPTAIN. Why is it so different? Have

they not laid hands on me?

Nöjd. Yes, but I can't, Captain. It is downright as if you were to ask me to strike the Pastor. It's against nature! I can't!

[Enter LAURA. She signs to NÖJD to go.]

CAPTAIN. Omphale, Omphale! Now you play with the club while Hercules spins the wool. [Laura comes forward to the sofa.]

LAURA. Adolf. Look at me. Do you think

that I am your enemy?

CAPTAIN. Yes, I do think so. I believe that you are all my enemies! My mother, who did not want to bring me into the world because I was to be born with pain, was my enemy when she deprived my embryonic life of its nourishment and made a weakling of me. My sister was my enemy when she taught me that I was to be obedient to her. The first woman I embraced was my enemy, for she gave me ten years of illness in payment for the love I gave her. My daughter became my enemy when she had to choose between me and you. And you, my wife, you have been my arch-enemy, because you have never left me till I lay here lifeless.

LAURA. I don't know that I ever thought or intended what you think I did. It may be that an obscure desire to get rid of you as something troublesome may have existed within me, and if you see any plan in my conduct, it is possible that it was to be four there, although I was unconscious of it. have never reflected about my actions, be they have proceeded on the lines that yourself laid down, and before God and neonscience I consider myself innocent, evif I am not. Your existence has lain like stone on my heart, which weighed so hearly that the heart sought to shake off the oppressive burden. These are the facts, are if I have wounded you to the death, I are your forgiveness.

CAPTAIN. All that sounds plausible. B of what help is it to me? And whose the fault? Perhaps that of a spiritual mariage! Formerly one married a wife, no one enters into partnership with a busine woman, or goes to live with a friend. And then one cheats the partner, and on rages the friend! What becomes of lov healthy physical love? It dies in the meatime. And what is the result of this love shares, payable to the bearer without joi liability? Who is the bearer when the crast comes? Who is the fleshly father to the spiritual child?

LAURA. And with regard to your susp cions about the child, they are quite withou

foundation.

CAPTAIN. That is just what is so appaling! If at least there was any foundation for them, it would be something to take hold of, to cling to. Now there are only shadows that hide themselves in the bushes and stick out their heads to grin; it is like fighting with the air, or firing blank carridges at a sham-fight. A fatal reality would have called forth resistance, nerved life and soul to action; but now my thoughts dissolve into thin air, and my brain grinds a void until it is on fire. Put a pillow under mead, and throw something over me, I are cold. I am so terribly cold!

[LAURA takes her shawl and spread it over him. Nurse goes to fetch

LAURA. Give me your hand, friend.

CAPTAIN. My hand! The hand that yo have bound! Omphale! Omphale!... Bu I can feel your shawl against my mouth it is as warm and soft as your arm, and is smells of vanilla, like your hair when yo were young! Laura, when you were young and we walked in the birchwoods, with the oxlips and the thrushes ... glorious, glor

! Think how beautiful life was, and what s now. You did not wish to have it so, I neither did I, and yet it happened. ho, then, rules over life?

LAURA. God alone rules . . .

CAPTAIN. The God of strife, then! Or chaps the goddess nowadays. Take away e cat that is lying on me! Take it ay!

[Nurse brings in a pillow and takes

away the shawl.]

CAPTAIN. Give me my uniform coat! row it over me! [NURSE takes the coat om the clothes-pegs and lays it over him. n, my rough lion-skin that you wanted take away from me! Omphale! Omale! Thou cunning woman who wast the ver of peace and the deviser of disarma-ents! Wake, Hercules, before they take y club from thee! You will wile our mor off us, too, and make believe that it tinsel. No, it was iron, do you hear, bere it became tinsel. In olden days the nith made the cuirass; now it is the eedlewoman. Omphale! Omphale! Rude rength has fallen before treacherous eakness. — Out on you, infernal woman, nd damnation on your sex! [He raises mself to spit at her, but falls back onto the fa.] What sort of a pillow have you given e, Margret? It is so hard, and so cold, cold! Come and sit here by me on the nair. There now! May I lay my head on our lap? Ah, that is warm! Bend over e so that I can feel your breast! Oh, it sweet to sleep on a woman's breast, a other's or a mistress's, but the mother's

best.

LAURA. Would you like to see your

hild, Adolf?

CAPTAIN. My child? A man has no hildren; it is only women who have chilren; and therefore the future is theirs,

when we die childless. Oh, God! who lovest children!

Nurse. Listen, he is praying to God.

CAPTAIN. No, to you to put me to sleep, for I am tired, so tired. Good-night, Margret, and blessed be you among women.

[He raises himself but falls back on the Nurse's lap with a cry.]

[Laura goes to the left and calls in the Doctor who enters with the Pastor.]

LAURA. Help, Doctor! if it is not too late. Look, he has ceased to breathe!

DOCTOR. [Feels the patient's pulse.] It is

a fit.

PASTOR. Is he dead?

DOCTOR. No; he may still come back to life, but to what an awakening we do not know.

PASTOR. "First death, and then the judg-

ment."

DOCTOR. No judgment, and no accusations. You who believe that a God overrules the fortunes of men must ask of Him concerning this matter.

Nurse. Ah, Pastor, he prayed to God in

his last moments.

PASTOR. [To LAURA.] Is that true?

LAURA. It is true.

DOCTOR. In that case, of which I can judge just as little as of the origin of the illness, my science is at an end. You try now, Pastor.

LAURA. Is this all that you have to say

by this deathbed, Doctor?

DOCTOR. This is all! I know no more. Let him speak that knows more!

[Bertha enters on the left and runs forward to her mother.]

BERTHA. Mother! Mother! LAURA. My child, my own child! PASTOR. Amen.



THE CHERRY ORCHARD

By ANTON TCHEKHOV

Translated, with text notes, by GEORGE CALDERON

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LIST OF PERSONS

Madame Ranévsky, a landowner
Ánya, her daughter, aged seventeen
Barbara, her adopted daughter, aged twenty-seven
Leonid Gáyef, brother of Madame Ranévsky
Lopákhin, a merchant
Peter Trophímof, a student
Simeónof-Píshtchik, a landowner
Charlotte, a governess
Ephikhódof, a clerk
Dunyásha, a housemaid
Firs, man-servant, aged eighty-seven
Yásha, a young man-servant
Tramp
Stationmaster, Post-Office Official, Guests, Servants, etc.

The action takes place on Madame Ranévsky's property.



CHERRY ORCHARD THE

ACT I

room which is still called the nursery. One leads to ANYA's room. Dawn; the sun will rise. It is already May; the cherry trees n blossom, but it is cold in the garden and is a morning frost. The windows are

er Dunyásha with a candle, and Lopá-KHIN with a book in his hand.]

OPÁKHIN. So the train has come in, k Heaven. What is the time?

UNYÁSHA. Nearly two. [Putting the

lle out. It is light already.

OPÁKHIN. How late is the train? A ole of hours at least. [Yawning and ching.] What do you think of me? A fool I have made of myself. I came on pose to meet them at the station and then ent and fell asleep, fell asleep as I sat in chair. What a nuisance it is! You might e woke me up anyway.

UNYÁSHA. I thought that you had e. [She listens.] That sounds like them

ing up. OPAKHIN [listening]. No; they have got get the luggage out and all that. [A se.] Madame Ranévsky has been five rs abroad. I wonder what she has bene like. What a splendid creature she is! easy and simple in her ways. I rememwhen I was a youngster of fifteen my father (he used to keep the shop here in village then) struck me in the face with fist and set my nose bleeding. We had ae, for some reason or other, I forget at, into the courtyard, and he had been nking. Madame Ranévsky — I rememit like yesterday, still a young girl, and so slender - brought me to the washnd stand, here, in this very room, in the rsery. "Don't cry, little peasant," she d, "it'll mend by your wedding." 1 [A use.] "Little peasant"! . . . My father, s true, was a peasant, and here am I in

It'll mend by your wedding: a proverbial phrase.

a white waistcoat and brown boots; a silk purse out of a sow's ear, as you might say; just turned rich, with heaps of money, but when you come to look at it, still a peasant of the peasants. [Turning over the pages of the book. Here's this book that I was reading and did n't understand a word of it; I

just sat reading and fell asleep.

Dunyásha. The dogs never slept all night; they knew that their master and

mistress were coming.

LOPAKHIN. What's the matter with you,

Dunyásha? You're all . . .

DUNYÁSHA. My hands are trembling;

I feel quite faint.

LOPÁKHIN. You are too refined, Dunvásha; that 's what it is. You dress yourself like a young lady; and look at your hair ! You ought not to do it ; you ought to remember your place.

[Enter Ephikhodof with a nosegay. He is dressed in a short jacket and brightly polished boots which squeak noisily. As he comes in he drops the nosegay.]

Ернікно́ро [picking it up]. The gardener has sent this; he says it is to go in the dining-room. [Handing it to DUNYÁSHA.] LOPÁKHIN. And bring me some quass.

Dunyásha. Yes, sir. [Exit Dunyásha.] Ернікно́рог. There 's a frost this morning, three degrees, and the cherry trees all in blossom. I can't say I think much of our climate; [sighing] that is impossible. Our climate is not adapted to contribute; and I should like to add, with your permission, that only two days ago I bought myself a new pair of boots, and I venture to assure you they do squeak beyond all bearing. What am I to grease them with?

LOPÁKHIN. Get out; I'm tired of you. EPHIKHÓDOF. Every day some misfortune happens to me; but do I grumble? No; I am used to it; I can afford to smile. [Enter DUNYASHA, and hands a glass of quass to Lopákhin.

Ернікно́рог. І must be going. [He knocks against a chair, which falls to the ground.] There you are! [In a voice of triumph.] You see, if I may venture on the expression, the sort of incidents inter alia. It really is astonishing!

[Exit Ephikhodof.]

DUNYÁSHA. To tell you the truth, Yermolái Alexéyitch, Ephikhódof has made me a proposal.

LOPÁKHIN. Hmph!

DUNYÁSHA. I hardly know what to do. He is such a well-behaved young man, only so often when he talks one doesn't know what he means. It is all so nice and full of good feeling, but you can't make out what it means. I fancy I am rather fond of him. He adores me passionately. He is a most unfortunate man; every day something seems to happen to him. They call him "Twenty-two misfortunes," that 's his nickname.

LOPÁKHIN [listening]. There, surely that

is them coming!

DUNYÁSHA. They 're coming! Oh, what is the matter with me? I am all turning cold.

LOPÁKHIN. Yes, there they are, and no mistake. Let's go and meet them. Will she know me again, I wonder? It is five years since we met.

DUNYÁSHA. I am going to faint! . . . I

um going to faint !

[Two carriages are heard driving up to the house. Lopakhin and Dun-YASHA exeunt quickly. The stage remains empty. A hubbub begins in the neighboring rooms. FIRS walks hastily across the stage, leaning on a walking-stick. He has been to meet them at the station. He is wearing an old-fashioned livery and a tall hat; he mumbles something to himself, but not a word is audible. The noise behind the scenes grows louder and louder. A voice says: "Let's go this way." MADAME RANÉVSKY, ANYA, CHAR-LOTTE, leading a little dog on a chain, all dressed in travelingdresses; BARBARA in greatcoat, with a kerchief over her head, GAYEF, SIMEÓNOF-PÍSHTCHIK, LO-PÁKHIN, DUNYÁSHA, carrying par-

cel and umbrella, servants with gage, all cross the stage.]

ÂNYA. Come through this way. Do remember what room this is, mamma? MADAME RANEVSKY [joyfully, thro

her tears]. The nursery.

BARBARA. How cold it is. My hands simply frozen. [To MADAME RANEVSK Your two rooms, the white room and violet room, are just the same as they we

MADAME RANÉVSKY. My nursery, dear, beautiful nursery! This is where used to sleep when I was a little g [Crying.] I am like a little girl still. [K ing GAYEF and BARBARA and then GAY again.] Barbara has not altered a bit : is just like a nun; and I knew Dunyás at once. [Kissing DUNYÁSHA.]

GAYEF. Your train was two hours le What do you think of that? There 's pu

tuality for you!

CHARLOTTE. [To SIMEÓNOF-PÍSHTCHI My little dog eats nuts.

Pishtchik [astonished]. You don't so! Well, I never! [Exeunt all but ANYA and DUNYASE

Dunyásha. At last you've come! [She takes off Anya's overcoat and hat.] ANYA. I have not slept for four night

on the journey. I am frozen to death. DUNYÁSHA. It was Lent when you we away. There was snow on the ground; was freezing; but now! Oh, my dea [Laughing and kissing her.] How I ha waited for you, my joy, my light! Oh, must tell you something at once, I cann wait another minute.

ANYA [without interest]. What, again ? DUNYÁSHA. Ephikhódof, the clerk, pr

posed to me in Easter Week.

ANYA. Same old story. . . . [Putti her hair straight.] All my hairpins ha dropped out.

[She is very tired, staggering with f tigue.]

DUNYÁSHA. I hardly know what think of it. He loves me! Oh, how ! loves me!

ANYA [looking into her bedroom, affe tionately]. My room, my windows, just if I had never gone away! I am at hon again! When I wake up in the morning shall run out into the garden. . . . Oh, only I could get to sleep! I have not sle hole journey from Paris, I was so us and anxious.

NYÁSHA. Monsieur Trophímof arrived

ay before yesterday. YA [joyfully]. Peter?

NYÁSHA. He is sleeping outside in ath-house; he is living there. He was he might be in the way. [Looking at atch.] I'd like to go and wake him, Mamzelle Barbara told me not to. d you don't wake him," she said.

BARBARA with bunch of keys hanging from her girdle.]

RBARA. Dunyásha, go and get some e, quick. Mamma wants some coffee.

INYÁSHA. In a minute!

[Exit DUNYÁSHA.]

RBARA. Well, thank Heaven, you come. Here you are at home again. essing her.] My little darling is back! retty one is back!

YA. What I've had to go through!

RBARA. I can believe you.

XA. I left here in Holy Week. How it was! Charlotte would talk the whole and keep doing conjuring tricks. What rth made you tie Charlotte round my

ARBARA. Well, you could n't travel

e, my pet. At seventeen! ! There was snow on the ground. I talk French a bit. Mamma was on ifth floor of a big house. When I ar-I there were a lot of Frenchmen with and ladies, and an old Catholic priest a book, and it was very uncomfortable full of tobacco smoke. I suddenly felt erry for mamma, oh, so sorry! I took nead in my arms and squeezed it and d not let it go, and then mamma kept ng me and crying.

ARBARA [crying]. Don't go on; don't

NYA. She's sold her villa near Menalready. She's nothing left, absolutely ing; and I had n't a farthing either. only just managed to get home. And nma won't understand! We get out at a on to have some dinner, and she asks for he most expensive things and gives the ers a florin each for a tip; and Chardoes the same. And Yasha wanted portion, too. It was too awful! Yasha

is mamma's new manservant. We have brought him back with us.

BARBARA. I've seen the rascal.

ANYA. Come, tell me all about everything! Has the interest on the mortgage been paid?

BARBARA. How could it be?

ANYA. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

BARBARA. The property will be sold in August.

ANYA. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

LOPÁKHIN [looking in at the door and mooing like a cow]. Moo-oo!

[He goes away again.] BARBARA [laughing through her tears, and shaking her fist at the door]. Oh, I should like to give him one!

ANYA [embracing BARBARA softly]. Bar-

bara, has he proposed to you?

[BARBARA shakes her head.] ANYA. And yet I am sure he loves you. Why don't you come to an understanding?

What are you waiting for?

BARBARA. I don't think anything will come of it. He has so much to do; he can't be bothered with me; he hardly takes any notice. Confound the man, I can't bear to see him! Every one talks about our marriage; every one congratulates me; but, as a matter of fact, there is nothing in it; it's all a dream. [Changing her tone.] You've got on a brooch like a bee.

ANYA [sadly]. Mamma bought it me. Going into her room, talking gayly, like a child. When I was in Paris, I went up

in a balloon!

BARBARA. How glad I am you are back, my little pet! my pretty one!

DUNYÁSHA has already returned with a coffee-pot and begins to prepare

the coffee.]

BARBARA [standing by the door]. I trudge about all day looking after things, and I think and think. What are we to do? If only we could marry you to some rich man it would be a load off my mind. I would go into a retreat, and then to Kief, to Moscow; I would tramp about from one holy place to another, always tramping and tramping. What bliss!

ANYA. The birds are singing in the gar-

den. What time is it now?

BARBARA. It must be past two. It is time to go to bed, my darling. [Following ANYA into her room.] What bliss! [Enter Yasha with a shawl and a travelingbag.1

YASHA [crossing the stage, delicately]. May I pass this way, mademoiselle?

DUNYÁSHA. One would hardly know you, Yásha. How you've changed abroad! YASHA. Ahem! And who may you be?

DUNYÁSHA. When you left here I was a little thing like that \indicating with her hand]. My name is Dunyásha, Theodore Kozoyédof's daughter. Don't you remember me?

YASHA. Ahem! You little cucumber! [He looks round cautiously, then embraces her. She screams and drops a saucer. Exit Yasha hastily.]

BARBARA [in the doorway, crossly]. What 's all this?

Dunyásha [crying]. I 've broken a sau-

BARBARA. Well, it brings luck.

[Enter ANYA from her room.]

ANYA. We must tell mamma that Peter's here.

BARBARA. I've told them not to wake him.

ANYA [thoughtfully]. It's just six years since papa died. And only a month afterwards poor little Grisha was drowned in the river; my pretty little brother, only seven years old! It was too much for mamma; she ran away, ran away without looking back. [Shuddering.] How well I can understand her, if only she knew! [A pause.] Peter Trophimof was Grisha's tutor; he might remind her.

(Enter Firs in long coat and white waistcoat.)

Firs [going over to the coffee-pot, anxiously]. My mistress is going to take coffee here. [Putting on white gloves.] Is the coffee ready? [Sternly, to DUNYASHA.] Here, girl, where 's the cream?

Dunyasha. Oh, dear! oh, dear!

[Exit Dunyásha hastily.] FIRS [bustling about the coffee-pot]. Ah, you . . . job-lot! 1 [Mumbling to himself.] She's come back from Paris. The master went to Paris once in a post-chaise.

[Laughing.]

BARBARA. What is it, Firs?

Firs. I beg your pardon? Joyfu My mistress has come home; at last] seen her. Now I 'm ready to die.

[He cries with joy. Enter MAD. RANÉVSKY, LOPÁKHIN. GÁ and Pishtchik; Pishtchik Russian breeches and coat of cloth. Gáyef as he enters m gestures as if playing billiards.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. What was the pression? Let me see. "I'll put the re the corner pocket; double into the n dle -- "

GAYEF. I'll chip the red in the rig hand top. Once upon a time, Lyuba, w we were children, we used to sleep here by side in two little cots, and now I 'm fi one, and can't bring myself to believe i

LOPÁKHIN. Yes: time flies. GAYEF. Who's that? LOPÁKHIN. Time flies, I sav.

GAYEF. There 's a smell of patchouli ÁNYA. I am going to bed. Good-nig

Kissing her moth MADAME RANÉVSKY. My beloved li girl! [Kissing her hands.] Are you g you're home again? I can't come to right senses.

ANYA. Good-night, uncle.

GAYEF [kissing her face and hands]. Obless you, little Anya. How like your mot you are! [To MADAME RANEVSKY.]] were just such another girl at her a Lyuba.

ANYA shakes hands with LOPAK and Simeonof-Pishtchik, exit, shutting her bedroom door hind her.]

MADAME RANEVSKY. She's very, ve tired.

PÍSHTCHIK. It must have been a lo journey.

BARBARA. [To LOPÁKHIN and Pis TCHIK.] Well, gentlemen, it's past tw

time you were off.

MADAME RANÉVSKY [laughing]. Y have n't changed a bit, Barbara! [Draw her to herself and kissing her.] I'll just f ish my coffee, then we'll all go. [Firs put footstool under her feet.] Thank you, fried I'm used to my coffee. I drink it day a night. Thank you, you dear old man.

Kissing FI BARBARA. I'll go and see if they've all the luggage. Exit BARBAR

¹ Job-lot. In the original, nedotëpa, a word invented by Tchekhov, and now established as classical. Derived from ne, not, and dotyápat, to finish chopping.

ADAME RANÉVSKY. Can it be me that's ng here? [Laughing.] I want to jump wave my arms about. [Pausing and covher face. Surely I must be dreaming! knows I love my country. I love it lerly. I could n't see out of the window a the train, I was crying so. [Crying.] vever, I must drink my coffee. Thank Firs; thank you, you dear old man. so glad to find you still alive.

IRS. The day before yesterday. AYEF. He's hard of hearing.

OPÁKHIN. I 've got to be off for Kharkof he five-o'clock train. Such a nuisance! anted to stay and look at you and talk you. You're as splendid as you always

'ishtchik [sighing heavily]. Handsomer n ever and dressed like a Parisian . . . ish my wagon and all its wheels!

OPÁKHIN. Your brother, Leonid Andréch, says I'm a snob, a money-grubber. can say what he likes. I don't care a g. Only I want you to believe in me as used to; I want your wonderful, toucheyes to look at me as they used to. reiful God in heaven! My father was ir father's serf, and your grandfather's f before him; but you, you did so much me in the old days that I've forgotten rything, and I love you like a sister re than a sister.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. I can't sit still! an't do it! [Jumping up and walking ut in great agitation.] This happiness is re than I can bear. Laugh at me! I am ool! [Kissing a cupboard.] My darling cupboard! [Caressing a table.] My dear

le table!

GAYEF. Nurse is dead since you went

MADAME RANÉVSKY [sitting down and nking coffee]. Yes, Heaven rest her soul. ey wrote and told me.

GÁYEF. And Anastási is dead. Squinted Peter has left us and works in the wn at the Police Inspector's now.

[GAYEF takes out a box of sugar candy from his pocket, and begins to eat it.] Píshtchik. My daughter Dáshenka sent

r compliments.

LOPÁKHIN. I long to say something arming and delightful to you. [Looking his watch.] I'm just off; there's no time talk. Well, yes, I'll put it in two or

three words. You know that your cherry orchard is going to be sold to pay the mortgage: the sale is fixed for the 22d of August; but don't you be uneasy, my dear lady; sleep peacefully; there's a way out of it. This is my plan. Listen to me carefully Your property is only fifteen miles from the town: the railway runs close beside it; and if only you will cut up the cherry orchard and the land along the river into building lots and let it off on lease for villas, you will get at least two thousand five hundred pounds a year out of it.

GAYEF. Come, Come! What rubbish

you're talking!

MADAME RANÉVSKY. I don't quite understand what you mean, Yermolái Alexévitch.

LOPÁKHIN. You will get a pound a year at least for every acre from the tenants, and if you advertise the thing at once, I am ready to bet whatever you like, by the autumn you won't have a clod of that earth left on your hands. It 'll all be snapped up. In two words, I congratulate you; you are saved. It's a first-class site, with a good deep river. Only, of course you will have to put it in order and clear the ground; you will have to pull down all the old buildings this house, for instance, which is no longer fit for anything; you'll have to cut down the cherry orchard. . . .

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Cut down the cherry orchard! Excuse me, but you don't know what you are talking about. If there is one thing that's interesting, remarkable in fact, in the whole province, it's our

cherry orchard.

LOPÁKHIN. There 's nothing remarkable about the orchard except that it's a very big one. It only bears once every two years, and then you don't know what to do with the fruit. Nobody wants to buy it.

GAYEF. Our cherry orchard is mentioned

in Andréyevsky's Encyclopædia.

LOPARHIN [looking at his watch]. If we don't make up our minds or think of any way, on the 22d of August the cherry orchard and the whole property will be sold by auction. Come, make up your mind) There 's no other way out of it, I swear absolutely none.

Firs. In the old days, forty or fifty years ago, they used to dry the cherries and soak 'em and pickle 'em, and make jam of 'em;

and the dried cherries . . .

GAYEF. Shut up, Firs.

Firs. The dried cherries used to be sent in wagons to Moscow and Kharkof. A heap of money! The dried cherries were soft and juicy and sweet and sweet-smelling then. They knew some way in those days.

MADAME RANEVSKY. And why don't

they do it now?

Firs. They've forgotten. Nobody re-

members how to do it.

PÍSHTCHIK. [To MADAME RANÉVSKY.] What about Paris? How did you get on? Did you eat frogs?

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Crocodiles.

PÍSHTCHIK. You don't say so! Well, I never!

LOPAKHIN. Until a little while ago there was nothing but gentry and peasants in the villages; but now villa residents have made their appearance. All the towns, even the little ones, are surrounded by villas now. In another twenty years the villa resident will have multiplied like anything. At present he only sits and drinks tea on his veranda, but it is quite likely that he will soon take to cultivating his three acres of land, and then your old cherry orchard will become fruitful, rich and happy....

GAYEF [angry]. What gibberish!

[Enter Barbara and Yásha.]

BARBARA [taking out a key and nxisily unlocking an old-fashioned cupboard]. There are two telegrams for you, mamma. Here they are.

MADAME RANÉVSKY [tearing them up without reading them]. They're from Paris.

I've done with Paris.

GAYEF. Do you know how old this cupboard is, Lyuba? A week ago I pulled out the bottom drawer and saw a date burnt in it. That cupboard was made exactly a hundred years ago. What do you think of that, eh? We might celebrate its jubilee. It's only an inanimate thing, but for all that it's a historic cupboard.

Pishtchik [astonished]. A hundred

years? Well, I never!

GAYEF [touching the cupboard]. Yes, it's a wonderful thing... Beloved and venerable cupboard; honor and glory to your existence, which for more than a hundred years has been directed to the noble ideals of justice and virtue. Your silent summons to profitable labor has never weak-

ened in all these hundred years. [Crying You have upheld the courage of succeeding generations of our humankind; you have upheld faith in a better future and cheished in us ideals of goodness and socioonsciousness.

[A pause

changed, Leonid.

GAYEF[embarrassed]. Off the white in the corner, chip the red in the middle pocket

LOPÁKHIN [looking at his watch]. Wel

I must be off.

YASHA [handing a box to MADAME R. NEVSKY]. Perhaps you'll take your pil now.

PÍSHTCHIK. You ought n't to take med cine, dear lady. It does you neither goo nor harm. Give them here, my friend. [A empties all the pills into the palm of his han blows on them, puts them in his mouth, ar swallows them down with a draught of quass There!

MADAME RANÉVSKY [alarmed]. Hav

you gone off your head?

PISHTCHIK. I've taken all the pills.

LOPÁKHIN. Greedy feller!

[Every one laughs Firs [mumbling]. They were here is Easter Week and finished off a gallon opickled gherkins.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. What's he talking

about?

BARBARA. He 's been mumbling like that these three years. We 've got used to it.

YASHA. Advancing age.

[Charlotte crosses in a white frock, very thir tightly laced, with a lorgnette at her waist.]

LOPARHIN. Excuse me, Charlotte Ivan ovna, I've not paid my respects to you ye He prepares to kiss her hand

CHARLOTTE [drawing her hand away]. I one allows you to kiss one's hand, you will want to kiss one's elbow next, and the one's shoulder.

LOPÁKHIN. I'm having no luck to-day [All laugh.] Charlotte Ivánovna, do us

conjuring trick.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Charlotte, do d

us a conjuring trick.

CHARLOTTE. No, thank you. I'm going o bed. [Exit CHARLOTTE LOPÁKHIN. We shall meet again in thre

weeks. [Kissing MADAME RANEVSKY' hand.] Meanwhile, good-bye. I must be off

GAYEF. So-long. Kissing Pishtchik. a. Shaking hands with BARBARA, then FIRS and YASHA. I hate having to go. MADAME RANÉVSKY.] If you make our mind about the villas, let me know, I'll raise you five thousand pounds at Think it over seriously.

ARBABA [angrily]. For Heaven's sake,

PÁKHIN. I'm going, I'm going.

[Exit LOPÁKHIN.] AYEF. Snob! . . . However, pardon! para's going to marry him; he's Bar-'s young man.

ARBARA. You talk too much, uncle. ADAME RANÉVSKY. Why, Barbara, I be very glad. He's a nice man.

SHICHIK. Not a doubt of it. . . . A t worthy individual. My Dáshenka, she . . . oh, she says . . . lots of things. oring and waking up again at once. By by, dear lady, can you lend me twentypounds? I've got to pay the interest ny mortgage to-morrow.

ARBARA [alarmed]. We can't!

IADAME RANÉVSKY. It really is a fact

I have n't any money.

ishtchik. I'll find it somewhere. ughing. I never lose hope. Last time I ight, "Now I really am done for, I'm ined man," when behold, they ran a railover my land and paid me compensa-. And so it 'll be again; something will pen, if not to-day, then to-morrow. henka may win the twenty-thousandnd prize; she 's got a ticket in the lot-

IADAME RANÉVSKY. The coffee's fin-

d. Let's go to bed.

IRS [brushing GAYEF'S clothes, admonishy]. You've put on the wrong trousers in. Whatever am I to do with you? BARBARA [softly]. Anya is asleep. [She ns the window quietly.] The sun's up aldy; it is n't cold now. Look, mamma, v lovely the trees are. Heavens! what a et air! The starlings are singing!

FAYEF [opening the other window]. The hard is all white. You 've not forgotten Lyuba? This long avenue going straight straight on, like a ribbon between the es? It shines like silver on moonlight

hts. Do you remember? You've not gotten?

MADAME RANÉVSKY [looking out into the garden]. Oh, my childhood, my pure and happy childhood! I used to sleep in this nursery. I used to look out from here into the garden. Happiness awoke with me every morning; and the orchard was just the same then as it is now; nothing is altered. [Laughing with joy.] It is all white, all white! Oh, my cherry orchard! After the dark and stormy autumn and the frosts of winter you are young again and full of happiness; the angels of heaven have not abandoned you. Oh! if only I could free my neck and shoulders from the stone that weighs them down! If only I could forget my past!

GAYEF. Yes; and this orchard will be sold to pay our debts, however impossible

it may seem. . . .

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Look! There's mamma walking in the orchard . . . in a white frock! [Laughing with joy.] There she is!

GAYEF. Where?

BARBARA. Heaven help you!

MADAME RANÉVSKY. There's no one there really. It only looked like it; there on the right where the path turns down to the summer-house; there's a white tree that leans over and looks like a woman.

[Enter Trophimof in a shabby student uniform and spectacles.]

MADAME RANEVSKY. What a wonderful orchard, with its white masses of blossom

and the blue sky above!

TROPHÍMOF. Lyubóf Andréyevna! [She looks round at him.] I only want to say, "How do you do," and go away at once. [Kissing her hand eagerly.] I was told to wait till the morning, but I had n't the patience.

[MADAME RANÉVSKY looks at him in astonishment.]

BARBARA [crying]. This is Peter Trophs mof.

TROPHÍMOF. Peter Trophímof; I was Grisha's tutor, you know. Have I really altered so much?

[MADAME RANÉVSKY embraces him and cries softly.]

GAYEF. Come, come, that's enough, Lyuba!

BARBARA [crying]. I told you to wait till to-morrow, you know, Peter.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. My little Grisha! My little boy! Grisha . . . my son. . . .

Barbara. It can't be helped, mamma.

It was the will of God.

TROPHÍMOF [gently, crying]. There, there! MADAME RANÉVSKY [crying]. He was drowned. My little boy was drowned. Why? What was the use of that, my dear? [In a softer voice.] Anya's asleep in there, and I am speaking so loud, and making a noise. . . . But tell me, Peter, why have you grown so ugly? Why have you grown so old?

TROPHÍMOF. An old woman in the train

called me a "mouldy gentleman."

MADAME RANÉVSKY. You were quite a boy then, a dear little student, and now your hair's going and you wear spectacles. Are you really still a student?

[Going toward the door.]

TROPHÍMOF. Yes, I expect I shall be a

perpetual student. MADAME RANEVSKY [kissing her brother and then BARBARA]. Well, go to bed. You've grown old too, Leonid.

PÍSHTCHIK [following her]. Yes, yes; sime for bed. Oh, oh, my gout! I'll stay the night here. Don't forget, Lyubof Andréyevna, my angel, to-morrow morning . . . twenty-five.

GAYEF. He 's still on the same string. PÍSHTCHIK. Twenty-five . . . to pay the interest on my mortgage.

MADAME RANEVSKY. I have n't any

money, my friend.

PÍSHTCHIK. I'll pay you back, dear lady. It's a trifling sum.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Well, well, Leonid

will give it you. Let him have it, Leonid. GAYEF [ironical]. I'll give it him right enough! Hold your pocket wide!1

MADAME RANÉVSKY. It can't be helped. . . . He needs it. He'll pay it back.

[Exeunt MADAME RANÉVSKY, TRO-PHÍMOF, PÍSHTCHIK. and FIRS. GAYEF, BARBARA, AND YASHA remain.

GAYEF. My sister has n't lost her old habit of scattering the money. [To YASHA.] Go away, my lad! You smell of chicken.

YASHA [laughing]. You're just the same vs you always were, Leoníd Andrévevitch! GAYEF. Who's that? [To BARBARA.] What does he say?

Hold your pocket wide: a proverbial piece of irony.

BARBARA [To YÁSHA.] Your mothe come up from the village. She 's been wa ing for you since yesterday in the servar hall. She wants to see you.

YASHA. What a nuisance she is!

BARBARA. You wicked, unnatural son YASHA. Well, what do I want with he She might just as well have waited till Exit YASH

BARBARA. Mamma is just like she us to be; she has n't changed a bit. If she h her way, she'd give away everything a

GÁYEF. Yes. [A pause.] If people re ommend very many cures for an illne that means that the illness is incurable. think and think, I batter my brains; I know of many remedies, very many, and th means really that there is none. How n it would be to get a fortune left one somebody! How nice it would be if An could marry a very rich man! How nice would be to go to Yaroslav and try my lu with my aunt the Countess. My aunt very, very rich, you know.

BARBARA [crying softly]. If only G

would help us!

GAYEF. Don't howl! My aunt is ve rich, but she does not like us. In the fir place, my sister married a solicitor, not nobleman. [Anya appears in the doorway She married a man who was not a nobl man, and it's no good pretending that s has led a virtuous life. She 's a dear, kin charming creature, and I love her ve much, but whatever mitigating circum stances one may find for her, there's getting round it that she's a sinful woma You can see it in her every gesture.

BARBARA [whispering]. Anya is standing

GAYEF. Who's that? [A pause.] It very odd, something's got into my rig eye. I can't see properly out of it. La Thursday when I was down at the Distri [Anya comes down

BARBARA. Why are n't you asleep, A

va?

ANYA. I can't sleep. It's no good tryin GAYEF. My little pet! [Kissing ANYA hands and face. My little girl! [Crying You're not my niece; you're my ange you're my everything. Trust me, trus

ANYA. I do trust you, uncle. Every or

you, every one respects you; but dear, ancle, you ought to hold your tongue, to hold your tongue. What were you g just now about mamma? - about own sister? What was the good of

g that?

YEF. Yes, yes. [Covering his face per hand.] You're quite right; it was of me! Lord, Lord! Save me from lf! And a little while ago I made a h over a cupboard. What a stupid to do! As soon as I had done it, I it was stupid.

RBARA. Yes, really, uncle. You ought ld your tongue. Say nothing; that's

at's wanted.

YA. If only you would hold your

ie, you'd be so much happier!

YEF. I will! I will! [Kissing ANYA'S BARBARA'S hands.] I'll hold my ie. But there's one thing I must say; business. Last Thursday, when I was at the District Court, a lot of us were together, we began to talk about this that, one thing and another, and it s I could arrange a loan on note of to pay the interest into the bank.

RBARA. If only Heaven would help us! YEF. I'll go in on Tuesday and talk er again. [To BARBARA.] Don't howl! ANYA. Your mamma shall have a talk Lopákhin. Of course he won't refuse And as soon as you are rested you go to see your grandmother, the itess, at Yaroslav. We'll operate from points, and the trick is done. We'll the interest, I'm certain of it. [Takugar candy.] I swear on my honor, or ever you will, the property shall not old. [Excitedly.] I swear by my hope ernal happiness! There's my hand on all me a base, dishonorable man if I let to auction. I swear by my whole being! NYA [calm again and happy]. What a you are, uncle, and how clever! [Emes him. Now I'm easy again. I'm easy n! I'm happy!

[Enter Firs.]

RS [reproachfully]. Leonid Andréyen, have you no fear of God? When are

going to bed?

AYEF. I'm just off — just off. You get g, Firs. I'll undress myself all right. e, children, by-bye! Details to-morrow, but now let's go to bed. [Kissing ANYA and BARBARA.] I'm a good Liberal, a man of the eighties. People abuse the eighties, but I think that I may say I've suffered something for my convictions in my time. It's not for nothing that the peasants love me. We ought to know the peasants; we ought to know with what . . .

ANYA. You're at it again, uncle! BARBARA. Why don't you hold your

tongue, uncle?

Firs [angrily]. Leonid Andreyevitch! GAYEF. I'm coming; I'm coming. Now

go to bed. Off two cushions in the middle pocket! I start another life! . . .

[Exit, with Firs hobbling after him.] ANYA. Now my mind is at rest. I don't want to go to Yaroslav; I don't like grandmamma; but my mind is at rest, thanks to [She sits down.] Uncle Leoníd.

BARBARA. Time for bed. I'm off. Whilst you were away there 's been a scandal. You know that nobody lives in the old servants' quarters except the old people, Ephim, Pauline, Evstignéy, and old Karp. Well, they took to having in all sorts of queer fish to sleep there with them. I did n't say a word. But at last I heard they had spread a report that I had given orders that they were to have nothing but peas to eat; out of stinginess, you understand? It was all Evstigney's doing. "Very well," I said to myself, "you wait a bit." So I sent for Evstignéy. [Yawning.] He comes. "Now then, Evstignéy," I said, "you old imbecile, how do you dare . . . "[Looking at ANYA.] Anya, Anya! [A pause.] She's asleep. [Taking Anya's arm.] Let's go to bed. Come along. [Leading her away.] Sleep on, my little one! Come along; come along! [They go towards ANYA's room. In the distance beyond the orchard a shepherd plays his pipe. TROPHÍMOF crosses the stage and, seeing BARBARA and ANYA, stops.] 'Sh! She's asleep, she's asleep! Come along, my love.

ANYA [drowsily]. I'm so tired! Listen to the bells! Uncle, dear uncle! Mamma!

Uncle!

BARBARA. Come along, my love! Come along.

[Exeunt BARBARA and ANYA to the bedroom.

TROPHÍMOF [with emotion]. My sunshine! My spring!

ACT II

In the open fields; an old crooked half-ruined shrine. Near it a well; big stones, apparently old tombstones; an old bench. Road to the estate beyond. On one side rise dark poplar trees. Beyond them begins the cherry orchard. In the distance a row of telegraph poles, and, far away on the horizon, the dim outlines of a big town, visible only in fine, clear weather. It is near sunset.

CHARLOTTE, YÁSHA, and DUNYÁSHA sit on the bench. Ephikhódof stands by them and plays on a guitar; they meditate. Charlotte wears an old peaked cap. She has taken a gun from off her shoulders and is mending the buckle

of the strap.

CHARLOTTE [thoughtfully]. I have no proper passport. I don't know how old I am; I always feel I am still young. When I was a little girl my father and mother used to go about from one country fair to another, giving performances, and very good ones, too. I used to do the salto mortale and all sorts of tricks. When papa and mamma died, an old German lady adopted me and educated me. Good! When I grew up I became a governess. But where I come from and who I am, I have n't a notion. Who my parents were - very likely they were n't married - I don't know. [Taking a cucumber from her pocket and beginning to eat. I don't know anything about it. [A pause.] I long to talk so, and I have no one to talk to, I have no friends or relations.

Ернікно́роғ [playing on the guitar and

singing].

"What is the noisy world to me? Oh, what are friends and foes?"

How sweet it is to play upon a mandolin! Dunyásha. That's a guitar, not a mandolin.

[She looks at herself in a hand-glass and powders her face.]

EPHIKHÓDOF. For the madman who loves, it is a mandolin. [Singing.]

"Oh, that my heart were cheered By the warmth of requited love."

CHARLOTTE. How badly these people do ing! Foo! Like jackals howling!

DUNYÁSHA. [To YÁSHA.] What happiness it must be to live abroad!

YÁSHA. Of course it is; I quite a with you. [He yawns and lights a ci Ернікно́рог. It stands to reason. Ev

thing abroad has attained a certain co

mation.1

YÁSHA. That 's right.

EPHIKHÓDOF. I am a man of cultivat I have studied various remarkable be but I cannot fathom the direction of preferences; do I want to live or dwant to shoot myself, so to speak? Bu order to be ready for all contingencialways carry a revolver in my pocket. I it is.

[Showing revolver.]

CHARLOTTE. That 's done. I'm [Slinging the rifle over her shoulder.] You a clever fellow, Ephikhódof, and alarming. Women must fall madly in with you. Brrr! [Going.] These clipeople are all so stupid; I have no talk to. I am always alone, always ald I have no friends or relations, and who I or why I exist, is a mystery. [Exit slot

EPHIKHÓDOF. Strictly speaking, with touching upon other matters, I must test inter alia that destiny treats mey the utmost rigor, as a tempest might to a small ship. If I labor under a misaphension, how is it that when I woke up morning, behold, so to speak, I perceisiting on my chest a spider of prete tural dimensions, like that? [Indicawith both hands.] And if I go to take draught of quass, I am sure to find so thing of the most indelicate characte the nature of a cockroach. [A pause.] Hyou read Buckle? [A pause.—To Dunsha.] I should like to trouble you, Avde Fëdorovna, for a momentary interview

Dunyasha. Talk away.

EPHIKHÓDOF. I should prefer to cond it tête-à-tête. [Sigh

Dunyásha [confused]. Very well, efirst please fetch me my cloak. It's by cupboard. It's rather damp here.

EPHIKHODOF. Very well, mademois I will go and fetch it, mademoiselle. I know what to do with my revolver.

[Takes his guitar and exit, play

1 Culnimation. This represents a similar blund Ephikhodof's in the original.

² Audotya Fedorovna (the ë is to be pronounced the yach in yacht.) Dunya (diminutive Dunyasha), si Greek Eudoxia, formally Evdokiya, representing Greek Eudoxia.

3 Cloak. Talmotchka, a diminutive of talma, a of big cape, named after the tragedian.

¹ Furázhka, the commonest men's headgear in Russia, shaped like a yachting cap.

SHA. Twenty-two misfortunes! Beyou and me, he 's a stupid fellow.

[Yawning.] INYÁSHA. Heaven help him, he'll himself! [A pause.] I have grown so ous, I am always in a twitter. I was a little girl when they took me into ousehold, and now I have got quite ed to common life, and my hands are hite as white, like a lady's. I have n so refined, so delicate and genteel, afraid of everything. I'm always tened. And if you deceive me, Yásha, 't know what will happen to my nerves. ISHA [kissing her]. You little cucum-Of course every girl ought to behave If properly; there's nothing I dislike uch as when girls aren't proper in behavior.

INYÁSHA. I've fallen dreadfully in with you. You're so educated; you alk about anything! [A pause.] ASHA [yawning]. Yes. . . . The way I at it is this; if a girl falls in love with ody, then I call her immoral. $\lceil A \rceil$ e. How pleasant it is to smoke one's in the open air. [Listening.] There's one coming. It's the missis and the of 'em. . . . [Dunyásha embraces him y.] Go towards the house as if you'd been for a bathe. Go by this path or they'll meet you and think that I've walking out with you. I can't stand sort of thing. INYÁSHA [coughing softly]. Your cigar

given me a headache.

Exit Dunyásha. Yásha remains sitting by the shrine.]

nter Madame Ranévsky, Gáyef, and LOPÁKHIN.

PAKHIN. You must make up your s once and for all. Time waits for no The question is perfectly simple. you going to let off the land for villas or

Answer in one way; yes or no? Only

word!

ADAME RANEVSKY. Who's smoking ible cigars here? [She sits down.] YEF. How handy it is now they've that railway. [Sitting.] We've been town for lunch and back again. . . . in the middle! I must just go up to the e and have a game.

ADAME RANEVSKY. There's no hurry.

LOPÁKHIN. Only one word — yes or no! [Entreatingly.] Come, answer the question!

GAYEF [yawning]. Who's that?

MADAME RANÉVSKY [looking into her purse]. I had a lot of money yesterday, but there's hardly any left now. Poor Barbara tries to save money by feeding us all on milk soup; the old people in the kitchen get nothing but peas, and yet I go squandering aimlessly. . . . [Dropping her purse and scattering gold coins; vexed. There, I've dropped it all!

YASHA. Allow me, I'll pick it up.

[Collecting the coins.] MADAME RANÉVSKY. Yes, please do, Yásha! Whatever made me go into town for lunch? I hate your horrid restaurant with the organ, and the tablecloths all smelling of soap. Why do you drink so much, Leonid? Why do you eat so much? Why do you talk so much? You talked too much at the restaurant again, and most unsuitably, about the seventies, and the decadents. And to whom? Fancy talking about decadents to the waiters!

Lopákhin. Quite true.

GAYEF [with a gesture]. I 'm incorrigible, that's plain. [Irritably to YASHA.] What do you keep dodging about in front of me for?

YASHA [laughing]. I can't hear your

voice without laughing.

GAYEF. [To MADAME RANÉVSKY.] Either he or I . . .

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Go away, Yásha;

run along.

YÁSHA [handing MADAME RANÉVSKY her purse]. I'll go at once. [Restraining his laughter with difficulty.] This very minute. [Exit YASHA.]

LOPÁRHIN. Derigánof, the millionaire, wants to buy your property. They say he'll

come to the auction himself.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. How did you hear? LOPÁKHIN. I was told so in town.

GAYEF. Our aunt at Yaroslav has promised to send something; but I don't know when, or how much.

LOPÁKHIN. How much will she send? Ten thousand pounds? Twenty thousand pounds?

MADAME RANÉVSKY, Oh, come. . . . A thousand or fifteen hundred at the most.

LOPÁKHIN. Excuse me, but in all my life I never met anybody so frivolous as you

two, so crazy and unbusiness-like! I tell you in plain Russian your property is going to be sold, and you don't seem to understand what I say.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Well, what are we to do? Tell us what you want us to do.

LOPÁRHIN. Don't I tell you every day? Every day I say the same thing over and over again. You must lease off the cherry orchard and the rest of the estate for villas; you must do it at once, this very moment; the auction will be on you in two twos! Try and understand. Once you make up your mind there are to be villas, you can get all the money you want, and you 're saved.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Villas and villa residents, oh, please, . . . it's so vulgar!

GAYEF. I quite agree with you.

LOPAKHIN. I shall either cry, or scream, or faint. I can't stand it! You'll be the death of me. [To GAYEF.] You're an old woman!

GAYEF. Who's that?

Lopákhin. You're an old woman!

[Going.]

MADAME RANÉVSKY [frightened]. No, don't go. Stay here, there's a dear! Perhaps we shall think of some way.

LOPÁKHIN. What's the good of thinking! MADAME RANÉVSKY. Please don't go; I want you. At any rate, it's gayer when you're here. [A pause.] I keep expecting something to happen, as if the house were going to tumble down about our ears.

GAYEF [in deep abstraction]. Off the cushion on the corner; double into the mid-

dle pocket . . .

MADAME RANÉVSKY. We have been very,

very sinful!

LOPAKHIN. You! What sins have you committed?

GAYEF [eating candy]. They say I've devoured all my substance in sugar candy.

MADAME RANEYSKY. Oh, the sins that I have committed . . . I 've always squandered money at random like a mad-woman; I married a man who made nothing but debts. My husband drank himself to death on champagne; he was a fearful drinker. Then for my sins I fell in love and went off with another man; and immediately — that was my first punishment — a blow full on the nead . . . here, in this very river . . . my little boy was drowned; and I went abroad, right,

never to see this river again. . . . I shut eyes and ran, like a mad thing, and came after me, pitiless and cruel. I bou a villa at Mentone, because he fell ill the and for three years I knew no rest day night: the sick man tormented and w down my soul. Then, last year, when villa was sold to pay my debts, I went to Paris, and he came and robbed me everything, left me and took up with other woman, and I tried to poison mys . . . It was all so stupid, so humiliating. Then suddenly I longed to be back in B sia, in my own country, with my little g ... [Wiping away her tears.] Lord, Lord merciful to me; forgive my sins! Do punish me any more! [Taking a telegrange]

right away, never to come back any me

to go back. . . . [Tearing up the telegra Is n't that music that I hear? [Listeni GAYEF. That's our famous Jewish ba You remember? Four fiddles, a flute, an

from her pocket.] I got this to-day fr

Paris. . . . He asks to be forgiven, begs

double bass.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Does it still ex We must make them come up someting we'll have a dance.

LOPÁKHIN [listening]. I don't hear a thing. [Singing sof

"The Germans for a fee will turn A Russ into a Frenchman."

[Laughing.] I saw a very funny piece at theater last night; awfully funny!

MADAME RANEVSKY. It probably was a bit funny. You people ought n't to and see plays; you ought to try to see you selves; to see what a dull life you lead,

how much too much you talk.

Lopákhin. Quite right. To tell the lest truth, our life 's an imbecile affair. pause.] My papa was a peasant, an id he understood nothing; he taught me ning; all he did was to beat me, when he drunk, with a walking-stick. As a ma of fact I'm just as big a blockhead idiot as he was. I never did any lessons; handwriting 's abominable; I write so ba I'm ashamed before people; like a pig

MADAME RANEVSKY. You ought to

married.

LOPÁKHIN. Yes, that's true.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Why not ma
Barbara? She's a nice girl.

LOPÁKHIN. Yes.

DAME RANÉVSKY. She's anice straightard creature; works all day; and 's most important, she loves you.
've been fond of her for a long time. DPÁKHIN. Well, why not? I'm quite ng. She's a very nice girl. [A pause.] AYEF. I've been offered a place in a . Six hundred pounds a year. Do you

ADAME RANÉVSKY. You in a bank! where you are.

[Enter Firs, carrying an overcoat.]

RS. [To GAYEF.] Put this on, please,

ter; it's getting damp. AYEF [putting on the coat]. What a

ue vou are, Firs!

IRS. What's the use. . . You went off never told me. [Examining his clothes.] ADAME RANÉVSKY. How old you've Firs!

rs. I beg your pardon?

OPÁKHIN. She says how old you've got! rrs. I've been alive a long time. When found me a wife, your father was n't born yet. [Laughing.] And when the eration came I was already chief valet. I would n't have any Liberation then; ayed with the master. [A pause.] I renber how happy everybody was, but they were happy they did n't know nselves.

OPÁKHIN. It was fine before then. Any-

they used to flog 'em.

IRS [mishearing him]. I should think so! peasants minded the masters, and the ters minded the peasants, but now it's higgledy-piggledy; you can't make d or tail of it.

AYEF. Shut up, Firs. I must go into n again to-morrow. I've been promised introduction to a general who 'll lend

ney on a bill.

OPÁKHIN. You 'll do no good. You won't n pay the interest; set your mind at

about that.

IADAME RANÉVSKY. [To LOPÁKHIN.] 's only talking nonsense. There 's no such eral at all.

Inter Trophimof, Anya and Barbara.]

AYEF. Here come the others.

NYA. Here's mamma.

IADAME RANÉVSKY [tenderly]. Come ng, come along . . . my little ones. . . . nbracing ANYA and BARBARA.] If only you knew how much I love you both! Sit beside me . . . there, like that.

[Every one sits.]

LOPAKHIN. The Perpetual Student 's alwavs among the girls.

TROPHÍMOF. It 's no affair of yours.

LOPÁKHIN. He 's nearly fifty and still a student.

TROPHÍMOF. Stop your idiotic jokes!

LOPÁKHIN. What are you losing your temper for, silly?

TROPHÍMOF. Why can't you leave me

alone?

LOPÁKHIN [laughing]. I should like to

know what your opinion is of me.

TROPHÍMOF. My opinion of you, Yermolái Alexéyitch, is this. You're a rich man; you'll soon be a millionaire. Just as a beast of prey which devours everything that comes in its way is necessary for the conversion of matter, so you are necessary, [All laugh.] too.

BARBARA. Tell us something about the

planets, Peter, instead.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. No. Let's go on with the conversation we were having yesterday.

TROPHÍMOF. What about? GAYEF. About the proud man.

TROPHÍMOF. We had a long talk yesterday, but we did n't come to any conclusion. There is something mystical in the proud man in the sense in which you use the words. You may be right from your point of view, but, if we look at it simple-mindedly, what room is there for pride? Is there any sense in it, when man is so poorly constructed from the physiological point of view, when the vast majority of us are so gross and stupid and profoundly unhappy? We must give up admiring ourselves. The only thing to do is to work.

GAYEF. We shall die all the same.

TROPHÍMOF. Who knows? And what does it mean, to die? Perhaps man has a hundred senses, and when he dies only the five senses that we know perish with him, and the other ninety-five remain alive.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. How clever you

are, Peter!

LOPÁKHIN [ironically]. Oh, extraordi-

nary !

TROPHÍMOF. Mankind marches forward, perfecting its strength. Everything that is unattainable for us now will one day be

near and clear; but we must work; we must help with all our force those who seek for truth. At present only a few men work in Russia. The vast majority of the educated people that I know seek after nothing, do nothing, and are as yet incapable of work. They call themselves the "Intelligentsia," they say "thou" and "thee" to the servants, they treat the peasants like animals, learn nothing, read nothing serious, do absolutely nothing, only talk about science, and understand little or nothing about art. They are all serious : they all have solemn faces; they only discuss important subjects; they philosophize; but meanwhile the vast majority of us, ninety-nine per cent, live like savages; at the least thing they curse and punch people's heads; they eat like beasts and sleep in dirt and bad air; there are bugs everywhere, evil smells, damp and moral degradation. . . . It 's plain that all our clever conversations are only meant to distract our own attention and other people's. Show me where those crèches are, that they 're always talking so much about; or those reading-rooms. They are only things people write about in novels; they don't really exist at all. Nothing exists but dirt, vulgarity, and Asiatic ways. I am afraid of solemn faces; I dislike them; I am afraid of solemn conversations. Let us rather hold our tongues.

LOPÁKHIN. Do you know, I get up at five every morning; I work from morning till night; I am always handling my own money or other people's, and I see the sort of men there are about me. One only has to begin to do anything to see how few honest and decent people there are. Sometimes, as I lie awake in bed, I think: "O Lord, you have given us mighty forests, boundless fields and immeasurable horizons, and, we living in their midst, ought

really to be giants.'

MADAME RANEVSKY. Oh, dear, you want giants! They are all very well in fairy stories; but in real life they are

rather alarming.

[Ephikhódof passes at the back of the scene, playing on his guitar.] MADAME RANÉVSKY [pensively]. There

goes Ephikhódof.

ANYA [pensively]. There goes Ephik-hodof.

GAYEF. The sun has set.

Trophímof. Yes.

GAYEF [as if declaiming, but not love O Nature, wonderful Nature, you gle with eternal light; beautiful and indiffe ent, you whom we call our mother, units in yourself both life and death, you as mate and you destroy . . .

BARBARA [entreatingly]. Uncle! ANYA. You're at it again, uncle.

TROPHÍMOF. You'd far better double t red into the middle pocket.

GAYEF. I'll hold my tongue! I'll ho my tongue!

[They all sit pensively. Silence reig: broken only by the mumbling of FIRS. Suddenly a distant sound heard as if from the sky, the sound a string breaking, dying away, m ancholy.]

MADAME RANEVSKY. What's that? LOPÁKHIN. I don't know. It's a lifting tub given way somewhere away in the mines. It must be a long way off.

GAYER. Perhaps it 's some sort of bi

. . . a heron, or something.

TROPHÍMOF. Or an owl. . . . MADAME RANÉVSKY [shuddering]. The

is something uncanny about it!

Firs. The same thing happened befo the great misfortune: the owl screech and the samovar kept humming.

GAYEF. What great misfortune?

Firs. The Liberation. [A paus MADAME RANEVSKY. Come, every or let's go in; it's getting late. [To ANYA You've tears in your eyes. What is it, I tle one? [Embracing he

ÁNYA. Nothing, mamma. I 'm all right Ткорнімог. There 's some one con

ing.

[A Tramp appears in a torn when peaked cap and overcoat. He slightly drunk.]

TRAMP. Excuse me, but can I go through this way straight to the station?

GAYEF. Certainly. Follow this path. TRAMP. I am uncommonly obliged you, sir. [Coughing.] We're having love weather. [Declaiming.] "Brother, my sufering brother"... "Come forth to tivolga. Who moans?"...[To BARBARA Mademoiselle, please spare a sixpence fa hungry fellow-countryman.

[BARBARA, frightened, scream

PÁKHIN [angrily]. There's a decency

very indecency to observe! ADAME RANÉVSKY. Take this; here re. [Fumbling in her purse.] I have n't ilver. . . . Never mind, take this sov-

AMP. I am uncommonly obliged to [Exit Tramp. Laughter.] madam. RBARA [frightened]. I'm going! I'm ! Oh, mamma, there's nothing for ervants to eat at home, and you 've and given this man a sovereign.

ADAME RANÉVSKY. What's to be done your stupid old mother? I'll give you verything I have when I get back. nolái Alexévitch, lend me some more

PÁKHIN. Very good.

ADAME RANÉVSKY. Come along, every it's time to go in. We 've settled all t your marriage between us, Barbara. sh you joy.

ARBARA [through her tears]. You must

oke about such things, mamma. PARHIN. Amelia, get thee to a nun-

, go!

AYEF. My hands are all trembling; it 's since I had a game of billiards.

DPÁKHIN. Amelia, nymphlet, in thine ns remember me.1

ADAME RANÉVSKY. Come along. It's

ly supper-time.

ARBARA. How he frightened me! My

t is simply throbbing.

OPÁKHIN. Allow me to remind you, the ry orchard is to be sold on the 22d of ust. Bear that in mind; bear that in 1 !

[Exeunt Omnes except Trophimor

and ANYA.]

NYA [laughing]. Many thanks to the np for frightening Barbara; at last we

alone.

корнімоғ. Barbara's afraid we shall and fall in love with each other. Day r day she never leaves us alone. With narrow mind she cannot understand we are above love. To avoid everyg petty, everything illusory, everything prevents one from being free and happy, is the whole meaning and purpose of life. Forward! We march on irresistitowards that bright star which burns

There is a wretched pun in the original: Ophelia is dokhmelia (from $okhmel\acute{e}t$, to get drunk).

far, far before us! Forward! Don't tarry, comrades!

ANYA [clasping her hands]. What beautiful things you say! [A pause.] Is n't it

enchanting here to-day!

TROPHIMOF. Yes, it's wonderful weather. ANYA. What have you done to me, Peter? Why is it that I no longer love the cherry orchard as I did? I used to love it so tenderly; I thought there was no better

place on earth than our garden.

TROPHÍMOF. All Russia is our garden. The earth is great and beautiful; it is full of wonderful places. [A pause.] Think, Anya, your grandfather, your great-grand, father and all your ancestors were serf. owners, owners of living souls. Do not hu man spirits look out at you from every tree in the orchard, from every leaf and every stem? Do you not hear human voices? . . . Oh! it is terrible. Your orchard frightens me. When I walk through it in the evening or at night, the rugged bark on the trees glows with a dim light, and the cherry trees seem to see all that happened a hundred and two hundred years ago in painful and oppressive dreams. Well, well, we have fallen at least two hundred years behind the times. We have achieved nothing at all as yet; we have not made up our minds how we stand with the past; we only philosophize, complain of boredom, or drink vodka. It is so plain that, before we can live in the present, we must first redeem the past, and have done with it; and it is only by suffering that we can redeem it, only by strenuous, unremitting toil. Understand that, Anya.

ANYA. The house we live in has long since ceased to be our house; and I shall

go away, I give you my word.

TROPHÍMOF. If you have the household keys, throw them in the well and go away. Be free, be free as the wind.

ANYA [enthusiastically]. How beautifully

you put it!

Tropнíмог. Believe what I say, Anya; believe what I say. I'm not thirty yet; I am still young, still a student; but what I have been through! I am hungry as the winter; I am sick, anxious, poor as a beggar. Fate has tossed me hither and thither; I have been everywhere, everywhere. But wherever I have been, every minute, day and night, my soul has been full of mysterious anticipations. I feel the approach of happiness, Anya; I see it coming. . . .

ANYA [pensively]. The moon is rising.

[Ephikhodof is heard still playing the same sad tune on his guitar. The moon rises. Somewhere beyond the poplar trees, Barbara is heard calling for Anya: "Anya, where are you?"]

TROPHÍMOF. Yes, the moon is rising. [A pause.] There it is, there is happiness; it is coming towards us, nearer and nearer; I can hear the sound of its footsteps. . . . And if we do not see it, if we do not know it, what does it matter? Others will see it.

BARBARA [without]. Anya? Where are

you?

TROPHÍMOF. There's Barbara again!

[Angrily.] It really is too bad!

ANYA. Never mind. Let us go down to the river. It's lovely there.

TROPHÍMOF. Come on!

[Exeunt Anya and Trophimof.]
BARBARA [without]. Anya! Anya!

ACT III

A sitting-room separated by an arch from a big drawing-room behind. Chandelier lighted. The Jewish band mentioned in Act II is heard playing on the landing. Evening. In the drawing-room they are dancing the grand rond. SIMEONOF-PÍSHTCHIK is heard crying, "Prom-

enade à une paire! "

The dancers come down into the sitting-room. The first pair consists of Pishtchik and Charlotte; the second of Trophimof and Madame Ranévsky; the third of Anya and the Post-Office Official; the fourth of Barbara and the Stationmaster, etc., etc. Barbara is crying softly and wipes away the tears as she dances. In the last pair comes Dunyasha. They cross the sitting-room.

PÍSHTCHIK. "Grand rond, balancez . . . Les cavaliers à genou et remerciez vos

dames."

[Firs in evening dress carries seltzer water across on a tray. Pishtchik and Trophimof come

down into the sitting-room.]

PÍSHTCHIK. I am a full-blooded man; I've had two strokes already; it's hard work dancing, but, as the saying goes, "If you run with the pack, bark or no, but anyway wag your tail." I'm as strong as a horse. My old father, who was fond of his

joke, rest his soul, used to say, talking our pedigree, that the ancient stock of Simeonof-Píshtchiks was descended f that very horse that Caligula made a ator. . . [Sitting.] But the worst of I've got no money. A hungry dog beli in nothing but meat. [Snoring and wan up again at once.] I'm just the same It's nothing but money, money, with m

TROPHÍMOF. Yes, it's quite true, the something horse-like about your build.

PÍSHTCHIK. Well, well . . . a horse jolly creature . . . you can sell a horse

[A sound of billiards being playe the next room. Barbara app in the drawing-room beyond arch.]

TROPHÍMOF [teasing her]. Madame Lo

khin! Madame Lopákhin.

Barbara [angrily]. Mouldy gentlem Trophimof. Yes, I'm a mouldy gen man, and I'm proud of it.

BARBARA [bitterly]. We've hired band, but where's the money to pay for [Exit BARBA

TROPHÍMOF. [To PÍSHTCHIK.] If the ergy which you have spent in the course your whole life in looking for money to the interest on your loans had been diver to some other purpose, you would had enough of it, I dare say, to turn world upside down.

PÍSHTCHIK. Nietzsche the philosophe very remarkable man, very famous, a r of gigantic intellect, says in his works t it's quite right to forge bank notes.

TROPHÍMOF. What, have you read Nie

sche?

PÍSHTCHIK. Well... Dáshenka told ... But I 'm in such a hole, I 'd forge for twopence. I 've got to pay thirty-pounds the day after to-morrow.... I got thirteen pounds already. [Feeling pockets; alarmed.] My money 's gone! I lost my money! [Crying.] Where 's money got to? [Joyfully.] Here it is, ins the lining.... It's thrown me all in perspiration.

[Enter MADAME RANÉVSKY and CHARLOTT

MADAME RANÉVSKY [humming a ginka 1]. Why is Leonid so long? W

¹ Lezginka. A lively Caucasian dance in twotime, popularized by Glinka, and by Rubinstein in opera, Demon.

he be doing in the town? [To DUNYA-.] Dunyásha, ask the musicians if they'll some tea.

ROPHÍMOF. The sale did not come off,

ll probability.

IADAME RANEVSKY. It was a stupid for the musicians to come; it was a oid day to have this dance. . . . Well, l, it does n't matter. . .

[She sits down and sings softly to

herself.

HARLOTTE [giving Pishtchik a pack ards]. Here is a pack of cards. Think

iny card you like.

I've thought of one.

HARLOTTE. Now shuffle the pack. That's right. Give them here, oh, most worthy . Píshtchik. Ein, zwei, drei! Now look you'll find it in your side pocket.

PISHTCHIK [taking a card from his side ket]. The Eight of Spades! You're pertly right. [Astonished.] Well, I never! CHARLOTTE [holding the pack on the palm her hand, to TROPHÍMOF]. Say quickly, at's the top card?

TROPHÍMOF. Well, say the Queen of ides.

CHARLOTTE. Right! [To PISHTCHIK.]

w, then, what's the top card? PISHTCHIK. Ace of Hearts.

CHARLOTTE. Right! [She claps her hands; pack of cards disappears.] What a beautiday we've been having.

[A mysterious female Voice answers her as if from under the floor: "Yes, indeed, a charming day, mademoiselle."]

CHARLOTTE. You are my beautiful ideal. THE VOICE. "I think you also ferry peau-

il, mademoiselle."

[applauding]. STATIONMASTER

ss Ventriloquist!

PÍSHTCHIK [astonished]. Well, I never! witching Charlotte Ivanovna, I'm head er ears in love with you.

CHARLOTTE. In love! [Shrugging her oulders.] Are you capable of love? Guter ensch, aber schlechter Musikant!

TROPHÍMOF [slapping Pishtchik on the

oulder]. You old horse!

CHARLOTTE. Now, attention, please; one ore trick. [Taking a shawl from a chair.] owhere's a shawl, and a very pretty shawl; m going to sell this very pretty shawl, haking it. Who'll buy? who'll buy?

PÍSHTCHIK [astonished]. Well, I never! CHARLOTTE. Ein, zwei, drei!

[She lifts the shawl quickly; behind it stands Anya, who drops a curtsy, runs to her mother, kisses her, then runs up into the drawing-room amid general applause.]

MADAME RANÉVSKY [applauding]. Bra-

vo! bravo!

CHARLOTTE. Once more. Ein, zwei, drei! [She lifts up the shawl; behind it stands Barbara, bowing.]
PISHTCHIK [astonished]. Well, I never!

CHARLOTTE. That 's all.

[She throws the shawl over Pishtchik. makes a curtsy and runs up into the drawing-room.]

Pishtchik [hurrying after her]. You little rascal . . . there 's a girl for you, there 's [Exit.]a girl. . . .

MADAME RANÉVSKY. And still no sign of Leonid. What he's doing in the town so long, I can't understand. It must be all over by now; the property's sold; or the auction never came off; why does he keep me in suspense so long?

BARBARA [trying to soothe her]. Uncle

has bought it, I am sure of that.

TROPHÍMOF [mockingly]. Of course he has. BARBARA. Grannie sent him a power of attorney to buy it in her name and transfer the mortgage. She's done it for Anya's sake. I'm perfectly sure that Heaven will help us and uncle will buy it.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Your Yaroslav grannie sent fifteen hundred pounds to buy the property in her name - she does n't trust us - but it would n't be enough even to pay the interest. [Covering her face with her hands. My fate is being decided to-day,

my fate. . .

TROPHÍMOF [teasing BARBARA]. Madame

Lopákhin!

BARBARA [angrily]. Perpetual Student! He's been sent down twice from the Uni-

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Why do you get angry, Barbara? He calls you Madame Lopakhin for fun. Why not? You can marry Lopákhin if you like; he 's a nice, interesting man; you need n't if you don't; nobody wants to force you, my pet.

BARBARA. I take it very seriously, mamma, I must confess. He's a nice man and

I like him.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Then marry him. There's no good putting it off that I can

BARBARA. But, mamma, I can't propose to him myself. For two whole years everybody's been talking about him to me, every one; but he either says nothing or makes a joke of it. I quite understand. He's making money; he 's always busy; he can't be bothered with me. If I only had some money, even a little, even ten pounds, I would give everything up and go right away. I would go into a nunnery.

Trophimof [mocking]. What bliss! BARBARA. [To TROPHIMOF.] A student ought to be intelligent. [In a gentler voice, crying.] How ugly you've grown, Peter; how old you've grown! [She stops crying; to MADAME RANEVSKY. But I can't live without work, mamma. I must have something to do every minute of the day.

[Enter YASHA.]

YÁSHA [trying not to laugh]. Ephikhódof has broken a billiard cue. [Exit YASHA.]

BARBARA. What's Ephikhodof doing here? Who gave him leave to play billiards? I don't understand these people.

[Exit BARBARA.] MADAME RANÉVSKY. Don't tease her.

Peter. Don't you see that she's unhappy

enough already.

TROPHÍMOF. I wish she would n't be so fussy, always meddling in other people's affairs. The whole summer she 's given me and Anya no peace; she is afraid we'll work up a romance between us. What business is it of hers? I'm sure I never gave her any grounds; I'm not likely to be so commonplace. We are above love!

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Then I suppose I must be beneath love. [Deeply agitated.] Why does n't Leonid come? Oh, if only I knew whether the property's sold or not! It seems such an impossible disaster, that I don't know what to think. . . . I'm bewildered . . . I shall burst out screaming, I shall do something idiotic. Save me, Peter: say something to me, say something. . . .

TROPHÍMOF. Whether the property is sold to-day or whether it's not sold, surely it's all one? It's all over with it long ago; there's no turning back; the path is overgrown. Be calm, dear Lyubóf Andréyevna. You must n't deceive yourself any longer; for once you must look the truth straigh

MADAME RANÉVSKY. What truth? I can see what's truth, and what's untru but I seem to have lost the power of visi I see nothing. You settle every import question so boldly; but tell me, Peter, is that because you're young, because have never solved any question of your o as yet by suffering? You look boldly ahe is n't it only that you don't see or div anything terrible in the future; because I is still hidden from your young eyes? I are bolder, honester, deeper than we a but reflect, show me just a finger's bread of consideration, take pity on me. Don't see? I was born here, my father and mot lived here, and my grandfather; I love t house; without the cherry orchard my l has no meaning for me, and if it must sold, then for Heaven's sake, sell me to Embracing Trophimof and kissing him the forehead. My little boy was drown here. [Crying.] Be gentle with me, de

TROPHÍMOF. You know I sympathize w

all my heart.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Yes, yes, but y ought to say it somehow differently. \[\Gamma\] ing out her handkerchief and dropping a te gram.] I am so wretched to-day, you ca imagine! All this noise jars on me, heart jumps at every sound. I tremble over; but I can't shut myself up; I afraid of the silence when I'm alone. Do be hard on me, Peter; I love you like son. I would gladly let Anya marry you swear it; but you must work, Peter; y must get your degree. You do nothin Fate tosses you about from place to place and that 's not right. It 's true what I s is n't it? And you must do something your beard to make it grow better. [Lau ing.] I can't help laughing at you.

TROPHÍMOF [picking up the telegram]

don't wish to be an Adonis.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. It's a telegra from Paris. I get them every day. O came yesterday, another to-day. That sa age is ill again; he's in a bad way. . He asks me to forgive him, he begs me come; and I really ought to go to Paris a be with him. You look at me sternly; h what am I to do, Peter? What am I to d He's ill, he's lonely, he's unhappy. W look after him? Who is to keep him doing stupid things? Who is to give his medicine when it's time? After why should I be ashamed to say it? I him, that's plain. I love him, I love My love is like a stone tied round neck; it's dragging me down to the om; but I love my stone. I can't live out it. [Squeezing Trophimor's hand.] 't think ill of me, Peter; don't say any-

g! Don't say anything! ROPHÍMOF [crying]. Forgive my blunt-, for Heaven's sake; but the man has

oly robbed you.

IADAME RANÉVSKY. No, no, no! [Stopher ears. You must n't say that!

ROPHÍMOF. He's a rascal; everybody it but yourself; he's a petty rascal, a er-do-weel . . .

IADAME RANÉVSKY [angry but reined]. You're twenty-six or twentyen, and you're still a Lower School boy!1 ROPHÍMOF. Who cares?

IADAME RANÉVSKY. You ought to be a a by now; at your age you ought to unstand people who love. You ought to e some one yourself, you ought to be in e! [Angrily.] Yes, yes! It's not purity h you; it's simply you're a smug, a figof fun, a freak. . . .

CROPHIMOF [horrified]. What does she MADAME RANÉVSKY. "I am above

e"! You're not above love; you're simwhat Firs calls a "job-lot." At your age ought to be ashamed not to have a mis-

ss l

TROPHÍMOF [aghast]. This is awful! nat does she say? [Going quickly up into drawing-room, clasping his head with his ds. This is something awful! I can't nd it; I'm off . . . [Exit, but returns at e.] All is over between us!

[Exit to landing.]

MADAME RANÉVSKY [calling after him]. p, Peter! Don't be ridiculous; I was

y joking! Peter!

TROPHÍMOF is heard on the landing going quickly down the stairs, and suddenly falling down them with a crash. Anya and Barbara scream. A moment later the sound of laugh-

Literally, a gymnasist of the second form (from the

om).

MADAME RANÉVSKY. What has happened?

[ANYA runs in.]

ANYA [laughing]. Peter's tumbled down-[She runs out again.]

MADAME RANÉVSKY. What a ridiculous

fellow he is!

The Stationmaster stands in the middle of the drawing-room beyond the arch and recites Alexey Tolstoy's poem, "The Sinner." Everybody stops to listen, but after a few lines the sound of a waltz is heard from the landing and he breaks off. All dance. TROPHÍMOF, ANYA, BARBARA, and MADAME RANÉV-SKY enter from the landing.]

MADAME RANEVSKY. Come, Peter, come, you pure spirit. . . . I beg your pardon.

Let's have a dance.

[She dances with TROPHIMOF. ANYA and Barbara dance.]

[Enter Fires, and stands his walking-stick by the side door. Enter YASHA by the drawing-room; he stands looking at the dancers.]

YASHA. Well, grandfather?

Firs. I'm not feeling well. In the old days it was generals and barons and admirals that danced at our dances, but now we send for the Postmaster and the Stationmaster, and even they make a favor of coming. I'm sort of weak all over. The old master, their grandfather, used to give us all sealing wax, when we had anything the matter. I've taken sealing wax every day for twenty years and more. Perhaps that's why I'm still alive.

Yа́яна. I'm sick of you, grandfather. [Yawning.] I wish you'd die and have done

with it.

Firs. Ah! you ... job-lot.

[He mumbles to himself.]

TROPHÍMOF and MADAME RANÉVSKY dance beyond the arch and down into the sittingroom.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Merci. I'll sit down. [Sitting.] I'm tired.

[Enter ANYA.]

ANYA [agitated]. There was somebody in the kitchen just now saying that the cherry orchard was sold to-day.

MADAME RANEVSKY, Sold? Who to? ANYA. He did n't say who to. He 's gone. [She dances with Trophimof. Both

dance up into the drawing-room.]

YASHA. It was some old fellow chatter-

ing; a stranger.

Firs. And still Leonid Andréyitch does n't come. He's wearing his light overcoat, demi-saison; he'll catch cold as like as not. Ah. young wood, green wood!

Ah, young wood, green wood!

MADAME RANEVSKY. This is killing me.
Yasha, go and find out who it was sold to.

YASHA. Why, he's gone long ago, the old man.

[Laughs.]

MADAME RANÉVSKY [vexed]. What are you laughing at? What are you glad about?

YASHA. He's a ridiculous fellow is Ephikhodof. Nothing in him. Twenty-two misfortunes!

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Firs, if the property is sold, where will you go to?

Firs. Wherever you tell me, there I'll

go.

MADAME RANEVSKY. Why do you look like that? Are you ill? You ought to be in bed.

FIRS [ironically]. Oh, yes, I'll go to bed, and who'll hand the things round, who'll give orders? I've the whole house on my hands.

Yasha. Lyubóf Andréyevna! Let me ask a favor of you; be so kind; if you go to Paris again, take me with you, I beseech you. It's absolutely impossible for me to stay here. [Looking about; sotto voce.] What's the use of talking? You can see for yourself this is a barbarous country; the people have no morals; and the boredom! The food in the kitchen is something shocking, and on the top of it old Firs going about mumbling irrelevant nonsense. Take me back with you; be so kind!

[Enter Pishtchik.]

PÍSHTCHIK. May I have the pleasure . . . a bit of a waltz, charming lady? [MADAME RANEVSKY takes his arm.] All the same, enchanting lady, you must let me have eighteen pounds. [Dancing.] Let me have . . . eighteen pounds.

[Execut dancing through the arch.]

YASHA [singing to himself].

"Oh, wilt thou understand The turmoil of my soul?"

[Beyond the arch appears a figure in gray tall hat and check trousers, jumping and waving its arms. Cries of "Bravo, Charlotte Ivánovna."] DUNYÁSHA [stopping to powder her face Mamselle Ánya tells me I'm to dane there are so many gentlemen and so fe ladies. But dancing makes me giddy a makes my heart beat, Firs Nikoláyevitel and just now the gentleman from the posoffice said something so nice to me, oh, nice! It quite took my breath away.

[The music stop Firs. What did he say to you? Dunyásha. He said, "You are like

flower."

YÁSHA [yawning]. Cad! [Exit YÁSH. DUNYÁSHA. Like a flower! I am ladylike and refined, I dote on compliment Firs. You'll come to a bad end.

[Enter Ернікнорог.]

EPHIKHÓDOF. You are not pleased to s me, Avdótya Fyódorovna, no more than I were some sort of insect. [Sighing.] Al Life! Life!

Dunyásha. What do you want?

EPHIKHÓDOF. Undoubtedly perhaps y are right. [Sighing.] But of course, if or regards it, so to speak, from the point view, if I may allow myself the expression and with apologies for my frankness, y have finally reduced me to a state of min I quite appreciate my destiny; every discome misfortune happens to me, and I halong since grown accustomed to it, and famy fortune with a smile. You have passe your word to me, and although I...

DUNYASHA. Let us talk of this anoth time, if you please; but now leave me

peace. I am busy meditating.

[Playing with her far EPHIKHÓDOF. Every day some misfo tune befalls me, and yet if I may venture say so, I meet them with smiles and eve laughter.

[Enter Barbara from the drawing-room.]

BARBARA. [To EPHIKHÓDOF.] Have regular you gone yet, Simeon? You seem to pay attention to what you're told. [To Duyasha.] You get out of here, Dunyash [To EPHIKHÓDOF.] First you play billiar and break a cue, and then you march about the drawing-room as if you were a guest

EPHIKHODOF. Allow me to inform ye that it's not your place to call me to a

count.

BARBARA. I'm not calling you to a

at: I'm merely talking to you. All can do is to walk about from one place nother, without ever doing a stroke of k; and why on earth we keep a clerk

Il Heaven only knows.

PHIKHÓDOF [offended]. Whether I work, whether I walk, or whether I eat, or ether I play billiards is a question to be ided only by my elders and people who erstand.

BARBARA [furious]. How dare you talk ne like that! How dare you! I don't lerstand things, don't I? You clear out here this minute? Do you hear me?

s minute!

Срнікно́рог [flinching]. I must beg you express yourself in genteeler language. BARBARA [beside herself]. You clear out instant second! Out you go! [Followhim as he retreats towards the door.] enty-two misfortunes! Make yourself ree! Get out of my sight!

[Exit Ephikhódof.] Ернікно́рог [without]. I shall lodge a

aplaint against you.

BARBARA. What! You're coming back, you? [Seizing the walking-stick left at door by Firs.] Come on! Come on! me on! I'll teach you! Are you com-? Are you coming? Then take that. [She slashes with the stick.]

[Enter Lopákhin.]

LOPÁRHIN. Many thanks; much obliged. BARBARA [still angry, but ironical]. Sorry! LOPÁKHIN. Don't mention it. I'm very teful for your warm reception.

BARBARA. It's not worth thanking me . She walks away, then looks round and cs in a gentle voice:] I did n't hurt you? LOPÁKHIN. Oh, no, nothing to matter. I ll have a bump like a goose's egg, that 's

> [Voices from the drawing-room: "Lopákhin has arrived! Yermolái Alexéyitch!"]

Pishtchik. Let my eyes see him, let my s hear him! [He and Lopákhin kiss.] u smell of brandy, old man. We 're hava high time, too.

[Enter MADAME RANÉVSKY.]

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Is it you, Yermo-Alexévitch? Why have you been so g? Where is Leonid?

LOPÁKHIN. Leoníd Andrévitch came back with me. He's just coming.

MADAME RANEVSKY [agitated]. What happened? Did the sale come off? Tell

me, tell me!

LOPÁKHIN [embarrassed, afraid of showing his pleasure]. The sale was all over by four o'clock. We missed the train and had to wait till half-past eight. Sighing heavily. Ouf! I'm rather giddy. . . .

Enter GAYEF. In one hand he carries parcels; with the other he wipes away his tears.]

MADAME RANÉVSKY. What happened, Lénya? Come, Lénya? [Impatiently, crying. Be quick, be quick, for Heaven's sake!

GAYEF [answering her only with an upand-down gesture of the hand; to Firs, crying]. Here, take these. . . . Here are some anchovies and Black Sea herrings. I've had nothing to eat all day. Lord, what I've been through! [Through the open door of the billiard-room comes the click of the billiard balls and YASHA'S voice: "Seven, eighteen!" GAYEF'S expression changes; he stops crying. I'm frightfully tired. Come and help me change, Firs.

[He goes up through the drawing-room,

Firs following.]

PISHTCHIK. What about the sale? Come on, tell us all about it.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Was the cherry orchard sold?

LOPÁKHIN. Yes.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Who bought it? LOPÁKHIN. I did. [A pause. MADAME RANÉVSKY is overwhelmed at the news. She would fall to the ground but for the chair and table by her. Barbara takes the keys from her belt, throws them on the floor in the middle of the sitting-room, and exit. I bought it. Wait a bit; don't hurry me; my head 's in a whirl; I can't speak. . . . [Laughing.] When we got to the sale, Deriganof was there already. Leoníd Andrévitch had only fifteen hundred pounds, and Deriganof bid three thousand more than the mortgage right away. When I saw how things stood, I went for him and bid four thousand. He said four thousand five hundred. I said five thousand five hundred. He went up by five hundreds, you see, and I went up by thousands. . . . Well, it was soon over. I bid nine thousand more than the mortgage, and got it; and now the cherry or

chard is mine! Mine! [Laughing.] Heavens alive! Just think of it! The cherry orchard is mine! Tell me that I'm drunk; tell me that I'm off my head; tell me that it's all a dream! . . . [Stamping his feet.] Don't laugh at me! If only my father and my grandfather could rise from their graves and see the whole affair, how their Yermolái, their flogged and ignorant Yermolái, who used to run about barefooted in the winter, how this same Yermolái had bought a property that has n't its equal for beauty anywhere in the whole world! I have bought the property where my father and grandfather were slaves, where they were n't even allowed into the kitchen. I'm asleep, it's only a vision, it is n't real. . . . 'T is the fruit of imagination, wrapped in the mists of ignorance. [Picking up the keys and smiling affectionately.] She's thrown down her keys; she wants to show that she's no longer mistress here. . . . [Jingling them together. Well, well, what's the odds? [The musicians are heard tuning up.] Hey, musicians, play! I want to hear you. Come, every one, and see Yermolái Lopákhin lay his axe to the cherry orchard, come and see the trees fall down! We'll fill the place with villas; our grandsons and great-grandsons shall see a new life here. . . . Strike up, music!

[The band plays. MADAME RANÉVSKY sinks into a chair and

weeps bitterly.]

LOPAKHIN [reproachfully]. Oh, why, why didn't you listen to me? You can't put the clock back now, poor dear. [Crying.] Oh, that all this were past and over! Oh, that our unhappy topsy-turvy life were changed!

PÍSHTCHIK [taking him by the arm, sotto voce]. She's crying. Let's go into the drawing-room and leave her alone to . . .

Come on.

[Taking him by the arm, and going up toward the drawing-room.]

LOPÁKHIN. What's up? Play your best, musicians! Let everything be as I want. [Ironically.] Here comes the new squire, the owner of the cherry orchard! [Knocking up by accident against a table and nearly throwing down the candelabra.] Never mind, I can pay for everything!

[Exit with Pishtchik. Nobody ramains in the drawing-room or sitting-room except Madame Rané BKY, who sits huddled togethe weeping bitterly. The band play softly.

[Enter ÂNYA and TROPHÍMOF quickly. ÂNY goes to her mother and kneels before he TROPHÍMOF stands in the entry to the drawing room.]

ANYA. Mamma! Are you crying, man ma? My dear, good, sweet mamma! Da ling, I love you! I bless you! The cherr orchard is sold; it's gone; it's quite tru it's quite true. But don't cry, mamm you've still got life before you, you've sti got your pure and lovely soul. Come wit me, darling; come away from here. We' plant a new garden, still lovelier than thi You will see it and understand, and hapiness, deep, tranquil happiness will sir down on your soul, like the sun at eventide, and you'll smile, mamma. Com darling, come with me!

ACT IV

Same scene as Act I. There are no windo curtains, no pictures. The little furniture left stacked in a corner, as if for sale. A feeling a emptiness. By the door to the hall and at ti back of the scene are piled portmanteaubundles, etc. The door is open and the voices a BARBARA and ÂNYA are audible.

LOPAKHIN stands waiting. Yasha holds tray with small tumblers full of champagn Ephikhódof is tying up a box in the hai A distant murmur of voices behind the scene the Peasants have come to say good-bye.

GAYEF [without]. Thank you, my lad

thank you.

YASHA. The common people have conto say good-bye. I'll tell you what I thin Yermolái Alexéyitch; they 're good fellow but rather stupid.

[The murmur of voices dies away

[Enter Madame Ranévsky and Gâyef from the hall. She is not crying, but she is pale, he face twitches, she cannot speak.]

GAYEF. You gave them your purse, Luba. That was wrong, very wrong!

MADAME RANÉVSKY. I could n't help i

Yould n't help it!

Execut both

LOPAKHIN [calling after them through the doorway]. Please come here! Won't yo

e here? Just a glass to say good-bye. rgot to bring any from the town, and d only raise one bottle at the station. he along. [A pause.] What, won't you any? [Returning from the door.] If known, I would n't have bought it. I i't have any either. [YASHA sets the tray in carefully on a chair.] Drink it your-

Yásha.

ASHA. Here's to our departure! Good to them that stay! [Drinking.] This t real champague, you take my word

it.

OPAKHIN. Sixteen shillings a bottle.

ASHA. The fires were n't lighted to; we 're all going away. [He laughs.] OPÁKHIN. What are you laughing for?

ásна. Just pleasure.

opakhin. Here we are in October, but as calm and sunny as summer. Good ding weather. [Looking at his watch and oking off.] Don't forget that there's only y-seven minutes before the train goes. I must start for the station in twenty utes. Make haste.

ter Trophimof in an overcoat, from out of doors.]

ROPHÍMOF. I think it's time we were The carriages are round. What the ce has become of my goloshes? I've lost . [Calling off.] Anya, my goloshes have ppeared. I can't find them anywhere! OPÁKHIN. I've got to go to Kharkof. start in the same train with you. I'm ng to spend the winter at Kharkof. I've n loafing about all this time with you ple, eating my head off for want of k. I can't live without work, I don't w what to do with my hands; they danabout as if they did n't belong to me. TROPHÍMOF. Well, we're going now, and I'll be able to get back to your benefit labors.

OPÁKHIN. Have a glass. TROPHÍMOF. Not for me.

LOPÁKHIN. Well, so you're off to Mos-

ROPHÍMOF. Yes, I'll see them into the rn, and go on to Moscow to-morrow. LOPÁKHIN. Well, well, . . . I suppose professors have n't started their lectures; they're waiting till you arrive.

ROPHÍMOF. It's no affair of yours.

LOPAKHIN. How many years have you been up at the University?

TROPHÍMOF. Try and think of some new joke; this one 's getting a bit flat. [Looking for his goloshes.] Look here, I dare say we shan't meet again, so let me give you a bit of advice as a keepsake: Don't flap your hands about! Get out of the habit of flapping. Building villas, prophesying that villa residents will turn into small freeholders, all that sort of thing is flapping, too. Well, when all 's said and done, I like you. You have thin, delicate, artist fingers; you have a delicate artist soul.

LOPÁKHIN [embracing him]. Good-bye, old chap. Thank you for everything. Take some money off me for the journey if you

want it

TROPHÍMOF. What for? I don't want it. Lopákhin. But you have n't got any.

TROPHÍMOF. Yes, I have. Many thanks. I got some for a translation. Here it is, in my pocket. [Anxiously.] I can't find my goloshes anywhere!

BARBARA [from the next room]. Here,

take your garbage away!

[She throws a pair of goloshes on the stage.]

TROPHÍMOF. What are you so cross about, Barbara? Humph!... But those are n't

my goloshes!

LOPAKHIN. In the spring I sowed three thousand acres of poppy and I have cleared four thousand pounds net profit. When my poppies were in flower, what a picture they made! So you see, I cleared four thousand pounds; and I wanted to lend you a bit because I 've got it to spare. What's the good of being stuck up? I'm a peasant. . . . As

LOPÁKHIN. Will you get there?

TROPHÍMOF. Yes. [A pause.] I will get there myself, or I will show others the way.

[The sound of axes hewing is heard in

the distance.

LOPARHIN. Well, good-bye, old chap; it is time to start. Here we stand swaggering to each other, and life goes by all the time without heeding us. When I work for hours without getting tired, I get easy in my mind and I seem to know why I exist. But God alone knows what most of the people in Russia were born for... Well, who cares? It does n't affect the circulation of work. They say Leonid Andréyitch has got a place; he's going to be in a bank and get six hundred pounds a year... He won't sit it out, he's too lazy.

ANYA [in the doorway]. Mamma says, will you stop them cutting down the or-

chard till she has gone?

TROPHÍMOF. Really, have n't you got

tact enough for that?

[Exit Trophimof by the hall.]
LOPÁKHIN. Of course, I 'll stop them at once. — What fools they are!

[Exit after Trophimor.]
Anya. Has Firs been sent to the hospi-

tal?

YASHA. I told 'em this morning. They 're sure to have sent him.

ANYA. [To EPHIKHÓDOF, who crosses.] Simeon Panteléyitch, please find out if Firs has been sent to the hospital.

YÁSHA [offended]. I told George this morning. What 's the good of asking a

dozen times?

EPHIKHÓDOF. Our centenarian friend, in my conclusive opinion, is hardly worth tinkering; it's time he was despatched to his forefathers. I can only say I envy him. [Putting down a portmanteau on a bandbox and crushing it flat.] There you are! I knew how it would be!

YASHA [jeering]. Twenty-two misfor-

unes

BARBARA [without]. Has Firs been sent to the hospital?

ÁNYA. Yes.

BARBARA. Why did n't they take the note to the doctor?

ANYA. We must send it after them.

[Exit ANYA.]

BARBARA [from the next room]. Where's Yasha? Tell him his mother is here. She wants to say good-bye to him.

Yasha [with a gesture of impatience It's enough to try the patience of a saim [Dunyasha has been busying h

self with the luggage. Seeing Yas alone, she approaches him.] Dunyasha. You might just look on

at me, Yásha. You are going away, you a leaving me.

[Crying and throwing her arms rou his neck.]

Yasha. What's the good of crying [Drinking champagne.] In six days I she back in Paris. To-morrow we take texpress, off we go, and that's the last us! I can hardly believe it's true. Vive France! This place don't suit me. I can bear it . . . it can't be helped. I have henough barbarism; I'm fed up. [Drinki champagne.] What's the good of crying You be a good girl, and you'll have no ce to cry.

DÜNYÁSHA [powdering her face and locing into a glass]. Write me a letter from Paris. I've been so fond of you, Yásha, ev so fond! I am a delicate creature, Yásha

YASHA. Here's somebody coming.
[He busies himself with the luggaring under his breath.]

[Enter Madame Ranévsky, Gáyef, Ány and Charlotte.]

GAYEF. We'll have to be off; it's near time. [Looking at YASHA.] Who is it sme

of red herring?

MADAME RANEVSKY. We must take o seats in ten minutes. [Looking round troom.] Good-bye, dear old house; good-by grandpapa! When winter is past and sprincomes again, you will be here no more; the will have pulled you down. Oh, think all these walls have seen! [Kissing Any passionately.] My treasure, you look rad ant, your eyes flash like two diamond Are you happy? — very happy?

ANYA. Very, very happy. We're begi

ning a new life, mamma.

GAYEF [gayly]. She's quite right; ever thing's all right now. Till the cherry of chard was sold we were all agitated an miserable; but once the thing was settle finally and irrevocably, we all calmed down and got jolly again. I'm a bank clerk now I'm a financier...red in the middle And you, Lyuba, whatever you may sa you're looking ever so much better, not doubt about it.

ADAME RANÉVSKY. Yes, my nerves better; it's quite true. [She is helped with her hat and coat.] I sleep well now. e my things out, Yasha. We must be [To Anya.] We shall soon meet again, ing. . . . I'm off to Paris; I shall live he money your grandmother sent from oslav to buy the property. God bless your admother! I'm afraid it won't last long. NYA. You'll come back very, very soon, 't you, mamma? I'm going to work pass the examination at the Gymnase get a place and help you. We'll read sorts of books together, won't we, mam-? [Kissing her mother's hands.] We'll l in the long autumn evenings, we 'll read ps of books, and a new, wonderful world open up before us. [Meditating.] . . . ne back, mamma!

IADAME RANÉVSKY. I'll come back, [Embracing her.]

angel.

ter Lopákhin. Charlotte sings softly.] SAYEF. Happy Charlotte, she 's singing. CHARLOTTE [taking a bundle of rags, like waddled baby]. Hush-a-bye, baby, on the e-top . . . [The baby answers, "Wah, h."] Hush, my little one, hush, my pretty ! ["Wah, wah."] You'll break your ther's heart. [She throws the bundle down the floor again.] Don't forget to find me ew place, please. I can't do without it. OPÁKHIN. We 'll find you a place, Charce Ivánovna, don't be afraid. HAYEF. Everybody's deserting us. Bar-

a's going. Nobody seems to want us. CHARLOTTE. There's nowhere for me to e in the town. I'm obliged to go. [Hums

ine. What 's the odds?

[Enter Pishtchik.]

OPÁKHIN. Nature's masterpiece! PÍSHTCHIK [panting]. Oy, oy, let me get breath again! . . . I'm done up! . . . noble friends! . . . Give me some

GAYEF. Wants some money, I suppose. , thank you; I'll keep out of harm's PISHTCHIK. It's ages since I have been

re, fairest lady. [To LOPÁKHIN.] You re? Glad to see you, you man of gigantic ellect. Take this; it's for you. [Giving PAKHIN money.] Forty pounds! I still e you eighty-four.

LOPÁKHIN [amazed, shrugging his shoulders]. It's like a thing in a dream! Where

did you get it from?

PISHTCHIK. Wait a bit. . . . I'm hot. . . A most remarkable thing! Some Englishmen came and found some sort of white clay on my land. [To MADAME RA-NÉVSKY.] And here 's forty pounds for you, lovely, wonderful lady. [Giving her money.] The rest another time. [Drinking water.] Only just now a young man in the train was saying that some . . . some great philosopher advises us all to jump off roofs. . . . Jump, he says, and there's an end of it. With an astonished air.] Just think of that! More water!

LOPÁKHIN. Who were the Englishmen? PÍSHTCHIK. I leased them the plot with the clay on it for twenty-four years. But I have n't any time now . . . I must be getting on. I must go to Znoikof's, to Kardamonof's. . . . I owe everybody money. Good-bye to every one; I'll [Drinking.] Good-by look in on Thursday.

MADAME RANEVSKY. We're just moving into town, and to-morrow I go abroad.

PISHTCHIK. What! [Alarmed.] What are you going into town for? Why, what's happened to the furniture? . . . Trunks? . . . Oh, it's all right. [Crying.] It's all right. People of powerful intellect... those Englishmen. It's all right. Be happy ... God be with you ... it's all right. Everything in this world has to come to an end. [Kissing MADAME RANÉVSKY'S hand.] If ever the news reaches you that I have come to an end, give a thought to the old ... horse, and say, "Once there lived a certain Simeónof-Píshtchik, Heaven rest his soul." . . . Remarkable weather we're having . . . Yes. . . . [Goes out deeply moved. Returns at once and says from the doorway: Dáshenka sent her compliments.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Now we can go. I have only two things on my mind. One is poor old Firs. [Looking at her watch.] We can still stay five minutes.

ANYA. Firs has been sent to the hospital already, mamma. Yásha sent him off this

MADAME, RANÉVSKY. My second anxiety is Barbara. She's used to getting up early and working, and now that she has no work to do she's like a fish out of water. She has grown thin and pale and taken to crying, poor dear. . . . [A pause.] You know very well, Yermolai Alexéyitch, I always hoped . . . to see her married to you, and as far as I can see, you're looking out for a wife. [She whispers to ANYA, who nods to CHARLOTTE, and both exeunt.] She loves you; you like her; and I can't make out why you seem to fight shy of each other. I don't understand it.

LOPÁKHIN. I don't understand it either, to tell you the truth. It all seems so odd. If there 's still time I 'll do it this moment. Let's get it over and have done with it; without you there, I feel as if I should never propose to her.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. A capital idea! After all, it does n't take more than a min-

ute. I'll call her at once.

LOPÁKHIN. And here's the champagne all ready. [Looking at the glasses.] Empty; some one's drunk it. [YASHA coughs.] That's what they call lapping it up and no mistake!

MADAME RANÉVSKY [animated]. Capital! We'll all go away. . . . Allez, Yásha. I'll call her. [At the door.] Barbara, leave all that and come here. Come along!

[Exeunt Madame RANÉVSKY and

Yásha.

LOPÁKHIN [looking at his watch]. Yes.

[A pause. A stifled laugh behind the door; whispering; at last enter BARBARA.

BARBARA [examining the luggage]. Very

odd; I can't find it anywhere ...

LOPAKHIN. What are you looking for? BARBARA. I packed it myself, and can't remember. [A pause.]

LOPÁKHIN. Where are you going to-day, Varvára Mikháilovna ?

BARBARA. Me? I'm going to the Ragulins. I'm engaged to go and keep house for them, to be housekeeper or whatever it is.

LOPÁKHIN. Oh, at Yáshnevo? That's about fifty miles from here. [A pause.] Well, so life in this house is over now.

BARBARA [looking at the luggage]. Wherever can it be? Perhaps I put it in the trunk. . . . Yes, life here is over now; there won't be any more . . .

LOPÁKHIN. And I'm off to Kharkof at once . . . by the same train. A lot of business to do. I'm leaving Ephikhódof to look

after this place. I've taken him on.

BARBARA. Have you?

LOPÁKHIN. At this time last year sn was falling already, if you remember; now it's fine and sunny. Still, it's cold all that. Three degrees of frost.

BARBARA. Were there? I did n't lo [A pause.] Besides, the thermometer A pau

A Voice [at the outer door]. Alexévitch!

LOPÁKHIN [as if he had only been wait to be called]. I'm just coming!

> [Exit Lopákhin quick [BARBARA sits on the floor, puts head on a bundle and sobs sof The door opens and MADA Ranévsky comes in cautiously.

Yermo

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Well? [A paus

We must be off.

BARBARA [no longer crying, wiping] eyes]. Yes, it's time, mamma. I shall to the Ragulins all right to-day, so long I don't miss the train.

MADAME RANÉVSKY [calling off]. I

on your things, Anya.

Enter ANYA, then GAYEF and CHARLOT GAYEF wears a warm overcoat with a ho The servants and drivers come in. Ep KHÓDOF busies himself about the luggage.]

MADAME RANÉVSKY. Now we can st

on our journey.

ANYA [delighted]. We can start on o

GAYEF. My friends, my dear, below friends! Now that I am leaving this hou forever, can I keep silence? Can I refra from expressing those emotions which my whole being at such a moment?

ANYA [pleadingly]. Uncle!

BARBARA. Uncle, what's the good? GAYEF [sadly]. Double the red in t middle pocket. I'll hold my tongue.

[Enter Trophimof, then Lopakhin.] TROPHÍMOF. Come along, it's time start.

LOPÁKHIN. Ephikhódof, my coat.

MADAME RANÉVSKY. I must sit he another minute. It's just as if I had nev noticed before what the walls and ceiling of the house were like. I look at the hungrily, with such tender love . . .

Gáyer. I remember, when I was six yea old, how I sat in this window on Trin Sunday, and watched father starting out !

church.

ADAME RANEVSKY. Has everything

cleared out?

ОРАКНІМ. Apparently everything. [To IKHÓDOF, putting on his overcoat.] See everything 's in order, Ephikhódof. PHIKHÓDOF [in a hoarse voice]. You

t me, Yermolái Alexéyitch.

OPÁKHIN. What's up with your voice?
PHIKHÓDOF. I was just having a drink
vater. I swallowed something.

ÁSHA [contemptuously]. Cad!
ADAME RANÉVSKY. We're going, and

a soul will be left here.

OPAKHIN. Until the spring.

[BABBARA pulls an umbrella out of a bundle of rugs, as if she were brandishing it to strike. Lopakhin pretends to be frightened.]

ARBARA. Don't be so silly! I never

ght of such a thing.

ROPHÍMOF. Come, we'd better go and in. It's time to start. The train will

n immediately.

ARBARA. There are your goloshes, er, by that portmanteau. [Crying.] What yold things they are!

ROPHÍMOF [putting on his goloshes].

ne along.

AYEF [much moved, afraid of crying]. train...the station...double the red ie middle; doublette to pot the white in

corner.¹ . . . IADAME RANÉVSKY. Come on !

opakhin. Is every one here? No one in there? [Locking the door.] There are gs stacked in there; I must lock them Come on!

NYA. Good-bye, house! Good-bye, old

ROPHÍMOF. Welcome, new life!

[Exit with Anya. Barbara looks round the room, and exit slowly. Exeunt Yasha, and Charlotte with her dog.]

OPÁKHIN. Till the spring, then. Go on, ybody. So-long! [Exit.]

If you make your ball hit the cushion and run so into a pocket, it is a double; if I hit the cushion olf and pot you on the rebound, it is a doublette.

[Madame Ranévsky and Gayer remain alone. They seem to have been waiting for this, throw their arms round each other's necks and sob restrainedly and gently, afraid of being overheard.]

GAYEF [in despair]. My sister! my sis-

ter!

MADAME RANEVSKY. Oh, my dear, sweet, lovely orchard! My life, my youth, my happiness, farewell! Farewell!

Anya [calling gayly, without]. Mamma! Trophimof [gay and excited]. Aoo!

MADAME RANEVSKY. One last look at the walls and the windows. . . . Our dear mother used to love to walk up and down this room.

GÁYEF. My sister! my sister! ÁNYA [without]. Mamma! TROPHÍMOF [without]. Aoo!

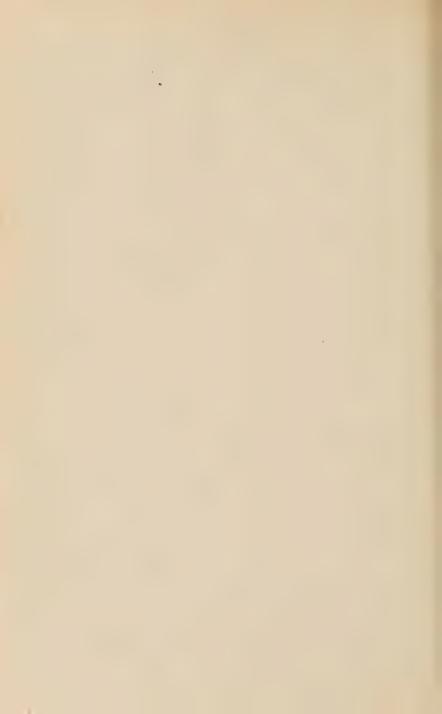
MADAME RANEVSKY. We're coming.

[Exeunt. The stage is empty. One hears all the doors being locked, and the carriages driving away. All is quist. Amid the silence the thud of the axes on the trees echoes sad and lonely. The sound of footsteps. Firs appears in the doorway, right. He is dressed, as always, in his long coat and white waistcoat; he wears slippers. He is ill.]

FIRS [going to the door, left, and trying the handle]. Locked. They've gone. [Sitting on the sofa.] They've forgotten me. Never mind! I'll sit here. Leoníd Andréyich is sure to put on his cloth coat instead of his fur. [He sighs anxiously.] He had n't me to see. Young wood, green wood! [He mumbles something incomprehensible.] Life has gone by as if I'd never lived. [Lying down.] I'll lie down. There's no strength left in you; there's nothing, nothing. Ah, you...job-lot!

[He lies motionless. A distant sound is heard, as if from the sky, the sound of a string breaking, dying away, melancholy. Silence ensues, broken only by the stroke of the axe on the trees far away in the

cherry orchard.]



APPENDIX



APPENDIX

I. AUTHORS AND PLAYS

WHEN numbers are in italies the reference is to the date of production; when in roman type to the date publication. A foreign title followed by an English title signifies that the play has been translated until the latter title.

CAR FINGALL O'FLAMERTIE WILLS WILDE. Born Dublin, 1856. Lecturer, novelist, essayist, editor, and playwright. Died November 30, 1900, in Paris. PLAYS: Vera, or The Nihilists, 1883 (produced in America); The Duchess of Padua, 1891; Lady Windermere's Fan, 1892; A Woman of No Importance, 1893; Salome (first produced in French by Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt), 1894; The Importance of Being Earnest, 1895; An Ideal Husband, 1896.

R ARTHUR WING PINERO. Born May 24, 1855, in London. Educated in private schools. Actor from June, 1874, to July, 1881. Knighted 1909. PLAYS: Two Hundred a Year (one act), 1877; Two Can Play at That Game, 1877; Daisy's Escape, 1879; Hester's Mystery (one act), 1880; Bygones (one act), 1880; The Money Spinner, 1880; Imprudence, 1881; The Squire, 1881; Boys and Girls, 1882; The Rector, 1883; Lords and Commons, 1883; The Rocket, 1883; Low Water, 1884; The Iron-Master (after Le Mattre de Forges, by Georges Ohnet), 1884; In Chancery, 1884; The Magistrate, 1886; Mayfair (adapted from Maison Neuve of Sardou), 1885; The Schoolmistress, 1886; The Hobby-Horse, 1886; Dandy Dick, 1887; Sweet Lavender, 1888; The Weaker Sex, 1888 (written 1884); The Profligate, 1889; The Cabinet Minister, 1890; Lady Bountiful, 1891; The Times, 1891; The Amazons, 1893; The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, 1893; The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith, 1895; The Benefit of the Doubt, 1896; The Princess and the Butterfly, 1897; Trelawney of the Wells, 1898; The Gay Lord Quex, 1899; Iris, 1901; Letty, 1903; A Wife Without a Smile, 1804; His House in Order, 1906; The Thunderbolt, 1908; Midchannel, 1909; Preserving Mr. Panmure, 1901; The Mind the Paint Girl, 1912; The Widow of Wasdale Head, 1912; Playgoers, 1913.

ENRY ARTHUR JONES. Born September 20, 1851, at Grandborough, Bucks. Educated at Winslow, Bucks. Hon. M.A. Harvard, 1907. Author of The Renascence of the English Drama, 1896; Foundations of a National Drama, 1913; and many essays on drama in the reviews. PLAYS: A Clerical Error, 1879; The Silver King, 1882; Saints and Sinners, 1884; Breaking a Butterfly (adaptation of Ibsen's A Doll's House), 1884; The Middleman, 1889; Judah, 1890; The Dancing Girl, 1891; The Crusaders, 1891; The Bauble Shop, 1893; The Tempter, 1893; The Masqueraders, 1894; The Case of Rebellious Susan, 1894; The Triumph of the Philistines, 1896; Michael and his Lost Angel, 1896; The Rogue's Comedy, 1896; The Physician, 1897; The Liars, 1897; The Manœuvres of Jane, 1898; Carnac Sahib, 1899; The Lackey's Carnival, 1900; Mrs. Dane's Defence, 1900; The Princess's Nose, 1902; Chance, the Idol, 1902; Whitewashing Julia, 1903; Joseph Entangled, 1904; The Chevaleer, 1904; The Heroic Stubbs, 1906; The Hypocrites, 1906; The Evangelist, 1907; Dolly Reforming Herself, 1908; The Knife, 1909; We Can't be as Bad as All That, 1910; Fall in Rookies, 1910; The Ogre, 1911; The Divine Gift, 1913; Mary Goes First, 1913.

DHN GALSWORTHY. Born in 1867. Educated at Harrow and New College, Oxford. Read law. Wrote stories under name of John Sinjohn. Novelist, critic, playwright. PLAYS: The Silver Box, 1906; Joy, 1907; Strife, 1909; The Eldest Son, 1909, 1912; The Little Dream, 1910, 1911; Justice, 1910; The Pigeon, 1912; The Fugitive, 1913; The Mob, 1914.

RANVILLE BARKER. Born London, 1877. Made his first appearance on the stage in 1891. In 1904 joined J. E. Vedrenne in the managership of the Court Theatre. In 1909 was manager of Charles Froman's Repertory Theatre, The Duke of York's. Author with William Archer of Scheme and Estimates for a National Theatre, 1907. PLAYS: The Marrying of Ann Leete, 1901; The Voysey Inheritance, 1905; Waste, 1907; The Madras House, 1910; Prunella (with Laurence Housman), 1904; Anatol (paraphrase from the German of Arthur Schnitzler), 1911.

VILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. Born June 13, 1865, at Dublin, Ireland. Educated for art. Critic, poet, dramatist, organizer of the Irish National Theatre. Author of The Celtic Twilight, 1902; Ideas of Good and Evil, 1903; J. M. Synge and the Ireland of his Time, 1913. PLAYS: The Land of Heart's Desire, 1894; The Countess Cathleen, 1899; The Shadowy Waters, 1900; Cathleen in Hoolihan, 1902; The Hour-Glass, The Saile's Strand, 1904; The Pot of Broth, 1902; The King's Threshold, 1904; Deirdre, 1907; Where There is Nothing, 1905 (rewritten with Lady Gregory as The Unicorn from the Stars, 1908).

- JOHN MILLINGTON SYNGE. Born April 16, 1871, Rathfarnham, County Dublin, Ireland. Educated Trinity College, Dublin. Further educated himself by reading and travel on foot in France, Bavaria, and Italy. At the suggestion of W. B. Yeats returned to Ireland. Lived in Aran Islands. Newspaper writer and dramatist. Died March 24, 1909. Author of The Aran Islands, 1907; In Wicklow, In West Kerry, etc., 1906, 1907. PLAYS: In the Shadow of the Glen, 1903; Riders to the Sea, 1904; The Well of the Saints, 1906; The Playboy of the Western World, 1907; The Tinker's Wedding, 1909; Deirdre of the Sorrows, 1910.
- LADY AUGUSTA GREGORY. Born Isabella Augusta Persse, of Roxborough County, Galway; was married in 1881 to Sir William Gregory, M.P. for Galway and Dublin, and Governor of Ceylon. Her husband died in 1892. She first became known through her researches in Celtic mythology. The chief published results of these were: Cuchulain of Muirthemne, 1902; Gods and Fighting Men, 1904; The Book of Saints and Wonders, 1908. The following plays have been written for the Irish National Theatre: Twenty-Five, 1903; Spreading the News, 1904; Kincora, 1905; The White Cockade, 1905; The Canavans, 1906; Hyacinth Halvey, 1906; The Gaol Gate, 1906; Devorgilla, 1907; The Rising of the Moon, 1907; The Jackdaw, 1907; The Workhouse Ward, 1908; The Image, 1909; The Travelling Man, 1910; Coats, 1910; The Full Moon, 1910; The Deliverer, 1911. Lady Gregory has also written other unproduced plays in Irish Folk History Plays, 1912; and in New Comedies, 1912; has translated for production plays by Molière, Goldoni, Sudermann, and Douglas Hyde; and has collaborated with Douglas Hyde in The Poorhouse, 1907; and with W. B. Yeats in The Unicorn from the Stars, 1907.
- SIR JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE. Born Kirriemuir, N.B., May 9, 1860. Educated Edinburgh University. M.A.; LL.D.; Baronet, 1913. Novelist and dramatist. Has financially supported repertory movements. PLAYS: The Professor's Love Story, 1895; The Little Minister, 1897; The Wedding Guest, 1900; Quality Street, The Admirable Crichton, Little Mary, 1903; Peter Pan, 1904; Alice Sit by the Fire, 1905; What Every Woman Knows, 1908; Old Friends; The Twelve Pound Look, 1910; The Legend of Leonora; The Will; The Adored One, 1918.
- GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. Born Dublin, July 26, 1856. Novelist, Fabian Socialist, critic, playwright. Author of The Quintessence of Ibsenism, 1891, 1913; Dramatic Opinions and Essays, 1907. PLAYS-Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant, 1898 (containing Widowers' Houses, The Philanderer, Mrs. Warren's Profession, Arms and the Man, Candida, The Man of Destiny, You Never Can Tell); Three Plays for Puritans, 1900 (containing The Devil's Disciple; Cæsar and Cleopatra, Captain Brassbound's Conversion); Man and Superman, 1903, 1905; The Admirable Bashville, 1903; John Bull's Other Island, How He Lied to her Husband, 1904; Major Barbara, 1905; The Doctor's Dilemma, 1906; Getting Married, 1908; The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet, 1909; Press Cuttings, 1909; Misalliance, 1910; The Dark Lady of the Sonnets, 1910; Fanny's First Play, 1911; Overruled, 1912; Androcles and the Lion, 1914; Pygmalion, 1914.
- CLYDE FITCH. Born at Elmira, New York, May 2, 1865. Educated at Amherst. Died September 4, 1909, at Chalôns-sur-Marne, France. PLAYS: Beau Brummel, 1890, 1905; Betty's Finish, 1890; Frédéric Lemaître, 1890; A Modern Match, 1891 (subsequently played as Marriage); Pamela's Prodigy, 1891, 1893; The Masked Ball (from the French), 1892; The Harvest, 1893 (one-act play with plot afterwards used in The Moth and the Flame); A Shattered Idol, 1893 (from the French); The American Duchess, 1893 (from the French); The Social Swim, 1893; Mrs. Grundy, Junior, 1894 (from the French); His Grace De Grammont, 1894; April Weather, 1894; Mistress Betty, 1895 (subsequently revised and produced 1905 as The Toast of the Town); Gossip, 1895 (with Leo Ditrichstein); Bohemia, 1896 (from the French); The Liar, 1896 (from the French); A Superfluous Husband, 1897 (with Leo Ditrichstein); Nathan Hale, 1898, 1899; The Moth and the Flame, 1898; The Head of the Family, 1898 (from the German with Leo Ditrichstein); The Cowboy and the Lady, 1899; Barbara Frietschie, 1899, 1900; Sapho, 1900 (from the French): The Climbers, 1900, 1906; Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, 1901, 1902; Lover's Lane, 1901; The Last of the Dandies, 1901; The Way of the World, 1901; The Girl and the Judge, 1901; The Marriage Game, 1901 (from the French); The Stubbornness of Geraldine, 1902, 1906; The Girl with the Green Eyes 1902, 1905; The Frisky Mrs. Johnson, 1903 (from the French); The Bird in the Cage, 1903; Algy, 1903; Her Own Way, 1903, 1907; Glad of It, 1903; Major André, 1903; The Coronet of a Duchess, 1904; Granny, 1904; Cousin Billy, 1904; The Woman in the Case, 1904; Her Great Match, 1905; Wolfville, 1905; The Girl who has Everything, 1906; Toddles, 1906 (from the French); The House of Mirth, 1906 (with Mrs. Wharton); The Truth, 1906, 1907; The Straight Road, 1906; Her Sister, 1907; The Blue Mouse, 1908 (adapted from the German); Girls, 1908; A Happy Marriage, 1909; The Bachelor, 1909, The City, 1910.
- WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY. Born July 8, 1869. Died October 17, 1910. Poet, dramatist, professor in the University of Chicago. Author of Ode in the Time of Hesitation; The Fire Bringer; The Masque of Judgment. PLAYS: The Great Divide, 1906; The Faith Healer, 1909.
- AUGUSTUS THOMAS. Born St. Louis, Missouri, January 8, 1859. First writing done as a special newspaper writer. CHIEF PLAYS: Alabama, 1891; In Mizzoura, 1893; Arizona, 1900; Oliver Goldsmith, 1900; The Earl of Pawtucket, 1903; Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots, 1905; The Witching Hour, 1907; As a Man Thinks, 1911.

ERCY MACKAYE. Born New York, March 16, 1875. Educated at Harvard and Leipzig. Poet, dramatist, critic. Author of The Playhouse and the Play, 1909; The Civic Theatre, 1913. PLAYS: The Canterbury Pilgrims, 1903, 1909; Fenris the Wolf, 1905; Sappho and Phaon, 1907, 1908; The Scarcerow, 1908, 1910; Mater, 1908, 1910; Anti-Matrimony, 1910; Yankee Fantasies (one-act plays), 1911; To-morrow, 1913; A Thousand Years Ago, 1914.

ERHART HAUPTMANN. Born November 15, 1862, at Obersalzbrunn. From 1874 to 1878 at the Breslau Realschule. At Jena, 1882, 1883. First interested in sculpture. His first work in literature, Promethidenlos, a poem, published in 1885. Has written novels. PLAYS: Vor Sonnenaufgang, 1889 (Before Dawn); Das Friedensfest, 1890 (The Coming of Peace); Einsame Menschen, 1891 (Lonely Lives); College Crampton, 1892 (Colleague Crampton); Die Weber, 1893 (The Weavers); Der Biberpelz, 1893 (The Beaver Coat); Hanneles Himmelfahrt, 1893 (Hannele); Florian Geyer, 1896 (Florian Geyer); Die versunkene Glocke, 1896 (The Sunken Bell); Fuhrmann Henschel, 1898 (Drayman Henschel); Schluck und Jau, 1900; Michael Kramer, 1900 (Michael Kramer); Der rote Hahn, 1901 (The Conflagration); Der arme Heinrich, 1902 (Henry of Auë); Rose Bernd, 1903 (Rose Bernd); Elga, 1905 (Elga); Und Pippa tanzt 1906 (And Pippa Dances); Die Jungfern vom Bischofsberg, 1907; Kaiser Karls Geisel, 1908; Griselda, 1909; Die Ratten, 1911 (The Rats); Gabriel Schilling's Flucht, 1912. Masque: In Commemoration of the War of Liberation, 1913.

HERMANN SUDERMANN. Born September 30, 1857, at Matzicken, Heydehrug, East Prussia. Educated at Elbing, and Tilsit University of Königsberg, and Berlin. For a time editor of the Deutsches Reichsblatt. First publication, m Zwielicht (stories), and Frau Sorge (novel). PLAYS: Die Ehre, 1889; Sodoms Ende, 1891; Heimat, 1893 (Magda); Schmetterlingsschlacht, 1895; Das Glück im Winkel, 1896 (The Vale of Content); Morituri (Teja, Fritzchen, Das Ewigmännliche), 1896 (translated); Johannes, 1898 (John the Baptist); Die drei Reiherfedern (The Three Heron's Feathers) 1899; Johannisfeuer, 1900 (St. John's Eve; St. John's Fire); Es lebe das Leben, 1903 (The Joy of Living); Sturmgeselle Sokrates, 1903; Stein unter Steinen, 1905; Das 1 Jumenboot, 1905; Rosen (Die Lichtbänder, Margot, Der letzte Besuch, Die ferne Princessin), 1907 (t. unslated); Strandkinder, 1909, Der Bettler von Syrakus, 1911; Der gute Ruf, 1913.

CUGÈNE BRIEUX. Born Paris, January 19, 1858. Journalist. First production at Théâtre Libre, 1890. Officer of the Legion of Honor. Elected to the chair of Halévy in the French Academy, 1909. PLAYS: Bernard Palissy, 1879, in collaboration with M. Gaston Salandri; Ménages d'Artistes, 1890; Blanchette, 1892 (translated); M. de Réboval, 1892; La Couvée, 1893; L'Engrenage, 1894; L'Évasion, 1896 (The Escape); Les Bienfaiteurs, 1896; Le Berceau, 1898; L'École des Belles-Mères, 1898 (School for Mothers-in-Law); Résultat des Courses, 1898; Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont, 1899 (The Three Daughters of M. Dupont); La Robe Rouge, 1900 (The Red Robe); Les Remplagantes, 1901; La Petite Amie, 1902; Les Avariés, 1903 (Damaged'Goods); Maternité, 1903 (Maternity); L'Armature, 1906 (dramatized from a novel by Paul Hervieu); Les Hannetons 1906 (played by the London Stage Society and by Lawrence Irving but not printed in English); La Française, 1907; Simone, 1908; La Foi, 1909 (played as False Gods at Her Majesty's Theatre, 1909); Suzette, 1910; La Femme Seule, 1912.

PAUL HERVIEU. Born Neuilly, September 2, 1857. Member of the bar. Member of the French Academy. Earliest work done in the novel. Many of his plays are in the repertory of the Comédie Française. PLAYS: Les Paroles restent, 1892; Les Tenailles, 1895 (In Chains); La Loi de l'Homme, 1895; L'Énigme, 1901; La Course du Flambeau, 1901; Théroigne de Méricourt, 1902; Le Dédale, 1903 (The Labyrinth); Le Réveil, 1905; Connais-Toi, 1909 (Know Thyself); Bagatelle, 1912.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Born August 29, 1862, at Brussels, Belgium. Poet, philosopher, naturalist, playwright. Author of The Treasure of the Humble, 1896; Wisdom and Destiny, 1898; etc. PLAYS. La Princesse Maleine, 1889, 1890; Les Aveugles, 1890, 1891; L'Intruse, 1890, 1891; Les Sept Princesses 1891, 1893; Pélléas et Mélisande, 1892, 1893; Alladine et Palomides, 1894, 1896; L'Intérieur, 1894, 1896; La Mort de Tintaglies, 1894, 1899; Annabella, 1895 (adapted from John Ford's 'T is Pity She's a Whore); Aglavaine et Sélysette, 1894, 1896; Ariane et Barbe Bleue, 1901, 1907; Soeur Béatrice, 1901, 1910; Monna 1902, 1902; Joyzelle, 1903, 1903; L'Oiseau Bleu, 1908, 1908; Marie Madeleine, 1910, 1910. All are translated into English.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON. Born December 8, 1832, in a mountain town of northern Norway. Died 1910. Field of activity wide; novelist, poet, playwright, and political leader. PLAYS: Mellem Slagene, 1856; Halte-Hulda, 1858; Kong Sverre, 1861; Sigurd Slembe, 1862 (Sigurd the Bad); Maria Stuart i Skotland, 1864 (Mary Queen of Scots); D Nygifte, 1865 (The Newly Married Couple); Sigurd Jorsalfar, 1872; Redaktören, 1874; En Fallit, 1874; Kongen, 1877; Leonarda, 1879 (Leonarda); Det Ny System 1879 (The New System); En Hanske, 1888 (The Gauntlet); Over Ævne, I, 1883 (Beyond Our Power, 1879 (The New System); Geografi og Kjaerlighed, 1885 (Love and Geography); Over Ævne, II, 1895 (Beyond Our Might); Paul Lange og Tora Parsberg, 1898; Laboremus, 1901 (Laboremus); Paa Storhove, 1902, Daglannet, 1904; Naar den ny Vin Blomstrer, 1909 (When the New Wine Blooms).

AUGUST STRINDBERG. Born Stockholm, Sweden, January 22, 1849. Died May 14, 1912. A voluminous writer of autobiography, essays, novels, plays, and scientific works. CHIEF TRANSLATED PLAYS: (Names in English) The Journey of Lucky Peter, 1883; The Father, 1887; Miss Julia, 1885; Comrades, 1888; Creditors, 1890; Pariah, 1890; Simoom, 1890; The Stronger, 1890; Debit and Credit, 1893; Mother-Love, 1893; Facing Death, 1893; The Link, 1897; Playing with Fire, 1897; There are Crimes and Crimes, 1899; Easter, 1901; The Dance of Death, I and II, 1901; Swanwhite, 1902; The Dream Play, 1902; Storm, 1907.

ANTON TCHEKHOV. Born at Taganrog on the Black Sea, Russia, January 17, 1860. He was educated at the University of Moscow, and became Doctor of Medicine in 1884. Meanwhile he had been publishing stories, and soon became known as a story writer and dramatist. He wrote over three hundred short stories. He died in 1904 in a village of the Black Forest where he had gone to recover his health. PLAYS: The Swan Song, 1889; The Proposal, 1889; Ivanoff, 1889; The Boor, 1890; The Sea Gull, 1896; The Tragedian in Spite of Himself, 1899; The Three Sisters, 1901; Uncle Vanya, 1902; The Cherry Orchard, 1904.

II. NOTES ON THE PRODUCTION OF PLAYS

CAR WILDE'S LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN had its first performance in the St. James Theatre, London, February 22, 1892. At this performance the part of Lord Windermere was taken by George Alexander; Lady Windermere, by Miss Lily Hanbury; Mrs. Erlynne, by Miss Marion Terry. For the first two nights the identity of Mrs. Erlynne was kept from the audience until the dénoument. At this time the play was rewritten to eliminate the mystery. The first American performances were at the Columbia Theatre, Boston, January 23, 1893, and at Palmer's Theatre, New York, February 5, 1893, with E. M. Bell, Julia Arthur, and May Brockyn in the parts mentioned above. The play has been often given in England, America, and on the Continent.

THUR WING PINERO'S THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY was first performed at the St. James Theatre, London, Saturday, May 27, 1893, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the part of Paula, and George Alexander playing Aubrey Tanqueray. The play held the stage of this theatre until July 28 of the same year, when it was transferred to the provinces with Mr. Kendal as Tanqueray, and Mrs. Kendal as Paula. These players headed the company that first produced the play in New York at the Star Theatre, October 9, 1893. Mrs. Patrick Campbell's first American appearance in the part of Paula took place at the Powers Theatre, Chicago, December 30, 1901. The play has been often repeated in England and America, other Paulas having been Miss Charlotte Granville, Miss Evelyn Millard, Miss Cynthia Brooke, and Miss Olga Nethersole. Mme. Eleanora Duse has acted the part in an Italian version.

ENRY ARTHUR JONES'S MICHAEL AND HIS LOST ANGEL was produced simultaneously in London, at the Lyceum Theatre, and in New York, at the Empire Theatre, January 15, 1896. In the London production the part of Michael Feversham was assumed by Mr. Johnston Forbes-Robertson, and that of Audrie Lesden by Miss Marion Terry. In New York these parts were taken respectively by Henry Miller and Viola Allen. In both cities the run of the play came to an end within two weeks. No attempt has been made to repeat the play, though in the Preface to the reprint of 1909 Mr. Jones promises to produce it again, and shows that, though considered a financial failure, the receipts were higher in the ten nights of the London production than they had been for The Middleman, his greatest financial success, in a like period of its early production. The author considers that this play contains his best serious work, and selects this play for use in this book.

HN GALSWORTHY'S STRIFE was first performed for a series of matinées at the Duke of York's Theatre, London, beginning March 9, 1909. Thence it was transferred for evening and matinée performances to the Haymarket and Adelphi Theatres. The part of John Anthony was taken by Norman McKinnell; David Roberts, by J. Fisher White; Madge Thomas, by Miss Lillah McCarthy. The first performance in America took place at the New Theatre, New York, Wednesday, November 17, 1909. For this production the author shifted the scene of the play from Trenartha in Wales to southeastern Ohio, without, however, modifying the play in lines or characters. For this production Louis Calvert played the part of John Anthony; Albert Bruning, that of David Roberts, and Miss Thais Lawton, that of Madge Thomas.

RANVILLE BARKER'S THE MADRAS HOUSE was first performed at Charles Frohman's Repertory Theatre, The Duke of York's, then under direction of the author, March 9, 1910. During three weeks it was performed in repertory ten times. The part of Eustace Perrin State was played by Arthur Whitby; Constantine Madras, by Sydney Valentine; Philip Madras, by Dennis Eadie; Jessica Madras, by Miss Constantine Madras, by Miss Mary Jerrold. This play is the author's selection from his works for the property of the property

List of Persons; not printed with the play: — Philip Madras. — Jessica Madras, his wife. — Major Hippisley Thomas. — Constantine Madras. — Mrs. Madras, his wife. — Mr. Harry Huxtable. — Mrs. Katherine Huxtable, his wife. — Laura, Minnie, Clara, Julia, Emma, Jane, Daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Huxtable. — Eustace Perrin State. — Mr. Windlesham. — Mrs. Brigstock. — Mr. Brigstock. — Miss Chancellor. —

Miss Yates. — Belhaven. — Costume Models Numero un to Numero dix.

ILLIAM BUTLER YEATS'S modern morality THE HOUR-GLASS was first produced by the Irish National Theatre Society, March 14, 1903, in Molesworth Hall, Dublin, where the performances of the Society were held before the Abbey Theatre was secured. The play is based on a story found in Lady Wilde's Ancient Legends of Ireland, 1887, of a wise man saved from eternal punishment by the faith of a child.

- JOHN MILLINGTON SYNGE'S RIDERS TO THE SEA was first performed in Molesworth Hall, Dublin, February 25, 1904, by the players of the Irish National Theatre Society, with Miss Honor Lavelle in the part of Maurya; W. G. Fay playing her son Bartley; and Sarah Allgood, Cathleen. Subsequent performances have been at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, 1909; the Court Theatre, London, 1911; and on tour by the Irish Players in England and America.
- LADY GREGORY'S THE RISING OF THE MOON was written early in the author's active association with the Irish National Theatre. It was first printed in Samhain, the annual organ of the movement, in 1904, though its first production did not take place until three years later, March 9, 1907, at the Abbey Theatre. The first production in America was by Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Fay, who had at this time separated from the National Theatre Society. It has subsequently been frequently performed by the Irish Players in the Abbey Theatre and on tour in Great Britain and America.
- CLYDE FITCH'S THE TRUTH opened at Cleveland, Ohio, in October, 1906, and was played beginning Monday, January 7, 1907, at the Criterion and Lyceum Theatres in New York, with William J. Kelly in the part of Warder; J. E. Dodson (in New York, William B. Mack) in the part of Roland; and Clara Bloodgood as Becky Warder. In the production at the Comedy Theatre, London, April 6, 1907, these parts were taken by Allan Aynesworth, Dion Boucicault, and Marie Tempest.
- WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY'S THE GREAT DIVIDE was given its first metropolitan production, Wednesday, October 3, 1906, at the Princess Theatre in New York, with Henry Miller in the part of Stephen Ghent, and Miss Margaret Anglin as Ruth Jordan. When produced at the Adelphi Theatre, London, September 25, 1909, Miss Edith Wynne Matthison played the part of Ruth Jordan.
- AUGUSTUS THOMAS'S THE WITCHING HOUR was first performed at the Hackett Theatre, New York, November 18, 1907, (Providence, R. I., Nov. 16) with John Mason in the rôle of Jack Brookfield, Russ Whytal playing Judge Prentice.
- PERCY MACKAYE'S "tragedy of the ludicrous," THE SCARECROW, was first performed by the Harvard Dramatic Club at Cambridge in 1910. Its professional production opened January 17, 1911, at the Garrick Theatre, New York, with Alice Fischer in the part of Blacksmith Bess; Edmund Breese in the part of Dickon; and Frank Reicher in the part of Lord Ravensbane (The Scarecrow).
- GERHART HAUPTMANN'S THE WEAVERS was first performed, without government sanction, by the Society of the Freie Bühne, in Berlin, February 26, 1893. Subsequently, beginning September 25, 1894, it was performed 107 times at the Deutsches Theater in Berlin. The play was performed in translation by the Paris Théâtre Libre under M. Antoine, May 29, 1893. As early as April, 1895, it was performed in German at the Irving Place Theatre in New York.
- HERMANN SUDERMANN'S THE VALE OF CONTENT (DAS GLÜCK IM WINKEL) was first presented April 4, 1896, at the Lessing Theater in Berlin. Its only known English performance has been at Miss Horniman's Gaiety Theatre in Manchester. The play has not before been published in translation.
- EUGÈNE BRIEUX'S THE RED ROBE (LA ROBE ROUGE). The first performance took place at the Théâtre du Vaudeville, Paris, March 15, 1900, with M. Huguenet in the part of Mouzon; M. Grand in the part of Etchepare; and Mme. Réjane in the part of Yanetta. It was performed in Berlin in March, 1901, with Irene Triesch in the part of Yanetta. A subsequent performance was at the Comédie Française, September 23, 1909, with Mme. Delvair playing Yanetta. The play is newly translated.
- PAUL HERVIEU'S KNOW THYSELF (CONNAIS-TOI) was first performed at the Comédie Française, March 29, 1909. The part of General de Sibéran was taken by M. Le Bargy; Pavail, by Georges Grand; Clarisse, by Mme. J. Bartet. The play has not before been printed in English, though produced in another translation by Arnold Daly in New York in 1910. It is the author's choice from among his works.
- MAURICE MAETERLINCK'S PÉLLÉAS AND MÉLISANDE was first performed at the Théâtre des Bouffes, during the week of May 22, 1893. It was subsequently performed in French during the spring of 1895, under the auspices of the Independent Theatre in London, by M. Lugné-Poë and his company. The part of Mélisande was for a time in the repertory of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. The play was presented at the Kleines Theater in Berlin, May, 1903. The most noteworthy performance took place August 29, 1910, in the open air, at the Abbey of St. Wandrille, Normandy, with Mme. Georgette Leblanc as director and in the part of Mélisande. An opera founded on this play has been written by C. Debussy. The author names this play, Home, Monna Vanna, and The Blue Bird for choice among his works.
- BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON'S BEYOND HUMAN POWER (OVER ÆVNE, I). This is the first of two plays of the same title by Björnson. The present play was published in 1883 and deals with the problems of faith. The second part, published in 1895, deals with problems of capital and labor. The present

play was performed in French at the Théâtre Libre in Paris, May 29, 1893. It was first given in Germany by the Berliner Theater under the direction of Paul Lindau, March 24, 1900. It was presented at the Republic Theatre, New York, January 18, 1902, by Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

List of Persons; not printed with the play: — Pastor Sang. — Clara Sang, his wife. — Elias, their son. — Rachel, their daughter. — Mrs. Hannah Roberts, Clara's sister. — Kroyer, Blank, Brei, Falk, Jenson, Bratt,

Pastors. — The Bishop. — A Stranger. — A Pastor's Widow.

GUST STRINDBERG'S THE FATHER was published in September, 1887. It was first performed in Paris in the same year, as one of the early productions of M. Antoine's Théâtre Libre. In 1889 it was performed in Copenhagen, and the following year, October 12, 1890, formed one of the productions for the second year of the German Freie Bühne of Berlin. It was next given at the Théâtre L'Œuvre, in honor of Strindberg's visit to Paris, December 17, 1894, under the direction of M. Lugné-Poe. It was not performed in Stockholm until 1901. Productions in English were at the Rehearsal Theatre, London, by Warner and Edith Oland, July 23, 1911, and at the Berkeley Theatre, New York, April, 1912.

TON TCHEKHOV'S last play THE CHERRY ORCHARD was presented by the Art Theater at Moscow in 1904 under the direction of M. Stanislavsky. To this theater Tchekhov had contributed most of his plays. It was later very elaborately performed at the Theater Kommisarzhevsky, in St. Petersburg, established by the celebrated actress of that name. Another translation of this play under the title of The Cherry Garden, was made by M. S. Mandell for the Dramatic Department of the Yale Courant.

III. A READING LIST IN CONTEMPORARY DRAMATISTS

No attempt has been made to provide an exhaustive bibliography. Books are cited for availability and general usefulness. Only those magazine articles are noted that seem to be standing contributions to their subject.

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V. INDEX OF CHARACTERS

Lon Anderson. The Great Divide.

An Angel. The Hour-Glass.

Edgar Anthony. Director of Trenartha Tin Plate Works. Son of Chairman John Anthony. Strife. John Anthony, Chairman of Trenartha Tin Plate Works. Strife.

Anya. Daughter of Madame Ranévsky. The Cherry Orchard.

Apprentice. In Dreissiger's employment. Weavers.

Architect. The Great Divide.

Captain Hugh Ardale. The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. Gabriel Ardeuil. Substitute Prosecutor. The Red

Arkël, King of Allemonde, Pélléas and Mélisande, Attorney-General. The Red Robe.

Barbara. Adopted daughter of Madame Ranésvky. The Cherry Orchard.

Bartley. Son of Maurya. Riders to the Sea.

August Baumert. A weaver. The Weavers. Bertha Baumert. A weaver. The Weavers. Emma Baumert. A weaver. The Weavers. Mother Baumert. A weaver. The Weavers.

Old Baumert. A weaver. The Weavers.

Becker. A weaver. The Weavers.

Mr. Belhaven. The Madras House.

Benoft. Clerk of the Court. The Red Robe.

Bertha. Daughter of Laura and the Cavalry Captain. The Father.

The Duchess of Berwick. Lady Windermere's Fan. The Bishop. Beyond Human Power.

A Blacksmith. Strife.

Blank, A minister. Beyond Human Power,

La Bouzule. Judge of the Court. The Red Robe. A boy. The Great Divide.

Bratt. Also called The Stranger. A minister. Beyond Human Power

Brei. A minister. Beyond Human Power,

Jean-Pierre Bridet. Sandal manufacturer. The Red. Robe.

Mr. Brigstock. The Madras House. Mrs. Brigstock. The Madras House.

Brown. A Trenartha workman. Strife.

John Bulgin. Member of workmen's committee, Trenartha. Strife. Mrs. Bulgin. Strife.

Bunerat. Judge of the Court. The Red Robe.

Madame Bunerat. The Red Robe.

Mrs. Cantelo. Michael and his Lost Angel. A Cavalry Captain. The Father.

Lady Agatha Carlisle. Lady Windermere's Fan. Cathleen. Daughter of Maurya. Riders to the Sea. Catialéna. Maid in house of Prosecutor Vagret. The

Red Robe. Miss Chancellor. The Madras House. Charlotte. A governess. The Cherry Orchard. Fanny Clover. Michael and his Lost Angel.

A Commercial Traveler. The Weavers. A Contractor. The Great Divide.

Mrs. Cortelvon. The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. Mrs. Cowper-Cowper. Lady Windermere's Fan.

Mrs. Genevieve Crespigny. The Truth.

Dangel. Second Teacher. The Vale of Content. Lord Darlington. Lady Windermere's Fan. Davies. A workman. Trenartha. Strife. Delorme. Examining Magistrate. The Red Robe. Dickon. A Yankee improvisation of the Prince of Darkness. The Scarecrow.

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Cayley Drummle. The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.

Mr. Dumby. Lady Windermere's Fan.
Dunyásha. A housemaid. The Cherry Orchard.

Dutch. The Great Divide.

Elias. Son of Pastor Sang. Beyond Human Power. Ellean. Daughter of Aubrey Tanqueray. The Sec-

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Mrs. Erlynne. Lady Windermere's Fan.

Jean-Pierre Etchepare. Defendant. The Red Robe. Etchepare's mother. A Basque woman. The Red Robe.

Yanetta Etchepare. Wife of Etchepare. The Red Robe.

Evans. A Trenartha workman. Strife.

Falk. A minister. Beyond Human Power. Sir Lyolf Feversham Michael and his Lost Angel. The Reverend Michael Feversham. Michael and his Lost Angel.

Firs. An old manservant. The Cherry Orchard.

Aagot Florwaagen. Beyond Human Power.

A Fool. The Hour-Glass. A Forester. The Weavers.

léas and Mélisande.

Laura Fraser. The Truth.

Fritz. Four years old. Son of Emma Baumert, a weaver. The Weavers.

Frost. Valet to John Anthony. Strife.

Leonid Gáyef. Brother of Madame Ranévsky. The Cherry Orchard. Geneviève. Mother of Pélléas and Golaud. Pél-

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s. Heinrich. A weaver. The Weavers. tlieb Hilse. A weaver. The Weavers.

se Hilse. A weaver. Wife of Gottlieb Hilse. The

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Hilse. A weaver. The Weavers. Hopper. Lady Windermere's Fan. nig. A rag-dealer. The Weavers. herine Huxtable. The Madras House. ra Huxtable. The Madras House.

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o. A Trenartha workman. Strife. . A boy of ten. Madge Underwood's brother. Trenartha. Strife.

itor of the Court. The Red Robe. don Jayne, M.D. The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. y Jedburgh. Lady Windermere's Fan.

sen. A minister. Beyond Human Power. n. Coachman in Dreissiger's employ.

Veavers.

lip Jordan. The Great Divide. by Jordan. Wife of Philip. The Great Divide. Jordan. Mother of Philip Jordan. The Great ivide.

ge of the Assizes. The Red Robe.

tor Kittelhaus. The Weavers. s. Kittelhaus. The Weavers. yer. A minister. Beyond Human Power. sche. A policeman. The Weavers.

vard Lashmar. (Father Hilary.) Michael and

is Lost Angel. ra. Wife of the Cavalry Captain. The Father. lrie Lesden. Michael and his Lost Angel.

ris. A Trenartha workman. Strife. don. The Truth.

Lindon. The Truth.

ákhin. A merchant. The Cherry Orchard. d Augustus Lorton. Lady Windermere's Fan.

elia Madras. The Madras House. stantine Madras. The Madras House. ica Madras. The Madras House. ip Madras. The Madras House. d. In Dreissiger's employ. The Weavers, rya. An old woman. Riders to the Sea. isande. Pélléas and Mélisande.

Mistress Cynthia Merton. Sister of Justice Merton, The Scarecrow.

Justice Gilead Merton. The Scarecrow.

Rachel Merton. Niece of Justice Merton. The Scarecrow.

A Mexican. The Great Divide.

Micah. A servant of Justice Merton. The Scarecrow. Mielchen. Daughter of Gottlieb and Luise Hilse. Six years old. A weaver. The Weavers.

Frank Misquith, Q.C., M.P. The Second Mrs. Tan-

Mondoubleau. A Deputy. The Red Robe.

Morse. A Servant. The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. Mouzon. Examining Magistrate. The Red Robe.

Neumann. Cashier in the employment of Dreissiger. The Weavers.

Dr. Newberry. Father of Winthrop Newberry. The Great Divide.

Winthrop Newberry. The Great Divide. Nora. Younger daughter of Maurya. Riders to the Sea. Nöjd. The Father.

The Nurse. The Father.

Dr. Orb. School Inspector. The Vale of Content. Frau Orb. The Vale of Content.

An Orderly. The Father.

Sir George Orreyed, Bart. The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.

Lady Orreyed. The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. Dr. Östermark. The Father.

Parker. A Butler. Lady Windermere's Fan. Parlormaid at Underwood's. Trenartha. Strife. The Pastor. The Father.

Paula. Second wife of Aubrey Tanqueray. The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.

Pavail. Know Thyself.

A Peasant. The Weavers.

Pélléas. Grandson of Arkël. Brother of Golaud. Pélléas and Mélisande.

Pfeifer. Manager in the employ of Dreissiger. The Weavers.

A Physician. Pélléas and Mélisande.

Placet. Counsel for the Defense. The Red Robe. Lady Plymdale. Lady Windermere's Fan.

Policeman B. The Rising of the Moon. Policeman X. The Rising of the Moon.

Police Officer. The Red Robe.

The Porter. Pélléas and Mélisande. Some Pupils. The Hour-Glass.

Rachel. Daughter of Pastor Sang; twin sister of Elias. Beyond Human Power.

A Ragged Man. The Rising of the Moon.

Reverend Master Rand of Harvard College. The Scarecrow.

Madame Ranévsky. A landowner. The Cherry Orchard.

Lord Ravensbane. ("Marquis of Oxford, Baron of Wittenberg, Elector of Worms, and Count of Cordova.") Hypothetical son of Justice Merton. The Scarecrow.

A Red-haired youth. A workman. Trenartha. Strife.

Amelia Reddington. Daughter of Sir Charles Reddington. The Scarecrow.

Sir Charles Reddington. Lieutenant-Governor of the Colony of Massachusetts. The Scarecrow. Mistress Reddington. Elder daughter of Sir Charles

Reddington. The Scarecrow.

Goody Rickby. ("Blacksmith Bess.") The Scarecrow.

Riemann. A weaver. The Weavers.

Annie Roberts. Wife of David Roberts. Trenartha.

David Roberts. Member of the workmen's committee, Trenartha Tin Plate Works. Strife.

Mrs. Hannah Roberts. Sister of Mrs. Sang. Beyond Human Power.

Bettina von Röcknitz. The Vale of Content.

Freiherr von Röcknitz of Witzlingen. The Vale of Content

Roland. The Truth.

Rosa. Maid at Wiedemann's. The Vale of Con-

Rosalie. A Maid. Lady Windermere's Fan.

George Rous. Member of the workmen's committee, Trenartha Tin Plate Works. Strife.

Henry Rous. A workman. Strife.

Mrs. Rous. Mother of George and Henry Rous.

Captain Rugby. Secretary of Sir Charles Reddington. The Scarecrow.

Pastor Adolph Sang. Beyond Human Power. Clara Sang. Wife of Pastor Sang. Beyond Human Power.

William Scantlebury. Director of Trenartha Tin

Plate Works. Strife.

Schmidt. A surgeon. The Weavers.

Sergeant. The Rising of the Moon. Clarisse de Sibéran. Know Thyself.

General de Sibéran. Know Thyself.

Jean, son of General de Sibéran. Know Thyself. Simeónof-Píshtchik. A landowner. The Cherry Orchard.

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Madge Thomas. Trenartha, Strife, Reverend Master Todd of Harvard College. The

Scarecrow.

Daughter of Henry Thomas

Tramp. The Cherry Orchard.

Peter Trophimof. A student. The Cherry Orchard.

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Madame Vagret. Wife of Public Prosecutor Vagret The Red Robe.

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Warder. The Truth.

Becky Warder. The Truth.

Weigand. A joiner. The Weavers.

Weinhold. Tutor to Dreissiger's sons. The Weavers

Welzel, A publican. The Weavers.

Mrs. Welzel. The Weavers.

Anna Welzel. Their daughter. The Weavers.

The Old Widow. Beyond Human Power.

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Elizabeth Wiedemann. His second wife. The Vaof Content. Helene, Fritz, Emil Wiedemann. Children

Wiedemann by his first wife. The Vale of Content Frederic H. Wilder. Director of Trenartha Tin Pla Works. Strife.

Burt Williams. The Great Divide.

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Lord Windermere. Lady Windermere's Fan. Mr. Windlesham. The Madras House.

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The Wise Man's Wife and Two Children. The House Glass.

Withycombe. Michael and his Lost Angel.

Wittig. A Smith. The Weavers.

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